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Hale

# OF MATTERS MUSICAL.

## THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

### CONCERTS IN THEATRES.

"THE best of prophets of the future is the past," and the near future is so big with possible developments that a backward glance at the close of the year may be instructive and helpful. It has been a disturbing year, a period when the even tenor of everybody's way has been more or less diverted and influenced by a variety of circumstances which, like the themes in Herr Strauss's "Heldenleben," have been intertwined and sometimes clashed one against the other with sensational results. Considering that we have finished one of our biggest wars, and crowned a King,

*The Musical Activity of the Year*

has been remarkable. The London Musical Festival at Queen's Hall only brought us one novelty, the first concert performance of Mr. Percy Pitt's suite derived from his fine incidental music to Mr. Phillips's play "Paolo and Francesca," but the attendances indicated that this metropolitan spring song is now fully appreciated, and only requires to be carefully cultivated to become firmly established. Only two new works were mounted in the grand opera season, Mr. Bunning's "Princess Osra," on July 14, and Miss Ethel Smyth's "Der Wald," four nights later, and that two British composers should severally produce their operas in French and German indicates something wrong in our philosophy; but still the writers were British.

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The remainder of the season is now chiefly memorable by the first appearances here of Frau Lohse, Miss Garden, Mlle. Freimstad, Mlle. Pacini, Fräulein Doenges, Signor Caruso, Herren Pennarini, Kraus, and Kraemer-Helm, and MM. Arens, Maréchal, Colsaux, and Borghesi, and for the new scenery and

*General Improvements in Stage Management.*

The Moody-Manners performances of opera in English, which began on August 28, is a lively recollection, and may be regarded as prophetic of future like seasons. Signor Pizzi's "Rosalba," produced on September 26, was the only novelty, the other operas mounted being: "Faust," "I Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Maritana," "Il Trovatore," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Siegfried," and "Tristan and Isolde." Thus we had in the grand season works by British composers performed in French and German, and in the English season operas by French and German composers sung in our mother tongue. Truly the vagaries of the operatic world are incalculable.

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Turning to concerts, the youthfulness of the venerable Philharmonic Society was pronounced, and during its season were produced for the first time two orchestral tone pictures, entitled "In the Night Watches" and "In the Fo'c's'le," by Mr. William H. Bell (February 27), and a violin concerto in D minor by Signor A. Randegger, jun.; Dr. Cowen's "Coronation March" (May 29), and "Five Poems for Baritone and Orchestra," by Mr. Percy Pitt (July 2). First performances in London were given of M. Rackmaninoff's second pianoforte concerto in C minor, with M. Sapellnikoff as soloist (May 29), the overture to Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "Cricket on the Hearth," and a nocturne entitled "Summer Dawn," for contralto and orchestra, by Mr. Herbert Bedford (July 2).

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We have had two seasons of Promenade Concerts—one when the year began to toddle and one when it began to dodder. The novelties in the first season included "Alastor," a symphonic poem, by Ernest Blake; Hans Huber's second symphony in E minor; W. H. Reed's symphonic poem, "Among the Mountains of Cambria"; L. Schytte's pianoforte concerto; and G. Schumann's "Liebesfrühling" overture. In the autumn series were heard a symphonic ballad, "Elaine and Lancelot," by Averkamp; the four preludes from Bruneau's "L'Ouragan"; "Dream Children," by Dr. Elgar; the overture to "Cleopatra," by Enna; two mood pictures, "Herbonacht" and a "Rhenish Idyll," by Josef Frischen; César Franck's "Variations Symphoniques" for pianoforte and orchestra; Goetz's overture, "Francesca da Rimini"; Joseph Holbrooke's symphonic poem, "The Skeleton in Armour"; Parts 2 and 3 of D'Indy's Trilogy, "Wallenstein"; a violoncello concerto in C minor, No. 2, Op. 38, by Jules de Swert; a violin concerto in D, No. 2, by Sinding; the prologue to "Œdipus Rex," by Max Schillings; Tchaikovsky's first and second symphonies in G minor and C minor; and third pianoforte concerto, Op. 75, and the overture, march, and entr'acte from his music to "Hamlet"; Thuille's "Romantic Overture"; and an orchestral suite by Arthur Wood. The above shows enterprise, but next year I hope Mr. Henry J. Wood will show more favour to his own countrymen.

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As usual the most important compositions of the yearly native composers were produced at provincial festivals. These would seem to be flourishing with exceeding flourish, and London owes much to the enterprise of those who promote these harmonious assemblies. At Worcester were brought forth an anthem, "O Praise the Lord," by Mr. Herbert Brewer; the oratorios, "The Song of Deborah" and "Barak," by Mr. Hugh Blair; "The Temple," by Dr. Walford Davies; and the third part of "St. Christopher," by Dr. Horatio Parker. At the memorable Sheffield Festival was heard for the first time Dr. Henry Coward's "Gareth and Linet," Dr. Elgar's "Coronation Ode," and Mr. Coleridge Taylor's cantata "Meg Blane." Cardiff gave us Mr. Arthur Hervey's orchestral pieces, "On the Heights" and "On the March"; and the Norfolk gathering tested the critics with the first performance in England of the concert-room version of Mr. Randegger, jun.'s, opera, "Werther's Shadow"; and the production of Mr. Edward German's "Rhapsody on March Themes"; Mr. Cliffe's scena, "The Triumph of Alcestis"; Sir Charles V. Stanford's "Irish Rhapsody"; "A Star Song," by Dr. Horatio Parker; a setting of the Balcony scene from Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," by Mr. Herbert Bedford; a concert overture, "Youth," by Mr. Arthur Hervey; a "Coronation Ode," by Dr. F. H. Cowen; and Sir Alexander Mackenzie's suite, "London Day by Day."

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At Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts were brought forth, Dr. Elgar's incidental music to "Grania and Diarmid," Humperdinck's tone-poem "Dornröschen," and Richard Strauss's "Heldenleben."

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At the Pops. we have had a quintet in C minor by D'Erlanger; trio in F sharp minor, Op. 79, by C. Sternberg; and a sextet in E minor, by Weingartner.

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At other concerts were produced a pianoforte sonata in D minor, by Albanesi; pianoforte trio, Op. 123, by A. Ashton; a like trio and quartette in B flat, by F. Bridge; pianoforte sonata in F minor, by F. Borowski; "The Dream of the Brown Rosary," cantata, by Ahn Carse; quintette in F minor, by Dunhill; "Petite Suite Gauloise," by Gouvy; overture, "In the Harz Mountains," H. E. Geehl; ballad, "Das Gluck von Edenhall," by Humperdinck; quintette in F minor, Op. 43, Holbrooke; symphony in C minor, by A. Hinton; quintette for strings and clarinet, by S. Krehl; "Sonata Tragica" in G minor, for pianoforte, by Macdowell; sonata in F sharp minor for pianoforte and violoncello, Op. 52, by Martucci; "Hamlet" overture, by W. Shakespeare; and Fantasia for organ in F, by J. E. West.

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Musical events which give the year distinction were the Coronation "March Songs," the production of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Te Deum" at the Peace Thanksgiving at St. Paul's Cathedral, and the visit of the Meiningen Orchestra.

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May 6. 1902

# FIRST "POP."

## Beginning of the Seventeenth Season of These Concerts Last Night in Symphony Hall—A Varied Program, a Spirited Performance and Much Enjoyment and Applause.

The 17th season of the "Pops"—Mr. Charles A. Ellis, Manager, Mr. Fred R. Comee, Assistant Manager, and Mr. Max Zach, Conductor—began last night at Symphony Hall.

For 16 seasons advice has been given gratuitously to Messrs. Ellis and Comee concerning the management of these concerts; advice concerning the composition of the programs and the only fit and suitable brand of beer; concerning the choice of conductor and the discouragement of punctilious evening dress; concerning the price of admission and the advisability of the audience dancing in the waltzes. Some have thundered against the exclusiveness and the "class distinctions" encouraged by the "pen" and the doubtful quality of tobacco smoked by persons of specious appearance. Some have called for a symphony by Beethoven each night and others have wished no music save that taken from operettas.

If all this advice had been considered seriously the managers would now be jibbering in neatly padded rooms with straw in their hair. By listening courteously, by well-chosen expressions of gratitude for the disinterested thoughtfulness of friends and advisers, the managers are now well clothed, and in their right mind, and the 17th season opened last night to the great pleasure of many who like the concerts as they are now organized and managed, otherwise they would not attend and applaud.

Mr. Zach had arranged a catholic program. There was nothing heavy, nothing that arrested the process of digestion, nothing that turned tobacco to wormwood on the lips. The first of Elgar's marches, "Pomp and Circumstance," was played here for the first time, and if the second march is equal to the first in workmanship and interest, the two deserve a hearing at a Symphony concert; for the march played last night is no ordinary two-step with a trio to be sung; it is admirably written, stirring, imaginative. And why should there be objection to the music simply because it is a march? We have listened at Symphony concerts to poor, empty stuff, catalogued under the title "Symphonic variations" or "Overture" or "Fantasia."

The more pretentious pieces were a pot-pourri on themes from Gounod's "Remoe and Juliet," the Preludes to Act I. and Act III. of "Lohengrin"; and the charming ballet music from Massenet's "Cid," which is by far the most original and characteristic music of the opera. Strauss—Johann, not Richard—was represented by the "Gross-Wien" and "Vienna-Blood" waltzes; Offenbach by the overture to "Orphée," with the irresistible can-can; Zach by the "Hussar Drill" march (first time). Nevin's "Country-Dance," orchestrated by Mr. Strube, and Berger's waltz "Loin du pays" were played for the first time, as was a singularly trashy "Selection from 'King Dodo.'" Then there was Reinecke's "Neapolitan Mandolin Player," so-called probably because it was not a bit like Naples or a mandolin player—lucus a non lucendo, to use the language of the ancient Romans.

The pieces were read and played with spirit; there were encores; and there was evident appreciation. There was much less stiffness in demeanor than at the opening night a year ago. Nor was this due to the effect of "light refreshment" partaken early in the evening. The hearers were accustomed to the hall; the ywere more at home; and durnig the intermissions there was actually what is known as "promenading," or as Mr. Jefferson DeAngelis expressed it on a famous occasion, many took "a brief pasear."

The program tonight will include Lalo's overture to "Le Roi d'Ys," Auber's Overture to "Zanetta," Handel's "Largo," selections from "The Flying Dutchman," and pieces by Sabathil, Strauss, Herbert, Ziehrer,. Gillet, Zach, Leoncavallo (a waltz, first time) and Zeller.

*Philip Hale.*

They were talking about cruelty, which is active and passive. Berwick brought forward the troughs of the Persians. For the Persian used to take two troughs of exactly the same size, lay the offender in one of them on his back, cover him with the other and then fasten the troughs together. The feet, hands and head of the punished came out at holes provided thoughtfully; the rest of his body was hidden. They then fed him generously, and if he, for some reason or other, was disinclined to eat, they coaxed him to meat by thrusting awls into his eyes; and when he had eaten they gave him milk and honey to drink; they poured it into his mouth, smeared his face with it, and left him with his face looking sun-ward to be visited by flies; furthermore, his body within the trough was hideously eaten by worms. Thus Mithridates, the young Persian, was 17 days dying, because he rashly insisted that he slew Cyrus, whom Xenophon followed. This fate was contrived by Parysatis, who will be the heroine of Saint-Saëns's new work this summer.

And when Berwick, long-winded, had said his say, Johnson told a story of war in Normandy at the end of the 18th century. The Chouans and the Blues fought near Avranches. After the Chouans had killed many of their foes in honorable battle they took 21 Blues and buried them alive and standing up to their necks. Then they played at ninepins with these heads and a cannon-ball.

This reminded us that whoever reviewed Mr. James Huneker's "Melomaniacs" in the Boston Courier of April 26 said that Mr. Huneker had probably taken the idea of his "Lord's Prayer in B"—the story of Baruch Mendoza tortured and killed by persistent intonation and drumbeats in B major—from Octave Mirbeau's "Le Jardin des Supplices," wherein is told many monstrous tales, and one of them is how the Chinese toll with a great bell a criminal to death.

But Mr. Huneker's story was first published in the Musical Courier (New York), March 10, 1897. Mr. Mirbeau's book was published in 1899; nor is it probable that Mr. Mirbeau borrowed with the enthusiasm of ingratitude from Mr. Huneker.

The originality of Mr. Huneker should not be questioned, for it is never specious; it is as frank as any natural phenomenon. For this reason, it is sometimes disconcerting—especially to smug dealers in pretty platitudes; solid and tireless prosers concerning the educational tendencies of art; persons that take themselves seriously as moral forces in a community; all understudies of statues, life-size, with a roll of manuscript in one hand, and the other hand pointing approvingly to the roll.

Miss Fannie Johnston, the singing play-actress, married Mr. W. V. B. Van Dyck a year ago, and to prove the depth of her love, exchanged the gayest excitement of the Casino for the scholastic shades of Rutgers College. Now we are told that although her married life has been happy, she is anxious to return to the stage, and her husband "supports her in the project." We dismiss at once the unworthy suspicion that Mr. Van Dyck is influenced by accruing profits. Mrs. Van Dyck, as play-actress, won fame and cheered poor humanity by the display of physical charms. We therefore prefer to regard Mr. Van Dyck as a true philanthropist, one that is not misgerly in appreciation of his rare good fortune.

How different the conduct of him that wooed and won Thersea O'Calahan Thomson, who shone in burlesque. He now seeks divorce on the ground that his wife caused him mortification "by posing for her photographs in tights." Tights are the full dress of burlesque. Why should not the husband rejoice in being envied by appreciators of the beautiful? We have always thought that Candaules was a sadly misunderstood monarch. Or perhaps Theresa O'Calahan Thomson is like the famous Miss Churchill in the Memoirs of Grammont, whose face repelled the Duke of York, but by a lucky fall from her horse, she won his most assiduous attention. Yet we may do the husband an injustice. There was once a woman who was persuaded to take in private theatricals the part of a page. Her husband objected strenuously. "No, never. People would say that I married you for your money." It is an old story, but one that is ever new.

How many men have the honesty of William Hazlitt? "Some gallants set their hearts on Princesses; others descend in imagination to women of quality; others are mad after opera-singers. For my part, I am shy even of actresses, and should not think of leaving my card with Madame Vestris. I am for none of these bonnes fortunes; but for a list of humble beauties, servant-maids and shepherd-girls, with their red elbows, hard hands, black stockings and mob-caps, I could furnish out a gallery equal to Cowley's, and paint them half as well. Oh! might I but attempt a description of some of them in poetic prose, Don Juan would forget his Julia."

No doubt some men of intellectual force or brilliant public life find comfort and relief in the simple affection of women who are classed in the arbitrary catalogue as far below them in social station. Certain marriages called inexplicable may be thus explained. Too often these marriages are unhappy because the women are not contented to remain simple, but must needs assume incongruous airs and graces. Twenty years ago—Alas! the fleeting years!—we liked to talk with a hard-working beer-girl in a Berlin restaurant. She was undersized, plain-featured, sallow from night-work in foul air; but she was modest, kindly, restful—a pathetic creature. We asked her if she did not wish to go with us her night-off to some theatre. She was pleased. And where should we go? To the Walhalla, where the Schaefer family was performing wonderful gymnastic feats? To the Belle-Alliance to see a jolly farce? No, Marie preferred the Royal Theatre, for she had never seen Lessing's "Nathan, the Wise." The dreariest of plays, if long-winded talk can be called a play. We went; but after that we lost interest in Marie. We should have respected her for the choice; but we didn't. Her very happiness irritated us.

"King Edward is determined to spare no trouble or expense to make the Coronation Historic." But does he not even now wish that it were all over? Does he not sigh for the years of comparatively little responsibility when he could slip over to Paris and see Schneider as the Grand Duchess or as some other Offenbachian heroine? Now he must play the game to the very limit. How many are eager to play it with him! Free born and independent American citizens are panting to take part. No doubt prominent Bostonians will jostle and be jostled. Yet Mr. Emerson's "Boston Hymn," which was applauded in Music Hall Jan. 1, 1863, contains these lines:

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

J. H. asks: "In your quotation from Plutarch, Saturday, the phrase 'to carry the bell' is used. What is the exact meaning of this phrase?"

The phrase "to bear the bell" has meant ever since the days of Chaucer, to take the first place, to be the best. "To bear" or "carry away the bell" refers perhaps to a golden or silver bell sometimes given as a prize; thus a little golden bell was the prize at the York races in 1607.

May 7 1902

Betimes in the morning say to thy selfe, This day I shall have to doe with an idle curious man, with an unthankfull man, a railer, a crafty, false or an envious man; an unsociable uncharitable man. All these ill qualities have hapned unto them, through ignorarce of that which is truly good and truly bad. But I that understand the nature of that which is good, that it onlee is to be desired, and of that which is bad, that it onely is truly odious and shameful: who know moreover that this transgressor, whosoever he may be, is my kinsman, not by the same blood and seed, but by participation of the same reason, and of the same divine particle; How can I be hurt by any of those, since it is not in their power to make me incurre anything that is truly reproachfull?

"The Panama hat can be worn with the dinner suit in the evening."

This is welcome news. The Panama hat is costly, and the diner-out need have no anxiety while he is at table. It will protect him from draughts, especially if he is bald, and it is not heavy enough to cause him any discomfort. Furthermore there is little risk in a well-ordered house of stains from soup or wine.

An Austrian Archduke has erased the name of Tolstoi from a list of proposed new members of the Bohemian Academy of Sciences and Arts; and thus he thinks to condemn the Russian to ignominious forgetfulness, to shut him up forever in the Tower of Oblivion. Did the Archduke read a certain sentence by Gibbon? "Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburgh. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England: But the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of humor and manners, will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria."

"Exquisite." We know a man that pronounces this word with exasperating exactness of accent on the second syllable; "exasperating," because he has the air of saying, "See, how cultured I am! You probably are in the habit of accenting the first syllable." Our inclination is to pronounce the word correctly, immediately, offensively. It is better to waive the point and silently pity him. And yet Aurelius Antoninus set it down in his fables that he had learned from Alexander, the Grammarian, "not reproachfully to reprehend any man for a barbarism, or a solecism, or any false pronunciation, but dexterously by way of answer, or testimony, or confirmation of the same matter (taking no notice of the word) to utter it as it should have been spoken; or by some other such close and indirect admonition handsomely and civilly to tell him of it." Was the great Emperor polite in insisting on correction? The trouble is that if you do pronounce the word correctly, the man will not believe you; he will regard you as thrice-sodden in ignorance.

The prayer of Mr. J. D. Cassels on the scaffold may cause some to wonder whether he were guilty of murder, whether it be possible for a murderer to enter eternity with a lie that makes many left behind uncomfortable.

We heard a lawyer of pronounced ability and reputation say the other night that no person innocent of murder was ever executed in the Commonwealth, and he intimated that this statement would hold true in other States. He believes what he said; but see how respect for his profession has turned him into a fetishist. For instance, he really believes that the evidence against Bram was overwhelming and that Bram should have been hanged; and he is ready to believe that justice is always on the side of the accusers from the moment of accusation that is often recklessly at random, today as in the old witch trials.

No sights recompense the often undoing and doing up of a carpet-bag. What then is the stamping down, strapping, and locking up of a trunk, with all the blood in your head!

May Byron calls attention to a phenomenon that is worthy the consideration of any Academy of Social Science. She speaks of the wild boot found on roads, in pastures, by a brook, on the beach or mountain top. This boot is always single. Did you ever see a tramp hoofing it with one boot off and one boot on? Never. And often this wild boot is of sound make, not without distinction of style, sometimes well blacked. We spoke to the Earnest Student of Sociology about this, and asked for an explanation. He said he had observed the phenomenon and had already collected curious information; but we observed that he made a note then and there on his wristband.

Stories about the late Aurélien Scholl are still enlivening the French journals. Once at a celebrated café he was offered a Burgundy, which was commended solemnly by the landlord as "pure velvet." Scholl tasted it. "Yes, velvet, but with pins in it!" A Bordeaux was praised by the same host as "the most generous wine in his cellar." "It is indeed," answered Scholl, "for it has given away all its good qualities."

Just now we employed the word "phenomenon." Mr. Andrew Lang objects to "neurons," the plural of "neuron," and asks whether we should say "phenomenons." F. L. in reply says that most scientific writers write "neurones," not "neurons," probably by way of compliment to their first discoverer, a Spaniard; and that in familiar speech we should say phenomenons, just as we say cuirasses, lagoons, hussars, mullahs, sepoys, compradors and other domiciled words. "If Mr. Lang wants precedents for the inclusion in this list of words from the classical languages, he might find them in aeons, abysses, gorgons, geniuses, and terminuses."

But how do you spell the plural of "fez"? Certain dictionaries say "fezzes," but we have seen "fezes" in books of travel.

May 8. 1902

The most terrible phantom, without feature, shapeless, that Peer Gynt met when he conceived himself under an infinite number of imaginary forms which were immediately realized, replied when Peer Gynt asked him his name: "My name is I, Myself."

We have received the following letter:

Boston, May 7, 1902.

The Editor of Talk of the Day:

Strange things happen. In the Boston Transcript, an evening newspaper, famous these 70 years for accuracy of statement and for careful editing, there appeared last week a lengthy article, amazing alike from its array of distorted facts, and from the curious vulgarity with which these facts were presented. In a merry, chatty way, with a plentiful use of New England dialect as it is heard in "Way Down East" and kindred plays, and with many elegant remarks about "departed pussy cats" and people fed on a diet of "pork and pie," the writer depicts life as it is in the country—its "diminishing population, its increasing poverty, its abandoned farms, its gross immorality, its really appalling percentage of idiots and deformed persons, and its fatalistic contentment with things as they are." He also arraigns the ugliness of country villages, the bareness of the churches, the "homes" (is the man a Westerner?) "as dull without as they are vulgarly cheap and tawdry within." The writer finds, furthermore, country people morose, suspicious, ill-natured, much given to lying, evil-speaking, and slandering. In fact, to make use of a phrase which, from its commonness and its antiquity, would delight this writer, he does not "leave them a leg to stand on."

Unfortunately there may be a community in New England where these conditions prevail, or two, or four, or twenty, but to claim that all the country districts of New England are in such a state, shows only crass ignorance. Everyone who knows and

loves New England will admit the many faults of its country life, including two grave ones which the newspaper writer airily passes over without mention: Drunkenness, and the tendency of the best-to-do country folk, like the best-to-do city people, to rear only small families or none at all, whereas the improvident and shiftless country people, like their kind in cities, raise swarms. Population may still be decreasing, but not at the same rate as ten years ago. Abandoned farms are far less plenty than formerly. As for the gross immorality, it is questionable if there be less in the cities, where, however, it can be concealed; in the country all failings are known. That idiots and deformed beings are proportionally more numerous in the country than in the city would be hard to prove. And when it comes to the question of comparative ugliness, the question at once becomes one of taste, about which there is no disputing. To an admirer of the average apartment house parlor, with its imposing fireplace, in which no fire can be lit, or of the usual rooms in lodging houses inhabited by artistic persons, with their wealth of cotton cushions on sofas that at night become beds, their colored photographs of "The Bridge of Sighs" draped with pieces of orange silk; to admirers of these forms of beauty in the city it is natural that the admirably proportioned homes (!) and churches of a New England village, with their usually excellent wood-work, their dull green doors and blinds, and their general picturesqueness, would scarcely make a very potent appeal. The whole article, indeed, shows little feeling for its subject, little beyond superficial comment on what might easily be seen by a casual observer, for New Englanders, like the Scotch, often appear "morose" and "suspicious" to strangers—particularly to patronizing strangers. It is strange that this writer should care to publish to the world his impressions and experiences unless they are of consequence, for he has reached a time of life when most people have lost pleasure mercly in seeing themselves in print. And if the condition of degeneracy in rural New England is as horrible as he states, surely it is a condition to be written of seriously, not flippantly, after the style of a cheap imitation of Elbert Hubbard.

A. L. STEAD.

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There is no more superficial way of judging country life than by viewing it from the windows of what is known as a country-house, which generally contains an incongruous assortment of persons brought together to be deliberately jolly or to keep the host and his wife from quarrels or boredom. Few that own country houses enjoy them unless they surround themselves with associations of the town. Nature herself either tires or frightens them. Nature is fond of suggesting to the suddenly rich that their money is in reality a thing of trifling importance, a thing wholly disregarded by sun, ocean, mountain peak, thunderstorm, gulls, crows and four-legged animals.

Horace Walpole once wrote to Sir Horace Mann: You know, St. Evremont's rule for conquering the passions was to indulge them; mine for keeping my temper in order is never to leave it too long with another person. I have found out that it will have its way, but I make it take its way by itself. It is such sort of reflection as this that makes me hate the country; it is impossible in one house with one set of company to be always enough upon one's guard to make one's self agreeable, which one ought to do, as one always expects it from others. If I had a house of my own in the country and could live there now and then alone, or frequently changing my company, I am persuaded I should like it; at least I fancy I should, for when one begins to reflect why one don't like the country I believe one grows near liking to reflect in it."

You see that Walpole could not distinguish between the country and the country-house.

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Yet some of our strongest as well as sweetest souls have found pleasure in pursuits intimately associated with the country. There was Mr. Tom King, the hero of many mills, although he was so knocked into the air by a left-hand blow given by Mr. John C. Heenan "that in falling his head struck the ground first and he did not come to time." Mr. King was proud of his roses. There was Mr Charles Peace, one of the most accomplished burglars of modern years, who grew pansies in his garden and watched over them tenderly as over the movements of servants or bank-clerks. And no doubt there are now gallant Generals who would prefer to hold a watering-pot over a flower-bed than to insert the spout in the mouth of a prisoner-of-war. Peace, also, has its triumphs.

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Although beef is still wickedly dear, some shrink from liver, because, forsooth, they regard it as "common," if not unclean. We can understand a man abhorring tripe; for it looks like a rubber door-mat, and the smell is disagreeable; but liver, well-cooked liver, with its own brown sauce, thin, crisp slices of bacon, thoroughly mashed potatoes, and slices of brown bread—liver which many sages have held to be the dwelling-place of the soul! A Welsh-rabbit for luncheon is more nutritious than sirloin or tenderloin or chop or fowl. We are all naturally prejudiced against any dish that has been dubbed a "health-food"; yet if we could once forget the damning characterization, the dish itself might cheer as well as support life. When a man is honestly hungry, a bit of cheese, a hunk of bread, and two or three raw onions, eaten slowly and thankfully, will make him so fit that he will breathe benedictions the rest of the day.

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"Galahad" of the Referee looked into the Opéra-Comique while the performance for the McKinley Memorial Fund was going on: "I have seen dresses and jewels, but never such a display as this fight between the wives of American millionaires." His visit on varnishing day to the National Society of Fine Arts gave him opportunity for another stab: "I have always wondered who is Mr. 'X'? From yesterday's experience I gather that that subject is one to be taken up in your dotage. He meets you in every French law case, and in every scandal there is a M. 'X'. Looking over my catalogue, I find portraits of 21 different 'X's', nine Miss 'X's', and heaven only knows how many families 'X' grouped. As these Americans—for they are in the bulk Americans—would sell their souls to get hung on the line, they might let us know who they are, although that probably would not advance matters much." Yes, indeed, these English love us dearly.

May 9. 1902

The night is come, like to the day;
Depart not thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.
Keep still in my horizon; for to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.

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Moralists of centuries and countries far apart advise self-examination after the body is in bed to recruit strength for the next day. The sense of the advice is the same; whether it be from Pythagoras, who taught, "Let not sleep seize upon the regions of your senses before you have three times recalled the conversation and accidents of the day;" or from Jeremy Taylor, "The computations of a man's life are busy as the tables of sines and tangents, and intricate as the accounts of Eastern merchants; and therefore it were but reason we should sum up our accounts at the foot of every page; I mean, that we call ourselves to scrutiny every night when we compose ourselves to the little images of death."

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Man, who is a little lower than the angels, is grotesque in the process of undressing. Admiral Dewey is not a heroic sight when his arms are above his head, which is hidden with the half-drawn shirt. Napoleon pulling off his trousers was not the shaker of Europe. Here the ancient Greeks and Romans had advantage over our great ones. Marius, seated on the ruins of Carthage, but crowned with a plug-hat, would suggest today merely a snap-shot.

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When Henry is in bed the room is pathetically humorous. Dressed and at the office he is respected and admired. But there he is yawning and stretching and invoking sleep; while the wrap-pings which make up the composite citizen are on chairs and bureau. The collar—will it go another day?—the cuffs—they must be "reversed" in the morning—these, unattached and yet to be identified as a part of Henry—for instance, there is an eczematous stain on the inside of the collar near the left button-hole—these articles are distinctly comic, and seen by themselves they belittle the dignity of man. The linen and the undershirt are cooling on chairs. The trousers yawn, and if the drawers are taken out and spread, they too are funny. Of course there are men who stretch the trousers, turn their stockings, insert blocks of wood in their boots and perform all manner of laborious tasks before they don pyjamas or right shirt, but we are speaking of Henry, the average citizen. And there is Henry in bed, a comic, defenceless animal, with mussed hair and dropped jaw, now and then scratching himself; Henry, the eminent advocate, shrewd merchant, popular pastor, passionate poet, magnetic playactor, indefatigable philanthropist.

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Even the loveliest woman runs the risk of being ridiculous. But let us not intrude on her disrobing; it is enough to say that neither gas nor electricity favors her; she should always undress by candle light, were it only for the enchantment of shadows. The happiest wife is she whose husband is near-sighted. There was no need of a Balzac to point out the hideousness of enforced proximity and consequent and disillusionizing familiarity.

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Now that Henry is in bed, should he follow the advice of the ancient? Suppose he reviews his day. "At breakfast I was irritable. I lied to my little son when he asked me a question; I said I did not know, merely to read the newspaper in peace. The conductor forgot to take my fare, and I did not remind him. I was cross at the office, brutal to a customer who wished to renew a note, dishonest in withholding and giving information, a party to a swindle. I lunched heavily, and when I went back to the office I talked perhaps a little too entertainingly to my stenographer. Then I gave Hagerston encouragement for a deal by which he will probably lose. On the way home I stopped at the club and drank three or four cocktails. Result, a wolfish appetite for dinner, after which I was dull and heavy. I told my wife that I needed a little fresh air, and that I should be back in half an hour. She said, 'I'm afraid you are working too hard; you must be careful, dear.' I went to the club and played poker till 12 o'clock, and took a few high balls and smoked three cigars." Or Henry may say: "I have done nothing wrong. I have not even been foolish, but I have accomplished nothing, and I neglected the chance of helping a man who needed help." Or Henry may be so chronically pleased with himself, so blind to his inherent meanness and selfishness, that he composes himself smugly to sleep in the spirit of the Pharisee in the parable. Now of what avail are these reflections in the case of any one of these Henrys?

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Remorse destroys valuable tissue and does not affect that which has been done. Repentance is too often the rubbing out of a score and leaving a clean board for items of foolishness or sin. When Henry says "I am sorry," it is as if he had paid a note, and had scrupulously added the interest money. He breathes a sigh, says "That's over," and in a day or two signs another note. How seldom does repentance lead to the breaking of an evil habit, to the wise and righteous regulation of conduct!

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Self-examination late at night brings in its train morbidness and corrupting egoism. It is a good thing for a man to know himself, but he should know himself during the day and also know other things; for only by constantly being aware of the rights and the infirmities of others is he of value to the world and the saviour of himself.

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Plans and resolutions formed in bed before the approach of sleep are seldom of avail. They undergo what Walt Whitman calls the chemistry of the night. In the morning, when the animal feels refreshed and the materialistic sun drives away the gibbering ghosts, the iron purpose is a weak solution; just as the admirable paragraph half formed by one dozing is silly and incoherent when it is observed coolly in morning light.

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Nothing should be allowed to postpone or frighten away sleep, which should be wooed with pleasant thoughts. Sleep is necessary to the moral life, which is influenced mightily by state of nerves and stomach. The time for reflection, for calling a halt or for self-encouragement is in the morning before the temptations of the gaudy day. Let the man say while he is in the tub, or shaving, or donning his clothes: "I'll be pleasant at breakfast, so that my wife and children will remember me kindly till dinner time. I'll play an honest game today. Why should I load up at the club on my way home?" Or let him examine himself while he is hesitating over a matter of business shrewdness, a phrase that in the commercial vocabulary stands for the rude word "dishonesty." Or, let him say to himself when he is strongly conscious of the fact that his stenographer is a woman: "Be calm, be calm, Henry. Why should I at my age play the fool and lose a good clerk?" Now a determined resolution at night to be blind to the charms of the assistant generally italicizes the charms and feeds curiosity.

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This watch over self should be constant, not set apart for a few appointed minutes. We are all weak mortals and the tonic of reflection should be taken steadily, that it may have cumulative force. The daily habit of resistance or endeavor is of far greater account than the bed-habit of repentance. It is a good thing for a man when he leaves the world for a few hours to think of the transfer that comes to everyone, Emperor or clown.

Sleep is a death; O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die!
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.

The simple, naive prayer of childhood is, after all, the last word; neither preacher nor stoic can improve on it. Yet we may learn from the greatest of the stoics:

Whatsoever thou dost affect, whatsoever thou dost project, so do, and so project all, as one who, for aught thou knowest, may at this very present depart out of this life. And as for death, if there be any gods, it is no grievous thing to leave the society of men. The gods will do thee no hurt, thou mayest be sure. But if it be so that there be no gods, or that they take no care of the world, why should I desire to live in a world void of gods, and of all divine providence?

Thou hast taken ship, thou hast sailed, thou art come to land, go out, if to another life, there also shalt thou find gods, who are everywhere. If all life and sense shall cease, then shalt thou cease also to be subject to either pains or pleasures; and to serve and tend this vile cottage.

May 11. 1902

"Two well dressed men wearing patent leather shoes."—N. Y. Sun, May 7.

But the Fashion Editor of the N. Y. Times said the other day that patent leather boots and shoes are not worn much after May 1. He intimates that they go out, like oysters and symphony concerts. According to him the two men described by the Sun were not well dressed.

How is this? We appeal to the Providence Journal, that strong rock, that very present help in trouble.

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There is a species of man who is seriously offended if you do not call him by his first name, and he prefers his nickname. The older he is, the more rheumatic, or mossy, or crumbly, the more insistent he is on this point. He is especially anxious, if his name is John, that he should be called "Jack" in the presence of others. He argues that the familiarity proves that he is a good fellow, "one of God's own." He also flatters himself that "Jack" goes with youthful feelings and appearance. Thus does he try to cheat himself and Time.

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"Henry James has rarely in years eaten anything more than gruel at luncheon." From which we may reasonably infer that he writes his novels from 2.30 P. M. to 6 P. M.

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We are always pleased to hear of an eruptive volcano. To erupt is the business of this kind of mountain. A lazy or tired volcano has no place in the economy of nature. A boy sees in his geography the volcano belching forth flame and smoke and molten rock; houses are burning and all sorts of animals running for their lives. When in later years he travels and sees a mountain of any reputation whatever snoozing without a snore, or as cold as a steam radiator after May 1, another illusion has gone, and he is tempted to find a fleeting joy in the abuse of alcoholic stimulants.

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We were also much interested in the story of Mrs. Alma Louise Larner. She has the hotel habit, which includes cocktails and the use of the parlor piano. Cocktails she takes by day and night, but her favorite hour for piano practice is 4 A. M. You would suppose that at this hour—which is late or early, according to your own scheme of daily life—guests might be disturbed; but Mrs. Larner thoughtfully removes her boots before she attacks the instrument, probably to withstand the temptation of the thunderous pedal. Certain formidable pianists that visit Boston and work much harm—except to ear specialists—should be persuaded to follow her example.

There was a time when all pianists of international reputation removed kid gloves after they had made the condescending and at the same time conciliatory bow to the audience. We should like to see the fiercer "artists" of the day draw their boots in the presence of the people. Of course this would increase the traveling expenses of Mr. Paderewski, the celebrated Polish hypnotist, for matrons and maidens would trample each other in the wild rush for such an intimate souvenir. Indeed, we can imagine an hysterical female fetishist sleeping with a Paderewskian boot under her pillow.

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If you must eat meat, why do you not try muskrat? Along the Eastern shore it is known as "mock-terrapin." If you skin the animal properly, the taste and odor of musk disappear, but many epicures of former years used musk in cookery. Thus a superintendent of finance under Henry IV. of France ate tarts of musk and ambre at 25 ecus apiece. Capons were stuffed with musk-sugar-plums; cream-tarts

were enriched with grains of the perfume; musk-lozenges were relished. Musk is one of the joys of the Mosiem heaven; it is good for the diseases of the eyes and brain; it comforts the heart and entrails and is an aphrodisiac; it comforts in cases of headache and vertigo. And the dark meat of the muskrat is juicy and tender and sweet; for the rat feeds on the cleanest of food: the roots of marsh grasses and shrubs.

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There is something to be said in favor of eating meat; as when a man dies, strangled by it in his windpipe. There is something heroic in such a death. You see the brave attempt to cut a piece of steak, the resistance, the renewed struggle, the temporary victory, the admiration of onlookers, the revenge of the morsel, which turns triumph into woe. Now if the same man should lodge a bean or any morsel of vegetarian food and then turn black in the face, the death would seem paltry, mean. And so there are certain diseases from which men suffer, sometimes cruelly, and gain no sympathy; for the thought of this suffering is in a way grotesque and provokes laughter.

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It was said of men and women of saintly lives hore in New England that they died and left a sweet savour behind them. The flat-dweller departing for the country stuffs her flat with moth-balls; and the fumes of the torment fill the apartment house. She turns the house into the stench of desolation, and then escapes. Nor could you persuade her that such aggressive precaution is futile, although the moth is already at work fretting the garment.

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The new edition of Thackeray, published by Messrs. Dent, is of agreeable size and print, but we read that "The Newcomes" is illustrated by Mr. C. E. Brock. Pray, what is the matter with the original illustrations by one Richard Doyle? The Colonel, the Marquis of Farintosh, Florac, Lady Kew, the Rev. Charles Honeyman, Clive and Ethel in the quaint old garden, Sir Brian's family at breakfast, the entrance of Sir Thomas de Boots, M. de Castillones, the author of "Les Râles d'un Asphyxie," they and the others in that delightful book, are they not more familiar to us through Doyle's pictures than our immediate neighbors? Brock us no Brocks!

The age is without reverence. Has not a man named Peter Newell dared to illustrate after Tenniel the story of Alice and her surprising adventures?

Best of all are the novels that are without illustration, in which the outward appearance of the characters is left to the individual taste and imagination of the reader. In many cases the illustrations contradict the text. We saw the other day an illustrated edition of Barbey D'Aurevilly's "Chevalier Des Touches." The Chevalier takes a fearful vengeance on a treacherous miller by binding him to one of the sails of the mill. The author describes the agonized face. In the picture the miller has a jolly expression, as though he were winning a wager. How disappointing, absurd, impossible the picture of Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante! The Chevalier was once saved by the heroic sacrifice of the pure and beautiful Aimée Isabelle de Spens, who, when the Chevalier was alone with her at night in a country house surrounded by troops of the Republic, opened the curtains and undressed herself peacefully as for bed; and when the local Republicans saw this woman renowned for chastity thus completely nude in the one room where a man could hide, they went away, for they knew that she must be alone. And the blasphemous artist shows the noble heroine as a frowsy, beefy, clumsily-shaped woman of an outer boulevard.

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may 11, 1902

DURING the season of 1901-02 the Handel and Haydn produced no unfamiliar works.

The Cecilia, produced for the first time in Boston, Bach's mass in B minor, complete, Dec. 3. On Feb. 4 it produced for the first time in public Loeffler's "L'Archet," and on April 8, Massenet's "Promised Land" for the first time in America, and in this performance Miss Marguerite Lemon made her first appearance here in concert.

The Choral Art Society, Mr. Wallace Goodrich, conductor, gave its first concerts: Feb. 28, when Loeffler's "By the Waters of Babylon" was produced, and April 30.

The Boston Singing Club, under Mr. Tucker, gave concerts Jan. 22, April 9, and at the latter of these Mozart's "Requiem" and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" were performed.

The Metropolitan Opera House Company performed these operas: "Aida," "Tosca," "Carmen" (2), "The Magic Flute" (2), Massenet's "The Cid" (first time March 14), "Manru" (first time March 15), "Faust," "Lohengrin" (2), "Tannhaeuser," "Marriage of Figaro," "The Huguenots," "Otello," "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana." Mr. Van Rindrowsky made his first appearance in "Manru." Mr. De Marchi made his first appearance here in opera, "Aida," March 10, although he had sung in the fourth act of "The Huguenots" with Mapleson's Imperial Company. The Metropolitan Company also performed Verdi's "Requiem" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater."

Mr. Chadwick's "Judith" was performed here for the first time Jan. 26.

Gounod's "Cecilia" mass was performed under the direction of Mr. Rotoli Feb. 23, and by the People's Choral Union April 13.

Richard Strauss's music to "Enoch Arden" was played here for the first time Feb. 19 by Mr. Lang, and Mr. Riddle read the poem. The performance was repeated.

Fauré's music to "Pélléas et Mélisande" was played at the performance of the drama by Mrs. Patrick Campbell's company, April 12.

The Kneisel Quartet produced Novacek's quartet in C major Dec. 2, and Debussy's quartet March 10.

The Adamowski Quartet produced Mr. Converse's quartet and a fantasie for violin and piano from "Manru" Jan. 6.

Mr. Longy's club produced Loeffler's Two Rhapsodies for oboe and piano and Lazzari's octet Dec. 16; Caplet's quintet for piano and wind instruments Feb. 3; D'Indy's Trio for piano, clarinet and 'cello, and Bird's Serenade, octet (Paderewski prize), March 31.

The Orchestral Club, Mr. Longy, conductor, produced, Jan. 7, the prelude to the first act of "Fervaal," Enesco's Roumanian Poem; Album-Leaves, Chauvet-Maréchal; April 1, Rabaud's Fantaisie on Russian songs; Adagio and Menuet from Mozart's Divertimento, No. 2; Debussy's Prelude to "L'Après-Midi d'un faune."

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Song recitals: Louise Ainsworth, April 9; Lillian Blauvelt, March 6; Calvé (with Salignac and Gilbert), March 25; Blanche Fox, April 24; Florence Hartmann, April 11; George Hamlin (Strauss recital), Jan. 28, and with Mr. Biden, baritone, Jan. 30; Helen Hunt, Jan. 28; Julia Heinrich, March 20; Gregory Hast, Jan. 7-18; Lilli Lehmann, Nov. 16; Aagot Lunde, Dec. 17; Emma Nevada (with Daniel Maquarre, flute; Pablo Casals, 'cello; Heathe Gregory, baritone; Léon Moreau, pianist, for the first time here), Nov. 25; Emma Noyes, April 16; Edith Palliser (when Mr. Norris's "Flight of the Eagle" was sung here for the first time), Feb. 26; Francis Rogers, Dec. 4; Sembrich, Jan. 17; Whitney Tew (with Leh[illegible]nn's "In Memoriam"), Nov. 6; [illegible]hen Townsend, April 15; Pauline [illegible]mann, Nov. 29. Miss Fox and Miss Noyes, and Messrs. Gregory, Hast and Tew made their first appearances.

Pianists: Harold Bauer, Jan. 21, Feb. 4, 11, March 19, April 12 (César Franck's Prelude, aria and finale, Feb. 4); Alice Cummings (Lekeu's sonata for piano and violin), March 5; Felix Fox, Dec. 12, 31, April 17; Josef Hoffman, Dec. 5, 7; Helen Hopekirk, with others, Dec. 19, Feb. 13, April 15; Ernest Hutcheson, March 10, 20; Paderewski, Feb. 19, March 3; W. H. Sherwood, Dec. 2; Josef Slivinski, Nov. 19, 21, 26, Feb. 17, 26, March 5; Elsa Von Grave-Jonas, April 14; Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Nov. 20, 23; Eduard Zeldenrust, Jan 29. Mrs. Von Grave-Jonas, and Messrs. Hutcheson and Zeldenrust made their first appearance. Several recitals were given by Messrs. Faelten and Klahre.

Violinists: Max Bendix, Dec. 2; Florizel, Feb. 6; Chambord Giguère, Dec. 10; Fritz Kreisler, Jan. 23, 25, Feb. 1, 11; Jan Kubelik, Dec. 4, 14, Jan. 1, 8; David Robinson, Feb. 12. Messrs Florizel and Kubelik played here for the first time.

Organist: Edwin H. Lemare (first time), Oct. 29, April 2.

There were chamber concerts in which Mrs. Beach, Miss Mead, Messrs. Rogers, Proctor, the Adamowski Trio and others took part. The most conspicuous of these were those given by Messrs. Kreisler, Gérardy and Hoffman, March 29, April 5.

Arthur Whiting's "Floriana" was produced March 31 by Mrs. Rice, Miss Hussey, Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Beresford, and Mrs. Eaton, pianist.

This list is not complete, but it contains the chief works played for the first time and the names of the most prominent singers and players.

By the way, Mr. Armbruster, assisted by Miss Pauline Cramer, gave lectures on the rudiments of the Wagnerian belief.

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The season was on the whole an interesting one, although some of the best concerts, as those of the Longy Club, the two chamber concerts given by Messrs. Kreisler, Gérardy and Hoffman, the two recitals by Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, and the Strauss song recital by Mr. Hamlin were poorly attended. The season was conspicuous for the number of new works by Frenchmen and Germans of the most advanced school. Florizel, or, more properly, Master Florizel Reuter, excited wonder and delight both at his own concert and with the Symphony Orchestra at Cambridge. Mr. Kubelik proved to be another instance of unwise claims and rank puffery, although the young man has indisputable natural talent. Mr. Whitney Tew sang monotonously and Mr. Zeldenrust gave an exhibition of steam and speed. One of the most delightful entertainments was the performance of Richard Strauss's "Enoch Arden" music, when Mr. Lang played and Mr. Riddle read. The opera season was of a high order of excellence. The two chief events were "Tosca" and "Otello." "The Cid" is poor stuff, and there was no excuse for the production of "Manru," except to gratify curiosity. The Cecilia sang exceedingly well. Mr. Goodrich's society gave actual pleasure, as well as promise for future enjoyment and profit. Mr. Gregory Hast was indeed a sweet and amiable singer. The actual performance of Lillian Blauvelt made us wonder at her foreign reputation. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler played superbly and Mr. Sherwood showed a lamentable want of taste in a speech, although his remarks enlivened his recital. Josef Hoffman played more effectively in chamber concerts than in his recitals. Paderewski went to extremes: His first recital was chiefly a pitiable exhibition of bad temper; at his second he played as he alone can play. Mr. Hutcheson proved to be a "solid" pianist of well-developed technic and a serenity that might easily be mistaken for phlegm. The Orchestral Club showed a surprising advance in technic and interpretation, and the two concerts were a proof of Mr. Longy's marked ability as a conductor. The most striking feature of the Handel and Haydn series was the introduction of "Non piu andrai" from "The Marriage of Figaro" in a sacred concert. Mr. Harold Bauer disappointed at first—for he fell below his high standard of last season—but in later concerts he played with a display of uncommon artistry. Mr. Lemare turned out to be an organist of indisputable parts who seemed willing to sacrifice art for the sake of applause. The first series of recitals given by Mr. Slivinski was far superior to the second. Mr. Fox at his third concert showed decided gain in aesthetic development. Mr. Kreisler played for the most part marvelously well.

New pieces produced at Moscow by the Russian Philharmonic Society: "From the World of Illusions," in four movements by Konus, was heartily condemned; but a cantata by Wassilinko met with favor, as did a cantata for baritone, chorus and orchestra, "Spring" by Rachmaninoff (op. 20), directed by the composer.——Alfred Untersteiner in his "History of Music," written in Italian and published by Hopli of Milan, appears to be a man of uncommon discrimination and comparatively free from partisanship, although he is prudently cool toward the modern romantic: "Bruckner is an incomplete genius who is wanting in musical logic;" Richard Strauss is one of "the greatest musical humorists, but he belongs to the period of the decadence, as is shown by the colossal finesse, super-subtle character of his works."——Zudie Harris, an American pianist, is gaily playing pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin and Zudie Harris in cities of Germany.——Lilli Lehmann has been singing Donna Anna and Brünnhilde (Götterdämmerung") at Leipsic.——The singers who will take part in the Verdi-cyclus at Berlin, when "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Ernani," "Rigoletto," "Aida," "Travlata," "Trovatore" and "Otello" will be given, are: sopranos Maria de Macchi of the Scala, Luisa Tetrazzini of the San Carlo; contraltos Virginia Guerinni of Milan and Aurelia Arimondi of Venice; tenors, Emilio de Marchi and Francesco Signorini baritones, Mario Samarco, Vittorio Brombara; basses, Vittorio Arimondi and Alessandro Silvestri. Arturio Vigna of Monte Carlo will conduct.——The Wagner performances at the Prince Regent Theatre, Munich, will begin Aug. 9 with "Die Meistersinger," and close Sept. 12 with the same opera, which will also be given Aug. 11, 20, 25, Sept. 3, 8. "Tristan" will be performed Aug. 13, 18, 27, Sept. 1, 10; "Tannhäuser" Aug. 15, 23, 30, Sept. 5; "Lohengrin," Aug. 16, 22, 29, Sept. 6. The performances of "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger" will begin at 4 P. M.; of "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" at 5 P. M. The price of admission to each performance will be 20 marks ($5)

Among the singers will be Ternina, Nordica, Middenburg, Gisela Staudigl, Senger-Bettaque, Olive Fremstad, Anthes, Bertram, Forchhammer, Reichmann, Slezak, Reiss. The conductors will be Zumpe, Fischer and Röhr.——Blanche Marchesi sang Santuzza at the Brixton Theatre, April 11: "The lady's generous proportions were, unfortunately, contrasted against the spare figure of Mr. Joseph O'Mara, who personated the gay deceiver, and her earnestness led her to exaggeration of gesture."——Carl Venth's new dramatic cantata, "Hiawatha's Wooing" (adapted from the poem by Henry E. Hard, a Brooklyn school teacher), was performed at the Hotel Majestic, New York, April 22. The cantata is for four voices and piano.——Saléza will sing in the revival of Gluck's "Armide" at Paris before he goes to Covent Garden.——An overture, "Hamlet," by Shakespeare, who is now conductor of the Strolling Players' Orchestra (London), was produced in April. Will friends of Bacon claim it for him?—Kate Vesey, a daughter of the famous beauty Clara Vesey—a sister of Emily Soldene—is a dancer, and is now doing a turn with a cigarette song at the Palace Theatre, London. She, too, is said to be beautiful, eminently desirable.——At the London Musical Festival Tschaikowsky is represented 6 times, Beethoven 5, Wagner 4, Saint-Saëns 4.——Mrs. James Brown Potter will recite "Antigone" to Mendelssohn's music and Bjornson's "Bergliot" to Grieg's music at the Bristol Festival.——It is said of Lago the impresario, who died lately, that he refused to engage Jean de Reszke. Sir Augustus Harris declined to engage Calvé.——Here is a nice point. Miss Legat of the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, was engaged to play a part in "Prestige," but after the first rehearsal the playwright demanded that the manager should give the part to another. Miss Legat insists that the action was illegal.

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"Paul Avenel, the well-known French song writer, whose funeral took place April 16, at Bougival, once composed some stanzas with the title 'Le Pied qui remue,' which were sung by Joseph Kelm at the Déjazel Theatre. The author was surprised to find that his production had an ovation every evening, and was still more astounded when he was summoned to appear in camera before a stern Imperial Magistrate, who would hear of no excuse, and threatened Avenel with imprisonment, adding: 'It is utterly in vain for you to pretend that you were unaware that the Emperor is suffering from gout in his left foot.'"

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"Lancelot" wrote in the Referee of April 13:

"Admirers of Tschaikowsky's 'Pathetic Symphony' will find in the current number of The Artist an interesting appreciation of the work by Mr. Ffrangeon-Davies. The article is truly an impression, written down in the concert-room while the work was being performed under Mr. Henry Wood's direction at the Queen's Hall, and, whatever may be the program which the music suggests to different temperaments, the description of Mr. Ffrangeon-Davies will be found profitable reading. Briefly the prominent Welsh baritone hears in the music the wail of oppressed Russia. To quote the writer, 'Tschaikowsky had the artist's mind, and that mind was affected, not only by his own immediate environment, but by what there was of upheaval and unrest (bringing with it a pathos which music alone can fully express) in Russian national life during his day.' Be this as it may, the idea lifts the work out of pessimistical personality and gives it the dignity of a national cry."

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"Lancelot" in the Referee thus comments on the music by Edward German, whose real name, by the way, is Jones:

"No small part of the artistic satisfaction which the work provides is due to the perfect accord which exists between the period of the play and the spirit of the music. The melodies are somewhat lacking in what may be termed boldness and distinction of contour, but they are remarkably free from reminiscences. In many instances they possess fascinating tunefulness of a refined character, and most effective use has been made of old English dance rhythms. Occasionally the brass is too much employed, but, with this exception, the scoring is most tasteful, particularly in the accompaniment to the solos."

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"Galahad" writes from Paris to the Referee: "Jean de Reszke is, I am assured, but slightly enthused at his wife's idea that he should found a theatre. He is notoriously tired of the stage and all its work, and would prefer Cash Sloan as the principal actor on his horses on the race-course out in Russia."——Max Klinger asks $100,000 for his statue of Beethoven; he says that the precious materials used cost him $37,400.——Perosi, between oratorios, has thrown off a Theme with variations for orchestra.——Rigaux, a young bari-

tone, made his début last month at the Opéra, Paris, as Beckmesser. Renaud proposes to leave this theatre.——Sigrid Arnoldson returned to the Opéra-Comique April 22 for a few performances after her great and long continued success in Russia and other countries She was not heard in Boston to advantage, for she was obliged to sing in Mechanics Building.——Jean Gérardy will return to this country about June 1. He will go to San Francisco, then sail for Australia for his second tour in that country, then to London, and then to Berlin, where he will begin a tour of Germany.——Fritz Kreisler will play in London for the first time May 12. He will stay there through the season; he will play in the provinces in the fall; in Russia during the winter, and in the spring in Germany.——Julian Edward's new opera is entitled "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."——Cheever Goodwin, the librettist, has filed a petition in bankruptcy; liabilities $5617, no available assets.——Ceruso, the tenor, says he will not sing in America for less than $1400 a performance.——They say that next season Alvarez will sing Lionel, De Marchi Rudolfo to Sembrich's Mimi; that Alvarez and Sembrich may sing in "Fra Diavolo"; and that Calvé will appear as Rose Friequette in "Les Dragons de Villars," a part last sung here by Laura Schirmer-Mapleson.——Geraldine Farrar, now of the Berlin Opera, has gone to Italy for a long vacation.——Gabriel Pierné wrote the music for Marion Crawford's "Francesca da Rimini," produced in Schwob's French version by Sarah Bernhardt at Paris April 22.——Helen Henschel gave a song recital in London April 21. "The young lady has considerable talent." She sang a new song, "Donald Blair," by her father, and she also took part in Bach's concerto for two violins.

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Mr. Vernon Blackburn carved Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland with grace and elegance. The occasion was the appearance of Mr. Maitland's "Music of the Nineteenth Century."

"Mr. Fuller Maitland's book entitled 'Music of the Nineteenth Century' is a work which will please one section and equally displease another section of trained readers. For our part, we are neither overmuch pleased nor overmuch displeased with the work. We recognize that Mr. Maitland has his prejudices and that he (like most of us) considers his prejudices to be of paramount importance. He has a perfect right to express them, and we cannot say that we find very much fault with the manner of expression. Frankly, from the literary point of view, his style is not strikingly distinguished; but we scarcely think that he desires to do more than to impart useful information, and we should conclude that he desired to make no particular literary impression. His book, though we cannot read it altogether with approval, contains a good deal of valuable information, and proves the writer to be possessed of views which, however individual, have the merit of being at times not without originality. We do not think that Mr. Maitland is altogether tolerant in his views upon modern English art criticism of music, and it is perhaps not unnatural that this should be so. Nevertheless we cannot help thinking that he would have been better advised to have let many matters which are necessarily controversial as between critic and critic rest on a more pleasant basis than he has chosen to do. After all, there is no man but has his own personal views, and we cannot blame Mr. Maitland for letting the world know what his particular views are. Thus, he takes a very definite view of the modern English school of musical writing; he is not particularly enthusiastic about the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and he thinks Prof. Stanford a genius. That is all part of his day's work, we happen to take an entirely opposite view, and that is part of our day's work. Mr. Maitland, though he occasionally is inclined to be slipshod in expression, writes in the manner of a man whose habit it is to speak with refinement. In our consideration of his intolerance we should be the very last to blame him for that quality; but now and then we cannot refrain from thinking, in turning over the pages of his book, that it is possible, even in these fighting days, to extend a measure of courtesy more gentle and less tyrannical than that which Mr Maitland has seen fit on certain occasions to adopt. Whether his book will be regarded as valuable or not by the public is a matter upon which we have no means of judging. Notoriously, musical essays, for the most part, do not win a very extensive vogue, and, to be plain, we do not perceive why these utterances should prove to be a startling exception to the general rule; but the public must be the final arbiter, of course."

May 12, 1902

THE WAYS OF SLEEP.

There are who sleep—
And, sleeping, pray
That they forget—
Lest memories stray,
Of Earth's unlonged-for yesterday,
Marring the placid dreamward way;
There are who pray,
Neither remembrance nor regret!

There are who sleep—
Hoping to dream,
And dreaming know,
What once has been,
Catching anew the golden gleam
That slipped life's coarse-wove net between—
There are who sleep—
Yearning to dream of long ago!

Dreaming • • • forgetting • • •
which is best?
Or matters neither when we rest
Upon the old Mother's kindly breast?
Sooner or late, with ended quest,
Her children come from East and West,
Dreaming • • • forgetting • • •
which is best?

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The question naturally comes up, May not the dwellers in the Cities of the Plain have been much abused men and women? It is true that they were accused of wicked deeds, and we are told that "the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven." Abraham looked toward the cities, "and, lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

No doubt had St. Pierre been in existence centuries ago and then met the same fate, legends of celestial vengeance would have come down to us. Were there not strange pamphlets written concerning the earthquake at Lisbon? And there were some who spoke of the punishment meted out to those on whom the tower in Siloam fell.

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Towns have from time immemorial been savagely characterized. The taunt against Genoa is well known. But we do not have to go out of English speaking countries. Rhymes injurious to certain English towns are common and often ingenious.

Deal, Dover and Harwich,
The Devil gave his daughter in marriage,
And by a codicil of his will
He added Helvcot and the Brill.

Here is another:

If Pool were a fish-pond, and the men of his dish.
They'd be a pool for the devil, and fish for his dsh.

Strood, Rochester and Chatham have been described as Starve 'em, Rob 'em and Cheat 'em.

"Cheshire bred, Strong i' th' arm, but weak i' th' head."

Years ago Doncaster was popularly described as a town of drunkards.

The Doncaster Mayor he sits in his chair,
His mills they merrily go.
His nose doth shine with drinking wine,
And the gout is in his big toe.

Some of these rhymes are too coarse to be repeated publicly.

There was a time when there was talk of "The United States and New Jersey," just as in England there was a saying: "Neither in Kent nor Christendom." The people of Granthan were supposed to be so stingy that Grantham gruel was composed of nine grits and a gallon of water.

Like local amenities are no doubt to be found in every country. But we know of no evil charge brought in times past against the unfortunate at St. Pierre.

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Walt Whitman was terrified by the earth: "It is that calm and patient." Now and then the earth is tired of the arrogance of man that struts and boasts, and it shows him in some dreadful manner that all his science and his civilization are no more than the skillfully constructed ant-hill or a nest of wasps. It is probable that at St. Pierre there was little time for reflection or moralization. The cone that had excited rapturous adjectives from visitors was the sudden engine of destruction.

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Earthquakes are more or less expected in certain lands. They have been felt in mild degree even in staid and conservative New England. Humboldt observed that the horror always felt by those who experience an earthquake is not "the result of those fearful pictures of devastation presented to our imaginations by the historical narratives of the past, but is rather due to the sudden revelation of the delusive nature of the inherent faith by which we had clung to a belief in the immobility of the solid parts of the earth." But as Buckle remarked, how does this account for the terror felt by the inhabitans of those countries where earthquakes are so frequent that the belief in the immobility of the earth never could have been established either by experience or tradition?

It appears that there was no earthquake at St. Pierre. No doubt the dwellers therein believed placidly that volcanic eruptions were phenomena of the past, impossible in these years of general improvement.

But such an appalling catastrophe forbids too curious investigation. It may be that if a thoughtful man should fully realize the conditions under which he lives and will surely die he would go mad. There are some who dare not look at that cold and awful spectre, the moon, through a telescope, nor can any imaginative person contemplate without a shudder the outer darkness beyond the farthest stars. Occasionally some natural mystery is revealed for a moment, and then man seeks the company of the stranger, an enemy, or looks even to the dog or cat for comfort, or at least fellowship in horror.

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The German Government recently refused to allow a street to be named after Hauptmann, the playwright, in a suburb of Berlin. The refusal was probably based on disapproval of Hauptmann's socialistic plays, but we are inclined to think that no such honor should be paid any man until he is safely dead. Thus we enjoy the success of Mr. Barnet and Mr. McNally, but even Shakespeare has no street named after him in Boston, and meanwhile the two living playwrights are apparently contented with the sight of their names on playbills. There is a Byron Street in Boston; was it named after the poet? Musicians have fared well in this city. Wagner, Liszt, Beethoven, Haydn, have given their names to streets, and Mozart distinguishes an avenue and a place as well as a street. There is even a Nikisch Avenue, an honor that has not been paid to Messrs. Henschel, Gericke, Paur, Zerrahn or even Mr. Lang. Why in the world was Mr. Nikisch thus made famous for at least two generations? And he was such a quiet man, almost shy and retiring. It is strange that he made no objection.

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We read the other day of an unusual family record. A girl named Mary Ansel poisoned her sister some time ago in England and was sentenced to death. Her mother was charged in court with being drunk and incapable. She urged as an apology these facts: One daughter had been poisoned, another hanged; a son had been killed in a railway accident; another son was in an asylum. The mother was discharged.

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We have received the following letter:

Boston, May 9, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Answering the question of the day (whether it's going to rain or not) I said: If the wind's west or northwest, no; if southerly, yes; if east, or northeast, or north, I don't know, nor nobody else. We can see across the land and we can land across the sea, but we can't tell what's coming from that direction.

GEORGE W. PIERCE.

May 10 - 1902

For, behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up.

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Some years ago Mr. Marcel Schwob wrote a story in which he pictured the total eclipse of faith. No living being had the energy to do righteous deeds; it had been expended in a vain attempt toward a new religion. A gentle egoism prevailed. Immorality and chance ruled. Science was darkened by mystical superstition. The seasons were no longer distinguishable; there were incessant days of rain. At last the signal of devastation was given. The air was thick with aerolites; volcanoes over the earth were angrily at work. Men and women fled vaguely and despairingly. A youth and maiden, neighbors, ran with the others, and hardly knowing what they were about, sought refuge in a fishing boat which took them out to sea. They were soon on a desolate ocean. The gentle waves bore dead fish. These waves were already hot, and the ocean itself seemed dead. Fire had consumed at least half the sky. There was a frightful silence. The air was taking fire. But why this universal destruction? They had just passed childhood; they were innocent, without fault. And there they were, a young Adam and a little Eve, sole survivors of the earthly hell.

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Mr. Phil Robinson inserted a chapter on "Certain Disturbances" in his "Country Sights and Sounds." He disapproves of meteors. "There seems something shabby in the idea of bombarding the earth from the sky. If anything could be considered innocent, harmless and deserving of our confidence, it is surely the firmament overhead." Earthquakes awe him, as when he thinks of the whole coast line of Chili for 100 miles above Valparaiso, with the mighty chain of the Andes hoisted by an earthquake seven feet above its former level. "Think of this—some 20,000 miles of solid land upheaved at one effort—land, too, that bore upon it such incalculable bulk as the Andean range, one single mountain of which, Aeoncagua, stands up into the clouds 24,000 feet in height." But Mr. Robinson commends earthquakes on the whole, as restorative and conservative "as opposed to the steadily destructive and leveling action of the ocean waters." Ironical as the speech now seems to us, he speaks of volcanic fire as "the restorer."

We read the other day that the harbors of Martinique were wretched or non-existent. Now Jedidiah Morse, D. D., minister of the congregation in Charlestown, near Boston, said in the fifth edition of his "Geography Made Easy" (Boston, 1796): "The bays and harbours are numerous, safe, commodious, and well fortified." He made no mention of the volcano, but he spoke of the inland part of the island as "hilly, from which are poured out upon every side a number of agreeable and useful rivers, which adorn and enrich this island in a high degree."

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All frightful perturbations of nature shame thousands for their ignorance of geography. How many readers of newspapers knew before this eruption the precise position of Martinique? How many today can name correctly all the islands of the group or sketch the islands as they are on the map? Nearly 50 years ago Walter Savage Landor laughed at Dr. Johnson for talking of Guadeloupe as being in another hemisphere: "Speaking of that island, his very words are these: 'Whether you return hither or stay in another hemisphere.'"

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The Journal has already quoted from Lafcadio Hearn's book on Martinique and other islands, which was made up of magazine articles that excited attention by their lush description. But Hearn compiled a little dictionary of Creole proverbs in which he quotes from "the musical and peculiarly picturesque Creole of Martinique." Some of these proverbs are extremely curious.

If you see your neighbor's beard on fire, water your own.

A good cock crows in any henhouse.

God gives nuts to people who have no teeth.

What you lose in the fire, you will find in the ashes—a proverb that now is cruelly ironical.

Those who eat eggs don't know whether the chicken suffered.

This little book, "Gombo Zhèbes" (N. Y., 1885), is well worth reading were it only for the information given in the notes. Volumes of proverbs are generally stupid and a monument to the dullness of the annotator; but Hearn's book may be put with Sir Richard F. Burton's "Wit and Wisdom from West Africa," and Le Roux de Lincy's "Livre des Proverbes Français."

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There are interesting accounts of Aetna and Vesuvius in George Sandys's "Relation of a Journey begun in 1610." Aetna "hath flamed in times past so abundantly that by reason of the smoke and air involved with burning sand the inhabitants hereabout could not see one another for two days together." The ashes so enriched the soil that "both vines and corn there prosper above admiration; who (Ausonius) reports besides that the grass so manured kills the sheep that do feed thereon unless within 40 or 50 days they be let blood in the ear." Vesuvius not only buried two cities; once "the ashes thereof transported in the air obscured all Europe; and the Constantinopolitans being wonderfully affrighted therewith (insomuch as the Emperor Leo forsook the city) in memorial of the same did yearly celebrate the 12th of November."

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It was Aetna that showed appreciation of filial devotion; for we read in Pausanias that when the flames set fire to Catania, two sons left everything without an attempt to save property, but one took his father on his back, the other his mother; and when it seemed that they would be destroyed, the flames parted and gave safe exit.

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The book of books concerning Pompeii is that by Gusman; but Théophile Gautier's story, "Avria Marcella," should not be overlooked, and the chapter "La Rue Morte" in Gustave Kahn's "L'Esthétique de la Rue" is singularly vivid and suggestive. Some assert that the finest districts of Pompeii have not yet been uncovered, because no book has been discovered, while at Herculaneum the first blows of the pick brought manuscripts to light. Their conjecture is not held in respect by the majority of archaeologists, who point to the walls of decorated panels, the various articles of luxury and taste. The life at Pompeii from what we know of it, was gay, and the days and the nights were not given to reading. Kahn, however, would not object to further discoveries; the uncovering of a quarter where, buried in gray dust and ashes a skeleton will hold in its hand some unpublished decade, or waxen tablets which will betray Latin verses in honor of a dead beauty; and this would be more beautiful than the signs of terra-cotta, the goat that points out the dairy, the ass turning the mill that announces the miller's, or the two men carrying an amphora suspended from a stick across their shoulders, signs of a jovial and matter-of-fact Pompeii, rather than of a city devoted to art, letters and philosophy."

They say that matrons and maidens of the "hupper circles" in Boston are much given to swearing. We hope that the report is maliciously false, but we fear that it is based on facts. Women of genuine rank have in past years sworn rankly. Queen Elizabeth was given to profanity and general coarseness of speech, and maids-of-honor in Georgian times did not content themselves with such pretty specches as "I am muckibus." In the time of Charles II. the commons had their kind of swearing and the gentry had theirs, "So that the ordinary way of swearing would not serve their turn; but as they exceeded the commons in outward greatness, so they thought it a property to exceed them in swearing more great and terrible oaths, and these are called gentleman oaths." So wrote George Keith, who toward the end of the 17th century was a missionary at New York and Boston. If these Boston girls and women must swear they should follow the example of the ancient gentry, and thus distinguish themselves from drunken tenement women; they owe this to their station. Noblesse oblige! But we hear that they use the common oaths of the street, and thus show in profanity the poverty of imagination and wit that characterizes their more conventional breakfast talk and parlor chatter. It might be a good thing to establish a Back Bay School for Genteel Profanity. The season is now over, but a class might be formed for earnest work next winter. Of course due care should be taken in the admission of members, as in the order and maintenance of the long established Sewing Circle.

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We have received the following letter:

Boston, May 12, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I was with some friends at a restaurant last week, and one of them recited this little poem:

THE SOUBRETTE.

With complexion like the rose
Amid the snows,
Due to powder on her nose
I suppose,
She twirls upon her toes
In abbreviated clothes
And exhibits spangled hose
To the beaux.

When cruel fate bestows
Adipose,
And all these fairy parts
She outgrows,
To the hinder seats she goes
And sits among the crows,
Like the beaux.

When faded and frayed, she grows,
She sits, and thinks, and sews
Furbelows.
Is she reaping what she sows?
Heaven knows.

Now no one at the table knew who wrote these verses. One man said he had heard that the author was a celebrated poet, who wrote them hurriedly in a barroom, and then called for more paper. Someone provided him with a huge sheet of wrapping paper. The poet immediately wrote verses that were still more remarkable, and then dropped dead. Can you or any of your readers give the required information?

T. E. H.

This is, indeed, a strange story, and we are obliged to ask the assistance of some reader, some collector of newspaper poetry, some admirer of minor bards. We notice one out in the story. No true poet "writes" verses in a barroom or on wrapping paper. He "dashes them off."

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Mr. Ralph Lawrence met Miss Eva Osborn for the second time on May 2, 1901. He asked her to take down her hair. She refused, and then he took it down, and in the course of his aesthetic and capillary investigation he dislocated her arm, from which we may reasonably infer that she did not aid him, nor did she coyly submit. Miss Oshorn sued the impetuous Ralph for $10,000 damages. The suit was tried in the District Court at Denver, Col., and Miss Osborn received $5000 the other day.

It is said that Mr. Lawrence had been assured by a jealous woman that Eva's hair was false. We are not told whether Eva let down her hair in court or whether her hair is false. We may take it for granted that her hair was natural and highly ornamental. The burning, vital question is this: When a man is wooing a woman, has he not a right to investigate the authenticity of her charms? Is it not the part of prudence to conduct researches, that there may not after the ceremony be unpleasant scenes and biting words? Now hair is one of the chief glories of a woman. There is no need of expatiating on this point; read, for instance, the remarks of Apuleius on Fotis, sweetest and kindest of all serving-maids.

Nor can we understand the reluctance of Miss Osborn to display her hair and confound her rival. We know an amateur photographer in Boston who always insists on his female subjects letting down their hair at the Camera Club, and he joyfully assists them. No one of these subjects is rebellious: no surgeon is called in.

But when Mr. Lawrence met with resistance, he should not have broken Miss Eva's arm, although he thus showed his superior strength. He should have left her, without anger, with quiet dignity. He had made the offer. She had not caught at the opportunity to prove her love. She should have wrapped him in her hair, kissed him between tresses; for although he then met her for the second time, there had been progress on the first occasion, otherwise he would not have been so amorously curious. Is it possible, after all, that her hair, undone, just touched her shoulders?

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The Emperor William is always anxious to acquaint the world with what he knows. Could he not send a sympathetic message to President Loubet without saying: "The terrible catastrophe which has cost the lives of nearly as many persons as perished at Pompeii"? Perhaps he wishes to go to war over the actual statistics.

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The New York Sun with correspondents is investigating the variations of the "Shinbone Alley" song. In the sixties we were familiar with these lines:

For she used to live
In Shinbone Alley,
And the boys all called her
Snag-toothed Sally.

These lines have clung to the memory, although at school we could never memorize "Hohenlinden," or Catiline's Defiance.

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We were pained to learn that there were cries of "gonof" at a sale of junk in Leverett Street. The word is a very old one; it is spelled "gonof," "gonnof," "gonoph," "gnof," and even "gonaff" or "gunneff," but never "goniff." It is not a pretty word, however you may spell it; in old English, as in Chaucer, it means bumpkin, shameless simpleton, but in still older Hebraic use and in the familiar language of today, it means thief (see Exodus, xxii., 2 and 6): specifically, today, a pickpocket and especially an adept. In slang of New York rogues in the fifties it characterized a thief that had attained the higher walks of his profession—to quote George W. Matsell.

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It was an honored President of the United States that said: "The spirit of lawlessness must be extinguished by the fires of an unselfish and honest patriotism."

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Did any one in Boston ever advertise himself as a "nicknackitorian"?

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They say that the plays of Alfred Capus are bringing him in at least $500 a day.

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It is strange that people should take so much interest at one time in what they so soon forget—the truth is, they feel no interest in it at any time, but it does for something to talk about. Their ideas are served up to them, like their hill of fare, for the day; and the whole creation, history, war, politics, morals, poetry, metaphysics, is to them like a file of antedated newspapers, of no use, not even for reference, except the one which lies on the table! You cannot take any of these persons at a greater disadvantage than before they are provided with their cue for the day. They ask with a face of dreary vacuity, "Have you anything new?"—and on receiving an answer in the negative, have nothing further to say.

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Mr. W. G. George wrote a letter last month to the Referee in which he spoke of various forms of exercise. He approves of walking, but only under certain conditions: thus the walker should always carry a "pepper-box filled with boric acid powder to sprinkle in the boots and on the feet." That is to say, when you sprinkle the powder in your boots you should be careful to hit your feet. Of course those whose boots are full of feet need not be so anxious in their aim. And how do you wear the pepper-box—in a case slung over the right shoulder, or in your hat? It was only the other day that an "experienced doctor" said that a bicyclist should never be without mustard-leaves, so that in case of sunstroke a friend or even a stranger could put the leaves on the bicyclist's thighs to draw the blood from his head. And we know a prudent man who has seen many cities and studied the customs of many nations who never goes out—to the theatre, office, or even church—without a pocket flask, for use, not merely for ostentation.

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Henry Fielding, who was himself a magistrate, in the journal of his voyage to Lisbon, noted this remedy for a fish trust at London which put fish beyond the purse of a poor man.

"And, first, I humbly submit the absolute necessity of immediately hanging all the fishmongers within the bills of mortality; and, however, it might have been some time ago the opinion of mild and temporizing men that the evil complained of might be removed by gentler methods, I suppose at this day there are none who do not see the impossibility of using such with any effect."

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George Meredith some years ago might have said with Landor: "I shall dine late: but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select." But the Meredith cult has increased mightily of late, as is seen by a letter published in a New York newspaper which plumes itself on its literary department:

"'Constant Reader,' New York city,—'Will you please inform me if George Meredith is a lady or gentleman? I am referring to the author of "The Egoist," "Drama (sic) of the Crossways," etc.'"

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"Richard Harding Davis will represent —— —— at the coronation of Edward VII., where a seat in Westminster has been accorded him." On the throne? This reminds us of a wicked story that is told in every city concerning some pretentious snob or pompous citizen.

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Mr. Marion Crawford is a reckless talker. He says he made his Francesca da Rimini a woman who had been married for 14 years. "My dates make Mme. Bernhardt to be 32 or 33, an age she is perfectly able to present. As a matter of fact she looked 17 last night."

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Mr. G. R. Sims heard one Londoner say to another last week: "Rekab has put his da-erb up to owt yannep flatch." Now what did this Londoner really say?

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Women in Italy are not allowed to practise law, but since 1900 six have taken degrees. From 1877 to 1900 the women that took degrees in various branches were 224, and of these 31 had two and one even three. In 1900 there were 100 degrees taken by women in belles lettres, 7 in philosophy, 29 in history and philosophy, 19 in mathematics, 1 in mathematics and natural history, 1 in physics, 1 in chemistry, 1 in chemistry applied to drugs, 25 in natural history, 23 in medicine, 1 in medicine and natural history, and 5 in jurisprudence, history and philosophy.

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Mr. Frank A. Munsey will be the Bromley lecturer on journalism and literature at Yale University in the coming Academic year. Let us see—Did Mr. Beadle ever deliver a course of lectures at Yale on the novel or romantic literature?

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G. writes: "I heard a young woman of 'wealth and position' speak of another woman as her 'pal.' What do you say to the word? Is it vulgar?"

No, the word is not vulgar; but the young woman was absurd when she thought she was smart. For "pal" is pure Gipsy for brother, or male friend. There is a storehouse of quotations, but we make room only for the opening lines of Jerry Juniper's chaunt:

In a box of the stone jug I was born,
Of a hempen widow the kid forlorn,
Fake away!
And my father, as I've heard say,
Fake away!
Was a merchant of capers gay,
Who cut his last fling with great applause.
Nix my doll, pals, fake away!

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Here is a scene from "Au Transvaal," a drama played at the Ambigu, Paris, at a matinee in aid of the Boers. A little Boer boy who is bearing dispatches is taken by the British, whose officer cannot extort his secret from him and sentences the youngster to be shot. The firing party is Irish and refuses to obey the command. The Scotch are then called upon and they obey. The boy is shot.

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We saw yesterday a pamphlet published in 1782 and entitled "Extrait du Journal d'un Officier de la Marine de l'Escadre de M. le Comte d'Estaing." The unknown author wrote: "The Americans are easily deceived. Indolent, suspicious, they are always sure to see what they fear. Their laziness is such that we have seen the enemy destroy Befford (sic) about 20 miles from Boston without the Senate being informed of any circumstance, of the forces, or the plans of the English. * * * We are much indebted to M. Hancok (sic), who restrained the people and turned night-patrol himself; if it had not been for this we should have been obliged to seek refuge on our vessels and stay there."

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For nearly a month Mr. Rutherford has been leaving his office at half-past four, and arriving at his pleasant house in the suburbs by a quarter past five. No sooner is he at home than he takes a racket and plays at tether-ball, sometimes against his daughter, sometimes against his wife, and in unpleasant weather he beats the ball alone. He plays with desperate energy. He runs and jumps and leaps and swats until the sweat runs down the hollow of his back. He is highly excited. His eyes and tongue protrude. Now and then he screams in joy or disappointment. His growing daughter laughs or claps her hands. The dog barks wildly. For half an hour at least the Rutherfords are decidedly at home.

The neighbors say: "How devoted Rutherford is to his family!" Mrs. Bolt asks her husband why he does not follow Rutherford's example and come home early. Susie Miller begs her father to buy the game so that they can play it. Mrs. Rutherford told Mrs. Miller only yesterday that Mr. Rutherford had not stopped at the club and had not been late to dinner for a month. "He's crazy over that game."

But neither Mrs. Rutherford, nor her pop-eyed daughter Emily, nor the barking Jowler, nor the observant and speculative neighbors know what the doctor said to Mr. Rutherford about his kidneys and the need of vigorous exercise. When Rutherford is jumping, swatting, puffing, blowing, sweating, he does not see wife, daughter, dog; he is playing with all his might against Death, who is leaner than he is, spryer, and never tired. Yes, Mr. Rutherford is playing the game of his life.

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We have received the following letter:

Boston, May 15, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Occasion drew me the other day to the office of a well known Trust Company. I took my place in the line before the window of the paying-teller. A woman in front of me received—let us say $67 84. The $67 in bills, the 84 cents in change. She looked helplessly at the loose change and said, "What am I going to do with that?" The teller paid no attention to her, even when she repeated the remark. Again she whimpered: "What am I going to do with that?" We that were behind her began to grow impatient. She then took the despised change and let it drop through her fingers. A little girl who was standing by her mother picked it up and handed it to the owner, who by this time was happy, for she had attracted the attention of at least a dozen persons by her insolent contempt of loose change. The manager stepped forward and asked how he could be of assistance to her. He knew her, and it is perhaps unnecessary to add that all the bystanders knew her by sight and newspaper reputation. The woman was at last satisfied: everybody was looking at her. She quickly put the loose change inside the roll of bills, left the office and got into her carriage.

I was especially struck by the courtesy of the teller and the manager. If I had been the teller I am afraid I should have answered her question by saying: "Oh I don't know. You might put it in your stocking."

C. S. C.

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We saw a happy man yesterday, a hilariously happy man. The doctor had drawn up for him a diet-list and the two meats positively forbidden were beef and mutton. Now this man is well-off so far as the goods of this world, as they are reckoned, are concerned, and he has been almost extravagant in the matter of household expenses. The high price of beef was little to him. Why, then, this great and exceeding joy? "You don't know what a relief it is to me and my wife. Ever since we were foolish enough to have a summer-cottage of our own, friends have looked forward to spending a fortnight or a month with us. One would write, 'Save a room for me from July 15 to Aug. 1. Another, I should like to visit you in August. Some would not even write—I remember that Jones came in on us early in the morning, and when we told him every room in the house was full, what did he do but find a room at a villager's and take his meals with us for three days. But now I shall tell our acquaintances that I must fast this summer; that in order to avoid temptation, there will be no beef or mutton in the house; that we shall buy pork chops or liver for the servants, but that my wife and I propose to live till Oct 15th on spoon food. Ten to one not a soul could now be hired to visit us. Then there'll be no rum or tobacco in the house, so the boys will not run down for over Sunday. We shall have a quiet, restful summer, at last."

"Do you mean to say," we asked, "that you are going to live on gruel, parsley, whole wheat bread and sal hepatica—no rum or tobacco?"

He winked a long-drawn wink. "Here is the diet-list. And I have no vegetarian friends."

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A reader of that distinguished philological journal, the New York Sun, asks why that newspaper persists in using the word "Cop" when reference is made

to a policeman. The Sun gallantly defends its choice.

But there was no need of defence. The word is established in literature and in the dictionary as well as in the living speech of men.

The word appeared years ago in the following beautiful verses, which, in the subtle obscurity that guards jealously a profound moral truth, reminds us of one of Robert Browning's problem-poems.

A HUNDRED STRETCHES HENCE.

Oh! where will be the cults of the bing
A hundred stretches hence?
The bene morts, who sweetly sing,
A hundred stretches hence?
The autumn-cacklers, autumn-coves,
The jolly blade who wildly roves;
And where the buffer, bruiser, blowen,
And all the cops and beaks so knowin',
A hundred stretches hence?

And where the swag, so bleakly pinched,
A hundred stretches hence?
The thimbles, slang, and dangles filched,
A hundred stretches hence?
The chips, the fawneys, chatty-feeders,
The bugs, the boungs, and well-filled readers;
And where the fence and snoozing-ken,
With all the prigs and lushing men,
A hundred stretches hence?

Played out their lay, it will be said
A hundred stretches hence,
With shovels they were put to bed
A hundred stretches since.
Some rubbed to whit had napped a winder,
And some were scragged and took a blinder,
Planted the swag, and lost to sight,
We'll bid them, one and all, good night,
A hundred stretches hence.

This poem should be compared carefully with Villon's "Ballade of Bygone Dames," in which the poet asks the whereabouts of Flora, Archiplada, Thais, Queen Blanche and other bene morts. More than one evening may thus be profitably spent at home beneath the argand, and at breakfast of the following day the father should examine Jennie and Charles and Maud and Augustus concerning the precise meaning of "thimbles," "boungs," "whit." The memory will be strengthened and the vocabulary increased.

THE PRINCESS IN THE TOWER.

Love came to the Princess
In the high tower,
"I will have none of Love," she said,
"Tears are Love's dower."

Love hid his face from the Princess
In the high tower,
And "Would I knew the tears," she said,
"That are Love's dower."

Mr. John Schuester, a saloonkeeper in Elizabeth, N. J., was angry because a locomotive engine blew off steam near his saloon. At first he argued with the engineer, Mr. Bogart—although "argued" is hardly the word; he told him in violent speech to stop the noise. The engineer said that engines must blow off steam. Then Mr. Schuester brought out his gun and fired at Mr. Bogart. He hit him, but did not kill him. The reporter said nothing more about the engine itself, but in all probability it kept on blowing.

Of course all this happened in New Jersey, which is to the modern world what Thessaly was to the ancient, a land of marvels, sorceries and enchantments. But this particular incident might well happen in Boston, even in the Back Bay.

For when this same Back Bay was a waste land, a land of desolation, railway tracks were planned without consideration of possible inhabitants who might settle there at some remote period. Capricious and whimsical fashion made this waste land desirable, and today the dwellers in certain streets often feel as Mr. John Schuester did when he took aim and pulled the trigger.

The through trains do not disturb the dwellers by the tracks, no matter how fierce the roar. But when at 11.30 P. M., or 4.20 A. M., a freight train stops at the rear of the apartment house and blows off steam, the awakened sleeper knows a feeling of personal insult and injury. It is as though the engineer growled to himself: "I'll fix those people who think they can sleep all night." The awakened can hear the fiend chuckling and snickering and smiting his thigh in horrid glee. Meanwhile the engine enters into the hellish sport; it blows and snorts; or it pants like some gigantic animal, sitting on its hind legs.

Then murder enters into the heart of the awakened. He thinks of an air-gun. If he had one, and if he could from the kitchen window stop the merriment of the engineer, would he ever be found out? Would the apartment house be searched? Or would the question of angles be uppermost and the murderer be detected by some ingenious problem worked out on a blackboard?

But think of the hollowness of a civilization that allows such noises within city limits, near the houses of dwellers! Even the incessant drums in an African village are less nerve-shattering.

In the 15th annual report of the University Settlement Society there is an interesting article by Mr. David Blaustein on the inherent cultural forces at work among the people of the East Side, New York. He speaks of the cafés that are never closed, where one is sure to meet friends and acquaintances; where all "over steaming glasses of Russian tea and the delightful fragrance of Russian cigarettes enter into spirited discussions upon every topic of interest, philosophic, religious, scientific, economic, dramatic, literary, aesthetic. The café is then more than a restaurant, more than a club; it is a forum. * * * Their convivial atmosphere and the lack of restraint such as the order and decorum of a club require give more breadth to the thought, more vividness to the imagination more brilliancy to the expression."

Alas for literature and general briskness of thought! There are no such cafés in Boston. The club is a stifler of independent thought; it makes men self-conscious; it preaches the necessity of smug admiration of the conventional; it chills enthusiasm; it sniffs away illusions The club respects snobbishly one thing: Successful materialism.

R. B. P. writes:

Milton, May 15.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Mr. Sims's Londoner said just what you printed:

"Rekab has put his da-erb up to owt yannep flatch."

He was talking Costermonger's Back Slang and told his friend "The baker has put his bread up to two penny halfpence."

Rekab-da-erb and owt are merely spelled backwards.

Yannep is penny, the letter a being inserted to make a more easily pronounced word

Flatch is half; the tc is introduced on account of their pronunciation of the letter H, as though spelled tch.

The summary action of the Faculty at New Haven forbidding the young men of Yale to go to London in the name of the university and participate in the coronation pugilistic festivities is a severe blow to the enthusiastic followers of the strenuous life. The disappointment is the greater because Sharkey and Ruhlin have already sailed, and the opportunity to travel with these great men and profit by their comradeship and friendly suggestions is lost. We cannot find it in justice to reproach the Yale Faculty for its arbitrary ruling, although we fear that such interference with manly sport may tend to weaken the Yale spirit and serve as a detriment to college athletics. However, we shall hope for the best and try to believe that the Faculty has acted fairly and considerately, according to its lights. To put itself under obligations to Mr. Sharkey or any other prominent gentleman of the ring might be embarrassing when it comes time to distribute honorary degrees next month.—Chicago Evening Post.

W. F. W. writes: "My morning paper is always paragraphing personal equations for my delectation. Now, a distinguished one has 'recovered from severe indisposition.' That is the distinguished one's way of putting it. Mayhap, though, I have remarked the behavior of the distinction at table. So I understand that it has been put upon a regimen, and that its liver has got a chance of fulfilling the functions proper to that organ. Then the unknown has married the unheard of 'very quietly.' Or, the absence of any uproariousness from the ceremony is explained by the fact that the bride's grandmother, Lady Walker, has recently demised. The wedding presents, nevertheless, were 'valuable and costly,' and 'numbered 250.' Perhaps the holy estate has been entered without any bereavement to cloud the entry. Then the personal equation requires the announcement that 'the service was fully choral,' and that the 'Voice that breath'd o'er Eden' duly tested the staying powers of the roof of the sacred edifice. Things are rather 'tight,' and it is Coronation year, so the eligible town house has been let and Mrs. Lessor, who has been ordered quiet and country air, is going into rustication for the summer. An actress on the shelf develops a keen interest in a fashionable charity, and volunteers her services. The essence of these personal equations is the belief that they find interested believers."

May 18. 1902

STRANGE as it may seem to many opera-goers in Boston, who look upon an opera merely as a machine contrived for the display of a prima donna or a tenor, there are in certain European countries men who regard opera as a form of art and give their days and nights to the elaboration of their ideas and theories and beliefs.

The history of opera may, indeed, be called a history of experiments, from the "Dafne" of 1591 to the "Pélléas et Mélisande" of 1902. Monteverde, Gluck, Mozart, Rossini, Weber, Meyerbeer, Wagner, Verdi, Bizet, Mascagni—all these and other opera-makers experimented, some more boldly than others. For the form of opera suffers constant modifications.

A study of opera shows us that departures from conventional melodic form are at first derided and bitterly assailed; then they are accepted, they become fashionable; they soon become in their turn commonplace and old-fashioned; nevertheless there is opposition to the next innovator, for the lessons of the past are unheeded.

Wagner, who, not so many years ago, was assailed as "unmelodic," is now ranked by the ultra-radicals as a composer of the old days. And it may here be said that the critics in the United States, especially the German-American critics, who were most zealous as champions of Wagner, who were loudest in their shrieks of "Philistine!" against all those that disputed the supremacy of Wagner on the operatic stage, now turn dull ears to the music of Richard Strauss and that of other modern composers, and exhibit a hidebound and purblind conservatism that argues ill for their genuine appreciation of the indisputable merits of Wagner.

* * *

"Pélléas et Mélisande," a lyrical drama in five acts and 13 scenes by Claude Debussy, was produced at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, April 30.

The Paris correspondent of the Era (London) wrote: "As to M. Debussy's score, it defies description, being such a refined concatenation of sounds that not the faintest impression is made on the ear. The composer's system is to ignore melody altogether, symphony as well, and his personages do not sing, but talk in a sort of lilting voice to a vague musical accompaniment of the text. No solo, no detached phrase ever breaks the interminable flow of commonplace sound. The effect is quite bewildering, almost amusing in its absurdity."

I quote this description, because it no doubt is the opinion of the average opera-goer who "likes to hear good singing" and is fond of "melody." I have not the slightest respect for the individual opinion of the correspondent himself, who almost always shows ignorance of musical history as well as music itself. In this review, for instance, he speaks of "Charles" Debussy, whereas the composer's name is "Claude."

* * *

And who is this composer? First, is he a master of his trade?

Achille Claude Debussy was born at St. Germain Aug. 22, 1862. He took nine prizes at the Paris Conservatory, and in 1884 he took most brilliantly the Prix de Rome. There is no doubt about his mastery of technic. His compositions are few, but of exquisite workmanship: "The Blessed Damozel," a scene for soprano, alto, female chorus and orchestra (1893); a string quartet, which was played in Boston by the Kneisels last season; a symphonic prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" (1894), played here by the Orchestral Club last season; three nocturnes for orchestra; piano pieces, and songs. For some years Debussy has been known in Paris as a man of extremely radical views, and they that did not know him smiled at what they were pleased to consider his ingenious paradoxes, which would have given him an honorable position among the Pirates of Penzance.

Just before the production of his opera he was visited by Mr. Louis Schneider, and an article by Mr. Schneider, which appeared in the April number of the Revue d' Histoire et de Critique Musicales, was the result of the interview.

It appears that Debussy has no "musical system"; he does not believe that any composer has a fixed scheme; if any one pretends to have a system, he does not apply it while he is writing; theories are born only when works are created. Debussy was once an extreme Wagnerite, but he is one no longer. The art of Wagner is false, because it is not possible to make symphonic music for the stage. It should not be forgotten that stage characters are alive; they have no time to be delayed by symphonic episodes. There cannot be at the same time dramatic movement and symphonic movement. Thus characters in Wagner's operas talk longwindedly only to allow symphonic development.

Debussy has tried to find a declamation "which adapts itself to a musical word, not a musical movement." What does this mean?

"Every phrase has a rhythm; now it is of importance in music to respect words without italicizing them more than is reasonable. When we say 'Shut the door,' or 'It's a fine night,' the words all have an equal value which contributes to the formation of the phrase." There is "useless" music, as say 135 measures "to explain a state of mind which is just as inexplicable after this music as before." The character himself is the only one to explain his state of mind.

Debussy's dream is to arrive at a formula simpler than that of Wagner, which is injurious and false; he wishes to create a musical language that shuns developments. In Wagner's music, the most useless things are muddled up in a long orchestral commentary; but the action should go with a rush, and the music should follow it. Debussy's music is intimately connected with the action. It ignores airs, it disdains recitatives; it is a musical atmosphere which unites with the moral or physical atmosphere. It is based on a theory of accent, not only on a natural rhythm; thus the accent of sorrow or joy is expressed simultaneously on the lyric and the musical side.

Furthermore, there should be truth in the orchestra. "The modern school, under the pretence of giving impressions or emotions, uses sometimes bizarre instruments; even the big drum and the triangle are today indispensable instruments in the creation of an emotion. By going back to the orchestra of Mozart, just as important and more sincere emotions are gained. Debussy is enamored with simplicity; yet is he classed among the most complex of composers. But notation may be complex, provided the effect produced be simple. Notation is merely a question of reading.

Nor does he despise singers. With him they are not instruments as at Bayreuth; they are not mechanical dolls as with Meyerbeer. When a character has naturally something to say, the musical phrase is natural. The character is lyric only when there is need of lyricism.

* * *

Maeterlinck—who is not fond of music, they say—had a misunderstanding with Debussy before the production of the opera, so that he wrote an open letter, in which he said: "I was excluded from the matter and thenceforward my work was treated as conquered territory. Arbitrary and absurd cuts were made which rendered it unintelligible; things were retained which I wished to suppress or improve. In a word, this 'Pélléas' has become to me a strange, almost inimical piece, and since I am robbed of all control over it, I can only wish that its failure may be prompt and emphatic."

In this letter Maeterlinck also said: "After Debussy had come to an understanding with me touching the selection of the only representative whom I thought competent to create the part of Mélisande according to my intentions and desires, he chose, yielding to the unjustified opposition of Carré, to deny me the right of participation in the distribution of parts."

Was not this "only representative" Georgette Leblanc, then the betrothed of Maeterlinck? It would then be easy to see why Maeterlinck, the philosopher who writes with such calmness and beauty concerning the problems of two worlds, should show the irritability of an ordinary playwright.

The Mélisande was not Georgette Leblanc. The part was created by Mary Garden, who, born at Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1877, came as a child to the United States, and lived chiefly in Illinois, although her home for a short time was at Hartford, Conn. Her teachers were Mrs. Duff of Bangor, Me., Trabadelo, and Lucien Fugère. Sybil Sanderson was kind to her and did much toward putting her on the stage of the Opéra-Comique, where she appeared for the first time April 12, 1900, as Louise in Charpentier's opera. She created the chief parts in "La Marseillaise" and "La Fille du Tabarin," and for her impersonation of Mélisande she was praised warmly even by those who found nothing in Debussy's opera.

* * *

The conservatives showed sorrow as well as anger in their reviews of the performance. Thus Mr. Arthur Pougin tells Debussy that he is too late. "The public is tired of hearing music which is not music; it is weary of this heavy, continuous declamation, without air and light; it is sated with this insupportable abuse of chromatics, thanks to which the sense of tonality as well as melodic sense disappears." And he claims that if in the midst of such an opera the public should hear a simple phrase of "Le Postillon de Lonjumeau," it would breathe a sigh of relief and applaud furiously. Debussy disdains rhythm, song, tonality; his music is vague, colorless, amorphous, without movement and vitality. The orchestration is monotonously uniform,

with the constant abuse of horns, clarinets, bassoons. And then the grammatical construction! etc., etc. Poor Mr. Pougin! He is now in his 68th year, and he has had several severe shocks of late.

Hugues Imbert of the modern school wrote: "A disturbing work, almost a sickly one, carefully premeditated, firm as regards principles disclosed, without precise contour, mysterious as the poem, shunning systematically choruses and pieces of ensemble, a kind of sung declamation or rather a melopee that presents only fleeting themes scarcely sketched, the most complete example of impressionism in music—a score built almost exclusively on the strings and the wood-wind, with most daring combinations of tones, a score that some musicians will hail as a masterpiece and others a mistake, which will astonish the public, concerning which one hesitates to pronounce a definite opinion, and which in spite of everything and in spite of yourself draws you and carries you with it in the action of the drama—a work that brings with it this question: 'Whither are we going?' "

The last acts, they say, are the "more luminous," and the scene at the fountain the one in which the music attains emotional intensity. When Mélisande says in low tones to Pélléas, "And I love you," everything is quiet in the orchestra; but when Pélléas says: "One would say that your voice came over the sea in the springtime," the orchestra grows more and more passionate as the lovers embrace under the very eyes of Golaud, the husband and brother.

Debussy himself foresaw that his work would be caviare to the general, for he himself wrote in the Revue Blanche that his music would run the risk of displeasing those who love 'a music' even to the point of remaining jealously faithful to it, in spite of its wrinkles or its painted face."

* * *

Not long ago Sarah Bernhardt dreamed of a play in which the actors should speak to continuous music. This music should be vague, without decided form of any kind. Perhaps Debussy's opera is a step in that direction. This is sure, however, that in opera, as well as in orchestral chamber music, old forms are passing away. This is also sure: that which today is, called revolutionary will in a score of years seem matter-of-fact and conservative.

* * *

The German Times (Berlin) gives the following excellent advice "to the young lady next door":

WHEN AND HOW TO PRACTISE SINGING.

1. Never practise in the forenoon. It is too early.
2. Take long walks in the afternoon, and return home at about 7 o'clock in the evening.
3. Do not practise after 7 o'clock in the evening. It is too late, and the vocal cords need rest.
4. Whenever you feel like singing Gounod's "Ave Maria," go to the house of some sympathetic friend. It will cure you of nervousness to sing away from your own room, before an audience, be it ever so small.
5. Always practise scales with the mouth closed, but never hum.
6. When practising a trill, put your head under the bed clothes. If the neighbors can hear you then, you will know that you are a born Wagner singer.
7. Practise with the mind. To sing with the voice is mere child's play. Any one can do that. To sing with the head is consummate art. All manuals of musical science agree on this point.
8. Never sing Wagner in your room. Go out into the fields and woods. The closer communion with nature will lend you more inspiration.
9. Whenever you feel like practising, don't do it. This will develop strength of character, without which no singer can ever become great.
10. Always remember that you will never be a Patti or a Calvé, and that practising is of not the slightest use.

* * *

"Preparations have been begun in Melbourne for the reception of Madame Melba, who has not visited her native city for 16 years. The Presbyterian Ladies' College, East Melbourne, at which she was educated, will offer Madame Melba a tea. She was remembered at the college as an incorrigible whistler." Let us hope that the "tea" includes other things—so that Melba may be completely happy.

* * *

The Pall Mall Gazette published this description of Mr. Nikisch at the London Music Festival:

Enter Nikisch. He mounts the platform and stands monumentally statuesque. His figure and his presence are full of dignity. He taps his desk. The Tschaikowsky Symphony (No. 5) begins, let us say. He is chary of gesture. He makes but little movement at the outset. Then, through some subtle wave of sound, you are suddenly aware of a novel emotion. You bend forward to listen more intently, and then you become assured of the presence of a master. A master indeed! The score becomes, as it were, transformed. You know it well; you know its massed sounds. Then, stealthily, one group of instruments sings to you—then ceases; then another—and that ceases. And then you realize that this Magian is playing the Symphony. He is showing its beauties to you, detail by detail; he is nursing his effects with infinite keenness and knowledge. He seems to snatch cloud after cloud away from separate stars, until the firmament simply dazzles the spiritual eye.

Yet the man scarcely moves. Sudden, short gestures with his left hand, a hasty shrugging of the shoulders, a deliberately silent address to the "details" of his musical army—here, to all appearance, is the whole outward and objective achievement of which he chooses to show himself to be the master. But the results are so magnificent, the personality is proved to be so impressive, the delicate changes in the emotional moods of the music under his control are all so notable, so appealing, so definitely individual, that you can but speculate wonderingly as to what particular sort of personal magnetism he owns which can thus carry its peculiar influence to a vast congregation of players like the Queen's Hall orchestra.

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Mr. Arthur Hartmann, violinist, of Boston, did not fare so well apparently at his second recital in London (April 30) as at his first. Mr. Blackburn wrote:

"We are a little sorry to think that Mr. Hartmann did not exactly maintain the impression which he made upon us the other day. Yesterday he left us absolutely unmoved; his playing of a prelude and fugue for violin alone, by Bach, was clever enough; he played it straightforwardly and with a certain outright directness which was, so far as it went, agreeable to note. But we are bound to say that he left us as entirely calm as if we had only been hearing a clever man playing difficult exercises for the instrument. It would be absurd to deny that he is the possessor of an accomplished technic and of a great many qualities that go to build up the genuine musician; but yesterday it certainly seemed to us that he was both dry and cold, and this in work full of warm quality and rich musical feeling."

* * *

Prince Pückler-Muskau could not endure the musical young English woman who sang to oblige her mother, and he was amused by the singers of comic songs: "The men are much more agreeable dilettanti, for they at least give one the diversion of a comical farce. That a man should advance to the piano with far greater confidence than a David, strike with his forefinger the note which he thinks his song should begin with, and then entonner like a thunder-clap (generally a tone lower than the pitch), and sing through a long aria without an accompaniment of any kind, except the most wonderful distortions of face, is a thing one must have seen to believe it possible, especially in the presence of at least 50 people."

* * *

The story of "Maria Dulcis," a new opera by Allesandro Bustini, produced lately at Rome, is as follows: "The heroine is a model who goes from Tivoli to Rome, where a young French painter falls in love with her. One of her envious friends causes her lover to suspect her fidelity, and when he thrusts her from him the woman kills herself. The opera, which is said to be fresh and melodious, was a success."——The memorial to the late Sir Arthur Sullivan is a bas relief, to be executed in bronze and placed in St. Paul's Cathedral. It is designed by Goscombe John, and consists mainly of a tablet nearly square in form, upon which the name, etc., of the composer is seen, while upon another smaller tablet there is a portrait.——Cooleridge-Taylor's latest works are three duets: "Consider the Lilies," "Boy Johnny," and "A Birthday." They were sung by Marguerite Macintyre and Gregory Hast April 25.

May 19. 1902

The late Dr. W. T. Helmuth was a most distinguished physician, and he had been highly honored in many ways, but we like to remember him gratefully as the author of these verses, which cannot be read too often, which should be pondered by all those who are about to consult "a specialist":

Of the genius now of doctors
Are species not a few.
There may be arrant humbugs,
But some are learned and true.
One specialist is an oculist,
A second treats the ear,
A third devotes himself to lungs
And curious sounds doth hear.
A fourth with his laryngoscope
Will see your glottis quiver.
While many men the kidneys love
And many more the liver.
Some specialists prefer the joints,
A few the brains and nerves;
Some spray away at old catarrhs
With hope that never swerves.
Some think a man in buttons
A coach and pair to drive
May serve in lieu of wisdom,
And thus expect to thrive.
But 'mid these learned colleagues all
The man who heads the list
Is that gentle-fingered ge-ni-us,
The Gy-nae-col-o-gist.
God bless these noble specialists
In all they have to do,
And God have mercy on the souls
Of all their patients, too.

Give us the man whose voice trembles, whose eyes pop with enthusiasm when he introduces to the careless world his theory, invention or heroine. Here is Mr. W. R. Chapman, for instance, the director of the Maine Musical Festivals. We learn from the Bangor Daily News of May 15 that he blew long and wild blasts in that city on the trumpet of praise when the name of Mary Howe, the soprano, was mentioned.

"I have been permitted to read," said Mr. Chapman, "a letter received by the famous soprano from the Emperor of Germany, in which that distinguished writer praises her art and voice and method, and pays tribute to her beauty." In Maine henceforth the Emperor William will be known chiefly as a "distinguished writer." His complete works will be discussed at the reading clubs of Camden and Machias; his name will appear in the game of authors.

And Mr. Chapman sounded a still more sonorous note: "I consider Miss Howe to be the most beautiful woman that God has ever made." Yes, Laura to Miss Howe was a kitchen-wench; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen, a hilding; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Mr. Chapman is a courageous man. After this declaration, can he look other prima donnas squarely in the face? Perhaps they will realize the fact that his judgment is final and submit gracefully to the inevitable.

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We have received the following letter:

Boston, May 16, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I am a poet without a publisher—a singer without support. I have, indeed, been enabled to print occasional productions in stray magazines, and through a habit of reading my effusions "red-hot" to my circle of acquaintance have acquired the tentative appellation of "a poet"; but I have spent long and weary years in the effort to create the perfect verse that sells on its merits alone. I have "outwatched the Bear" and outsmoked Kipling; I have "scorned delights and lived laborious days," and I still find only that "no one kisses me and I grow old." And worse than all, "the bitterest disgrace" is to see forever the face of the Practical rising up and confronting me like a Gorgon. I am slain of the Ideal, and I shall die as disgraced as Poe himself, unless I can compass some practical end of existence and put money in my purse.

There has within a few days past occurred to me a plan which, coming from the heart of a dreamer, seems to me worthy to rank with the greatest inventions of the vulgar mind of science. If I cannot live as a poet, I may yet thrive as an inventor, and behold my name blazoned alongside Marconi, McCormick and Howe!

My Eureka is briefly this: I propose to issue privately to a select circle of commonplace millionaires a handsomely printed circular containing selections from my muse, with the offer to place the same in small or large lots at the complete disposal of the individual. This will include the prime right to affix the signature of the person addressed, or, in case of extreme diffidence, that of any member of his immediate family to any or all of the poems. In cases where it is desired to suggest a gradual incubation of the muse, single selected poems may be offered, at irregular or stated intervals, to a list of more or less leading publications, with whom bona fide terms of a financial character have been made in advance. Or, if preferred, the "author" may address a very wide public through the columns of any of the great daily newspapers of the country, all of which print a considerable quantity of bad verses every year. Poems will be furnished in any quantity, from the simple "occasional" lyric to the long and weighty epic, or in collections sufficient to make a respectable sized blue-and-gold volume of the conventional type. I may add—strictly sub-rosa—that I have made arrangements with other poetasters, who have consented to place their productions at my disposal in connection with this scheme.

I have at present on hand a sufficient quantity of verse, more or less touched with the true Promethean fire, to furnish forth at least 100 American millionaires, who would otherwise go down hopeless to posterity. As may be surmised, my terms will be somewhat above the usual market rates. But it will be considered that I am offering immortality of the choicest brand, and I have little apprehension that I shall reap a golden reward in thus sacrificing my own patent to everlasting Fame.

As for the critics, I say, Faugh! What man of them will dare to attack a volume of poems bearing the great name of John D. Rockefeller? Who but will hail as a new star a sonnet-sequence by Marshall Field or a transcendental epic by Thomas W. Lawson? The great public will buy, of course, in vast quantities, and I have the strongest hopes that this particular view of the proposition, artfully presented in my circular, will crown me with dollars enough to crowd my weazand with doughnuts to the end of my days.

I remain, exultantly yours,
JOHN FARLEY.

May 20 1902

We talk little, if we do not talk about ourselves.

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And still they talk of Aurelien Scholl. All his old friends had gone, and he cared to make no new ones. His well-beloved boulevards became to him an Appian Way; and he saw skeletons of old cronies on the terrasse of every café. When he heard that the maison Dorée was to close he could not restrain himself. The waiters had always kept the famous corner table for him. At one time ten of them sat down—Dumas, Renan, Villemessant, Monselet, Sarcey, Fouquier and so on—but latterly he was all alone. "The table is too big for me," he said bitterly and sadly one day.

Do not say, O moralist, that the way of the transgressor is hard. Scholl was an industrious man, and his café life would seem tame to any accomplished American rounder. The French journalist and wit was unfortunate in his friends. They died before him. It may then be wise to associate with men and women much younger, after the fashion of Dion Boucicault, for a man over 40 years makes acquaintances with difficulty and rarely forms a friendship.

Ten years ago at the Porphyry six or seven were in the habit of sitting together night after night and until late into the night. The talk was discursive, spontaneous, illuminative. It was about things rather than men. It is true that no vital question was settled for all time, no enduring scheme of philanthropy was planned, no religion was founded; but the conversation was free from malice and it was on the whole invigorating. The men that formed that group are alive, but they no longer sit together, and if by summons they should be called together they could not talk so freely, honestly, enthusiastically, as in the old nights. A is thinking constantly about his health; B has prospered to the injury of his soul; C has been disappointed in politics and considers himself an ill-used man; D is now rigidly conventional; E is nervous and no longer capable of listening; and if they should all meet there would be only the salutations: "Here's looking at you," "Happy days!" B might talk of some new operation in the street; D would repeat with snobbish admiration some stupid speech of a prominent citizen; A would maunder on peevishly about the inability of doctors to determine the nature of his sickness. Each one for himself; no touch of lightness, no extravagant hope or illusion. Their table is too big for them.

But these Frenchmen were more fortunate in their café-life. They talked continually of Art and Man and Woman. The journal of the Goncourts shows us how frankly they talk. They did not grow too respectable for mental activity. It is true they met in a café, not in a club, and it is easier to preserve youth in the café.

The survivor of a brilliant group is seldom welcome. His beginning: "You didn't know Jack Birdseye; no, he was before your day—a remarkably gifted fellow. Well, he was once asked to write a review of Deuteronomy for the Atlantic—they wanted to enliven the magazine—and Jack said:" By the time that the survivor has finished his parenthesis, the conversation is general. No one has the slightest curiosity to know what Jack said; the old survivor is dubbed a bore; and there are blasphemous doubts concerning the brilliance of the celebrated group. We know that the waiter at the Maison Dorée respected Scholl and recognized in him a tradition of the café. Club members are not so reverential.

But if the survivor talks about health and diet he may be heard with attention. We read with interest that Scholl suffered from diabetes; that the slip of a corn doctor was the beginning of hard suffering; that Scholl's limp became more and more pronounced; that blue spectacles took the place of his monocle. The story of the infirmities of a man, the diary of his disease, the note-book of his singular doings, fears, emotions—these are always entertaining, both to the robust and the hypochondriac. We have never read the immortal book of Kant, but we know that he never sweated; that the temperature of his room was kept constantly at 75 degrees Fahrenheit; that he was immoderately fond of coffee and

tobacco; that he would not wear garters for fear of obstructing the circulation of the blood, and he therefore rigged a curious machine for holding up his stockings; that he attributed a widespread mortality amongst the cats of Europe to electricity; and we know the account given by Waslanski of the philosopher's last dreary years. The dullest man will show animation if you ask him: "Can you eat Brussels sprouts?" We know by sight a Bostonian whose luncheon invariably consists of cold beef and chow-chow. Whenever we see him, he appears as a hero, a man for an emergency; but if we should see him coming out of a vegetarian restaurant the illusion would fade as smoke.

Yet Edward Fitzgerald had no doubt of the advantage of giving up meat; he wrote to a friend: "I find already much good from it, in lightness and airiness of head, whereas I was always before clouded and more or less morbid after meat. There is a long list of able and manly vegetarians; yet whimsical prejudice leads us to the belief that the heads of vegetarians gradually assume the shape of vegetables and thus we have among us the Human Carrot, the Human Crook-necked Squash, etc., etc.

The Baron Grimm in his correspondence with Diderot found the journal of Montaigne's travels in Italy stupid because the book was for the most part a record of a painful disease. Grimm failed to see the charm of Montaigne's hopes, fears, reflections induced by the stone. But just as the reminiscences of magnificent scoundrels are more entertaining than those of godly theologians or indefatigable philanthropists, so the journal of a cruel disease is more comforting and suggestive than the life of a commonplace author or lawyer or business man who dies at 80 in full possession of teeth and faculties and never knew the use of strong drinks or tobacco.

We miss a friend because we were accustomed to him. We do not miss him for brilliance of speech or kindness of heart. We may have deplored his habits; but he could not disconcert us and we had long ago given up apologizing for him to others. There was animal comfort in the knowledge that he was in the room, that we could touch him if we were so disposed. Perhaps he was constitutionally silent, and for this we may have delighted in him the more. Saint Brandon came to an island and found there a church and in the choir were 24 seats for 24 monks, and the seven tapers burning, and the abbot's seat was made in the midst of the choir, and then Saint Brandon demanded of the abbot how long they had kept that silence, that none of them spake to other, and he said: These 24 years we spake never one to another. And then Saint Brandon wept for joy of their holy conversation.

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We have received the following letter:

Boston, May 17, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I see by the programs at the Pop concert that "the audience are requested." Does not a collective noun take a singular verb? This "audience are requested" has appeared only two seasons. "Is requested" was formerly in fashion. I. R.

There is an audience. There are audiences. An audience is requested. Audiences are requested.

**The last word suggested for wireless telegraphy is "infilar."**

May 21, 1902

Mrs. Lucien Bonaparte Henderson has a divan in the parlor of her flat. She prefers the pronunciation dy-van with a violent accent on the first syllable. Her idea of this Oriental seat is a long stuffed lounge, with all manner of hot cushions and ornamental armor. This armor is Oriental, or pseudo-Oriental. If Mr Sparkles calls on Mrs. Henderson and finds her husband out, he does not dare to sit on the divan lest an avenging spear transfix him, or a scimitar divide him, or a shield raise oumps on his head.

This armor is singularly out of place, for it has nothing to do with the divan or with the Henderson family, a peaceful tribe that has made money by dealing in molasses and other soft and conciliatory wares. Mrs. Henderson herself, although she belongs to three clubs, has only a vague idea of what a divan is, and if you should tell her that the word, originally Persian, means a brochure of written sheets, hence a collection of poems, a muster roll, an account-book, a custom-house, a tribunal of revenue or justice, a Council of State, a Council Chamber, etc., etc., she would be bored and she would change the subject.

This ornamentation of armor, either over the divan or in the hall, is laughable in this country. If grandfather shot Mr. Dahney of Virginia in a duel on account of a question of revenue, his pistols displayed in the hall are pertinent; but why should pistols, cumbrously absurd in themselves, be fastened into a tent-covering of the divan, which should be bare of covering? Your host shows you his house, and he calls your attention to the coat-of-mail between an umbrella-jar and an old-fashioned black walnut hat rack with imitation deer antlers. You look at the coat-of-mail and then you look at him—bald, rheumy-eyed, hollow-chested, pigeon-toed, a slave to cocktails and cigarettes.

They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night;
They lay down to rest
With corslet laced,
Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd.

What has your host to do with armor or with them that were armor?

Now if Mrs. Henderson wished to indulge an appropriate taste for armor she might entertain a guest sprawling on the dy-van as follows: "Yes, that's a curious suit, and it illustrates our family history. Poor Uncle Thomas broke his neck coming out of the Somerset Club on a dark night, and that iron cage, like a helmet, was used as a support until he died. I put grandmother's respirator on the helmet. The sole-leather jacket or corset was made for father when he was suffering from osteo-arthritis. The leg armor is made up of a support used by Cousin Lucy when she had hip disease and orthopaedic irons of various kinds, but there is not a piece there that has not been worn by some member of the family."

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Although Justice Mayer and a Coroner's jury have on separate occasions and after a careful examination of evidence declared that there is no reason for holding Miss Florence Burns guilty of murder, Mr. Jerome finds that "the evidence points but one way, to the guilt" of the said woman, and he proclaims this noisily. He might be better occupied. Some, unsophisticated and far from the roar of city life, may pity Miss Burns as one blighted forever by the mere suspicion. Let them take cheer; for she is only at the beginning of an illustrious career. There are several ways open, beckoning to her. She may go on the stage at a weekly salary larger than that paid Mrs. Siddons, Taima or Lemaitre. She may conclude to lecture. There is the manager of the dime museum with golden offer. Or she may write a book, "Advice to Girls," or a passionate romance. Then there is the possibility of marriage, for she is beautiful and famous. To men of imagination, men that shun the commonplace, a woman of such distinction has irresistible charms; and such women often make the most devoted wives, as Charles Read ably argued in "A Terrible Temptation."

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There are two exceedingly unhappy men. The first is the "rising young" lawyer, poet, doctor, clergyman, what you will; the second is the man "who was once mentioned for" the bench, Congress, the Governorship, etc.

The "rising young" lawyer often has gray hair, and is generally self-conscious. His seat is never sufficiently conspicuous, so he twists and wriggles to attract attention. He is a brother in soul to the bicyclist who folds his arms, when at full speed, as soon as he sees a woman. He began to rise when he was 27 years old. Some newspaper man, a lover of phrases, thought to please the lawyer, make him feel comfortable; and he at first wrote: "Mr. Jones, the brilliant"—but on reflection he scratched out "brilliant" and inserted "rising." At 40 he was known as "young" and at 50 he was still rising. Now he is 58 and is doing a pottering business. But he will surely rise—on the Last Great Day.

The man "who was mentioned" never allows you to forget the fact. He dresses after the Portrait of a Statesman. He regrets that snuff is out of fashion. He often begins a sentence: "If the case had come before me." He tells you in confidence that the giants are gone—or neglected; that we are ruled by feeble men. Now and then he will rap out a maxim, as "Falsus in uno, etc." In public places he allows his head to droop as from weight of thought. He is a pathetically noticeable man, and at home he is a tyrant. By the way, who ever mentioned his name for any office? And yet the report is widespread that he was mentioned for several honorable positions. A cool observer, the man from another planet, would, after a short examination, just a look, pronounce him to be a paper bag, blown up and imposing, but after all a paper bag. When this man of pretension dies there will be swollen notices in the newspaper. "Although he filled no office, his name was mentioned in connection with"; then will come a list of the honors that did not fall to him.

And now he walks about with a pompous bearing, a swagger that does not impress even the newsboy or the Italian seller of fruit. His wife, faded crushed, believes him to be a great man; and for this reason alone he should treat her with greater consideration.

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Mr. Earl Marn, who won the international pedestrian match from Berlin to Dresden, is a vegetarian. True, Mr. Rutherford; but before you confine yourself to a diet of nuts and onions, ponder another fact: "In the flesh-eating genera of the Dinosauria, the fine proportions and the development of the head are remarkable. The vegetable eaters, on the other hand, attain the most colossal dimensions (Brontosaurus, for instance, 60 feet long), but the head remains comparatively undeveloped."

May 22 1902

A statue of Frederick the Great given by the Emperor William of Germany to the free and enlightened citizens of the United States will stand in Washington as a token of German friendly feeling. We suggest that these words be cut on the pedestal, and be chiseled boldly, so that all may read:

"The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and, in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America."

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A statue of Tamerlane might cheer the loneliness of the monarch Frederick in a republic and embellish the city of Washington. The story that "the sturdy Scythian thief" kept Bajazet in an iron cage for his amusement may not be true, but his veritable deeds were enough to compel the admiration of Frederick and all good Americans. Frederick was pompously eulogized by one Thomas Carlyle, who hated this country and abused Americans and sneered at them when they were in the agony of Civil War; Frederick was his hero. Tamerlane was more fortunate; for Christopher Marlowe sang his praise in great and thunderous speech.

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Mr. Roswell Field of Chicago has been discussing in the Evening Post the visit of Mrs. MacVeagh in Boston. This visit, it seems, is regarded as an event in Chicago and it divides with the news from Martinique the attention of the public. Mr. Field assures this public that Mrs. MacVeagh in Boston "will do nothing to compromise the dignity and high station of that exalted order of perfect womanhood." But what did Chicago expect Mrs. MacVeagh to do here? Does Mr. Field speak from personal knowledge or hopeful belief? His statement sounds like an authorized bulletin.

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When Artemus Ward was in London the landlord of the Green Lion Tavern rose in the bar and spoke as follows: "This North American has been an inmate of my 'ouse over two weeks, yit he hasn't made no attempt to scalp any member of my fam'ly. He hasn't broke no cups or sassers, or furnitur of any kind. (Hear, hear.) I find I can trust him with lited candles. He eats his wittles with a knife and fork. Peple of this kind should be encurridged. I purpose 'is 'elth! (Loud 'plaws.)"

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You read of kindly or noble deeds of Kings, Queens, Princes and Dukelets. William II. gives his photograph to an aged and destitute widow; the Emperor of Austria is so pleased with the archness of a soubrette that he condescends to chuck her under the chin; Edward VII. detects a little boy stealing a ride on the royal automobile, tells the driver to go as fast as possible, takes the boy six or seven miles, drops him with a laugh, and gives him "a coin"—let us hope that it was not a penny.

There is snobbish admiration of the mighty in this country. Thus the fact that a State boiler inspector flagged a train which turned out to be a special ordered for Mr. Schwab of the United States Steel Corporation is telegraphed as important court news. Of course only an Anarchist would ask, why should Mr. Schwab's special train be treated with extraordinary respect, or why should the special train of any American citizen be allowed privileges that must necessarily incommode other American citizens?

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We saw a man in Boylston Street walking with the air of over-confidence that is begotten by the consciousness of foolish demeanor. He was hatless. He had not lost his hat; he had not thoughtlessly left it at home; he was deliberately hatless. He had read that killers of time in New York, especially equestrians, are frequently bareheaded, and that to go without a hat is the latest shriek in fashion. How self-conscious and uncomfortable was the look of this man! And the wind was keen, and the air was raw.

Where did this inane fashion come from? Mr Henry Cromwell, a correspondent of Pope, used to go a-hunting in a tie-wig and Gay described him as "honest hatless Cromwell with red breeches." De Quincey explained this epithet by saying that Cromwell was anxious to be considered a fine gentleman and devoted to women. "Now, it was long the custom in that age for such persons, when walking with ladies, to carry their hats in their hand. Louis XV. used to ride by the side of Madame de Pompadour hat in hand."

This young man was alone, and his head was not bare in courtesy to woman. As a matter of fact such courtesy is rare in these days when young women are strenuously mannish. We saw a meeting in front of the Public Library the other day. The young woman was carrying a dress-suit case and a bundle. The young man was smoking a cigarette. He did not take off his hat; he did not throw away the stinking cigarette; he did not relieve the girl of dress-suit case or bundle—he could not conveniently, for he had his hands in his pockets. He grunted a salutation, and they walked together toward Huntington Avenue. She did not seem surprised or vexed at his conduct. She took it all as a matter of course. Perhaps they were brother and sister.

We like to see a man wearing his hat as well as his boots or trousers when he is in the public street. The hat may be cocked rakishly or jammed over his eyes, or on the back of his head after the manner of the late Horace Greeley, who was in the habit of carefully disarranging his dress that he might endear himself to subscribers in the country; but the hat should be in evidence. There are men who from June 1 to Oct. 1 parade city streets in full golf costume, although they have never played the game. This summer they will undoubtedly go hatless.

And there was a time in this country when the hat was the symbol of stalwart democracy. Walt Whitman shouted, as an American Kosmos, "I cock my hat as I please indoors or out." There is a curious story told of Charles Kean in New Orleans. As Richard, he was seated on his throne, and he noticed as the curtain was rising, that the peers wore their hats or caps in his presence. He said in a stage whisper: "Take off your hats; you are in the presence of the king." "And what of that?" roared Buckingham: "What of that? I guess we know nothing of kings in this country!"

What would the applausive audience of that evening have said to a statue of the Prussian despot in a public square of Washington?

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Some eminent Shakespearian scholar says: "But Richard enters (Act IV., scene II.) and speaks a word with Buckingham before he ascends the throne, so he could not be seated when the curtain rose; therefore I do not believe your story." The reply is easy. No doubt in the stage version the two lines before the taking of the throne were omitted, and Richard was on the throne. We do not believe that Buckingham used the precise language put to his mouth by Dr. Doran; but undoubtedly the substance of his answer is correctly reported.

May 23 1902

## MRS. BEACH'S RECITAL.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall for the benefit of the Martinique and St. Vincent sufferers. The entire proceeds were devoted to the fund now raising through Mayor Collins. There was a small audience.

The program was as follows: Prelude and Gavotte from Bach's English suite No. 3; Beethoven's Variations, op. 34; Brahms's capriccio in B minor, op. 76, Rhapsodie in E flat, op. 119; Mendelssohn's Songs without Words in E major and C major; Soirée de Vienne, Schubert-Liszt; Beach's Ballade in D flat; Serenade (ms.), R. Strauss-Beach; Chopin's Mazurka, op. 63, No. 3; Impromptu, op. 29, Etude, op. 10, No. 3; Valse in E minor (posthumous).

This is not the first time that Mrs. Beach has generously displayed her art in the service of charity. More than once has she at the same time given pleasure to an audience and rendered assistance to a worthy cause. Her program yesterday was carefully chosen and interpreted. It was an agreeable relief to hear true piano pieces by Bach instead of arrangements of organ pieces, arrangements that are all out of proportion and fundamentally wrong. The arrangement by the pianist of Richard Strauss's song is one that is suggested at once by the song itself with the piano accompaniment. Mrs. Beach played it at a chamber concert in March.

Society is a more level surface than we imagine. Wise men or absolute fools are hard to be met with, as there are few giants or dwarfs. The heaviest charge we can bring against the general texture of society is that it is commonplace; and many of those who are singular had better be commonplace. Our fancied superiority to others is in some one thing, which we think most of, because we excel in it, or have paid most attention to it; whilst we overlook their superiority to us in something else, which they set equal and exclusive store by. This is fortunate for all parties.

The demon Rum may be known by his cloven breath.

The comic biography of Prince Henry has not yet been written. The existing conditions in Germany are hardly favorable to the publication of the work, for the Emperor is a serious person, without the slightest sense of humor, otherwise he would not do many of the things he does, or he would regard himself as a ruler in opera-bouffe, a rival of Lorenzo XVII. of Plombino. And yet the book must be written. There must be an imperishable record of sundry incidents—as the story of how Boston swept and cleaned a few of her streets, not for the benefit of her taxpayers, but that the Prince might be favorably impressed. There should be a supplementary volume—elephantine folio—of the speeches that bored the Prince, with portraits of the American citizens that seized and held the opportunity of their respective lives.

As a nation we are singularly ill-at-ease in the presence of a Prince, Duke, or even a foreigner comparatively plain but decorated. Our eyes water and dazzle. If King Edward VII. or the Emperor William should graciously visit us, he should veil his face in mercy. If Artemus Ward's account of his meeting the Prince of Wales should be published today it would be considered low and coarse, a deliberate insult to the Lord's anointed. The nation has made amazing progress during the last 40 years.

Unfortunately our most prominent citizens have not mustered the code of etiquette so that it is at their fingers' end and in their knees. This perhaps is not surprising, for in England there has been dispute concerning the proper behavior of the nobility. The Duke of Cumberland, afterward King of Hanover, who was suspected by wild-eyed radicals as an accessory to the murder of his valet Sellis for a scandalous reason, was once walking in Pall-Mall, and as he went his ducal way he bowed individually to each one that saluted him. He neared a crossing where stood a negro-sweep. The Duke was watched by many—among them William Hazlitt. Would the Duke acknowledge the bow of this poor creature? He kept his hat on his head and gave the sweep half-a-crown. Now Hazlitt claimed that the negro was entitled to the bow, "since all Pall-Mall had it before him, and it was unprincely to refuse it." De Quincey sided with the Duke: (1) The sweep was more in need of the half-a-crown than the bow, and no man could bow to a beggar when in the act of giving him money; (2) This bow would react upon the other bows and neutralize them. But De Quincey admitted that if the bower had been King, he should not have excluded the sweep, because, as father of his people, he should make no difference amongst his children.

If we are childishly ill at ease in the presence of the foreign aristocracy, the English are terror-stricken at the mere mention of American millionaires. "Merlin," a writer of philosophic mind, much knowledge and keen observation, contributed a remarkable article to the Referee of May 4. He finds the democratic catastrophe being "deliberately propagated and fostered and cockered" by those who must inevitably be overtaken by it. "In Spain it is being cultivated by the Church. In Germany it is being cultivated by militarism. In Russia it is being cultivated by a blind bureaucracy. In America it is being cultivated by a greedy and arrogant millionism. Wherever it grows, oppression, in one form or another, diligently waters it and digs about it and manures it."

And "Merlin" is especially indignant against the class represented by young Mr. Leiter. "The gentlemen who form Trusts which have for their purpose the cruel and merciless exploitation of mankind have only to succeed to have the Beast at their throats with a vengeance. * * * But suppose that infamous dream once dreamed by 'young Mr. Leiter' had really come to pass, suppose that diabolical purpose of his had been translated into facts, and he had actually 'cornered' the world's wheat supply, how long is it to be imagined that 'young Mr. Leiter' would have been left to enjoy the gains which Satan might have envied him? He would have been wiped off the face of the earth, and his ending would have been applauded by millions. I can find no name for the man who, already being rich beyond the dreams of avarice, proposes to himself to pinch the pinched belly of a world-wide hunger in order that he may be richer still."

The Era, another London weekly, does not take so dismal a view of the United States. We learn from it that Miss Florence Lovell (Mrs. H. H. Barrington), who was taken to America when she was six years old, "atributes her height of five feet nine inches to an unlimited abundance of melons, peaches and grapes, together with molasses and buckwheat for breakfast." This statement suggests several interesting problems that may be worked out in the family circle between the clearing of the supper table and the lighting of the gas: Thus, if Miss Lovell had been taken to America when she was five years old, and fed on string beans, asparagus, nuts and green corn, together with maple sirup and rice-cakes, how tall would she now be? We also learn that she has a charming cottage at Reigate, "where she indulges in driving, fancy sewing, and studying the comfort of her husband"—the results, no doubt, of her gentle and emollient diet.

may 27. 1902

## SCHOOL OF OPERA.

### Public Performance Yesterday at the Boston Theatre of Operatically Inclined Students of the New England Conservatory of Music Led and Encouraged by Mr. Oreste Bimboni.

The New England Conservatory of Music School of Opera, Mr. Oreste Bimboni, director, gave a public performance yesterday afternoon at the Boston Theatre. The program was as follows:

"Faust" (Scene I.).....Gounod
Mr. Louis Black, Mr. U. S. Kerr.
"Favorita," duo (Act I.).....Donizetti
Miss Edith Patterson, Mr. Frederick Day.
"Lohengrin", duo (Act III.).....Wagner
Miss Edith Ely, Mr. Black.
"Aida," duo and scena "Giudizio"....Verdi
Miss Mabel Stanaway, Mr. Day, Mr. Kerr.
"Crespino e la Comare," scena and duo. Ricci
Miss Rotali, Miss Patterson, Mr. John Codman.
"Traviata" (Act IV.).....Verdi
Miss Clara Sexton, Miss Eleanor Creden, Mr. Black, Mr. Codman, Mr. Geo. Y. Kells.

There are many young singers, male and female, who are sure that they were born for an operatic life. They are willing to endure drudgery, and even privation, that they may some day sing in opera. Some are unwisely ambitious; they find out that their voices are only ordinary voices, and they resign themselves to church choirs, the pursuit of teaching; and some of the more fortunate of the women marry and sing only to their children and easily pleased husband. But others know that their ambition is based on a voice suited to opera; they have an instinct for the stage; but how are they to gain the end? To study in Europe for the stage is an expensive experiment; the singer is handicapped by unfamiliarity with the language; not every teacher is conscientious or capable; nor is it given to every teacher to put a foreign pupil in the opera house. A successful début is obtained in some instances by unsavory methods. Occasionally a foreigner with extraordinary talent is appreciated honestly by a manager. For the few that succeed, scores, I may say hundreds, return, disappointed, without even the fame that is notoriety.

The day is coming in this country when many Americans will sing in either polyglot or English opera. We shall not probably live to see an established opera house in every large American city, but there is now a far greater demand in this country for young American singers in opera and operetta than there was 10 years ago. Any manager will listen to a man or woman who has voice, dramatic talent, and some knowledge of the stage. The trouble has been that pupils with voice and talent had no satisfactory means of gaining stage experience before they presented their claims to the managers.

The New England Conservatory, then, has acted wisely and with a shrewd eye to the future in establishing an opera school. The teachers of singing at this institution are recognized as thoroughly equipped, but a singing teacher, however, excellent he may be, is not always a master of operatic style, a dramatic coach, as well as a builder of tones, a teacher of breathing, and phrasing, and the ornamentation of song. The Conservatory was fortunate in securing the assistance of Mr. Bimboni, a conductor of great experience and international reputation, a musician of indisputable parts. Pupils that are thought worthy by the teachers of singing pass into his hands. From him they receive operatic training. Their future then depends on themselves. They can go to a manager with more reasonable assurance. If their voices are inadequate, if they are without a spark of dramatic fire or without a suggestion of emotion, they at least have had a fair chance, they have been tried.

Of course the pupils that took part in the performance yesterday must be considered as pupils, not opera singers. It is not given to everyone to thrill and move after studying for a few years. Many seasons went by before Nordica could either sit or walk gracefully. Emma Eames is even now an amateur in the matter of gesture. The American is a painfully self-conscious animal.

It was a pleasure to see that comic opera of a refined nature was represented. The lightness in delivery and action that are indispensable in such works are of infinite value to the singer that aspires to serious opera. The training of the Opéra-Comique, Paris, is recognized at once wherever a singer from that theatre appears. Materna herself began as a singer in operetta. Ronconi was inimitable in comedy as well as in tragedy.

The most finished performance yesterday was that of Violetta by Miss Sexton. Her voice is of exquisite quality and liberal range. She sang with ease, without any affectation; she phrased with intelligence, and there was a personal charm, a force that vitalized her work, whether she moved by quiet intensity or by pathetic outburst. Her action was graceful, discreet, and she dominated the scene when in repose, for she had that indefinable quality known as authority.

Miss Stanaway was in many ways excellent as Amneris, although one had the feeling that she could have sung with still greater tonal strength. She has both the voice and the temperament for heroic parts, and this may also be said of Miss Ely, although her dramatic action yesterday was often singularly crude. Miss Rotali was vivacious and at ease, and while her tones were not firm, she sang fluently. Miss Patterson sang pleasantly, but the heroine of "La Favorita" should have a darker and more passionate voice.

Of the men, Mr. John Codman was easily first so far as ease of action was concerned, and he sang and played with much spirit. His voice is of excellent quality. Mr. Black and Mr. Day had no easy task. Although Mr. Black made a false entrance in "La Traviata,"—and the composure of Miss Sexton at that moment was admirable—he appeared to best advantage as Alfredo. In the medium register his tones were smooth and eminently agreeable, and he often phrased with care; his higher tones were taken with an effort which, I believe, was unnecessary. Mr. Day was more than once effective in the scene from "Aida." Mr. Kerr has naturally a noble voice.

Mr. Bimboni, at the head of a full and unusually good orchestra, conducted with a skill, a refinement and a force that have been sadly missed here of late in performances of grand opera. Inexperienced and for the most part nervous singers increased the brilliance of his success. The theatre was crowded with an enthusiastic audience.

Conservatory and Mr. Bimboni may be congratulated justly and warmly on the results shown by the work of one season in this school for opera.

After the bath the chambermaid
Combs out your hair. The peignoir falls
In pleated folds. You turn your head
To hear the mirror's madrigals.

Does not the mirror's voice remind
Your pride: This body, fair in vain,
Decrepit shelter of a kind
Of soul, must find the dust again?

Then, shall this delicate flesh forsake
The bones it veiled, and worms intrude
Where all is emptiness, and make
A busy nest in solitude.

There, no more white; but brown earth strewn
Heavily on your bony cheeks.
No gleaming lustres but the moon.
These are the words your mirror speaks.

You listen with a soulless smile,
Too proud to heed the thing they say;
For woman mocks at time, the while
Tomorrow feeds on yesterday.

That Professor Barrett Wendell will not go to Yale is good news. He would be as uncomfortable there as any Roman of the luxurious years in cold, rude Scythia. Furthermore, he would not understand English as it is spoken in New Haven, and the athletes would take notes at his lectures with extreme difficulty. In view of such disadvantages, the sum of $8000 is, indeed, paltry, absurd.

The Tsar is a good fellow and President Loubet is a good fellow—but how do they hold their faces when they assure each other that the Russian and French armies exist only "to strengthen the maintenance of general peace?"

We like to think of the successes in perfidious Albion of the veteran Foxhall Keene—was ever a sport blessed with a more truly sporting name?—the brilliant Lawrence Waterbury, the dashing J. N. Waterbury, the anything-you-please Cowdin. As the Persian poet aptly remarked:

Welcome, Prince of Horsemen, welcome!
Ride a field, and strike the Ball!

There is perhaps no better way of keeping the unemployed out of mischief and far from the clutches of Satan.

We are pleased to learn that Miss Josephine Holman, who once took a warm interest in Mr. Marconi, now weds a wealthy Hungarian. She has had notoriety; now she has memories and money. "My darling, what wouldst thou have more?" Why did she shake the Italian? Did he refuse to tell her the secret of his strength? Did he in a rapturous moment confess to her that there was nothing in wireless telegraphy?

They that are puzzled by the Danforth-Emery case may consult with profit the Essays of Montaigne, Book III., chap. 11.

The Board of Geographic Names now orders that the famous strait be spelled Bosporus and not Bosphorus. No doubt the former spelling is correct, but is not the latter more crashing, spumous, roaring, tonitruous? James Clarence Mangan spelled the strait with an "h" and made it rhyme with gloss, loss, cross, dross, moss, was for us, as well as phosphorus. A romantic word that invokes visions of women drowned in sacks under the moon. How Swinburne used it!

Would God ye could carry me
Forth of all these;
Heap sand and bury me
By the Chersonese
Where the thundering Bosphorus answers
the thunder of Pontic seas.

"The Bosphorus," said traveling George Sandys, nearly 300 years ago, "setteth with a strong current into Propontis and is in length about 20 miles; where broadest a mile, and in two places but half a mile over. So called, for that oxen accustomed to swim from the one side to the other; or as the Poets will have it, from the passage of metamorphosed Io." There was a famous tower on a bank; it was called The Black Tower; perhaps it still stands. And here comes a good story of a certain Hollander, called Hadrian Cant, "who, being taken by a Renegade, then Captaine of two gallies, was by the Grand Signior's commandment shut up in this place; they expecting great matter for his ransome. Where after he had remained three yeares, arising one morning before day, and finding the doores open, he descended without the privitle of his keepers into the court of the Castle. When advising with himself of his escape, and casting his eyes about him, he found a rope that was tied to a tree, not far from the wall, which he ascending, by the benefit thereof without danger descended on the other side; and from thence conveyed himseife into the house of our Embassador; then (as now) a Sanctuary for escaped captives; where for three dayes they hid him under a wood-stack, and not long after shipt him for Holland. In the morning the Captaine of the Castle having sought for his prisoner, fild forthwith a coffin with clay, and caused it to be throwne into the Bosphorus; giving it out that hee was dead; affrighted with the punishment of his predecessor; being ganched for the escape of certain Noble-men of Germany committed to his custody."

This Bosphorus caused Pliny to admire the economy of Nature. "In this disunion as it were, appeareth yet a brotherly fellowship and unitie. For the cocks may be heard to crow, and the dogs to bark, from the one side to the other; yea and men out of these two worlds may parly one to another with audible voice, and have commerce of speech together, if the weather be calme, and that the windes do not carry away the sound thereof."

But the word itself demands a roaring sea across which man shrieks in vain; just as Hockanum Ferry, not far from Northampton, Mass., suggests a stormy, dangerous passage of the Connecticut.

Alhany looked Mr. Andrew Carnegie's gift horse calmly in the mouth, did not like the appearance of its teeth, and refused to stable it. Mr. Carnegie's generosity should take some other form. A public library in a small town is best appreciated and is of true value when the inhabitants in their desire to own books make sacrifices to obtain them. There are too many books now, and they are too easily read. There is a saying: "Beware of the man of one book," and the saying is not without shrewdness. But some of the greatest Americans were men of few books, which were treasured and read and re-read. A book then had value; it meant something; it shaped the young man that read it. Any young fellow that was familiar with the Bible, Plutarch's Lives, "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," a volume of Jonathan Edwards or William Law, and "Pilgrim's Progress," or Locke's "Essay Concerning Human Understanding," thought clearly, expressed himself clearly, and was better equipped than he that now has the run of the Public Library. The books read in those simpler days entered into the mind of the reader. The books now skimmed—and the temptation to skim is irresistible—weaken the mind, befog the understanding, and are vaguely remembered the day after they were hurriedly and thoughtlessly read.

They say at Raritan, N. J.—again New Jersey—that "a black, phantom-

like animal came from under the bed of Mike Milinski and nestled at the sick man's head," and that after the burial of Mr. Milinski, a black object emerged from the mouth of a cavern, something that looked like the dead man.

This reminds os that in 1552 Cardinal Crescentius, tired by letter-writing, raised himself in his chair: "A huge blacke dogge with great flaming eyes and long eares dangling to the ground, appeared unto him; which coming into his chamber, and making right towards him, even under the table where he sate, vanished out of his sight: where at hee amazed, and a while senseless, recovering himselfe, called for a candle, and when he saw the dogge could not be found, hee fell presently sicke, with a strong conceit, which never left him till his death; ever crying that they would drive away the black dog which seemed to climbe up on his bed: and in that humour he died."

This was unpleasant; but the vague horror that sat in the brain of the Cardinal in "The Duchess of Malfi" is more impressive by reason of vagueness:

How tedious is a guilty conscience!
When I look into the fish-ponds in my garden,
Methinks I see a thing arm'd with a rake,
That seems to strike at me.

May 25, 1902

THERE has been some talk of late about a change in the Kneisel Quartet. Mr. Theodorowicz has taken the place of Mr. Ondricek as second violin. The Kneisel Quartet is, after all, a business organization, controlled by Mr. Kneisel, and his management of the club woold seem to be chiefly his own business. There are several excellent violinists in the Symphony Orchestra who are competent to fill the position vacated by Mr. Ondricek. The master mind of the organization is Mr. Kneisel; it is he that inspires and rules tho interpretation. I appreciate fully the supreme excellence of Mr. Schroeder as a quartet 'cellist and the patient and intelligent work of Mr. Svecenski, but Mr. Kneisel makes the Kneisel Quartet; so no one need fear that the quality of the performances will suffer, whether the second violinist be a German, Czech, Rossian, Scythian, or Patagonian.

There were wails of consternation, and some thought that the sky would show anger when Mr. Ondricek was put in the place of Mr. Roth. And now some wonder why there is no perturbation of Nature distressed by the more recent change.

Mr. Ondricek in view of a Western concert-trip asked for an increase of pay. Mr. Kneisel thought Mr. Ondricek was receiving enough money. Mr. Ondricek had a right to ask; Mr. Kneisel had a right to refuse. And the Kneisel Qoartet will continue to give pleasure.

* * *

Orchestral players in France are demanding more adequate pay, and the Revue d'Histoire et de Critique Musicales (Paris, April), says that their demand is well founded. A manager offered a good violinist $10 for three rehearsals at Paris and two concerts at Rouen and Lille. There is talk of a union, a syndicate of players, and Charpentier and Bruneau encourage such action.

At the Société Philharmonique a French quartet is now paid $120 a performance; a foreign quartet is paid more; virtuosos receive from $100 to $200 and Jacques Thibaut, one of the first of violinists, asked $100. But the Society is conspicuously generous. At the Conservatory concerts, soloists receive uniformly $20. For the coming performances of operas by Wagner, the rank and file will receive $1 40 for each rehearsal, $2 80 for each performance, and the soloists will receive $1 60 and $3 20: three viola players demanded $2 and $4. At the Châtelet concerts, the beginner receives $3 20 and finally, after competition, $4. At the Lamoureox concerts (three rehearsals a week from 9 A. M. to noon, as at the Châtelet) the salary varies according to the profits. At the Opéra the beginner receives $320 a year, which is gradully increased to $480, and the soloists receive as much as $760 and $800. At the Opéra-Comiqoe the players have $27 a month, with the exception of wind-instruments, who receive at least $30 to $32; the first at each desk has $60 a month; and at each desk of the strings there are two additional soloists: the second receives from $40 to $44; the third $36. The Revue says: "The wages of orchestral players should be raised, especially since instrumental music today is so exacting."

* * *

Not long ago Mr. Walter Damrosch said publicly that he should conduct no more; that he should spend his time in composition; and the world looked forward to new operas symphonies, symphonic poems, symphonic prologues, suites, overtures, chamber music, choral works, songs, pieces for piano, and pieces for all manner of instruments, even the ocarina.

Mr. Damrosch did not put away the stick and confine himself to the pen. Probably he knew he should miss the physical exercise.

And now he is conductor of the Philharmonic Society of New York. This venerable society has the singular custom of choosing its conductor by the votes of the players, a custom that must be necessarily destructive to discipline, without which an orchestra is merely a machine of futile noise.

Several reasons are whispered about for the rejection of Mr. Paur and the choice of Mr Damrosch. Mr. Paur gave too moch new and immoral music, as works by Richard Strauss and von Hausegger, music that distressed the older music critics, although it was applauded by the audience. Mr. Paur made the "Conscript Fathers"—to borrow the pet phrase of Mr. W. J. Henderson—work at rehearsal, which was foreign to the purpose and policy and habitude of the society. Mr. Damrosch has "a social pull"; he is taken seriously by women of fashion and influence. Mr. Carnegie is fond of Mr. Damrosch, fond of him with the fierce affection of ignorance, and if Mr. Damrosch is conductor, Mr. Carnegie may give the society a princely sum. Mr. Carnegie had the opportonity to be generously spectacular at the sixtieth anniversary of the Philharmonic. Mr. Carnegie then made a long and beautiful speech. He advised the players to consult their ex-Presidents; "to bespeak their aogost presence at all commercial functions"—is Mr. Carnegie a humorist? "You see upon the stage before you not a body of hired musicians who receive a certain payment for their services, but a body of gentlemen artists—proprietors, who have associated to keep upon the highest plane the noble art to which they are devoted."

While Mr. Carnegie was saying these and other things, all eyes were fixed on his pocket. He never touched it.

Now that Mr. Damrosch is the director, Mr. Carnegie may offer a building for the Library of the Philharmonic, on condition that the Society raise a fund of $150,000 for buying new music. I forget: the Society objects to new music. Why then should Mr Carnegie put his hand into his pocket, unless the players expect a liberal pension for life with the privilege of playing at the concerts until they die?

There is no need of discussing Mr. Damrosch as a conductor, for we have all seen him.

* * *

Poor Alfred Klein! He is again in an asylum, although he was discharged six weeks ago as cured. He was a comedian of extreme limitations, but who can forget him as the elephanter in "Wang?" He said one word in that extravagant piece that haunts the memory. The word was heavy with associations: it was at once retrospective and alive with anticipation. When asked what he would take, he answered, "Beer." But with what unction he uttered this simple, familiar word. He caressed it, until it melted in a refreshing stream. The beer was brought to him; and then the elephant drank it.

* * *

At Wiesbaden a little dancer at the theatre turned one day into a play actress. She was rehearsing in a new piece, and vanity led her to say at rehearsal that she had ordered for her part two new dresses, each one of which would cost $400. A proper person was shocked and said: "$800 for two dresses? But your salary doesn't amount to that? Where do you get the money?" The bystanders laoghed, and the playactress in a rage made complaint to the intendant. He fined the leading woman $12, and said that the ex-dancer might have inherited a fortune, or that possibly her parents were well-to-do, and that the price paid for the costumes was not necessarily compromising. That man knows how to run a theatre.

* * *

Mrs. Helen Hopekirk will sail from New York the 31st on the Colombia for Scotland. She will spend the summer on the island of Iona.——A new choral work, "Die Tauben," text by Gerhart Hauptmann, music by W. Berger, was sung for the first time at Berlin April 28. The composer is a Bostonian by birth. The work is said to be chiefly interesting as descriptive music.——It is rumored that Kubelik has engaged the Bohemian Philharmonic orchestra of Pragoe with Oscar Nedbal as conductor for his virtuoso joorneyings.——Anna Regan-Schimon, a once celebrated opera-singer, is dead. She was a pupil of Manuel Garcia and Stockhausen.——Miss Mabel Monteith, a pianist who played in London May 1, is already being boomed in expectation of her visit to this country. She is indeed a formidable pianist, for she played two concertos and Liszt's arrangement of Weber's Polonaise in E in one concert.——Mr John Densmore, formerly of the Bostonians, made his first appearance in London April 28.——Yvonne de Tréville has been singing in French opera at Bilbao, Spain. She is engaged for Aix-les-Bains, and will sing Lakmé at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, the end of this month.——The tenor Pennarini, who made his first appearance at Covent Garden May 8, as Lohengrin, disappointed.——This Miss Rose Cecilia Shay, otherwise known as Cecilia Rosa and Rosa Cecilia, who sings in English opera at New York, is the daughter of a Cincinnati lawyer. She made her début at Trieste early in 1900.

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"Robert the Devil" was revived at the Berlin Royal Opera April 26.——A new "folk opera," entitled "Der Wundersteg," produced in Berlin April 30, was heartily cursed by the critics. The "steg" or foot-bridge across a river is supposed by the peasants to have magic power. If an unfaithful maiden or wife crosses on a certain night the plank breaks and she falls into the water. The rich landlady is afraid to cross and confesses her sins to the crowd. The good girl Josepha crosses and the plank breaks. Her reputation is in doubt, but a half-witted fellow is found to be a practical joker, and the well-to-do farmer of the village marries her. "The music is monotonous and unmelodious, yet, strange to say, the work was considerably applauded and but little hissed." The composer, Alphonse Maurice, was born at Hamburg in 1862. He studied at the Vienna Conservatory and afterward at Dresden, his present home, with Schulz-Benthen. He has written songs and four operettas: "Die Wette" (1885), "Der Schatz," "Das Stelldichein," "Die Schlange."

* * *

The London Telegraph says: "Mr. Gorlitz sends us an imposing document adorned with a notarial seal, setting forth, upon oath, the receipts at foor concerts given by Jan Kubelik at Chicago in January and February last. The total sum arrived at was $21,763, an amount which indicates clearly enough that the young violinist set the pork-packing city fairly ablaze. Though they do not exactly carry artistic weight, it is interesting to note these large figures. But we should have taken Mr. Gorlitz's word for the total without the formality of a sworn deposition."

* * *

To Edward MacDowell belongs the honor of soggesting the detachment of the schools of music and architecture from the faculties of philosophy and applied science. In a word, for the first time in the history of the collegiate world Columbia University will set its seal of approval on the stody of music within its walls as an independent art. This means more than appears on the surface. It transfers music from the purely speculative to the practical. It is an innovation that will probably astonish other American institotions of learning. A fine arts faculty composed of men who are practical musicians and architects—possibly painting will be included in the curriculum one day—is a step the valoe of which cannot be rightfully estimated just now. And by Prof. MacDowell the initiatory movement was begun.——Musical Courier, (N. Y.)

* * *

"Galahad," the Paris correspondent of the Referee, felt when hearing Debussy's "Pélléas et Mélisande" at the Opera-Comique that he was "being buffeted with an ebb and flow of delightfol sounds: there was no leit motiv, no attempt at melody; and yet it was so strange that yoo regretted neither one nor the other. There is nothing of Wagner, of Massenet, or of Gounod." "Galahad" also speaks of the new operetta, music by Louis Varney, at the Nouveautés. "With reminiscences of seven years ago, I cannot help thinking that the authors had in their mind the visit of the Shahzada to Paris. He came as the guest of the British Government to the Grand Hotel for a short visit; bot he stayed and he stayed until it became a moot point whether it would not be cheaper for the Government to buy the hotel and born him out. In this gay little operetta you have a Prince with a similar longing for Paris, although of a more roving character than the Afghan. The music is very tuneful in parts."——Otto Lessmann regrets that Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies has become theatrical, if not absolutely a poseur.——Liszt's "Christos" was performed in Dresden April 16 for the first time in that city, and praised for faithful adherence to the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church.——A new piano quintet, op. 6 in D flat major, by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, has been produced at Munich. It is said to fall below the standard of other chamber works by the same composer.——Rosa Sucher has been singing Sieglinde in Berlin. She is fat and scant of breath.——Zumpe has been made Generalmusikdhirektor at Munich.——They think in Berlin that Emilio de Marchi is a high baritone rather than a tenor; nevertheless, they prased him.——Ysaye played to empty seats in Vienna.——Mahler's second symphony was played at Brussels April 13. This composer, of whom much is said and written, is almost unknown in this country.

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Mr. Rudolf Friml, who accompanied Kubelik in this country, made his first appearance in London as a pianist, May 21.——Landon Ronald, who once visited this ocuntry as conductor of Melba's concert company, is writing the music of the Coronation ballet to be danced at the Alhambra.——Massenet's charming "Manon," which shocked the moral sensibilities of certain New York critics, is to be produced in German at the Berlin Royal Opera House.——Among the novelties produced at the London Musical Festival were Percy Pitt's Suite from his music to "Paolo and Francesca," Saint-Saëns's Prelude to "Les Barbares" and Entr'acte from "Phryné."——A Viennese critic says that Jaroslav Kocian, who lately played there, is the rival of Kubelik for money in America and adds contemptuously, "Enough said."——Here is a list of orchestral works unknown in this country which will be played at the Congress of German Musical Societies under the chief direction of Mueller-Reuter, June 6-10: Schilling's "Meergruss," vom Rath's piano concerto in B flat minor, d'Albert's overture to "Der Improvisator," Bischoff's Idyll "Pan," Maerchen suite by Humperdinck; Mahler's Symphony in D minor for orchestra, alto solo, chorus of women and boys; Blech's "Waldwanderung"; Jaques-Dalcroze's violin concerto.——Engen Gura said Munich. At last, at last! The program was made up of songs and ballads by Loewe.

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Here are extracts from the new volume of Edward Fitzgerald's Letters:

"Are you overrun in London with 'Champagne Charlie is My Name?' A brutal thing; nearly worthless—the tune, I mean—but yet not quite—else it would not become so great a Bore. No; I can see, to my sorrow, that it has some Go—which Mendelssohn had not. But Mozart, Rossini and Handel had.

"I can't help thinking that Opera will have to die for a time; certainly there seems to be no new blood to keep it alive; and the old works of genius want rest. I have never heard 'Faust,' only bits—which I suppose were thought the best bits. They were expressive—musically ingenious, etc.—but the part of Hamlet—the one Divine Soul of Music, Melody—was not there. I think that such a fuss can be made about it only becaose there is nothing better—Nov. 11, 1867. To W. T. Pollock."

* * *

The Paris correspondent of the Musical Courier (N. Y.) writes:

It is understood that Mlle. Juliette Fontain will not compete for the Prix de Rome, on account of the complication that would ensue were a woman to obtain this prize, which necessitates a four years' sojourn in Rome at the Villa Medicis, where hitherto only male students have been received.

In speaking of the advisability of abolishing this prize for musicians, Vincent d'Indy says in the Revue Provinciale: "This institution (Villa Medicis) is only useful to French musicians in that it raises hopes in their breast, alas, but too seldom realized." Certainly this venerable institution has no other use. In fact, it is difficult to understand what practical benefit a composer can get from a stay in Rome any more than at Pontoise or Nogent-le-Rotrou. It is different for a painter or a sculptor, who is influenced at Rome by the Italian Renaissance. But, it is contended, this same infloence is pernicious as far as musicians are concerned. M. d'Indy says: "An obligatory sojourn in this country (Rome), so absolutely degenerate from an artistic point of view, is void of all practical utility. Would it not," he asks, "show more intelligence in that impersonality called the Government to send back to their own province those young people with whose artistic education the country has been charged, and furnish them with sufficient means to protect them for some time from want? There let each propagate the ideas of art that he has received, gathering round him, by virtue of his official prestige, kindred natures, and so create in each town, in each village, circles which would serve to nourish and satisfy those thirsty for art, moch more numerous in the provinces than is supposed, natures which, lacking instruction, cannot ripen and develop."

Vincent d'Indy is of opinion that each province is thus capable of becoming an artistic centre, and he strongly advises that sincere artists, capable of gathering and welding together diverse musical elements, should substitute a real brotherhood of art in place of the brass band organizations (orphéons), which have more or less a political and electoral raison d'être.

May 26 1902

TO A DAUGHTER OF DIVES.

When thou, fair reader, shalt with bright glance stray
Amid the Carnival's mad revelry,
Forget not, I do pray thee earnestly,
Those who in hospital die on that day!
When in the mazy dance thy form shall sway

And, music-stirred, thy feet trip, blithe and free,
Look back, look back, and mark the misery
That weeps its grief upon the grand stairway!
When Love within thy throbbing breast shall deign
To dart, like jocund sunshine, a rare smile,
Think: "Love smiles not on beggars in their pain!"
And when thou gazest in thy glass, the while
Let thy heart say: "A pearl, just one pearl ta'en
From these braids might some wretch from death beguile!"

We have seen a picture of Mr. R. H. Davis, who honors coronations by his presence. He looks already bored by the thought of assisting at the ceremony in London.

Mr. John J. Tonkin of Oswego, N. Y., has a son who married a pretty chorus girl. "Never will he darken my door with that woman," said Mr. Tonkin when he heard the news. We are glad he used the fine old melodramatic phrase; we were afraid it was obsolete except in literature. It makes no difference whether the woman be a chemical blonde or a passionate brunette; the phrase is a good one.

A lecturer on architecture died not long ago in his apartment in London, and his dead body was not found for nearly a fortnight. A correspondent of the Globe (London) says this incident "shows how terribly alone a man of good position may be in London." Was it not Dr. Johnson who walked for 40 years about London before he met an old Derbyshire friend, who also had been walking about London with the same punctual regularity for every day of the same 40 years? As De Quincey put it, "The nodes of intersection did not come round sooner."

The more regular your habits the less frequently or the more frequently you may meet a friend. Workers at night know a different world from that seen and observed by the busy man from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Few are of such importance that they are missed when they move to another district of the city or stay away from a club. In one of Gerbault's caricatures a tired and prematurely old clubman says to another yawner: "What's become of Chose? I haven't seen him here lately." "No; he's dead." There you have club friendship summed up in two sentences.

There are some men who do not like to be visited when they are sick. The sound caller irritates them; his cheerful spirits, his encouraging words seem to them an exhibition of tasteless egotism. They themselves do not wish to be examined critically, as by a doctor. They hear Smith saying at the club: "I saw poor old Rutherford yesterday. He's a goner." "Is he so badly off as that?" "Well, he may set off firecrackers, but he won't hang up his stocking." "He is married, isn't he? Will he leave his wife anything?" "I guess not; he never had a head for business; and he was badly soaked in that mine of Slawkinson. He's a sight. What'll you have?"

If the sick man is alone he generally wishes, like any wounded four-legged animal, to crawl into a corner and die without bothering anyone or being bothered by visitors with faces of carefully prepared compassion. And the great city has this advantage over villages. This architect, Mr. Stirling, was not found for a fortnight; in a village there would be talk about him at the store after the first day of his retirement from active life.

Mr. Sims mentionel the case of Stirling and brought forward a fact that he considers to be still more startling: "The number of people well nourished and well dressed whose dead bodies are found—principally in the river—and who are buried as unknown because no one comes forward to claim them. They have dropped out of life without being missed. There is no one to wonder at their disappearance, to grow anxious, or to make inquiries concerning them." But Mr. Sims does not mention another fact: "That when the body of the unknown is found and described in the newspapers many come forward who have long been in search of missing ones—a fact that has been observed in large American cities, if not in London."

We were sorry to hear of Madame Morelli's accident at Bostock's. As the panther finds delight in the camphor tree, sweet gums and spices, so the leopard is said to dread the smell of garlic. Saint Ambrose reports that if the walls of a house be anointed with the juice of garlic, both panthers and leopards will run away. Now if a trainer should eat this plant—and it is most healthful—at least once a day, would she not have mastery over "the lady of the spotted muff" as though she hold a magic wand? Perhaps not, for in Christian art the leopard symbolizes perseverance in evil.

The leopard is useful in heraldry and medicine. Every lion when he was not rampant was called a leopard, and plain leopard grease helps heads from which hair is falling. There are remarkable uses of leopard's brains of which we may speak later in the year.

If you are rheumatic or gouty or rich in uric acid, your doctor says you should not eat strawberries. Rutherford's doctor tells him to eat the berries, for they are rich in the salts of potash, soda and lime, and are cooling, diuretic and laxative; and Rutherford is more or less rheumatic. Linnaeus suffered severely from sciatica until he ate strawberries freely; then he slept sweetly and when he awoke the pain was less. He stuffed himself with strawberries the next day, and on the following morning the pain was gone and he was able to leave his bed. Now what are you going to do?

Indianapolis, May 16.—Bark Toothington's doughnut factory is now running full blast, with twenty dialect-makers punching the holes in the product. Mr. Toothington says that the demand is brisk and the supply limited. Quotations for today:

Twisters, with Hoosier quatrains on rims, 8c. dozen.
One-hole doughnuts, with sonnet on face, 7c. dozen.
Two-hole doughnuts, with couplet in dialect, 9c. dozen.
Flat crullers, with paragraphs from "Whocaires?" 10c. dozen.

Mr. Toothington is completing a new romance, which he will issue in serial form on doughnuts, offering a prize of a set of false teeth or a box of dyspepsia tablets to the first person buying the full story.——Baltimore American.

Mr. Charles Macdona, who visited Edinburgh as a member of "The Gay Grisette" company, received the following singular letter:

"Charles Macdona, Esq.—Sir: I trust you will excuse the liberty I take in thus writing you. I am only a humble grocer's assistant. My excuse for writing is that two gentlemen came into our shop today, and purchased a haggis. One gave his name as Bromley, and the other I recognized as an actor named May. They will in all probability eat the haggis on Tuesday or Wednesday. They are English and don't know the effect of these things. You are Scotch, and, therefore, I warn you. They will not be able to appear on the stage after eating the one they bought. I know it is a bad one. As I don't know their address, I am writing to warn you, in case you have no one who could play their parts at short notice. I have seen 'The Gay Grisette' three times, and I could play any part in it, if I had two or three hours' notice. Trusting that if either of your actors are ill, you will give me a chance, I have the honor, Sir, to remain, yours to command, ————."

But is not the haggis always bad? Think for a moment of its make-up: The entrails of a sheep minced with suet and oatmeal seasoned with salt, pepper, and onions, and baked in the maw of the animal. We are inclined to accept Mr. Henley's definition: "a gallimaufry of offal," and we should pass it, though Robert Burns and Christopher North were at table and helping themselves with both hands.

May 27, 1902

I have remarked this excessive wine-amateurship especially in youth. Snoblings from college, Fledglings from the army, Goslings from the public schools, who ornament our Clubs, are frequently to be heard in great force upon wine questions. "This bottle's corked," says Snobling; and Mr. Sly, the butler, taking it away, returns presently with the same wine in another jug, which the young amateur pronounces excellent.

One of the House Committee of the Porphyry thought of introducing a new brand of American champagne. He ordered the steward to put some bottles on ice and serve at dinner. There were several distinguished amateurs in the dining room that night. When the committeeman invited them to try the wine, a man that had seen many countries said: "You know I can't endure American champagne, but as a compliment to you, I'll taste it—bah! it isn't fit to drink!" Mr. Switcher, a celebrated authority on art, literature, cookery and all beverages, sipped the wine, smiled a smile of pity, and said to the waiter: "Take it away!" A third member was offensive: "I can drink almost anything; but where did you get this stuff?" Not a man praised it; not one allowed that it was even wet. The committeeman, who had fallen immeasurably in his own esteem, went down stairs with drooping head. To him the steward: "I am sorry, sir, but there was a mistake about that wine. The bottles I sent up were ——'s," and he named an expensive and favorite French brand. "Don't say a word, Roberts; charge the wine to me." And the committeeman ran up to the dining room, told the story and laughed derisively. Would you believe it? No one of the amateurs had the grace to say, "That's one on me. What will you have? Like the men in the parable they all with one consent began to make excuse. The traveler had taken a bitter medicine just before dinner, and his taste was thereby vitiated. Mr. Switcher had dined late and heavily the night before and was in no condition to discriminate. And each gave some excellent reason for his poor judgment.

They tell this story of Xavier de Montepin, who died lately at Passy. Over 150 novels bear his name, and he wrote or collaborated in about 40 plays. When he was at the zenith of his fame he accepted all offers from newspapers. He sketched the plot of a story and sent it to some hack for completion. One morning he learned that his most competent hack had been run over. He hurried to Paris. The laborer was honest: "I have handed over the job to another." Montepin went to No. 2, who had passed on the novel to a third. This third was in a garret, sitting on a soap-box, and working for dear life. "It was a good day's work for him, for he had a wealthy friend for life." We can hardly believe that the hack was sitting on a soap-box. Soap was an unknown article among the French literati when de Montepin was a power.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his latest book "Facts and Comments," protests against certain "Americanisms" that now appear in English journals of repute, "even in The Times." Thus he says the word "claim" is perverted, for it is used for "say," or "assert," or "affirm," or "allege," whereas a thing claimed is a thing which may be possessed. Professor W. D. Whitney, the philologist, was guilty of this misuse, although Mr. Spencer does not name him as an offender. Richard Grant White quoted an Englishman as saying: "The American people have 'claim' on the brain."

Mr. Spencer objects to the use of "on" in place of "in." "I met him on Tremont Street;" "I found him on the cars." The word "in" implies "inclosure more or less decided;" the word "on" negatives inclosure—"implies that the object is not shut up, and, further, that there are no restraining boundaries near it. The distinction is marked with precision in two such phrases as 'in a field' and 'on a common:' the circumstances being in all respects alike save in the presence of inclosing fences in the one case and their absence in the other case." In New York State "in" was often used for "into:" a contributor to the Evening Post in 1814 remarked this inaccuracy: "we get in the stage, and have the rheumatism into our knees." John Pickering quoted this sentence in his "Vocabulary" (Boston, 1816), and he also quoted from a letter of an English friend in Philadelphia: "The preposition into is almost unknown here. They say, when did you come in town? I met him riding in town." But in old English "in" was often used to express motion or direction from without to a point within. Chaucer wrote, "And brought her home with him in his contree." Coverdale: "And has breathed in him the breath of life." We find in a poem by Dryden: "The snake retires. * * * And in some secret Cranny slowly glides." We have heard a man describe another as "a good player onto the bassoon." Pickering had supposed that on to had never been used by an American writer; but an "obliging friend" gave him an example from a "lecture on the evil tendency of the use of Tobacco upon young persons by Benjamin Waterhouse, M. D.: "Take all your cigarrs and tobacco and in some calm evening carry them on to the Common." Carlyle, by the way, wrote "on the street."

Mr. Spencer objects to "operate" as in these examples: "The company will operate a new line"; "The cost of operating the factory has been so-and-so." "Everywhere these words replace the words 'work' and 'working'—words which, though open to objection, have not the vice of mere pedantry." But does not Mr. Spencer know that the American citizen is fond of high-sounding words: that he "resides," has a "residence," "donates" a cigar to a friend, anticipates instead of expects, is not hurt a bit but a particle? And we have heard a woman mention her "saloon-parlor."

But Mr. Spencer in this book more than once refers to a "lady-pianist."

"The Panama for the young man which will find much favor is the 'negligée' hat." So called probably because the hat can be sat on.

May 28, 1902

We have received the following communication:

Boston, May 26, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

A. I. Kenshaw rises wroth or het at your ignorant imputations against the haggis. A fair to average acquaintance with literature, which is mainly Scotch and largely Burns, would have given ye to ken that the Haggis is "Monarch o' the puddin' race." Yet you inquire, Is not haggis always bad?

In respect of other Royalties, the query, though in its nature treasonable, might be less offensive, for the rank of Haggis is at once Scotch and by innate right divine. As there was in the just opinion of the Kentucky gentleman—no bad whisky, so there is no bad haggis. Some are not so good as other haggises, that may be acknowledged, even avowed; for the transcendency of the greater haggis can be gauged only by comparison with the less excellent of the family. Eclipse is first, and the rest well to the front.

Sly and treacherous is your request that readers "think of its make-up"—which no one should do in respect of any elaborate dish. Don't think of its make-up. To think is, in all cases, and particularly in this, to invite indigestion. "There was a glorious rainbow once in heaven, We know its woof, its texture, it is given into the dull catalogue of human things." Frankfurters, blutwurst, even the delightful bouillon of the Shebandowan Ojibways might be disrelished, were the disease of thinking preliminarily applied to their make-up. These things are to be accepted, like men and women (think of their make-up!) for what they are as a whole; not prejudged from a list of contents, as—item, so much water; item, so much blood; item, entrails. Viscera is a tenderer word, anyway. Of such the great bouillon of Shebandowan is mainly compounded—extracts from lake trout, white fish, and such others as may have arrived. Boiled plain, with salt. Dryden's scorn was not more superior, not more reasonable than that of the Ojibway who beholds white men devouring the carcasses, the mere cases for the delicate and toothsome parts of the fish, and throwing these to better informed gourmets, pike or Indians. Civilized human beings—the spoiled multitudes of the race—have become too nice and finikin for the healthy, nobler exercises of gastronomy. Hence the prevalent shudder at your catalogue of the components of haggis.

But that catalogue is incorrect, or misleading. There are haggises and haggises; only the minor principalities are compounded of sheep's interior, salt, pepper, onions and oat meal. The greater haggis may include raisins, chopped apples, lemon peel—so much I know—irreverent curiosity never brought me to closer investigation.

Proof of the pudding is the eating, and grateful, subsequent thoughts, which if the proper accompaniments of the feast be not eschewed, flow gently on a haze-fume—too coarse an expression—of the true Lagenvila usquebaugh. Two three fingers drams thereof, raw after a 20-mile walk on an empty stomach, are the judicious preparation for the haggis, to which I will set you down with a hearty, hospitable, "God help your digestion" on the evening of any day, which you may devote with me to attainment of the ideal condition for the cult.

(1.) Mr. Kenshaw says that the catalogue of the contents of the haggis is "incorrect or misleading."

We wrote: "The entrails of a sheep minced with suet and oat meal seasoned with salt, pepper and onions, and baked in the maw of the animal."

Grant's "Popular Superstitions of the Highlands:" "A dish commonly made in a sheep's maw, of its lungs, heart and liver, mixed with suet, onions, salt and pepper; or of oat meal mixed with the latter, without any animal food."

Wright's Dialect Dictionary: "A dish consisting of the lungs, heart and liver of a sheep, minced with suet, onions, etc., and cooked in a sheep's maw."

George Augustus Sala, that storehouse of culinary knowledge, in his "Thorough Good Cook," tells how to prepare the sheep's stomach; then to take the liver, lights and heart and parboil them; to grate the liver and mince the other parts; he speaks of suet, onions, pepper, salt, oat meal cakes pounded into powder, a teacupful of broth; he describes the process of boiling. "A haggis should be sent to the table as hot as possible, and neither sauce nor gravy should be served with it."

And we might fill a column with descriptions that corroborate our statement.

Mr. Kenshaw speaks of "raisins, chopped apples, lemon peel;" but these are trifling trimmings. He admits the "innards" of the sheep: he does not deny the method of cooking. A shipload of the fruits he mentions could not deodorize the mess.

(2.) Mr. Kenshaw's eulogy of the bouillon of Shebandowan and his passionate enjoyment of the "delicate and toothsome parts of the fish" remind us

of Chapters V. and VI. of Captain John G. Bourke's "Scatalogic Rites," and especially of the letter, quoted therein, written by the wife of the Elector of Hanover in 1694 to Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, Princess-Palatine. We regret that we cannot quote it. Mr. Kenshaw's enthusiasm is shared by the Hottentots, who devour the entrails of beasts, by the Kirghis, who put the entrails of a sheep without much purification into a pan; the Cochi-Chinese, who eat eagerly the entrails of animals thrown overboard from English ships; the Ponkas, the Eastern Inuits, the tribes of Angola, the Tunguses, the Aleuts, and other interesting tribes.

(3.) Mr Kenshaw admits that in order to enjoy a haggis he must exercise violently and then drink a murderous dose of whisky. A slug of six nngers is a "judicious preparation." In other words, this slug provides a wolfish appetite, takes away the faculty of discrimination, blears the eyes, blunts the sense of smell; in short, stupefies the gourmand; for no gourmet eats haggis. As Mr Francis Watt remarks: "You can well imagine the aboriginal Picts and Scots after a bout of tattooing or woad-staining stuffing themselves with this mess. It continued a delicacy till people were better off and could eat more choicely, and you do not see it a common article of diet in modern, prosperous Scotland."

"Three shots at a dentist." We, too, have felt that way.

We read a singular story yesterday about a rich Portuguese woman at Lisbon who left her property to a cock. The woman believed in the transmigration of souls and imagined that the soul of her husband had entered into the fowl. The bird had a special house, and the servants were ordered to take extraordinary care of dear Pedro. Furthermore, the widow was jealous of the hens. After she died and the will was read, one of the heirs killed the cock and thus inherited.

The last words of Socrates were: "Crito, we owe a cock to Aesculaplus; pay it, therefore, and do not neglect it." But Socrates never thought of paying his belongings to a fowl. The Count de la Mirandole, who died at Lucca in 1825, bequeathed a legacy to a favorite carp; many have left money by will to cats, parrots, horses, dogs; an English woman left £10 in 1828 to a monkey, her "dear and amusing Jocko." As the poet sweetly sings:

With golden eyes, and open wings,
The cock his courage shows;
With claps of joy his heart he dings,
And twenty times he crows.

But the good fortune that fell to Pedro of Lisbon was his undoing.

May 29 1902

A very singular superstition in regard to this favorite dish prevails in Roxburgh, and perhaps in other Southern countries. As it is a nice piece of cookery to boil a haggis without suffering it to burst in the pot and in out, the only effectual antidote known is criminally to commit it to the keeping of some male who is generally supposed to bear antlers on his brow. When the cook puts it into the pot, she says: "I give this to—such a one—to keep."

We have received the following letter:

Winthrop, Mass., May 26, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I was much interested in what you had to say today anent haggis. After all, do you not condemn the haggis from the alleged composition, rather than from personal experience?

A haggis is not so common a bird as you may think. It is the custom of the Uitlanders to accuse Bostonians of subsisting chiefly on baked beans, and I have partaken of "Boston baked beans" on a Pullman car—"Boston" beans from the "Windy City"—but I have yet to learn that Bostonians subsist chiefly on beans. When they do get them, and get them right—Oh, my! But on the Cotter's Saturday nights why may not the haggis have been also good? I am reminded of a time when I tarried in Glasgow and searched high and low, far and near for the alleged haggis, but in vain. Not even the strenuous efforts of that delightful Polonius of the Papyrus, then Consul—ay! first Consul there did result in the procuring a haggis either at public house or club. On my return to Glasgow, during a stay of three days friends who knew the city searched in vain, until an hour before sailing they managed to secure two—whatever is the plural? haggis? haggies? haggises? anyhow there were two of the alleged, and when well out at sea and the ship's company were in condition to enjoy any food, these haggises were cooked, served, and pronounced delectable. I am sure I enjoyed my share. Is it that they are only for epicures, who have been defined as people who "will eat any old thing"?

Your description of the composition of the haggis is correct, but since when has calf's liver, or sheep's for the matter of that, been scratched off the bill of fare? What is the matter with kidneys, even if not deviled? And as for the maw, surely two caravanseries, one in Boston and one in New York, become famous because of tripe. Why call these things entrails? Their inspection may have shown that the omens were propitious. Even the sausage is wrapped in an envelope less attractive than the maw. Nay! Nay! give the haggis fair play. Indeed, in a preceding paragraph you, your own self, grant the virtues of the garlic which flavors the haggis.

Speaking of entrails, I am reminded of a tale told by that delightful actor who graduated from the minstrelsy of Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge to the Boston, where, as the Major in "The Arkansaw Traveller," he delighted all Boston annually. He was accustomed to spend his summers in Wilton, Maine. There he noted when, as the custom was, a farmer "killed a critter," the liver, sweetbreads, kidneys, etc., were thrown away. He offered to purchase these delicacies, but though he got the goods, the "sturdy farmer scorned his proffered gold." Not long after he observed as he walked through the village he was the exposure of all eyes, and was followed by a wondering if not admiring crowd, chiefly of the young. "Aha," thought he, "I cannot escape my fame; my glory as an actor has followed me even to this obscure hamlet, and he was mightily puffed up till he overheard one yokel shout to another: "Bill, there goes the feller what eats innards."

Perhaps that tale is old. I hope so, for since I observe today that Dr. Babbitt in the Herald attributes to Secretary Root, or rather accuses him of the tale of the drunken man who exclaimed beneath a single tree in the heart of the city, "Lost in the Forest!" —a tale told by E. H. Sothern in 1900; and the Record has telegraphed the tale of the Lord's prayer—"Now I lay me"—story, which my father told me in 1860, as of two Congressmen; and more especially as a joke—"an ill-favor'd thing but mine own"—which for a quarter of a century has gone the rounds of thousands of publications at last to find rest and I trust oblivion in that rag-bag of castanea "Life"—it was published there as original a few weeks ago; I believe there is no good thing but the old, whether friend, wine, or anecdote.

F. A. H.

Joshua Barnes tells us how the Scots cooked and fed in the days of Edward III. "Nor yet had they any cauldrons or pans to dress their meat in; for what beasts they found (as they always had good store in those northern parts) they would seethe them in their own (the beasts') skins, stretched out bellying on stakes, in the manner of cauldrons." The Scots were easily accustomed to haggis; for the children of the Highlands took as their first food a mixture of whisky and earth.

We would do anything to oblige F. A. H.—we would even sit down with him to a "savoury sonsy haggis": but in spite of his haggistic experience at sea, we think the outcome of the experiment would recall a story told by Dr. Doran. Two Edinburgh doctors agreed that the prejudice against eating snails was absurd, and, to prove their faith, sat down to a carefully prepared dish of the particular dainty. Their courage failed them at the first taste, but neither dared to say a word. They went on fiddling with their forks, until one said in "a remarkably faint voice": "Don't you think, doctor, they are a leetle green?" "Damned green, sir;" was the hearty confirmatory rejoinder; "take them away!"

Some shy at the word "entrails" and prefer "viscera." There is a shorter, homelier, better word. For an admirable discussion of the use of the terms "entrails," "viscera," etc., see De Quincey's essay on "Judas Iscariot," in which he asserts that "in saying that the viscera of Iscariot, or his middle, had burst and gushed out, the original reporter meant simply that his heart had broke." De Quincey, 50 years ago, complained of the squeamishness of English speaking people. "In the midst of the far profounder passion which distinguishes the English from all literatures on the modern European Continent, it is singular that a fastidious decorum never sleeps for a moment." What would he say today?

The Cotter, by the way, according to Burns, had no haggis on Saturday night. He ate the "halesome parritch," the soup afforded by their only cow, and cheese. There was light eating, and much psalm-singing and courting.

We were entertained by the account of the final proceedings at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Dallas, Texas. Mr. Hoss of Nashville struck Dr. Cannon several blows in the face with his fist. Although the Nashville delegate played hoss with the editor of the Southern Methodist Record, he displayed a courtesy rivaled only by King Darius in his celebrated encounter of wit with the prophet Daniel; for Mr. Hoss did not open the sports until the last words of the benediction had been pronounced. Then he felt strength and encouragement.

Judge Kobisaat's process of reasoning against Edmond Rostand's claim to the authorship of "Cyrano de Bergerac," reminds us of a speech of Mr. Adams in the United States Senate on March 10, 1851. Mr. William Nevin asked for an extension of his patent for a machine that rolled and cut crackers and biscuits. Mr. Adams spoke as follows: "It is said this is a discovery of the patentee for making the best biscuits. Now, if it be so, he must have got his invention from Mrs Bobo of Alabama; for she certainly makes better biscuit than anybody in the world. I can prove by my friend from Alabama, who sits beside me, and by any man who ever stayed at Mrs. Bobo's house, that she makes better buscuit than anybody else in the world; and, if this man has the best plan for making buscuit, he must have got it from her."

May 30. 1902

For some reason or other Mayor Low did not invite the Humberts to the Rochambeau festivities in New York.

Of course the Emperor William has heard of Potts. He knows his Pickwick.

Mrs. Kendal, the domestic playactress and celebrated British matron, produced an adaptation of Felix Philippi's "Conscience" in Leicester. "After the final fall of the curtain there was a remarkable scene of enthusiasm." Mrs. Kendal appeared and said many things: as that Philippi is the greatest German dramatist that ever lived; she might have said that the Ghost told Brutus he should meet him at Philippi. And then came this fine burst: "Although much has been written aginst the British public, there is nothing like it; you may not always know what is best; alas! permit me to say it with all deference, you don't always discriminate; but, thank God, your hearts are in the right place." Rosina Vokes used to sing it this way: "No matter what you do, if your heart is only true. And his heart was true to Poll." "Mrs. Kendal's speech was punctuated throughout with cheers," not punctured throughout with jeers.

The lyrics in "Three Little Maids," produced at the Apollo, London, with Edna May as chief maiden—even musicomedy knows the irony dear to the Greeks—drip "fun and drollery," if we believe the London reviewers. These things should not be hid; we therefore quote a verse of the most popular song:

You men are an ignorant crew,
That accounts for your gorgeous conceit;
There are only three things you can do,
You can smoke, you can drink, you can eat!
You flirt with a girl for a year,
Without any intention to woo:
Then at last you say, "Marry me, dear?"
'Cause you think it's the right thing to do.

Men, men,
Humbugging men!
You're impossible nine out of ten!
We buy hats to appease you,
New frocks, just to please you—
Oh, don't we just spoil you,
You men!

Surely this is not calculated to make a man laugh out loud when he is all alone by himself, in the woods, or even at the funeral of his Uncle Amos, but possibly Miss Madge Crichton sang the lines with what is known as "Irresistible archness." Now "archness" in musical comedy is measured by the length of the skirt.

"Guinivere" of the Referee once saw an eminent novelist stretch himself on a sofa at an evening party and thereby display congress gaiters and white socks. No wonder that King Arthur applied to the court for a divorce. What was she doing in that galley?

G. S. asks: "Do you think that the girls and women of today walk well?"

This is a question we do not care to answer directly. Virgil, or Vergil, as the name of the necromancer and poet is now spelled, wrote: "And in her gait the goddess was revealed," but he prudently refrained from describing her gait. Without doubt Eustacia Vye was the most superb woman of all the centuries; and Mr. Hardy says that her motions brought memories of the ebb and flow of the sea, which is not a photographic description. Isaiah was more minute: "Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet." We should have liked to see them.

Sir Richard F. Burton said that out of Spain few European women walked well, but he was thoroughly orientalized. When the old woman dressed Niamah bin al-Rabi'a as a slave girl she taught him how to walk: "With thy left shoulder forwards and thy right well behind, and swny thy hips from side to side." The Bedouins liken the gait of a graceful woman to the "slightly swinging walk of a thoroughbred mare, bending her graceful neck and looking from side to side at objects as she passes." Delilah in Milton's dramatic poem came "sailing like a stately ship of Tarsus, bound for th' Isles of Javan or Gadire." And poets, satirists, priests have praised or censured gaits innumerable.

The Hester of Lamb had a springy motion in her gait; yet there are girls who are all steel springs, they make the onlooker nervous, they awaken no gentle emotion. Peg Woffington as Sir Harry Wildair "placed her foot upon the ground as she might put her hand upon her lover's shoulder; we indent it with our eleven undisguised stone." And yet there is an affectation of daintiness that suggests tight boots and corns.

It seems to us—we say "seems," for our eyes are not so strong as they were 50 years ago—that the average woman of today is either aggressively mannish or awkward in her gait. No woman can walk well who clutches with one hand her arces near the placket. Then there are many who in the thought to hold themselves straight throw out in unbecoming, grotesque fashion that which is euphemistically known as the stomach. Perhaps the young women coming from the riding schools should not be judged severely, for they may be chafed. We do not object, as some do, to the slight rustle of a silken petticoat; we like it; but when a woman passes and the air is heavy for a minute with some strong scent, we are not transported with delight, but we suspect her of laziness in the use of soap and water.

Any woman walks well when she keeps step with a man—that is, so far as the particular man is concerned. More than one divorce suit originated in the man keeping just a little ahead of his wife, and if he is physically inferior, she cannot help viewing him as a tug. But no sane man wishes to walk with a woman as though they were out for their health or striving against time. The movements should be in unison. If man and woman walk thus and are both conscious of correct and indisputable dress, they may talk little, but they are soon in full sympathy. The sky, the houses, the passers-by are only the scenery for their selfish, delightful duet. Only an automobile at full speed can jar them; for the trolley car is not wholly inhuman, and it spares lovers—if they are young and spry.

We consulted Mr. Cooley's invaluable work, "The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts;" we found nothing about grace or dignity in walking, yet our time was not wholly wasted. We learned that women should wear worsted or woolen stockings to absorb perspiration; that boots for out-door wear should have sufficient porosity; that the human foot is "a wonderful piece of organic mechanism, composed of many bones, ligaments, muscles and tendons, associated with arteries, veins, nerves and other vessels," and should be kept clean; that toe-nails should not be cut too short; that tender feet should be soaked in tepid water, enriched with powdered borax; and that the feet, as forming, with the legs, the instruments of locomotion, are in constant requisition, and are most intimately and constantly connected with our personal convenience and enjoyments in a variety of ways." We do not know what we should do without this book. Our copy was once owned by a well-known playactress, who enriched it with marginal notes on combs, brushes, poultices, bunions, castor-oil, and eye-waters. Only death can separate us.

Mr. Ruel Jones of Frewsburg, N. Y., published the following extraordinary letter in the Jamestown Evening Journal: "Stories are being circulated in Frewsburg, where I have resided for about 61 years, that I have been insulting to some of the women of the village. For a number of years last past I have been troubled with catarrh, which has resulted in a partial loss of eyesight, and this has given rise to a fluttering or winking motion of the eyelids, so that in looking at persons closely, as I am obliged to do in recognizing friends, I may have had the appearance of the offence with which I am charged, but I am absolutely innocent of such an intention. It is my infirmity, not my intent, which is at fault in this matter, and I desire to live in the community in which I have long resided with the continued confidence and respect of all the people."

May 31. 1902

Mr. Johnson was comfortably seated in the trolley-car. The woman opposite him was singularly attractive. On one side of him sat a pretty school girl within the range of magnetic force. On the other side there was room for his green bag. There was no acquaintance in the car, so he would not be obliged to talk. He was provided with a book and a newspaper. Just as the car was about to start, Mr. Johnson picked up his bag and hurried out. The other car was nearly full, and he wedged himself in between a fat woman with a cough and Mr. Auger "This car goes down Huntington Avenue," said Mr. Johnson to Mr. Auger; "it takes me a little out of my way; but I heard the motorman of the other one talk of the 'juice' and I am not willing to trust my life to anyone who speaks flippantly about a mysterious power that he cannot possibly understand."

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Mr. Jeromous Rapelyea of Elmhurst, L. I., was arrested for hitting an automobilist, who was going at a high rate of speed, with a lump of clay. Mr. Rapelyea's neighbors had promised to carry his defence to the highest courts, but Magistrate Swift acquitted him, and gave a decision that amounted to this: anyway of stopping an automobilist who threatens to run one down is legal. The New York Evening Post asserts in an editorial article that "the more inconsiderate drivers of automobiles have constituted themselves public enemies against whom extraordinary reprisals may be employed." The Post says: "The remedy lies with the automobilists."

The newspapers of New York publish daily letters of complaint against these reckless drivers, and a correspondent of the Times sent in $100 to bail out a person that was lately prominent in an attack on a machine. Here in Boston there have not yet been so many fatal accidents due to outrageous speed, but the automobilists are becoming more and more reckless. It is easy and profitable to watch them from a corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Boylston Street. Here are many street cars, and there is so much general traffic that crossing is dangerous in spite of the efforts of an unusually alert as well as accommodating policeman. Automobilists whizz by arrogantly. Sometimes a signal is given, but the speed is not checked, and the signal is not sounded until the machine is close to a possible victim. The policeman is powerless. He cannot stop the machine; nor can he identify it for purposes of arrest. And the automobilists go faster and faster each day.

We read not long ago in an English newspaper of a clergyman and a nobleman, or some high and mighty thingumbob, who sat for a few minutes in the stocks to preserve by this formality some old established right. We are inclined to think that the revival of stocks and pillory would be an effective punishment in the case of those who insolently disregard the rights and endanger the lives of the public. A man that is rich enough to own an automobile is able to pay a fine without feeling it, and he thus has an opportunity to say to the world: You see what money can do, and I have enough money to take my pleasure as I see fit. Punishment today is a private affair; our forefathers believed in making punishment as public as possible. Consider the pillory. "A man was exposed for 60 minutes in the market place at the busiest hour of the day, and the public itself was summoned to approve of and aid the punishment." The pillory was first used for dishonest bakers, brewers, corn sellers; then for various kinds of misdemeanants; then for libelers, writers and publishers of alleged scurrilous pamphlets or volumes. Sometimes it was used to regulate morality, as under Richard II., when this punishment was ordained for a loose liver. "Let his head and beard be shaved except a fringe on the head two inches in breadth, and let him be taken to the Pillory, with minstrels, and set thereon for a certain time, at the discretion of the Mayor and Aldermen."

This punishment was often followed by cruel whipping at the cartsail. Thus Titus Oates received 2256 strokes with a whip of six thongs. Or ears were cropped, as in the case of Mr. Japhet Crook (1731), when the hangman "with a knife like the gardener's pruning knife cut off his ears, and with a pair of scissors slit both his nostrils." Crook suffered this patiently, but when the hangman began the searing "the pain was so great that he got up from his chair."

When the pilloried was thought guilty he was jeered and pelted with all manner of missiles, and great was the joy of the crowd at seeing him squirm, at watching his foolish attempts to dodge. But when the one punished was supposed to be sentenced unjustly, he was cheered and left the pillory or stocks a hero.

The stocks in Boston stood in front of the old meeting house in State Street, or, as some say, in front of the Old State House. Later whipping post and pillory were situated near the West Street gate. "Later the stocks and pillory were a movable machine on wheels and had no fixed position."

We suggest that the stocks and pillory should now be placed on the Common between Park Street and the entrance to the Subway. And there between the hours of 12 and 1 by the church clock should bumptious automobilists be exposed. There should be no set exercises, no formality. The popular diversion should be pleasingly spontaneous and irregular. For a second offence, when the victim of the automobile is only maimed, the offender should be tied to the back of his machine and flogged; the question of damages due the maimed should be settled by the court.

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Over 50 years ago Thomas De Quincey wrote a strange phantasy.

"God smote Savannah-la-mar, and in one night, by earthquake, removed her, with all her towers standing and population sleeping, from the steadfast foundations of the shore to the coral floors of ocean. And God said—'Pompeii did I bury and conceal from men through seventeen centuries: this city I will bury, but not conceal. She shall be a monument to men of my mysterious anger, set in azure light through generations to come; for I will enshrine her in a crystal dome of my tropic seas.' This city, therefore, like a mighty galleon with all her apparel mounted, streamers flying, and tackling perfect, seems floating along the noiseless depths of ocean; and oftentimes in glassy calms, through the translucent atmosphere of water that now stretches like an air-woven awning above the silent encampment, mariners from every clime look down into her courts and terraces, count her gates, and number the spires of her churches."

Now listen to the closing words of the Dark Interepreter, who with the Opium Eater clove the watery veil and searched the mysteries of the quiet city:

"The future is the present of God, and to the future it is that he sacrifices the human present. Therefore it is that he works by earthquake. Therefore it is that he works by grief. O, deep is the ploughing of earthquake! O, deep"—(and his voice swelled like a sanctus rising from the choir of a cathedral)—"O, deep is the ploughing of grief! But oftentimes less would not suffice for the agriculture of God. Upon a night of earthquake he builds a thousand years of pleasant habitations for man. Upon the sorrow of an infant he raises oftentimes from human intellects glorious vintages that could not else have been. Less than these fierce ploughshares would not have stirred the stubborn soil."

June 1. 1902

FACTS AND COMMENTS. By Herbert Spencer. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

MR. SPENCER is now an old man, and in the preface to this volume he says that this book will be his last. He talks on many things, on as many subjects as came up before the walrus and the carpenter in their memorable conversation. Americanisms, presence of mind, vaccination, the pursuit of prettiness, sanitation in theory and practice, state education, etc., etc. Let us consider today what he says about music.

Nearly 50 years ago Mr. Spencer published an essay on the "Origin and Function of Music," which was a valuable contribution to musical aesthetics. "Facts and Comments" contains several chapters that will be pooh-poohed by some, while to others they will be suggestive and perhaps awakening.

"A Problem." Mr. Spencer speaks of persecution by tunes "which have obtained lodgment in consciousness and cannot for a time be expelled." These invading melodies are often music-hall ditties, as "Champagne Charlie," which bothered Fitzgerald (see the Journal of last Sunday). Many of us have thus been afflicted. A scurvy tune will run in the head at church, at a funeral, in street car, tormenting as "Punch brothers, punch with care," etc. Mr. Spencer asks: "In what way does this rebellious portion of consciousness stand related to the rest?" We can hardly include in what we call the Ego, seeing that the Ego continually tries to repress it and fails. And yet if it is not a part of the Ego, what is it? Mr. Spencer does not see how the pure metaphysician can solve this problem, although it can be interpreted from the physio-psychological point of view. The conclulon is that a good ear may not be a blessing.

* * *

"The Corruption of Music." "Music-performers and teachers of music are corruptors of music." An ingenious paradox, that may be justified. But it is by no means new. "An extraordinary feat of vocalization, or a display of marvelous gymnastics on the violin, brings a round of applause. And, then, unhapplly, as the members of the orchestra applaud—applaud because they know how great are the difficulties overcome—the audience is encouraged in the belief that this is music, and clap lest they should be thought persons of no taste." This is by no means a new complaint. On the other hand, surpassing ease is one of the chief attributes of a great artist. There must be a command of technic to interpret an emotion. Nor is the performer's pre-occupation with self so general in these days as Mr. Spencer asserts. Yet it would be hard to differ with him when he concludes: "This vitiation is one of the indirect results of the aim on the part of professionals not to render most perfectly the ideas of the composer, but so to play as to increase their own earnings." It may be said in reply that the violinists, pianists, and many of the singers who now make the most money are conspicuous first of all for emotion. This is a period of technical proficiency, and the mere wonder-man or wonder-woman is not gaped at as in past years.

"The Purpose of Art." Some say that music is an intellectual exercise, or an appeal to intellect; that composers should write to express, not feelings but enlightening ideas. There are lecturers going up and down and about like roaring lions, who insist that music is educational. Mr. Spencer will have none of these things, and he even goes so far as to say: "The avowed theory of Wagner was that the purpose of music is to teach." Thus does he flutter the Wagnerian dovecot. He once remarked to George Eliot at a concert how much the tendency to analyze the effects deducted from the enjoyment of them. A part of the area of consciousness cannot be occupied in one way without decreasing the area which can be occupied in another way. Mr. Ernest Newman thinks music good in proportion as "It adds something to our knowledge of life." Mr. Spencer believes that Mr. Newman seeking for such knowledge will lose that which the music should give him and will get nothing in return. "The primary purpose of music is neither instruction nor culture, but pleasure; and this is an all-sufficient purpose."

"The Origin of Music." Mr. Spencer disputes the assertion that the essential element in music is rhythm. The "too familiar" sparrow is rhythmical in chirps. The unrhythmical blackbird sings. Then consider the art-products characterized by rhythm; "the rhythmical movements constituting the dance; the rhythmically-arranged articulation forming verses; the successive vocal sounds of different pitch which compose the chant, in which verses were originally uttered—sounds which may be emitted apart from the words. As these three rhythmical manifestations of feeling were at firts simultaneous, rhythm cannot be considered the fundamental element of any one of them rather than of the other two. * * * That which characterizes any one of the three must be that in which it is unlike the others, not that which it has in common with them."

"Developed Music." This is a long and singular chapter, in which the author restates some of the leading propositions of his essay of 40 odd years ago. The great mass of music is the music of exhilaration. The feathers of birds were originally protective, but the peacock's tail does not suggest the maintenance of warmth; so out of phrases and cadences of emotional utterance, musical combinations woven into gorgeous composition have been evolved.

"Meyerbeer." A defence of that composer, who "should unquestionably stand much higher than at present." Meyerbeer is a victim of a rule: "When one once so highly lauded comes to be neglected and spoken of contemptuously, we may be sure that the under-estimate errs as did the over-estimate, and from the passing phase of under-estimation may judge approximately where the true place lies." This is indisputably true; and the case of Mendelssohn is strikingly to the point; but when Mr. Spencer criticises the merits and alleged faults of Meyerbeer, he is originally amusing.

So, too, is the chapter "Some Musical Heresies" amusing. He protests against the exaltation of the violin. To him violin tones have two incurable defects: the hiss of the bow and the production of high overtones as it is drawn over the string. This all depends on who the fiddler is. Mr. Spencer prefers the aeolian harp, for violin tones "suggest the voice of a shrew in good temper." He says that orchestras are defective because tones of stringed instruments predominate; that the orchestra is without dignity and grandeur; and he compares the orchestra and the organ, which are not to be compared. He makes a just protest against the performance of chamber music in a large hall, and then he complains again of the supremacy of stringed instruments: there is a lack of massive variety. This shows that Mr. Spencer is unacquainted with modern orchestral music. He has ears, but he hears not. "Orchestral effects need much greater specialization." But what does he say to music by Rimsky-Korsakoff, d'Indy, Debussy, Richard Strauss, or even much of Wagner? Is there no "specialization" in their works? Furthermore, the bass element is "unduly subordinated." After these surprising statements, he advances a theory about form that is ultra modern, and this theory is based on the proposition advanced by Liszt and accepted by many today: The symphony, originally a suite of pieces, has no natural coherence, considered as a work of art. He describes at length the possibility of a piece developed from a rudimentary figure; but he does not seem to be aware that he is describing a symphonic poem, in which continual selection and rejection lead to survival of the fittest themes and instrumental combinations and the highest development.

In this book Mr. Spencer often reminds us of Tolstoi writing about art. In a chapter, "Some Questions," the former asks: "Why does a duck waddle in walking? And what is the need for that trait of structure which causes the waddle?" Also "How is it that a bulldog is able to retain his hold for a longer period than other dogs?" The reader is tempted to wish that he had discussed these question at length and in the consideration of music confined himself to speculations concerning its origin.

* * *

The Duss Band appeared last Sunday night at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. We would that we had been there, for, according to the press-agent, Mr. Duss is not only a great band-leader, a marvelous cornet soloist, a genius in the matter of constructing programs: "He has been a great economist, a great financier, a great promoter, a great preacher, a great orator, a great humanitarian, a great philanthropist, a great accumulator of wealth." And then the band played ——Mrs. Morris Black, who sang here with marked success at the second concert of the Orchestral Club in April, made her début in London a week or so ago and received most complimentary criticism.——Louis Arens, a Russian tenor, triumphed as Lohengrin at Covent Garden.——Mr. Percy Betts dislikes Percy Godfrey's "Coronation" march, which took the prize offered by the Musician's Company. "Although it may be a fair example of orchestral scoring, it is much out of date, and it is, in fact, pretty obviously influenced by Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer. If really it was the best of the 200 marches sent in for the competition, those who heard it could only wonder what the other 199 must have been like."——Mr. Runciman says: "That deadly fear of the new has always been the curse of English music; that deadly fear begotten of the still more deadly fear of hunger, of fear of loss of social position; and one cannot but regret that it ruined the chances of so many able men, of men who might almost be said to have genius."——Sidney Jones has written the music for a new musical comedy which will be produced at London in the fall.

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New pieces produced at a Victor Charpentier concert, Paris, May 4: "King Lear" by Mrs. A. de Polignac; "Boabdil" by G. Sporck.——Bessie Abbot has sung Juliet at the Paris Opéra, "without equaling Ackté, who is so charming in the part."——Ysaye and Pugno produced in Paris a new violin and piano sonata by Albéric Magnard. ——Alma Webster-Powell sang in Paris May 6. Her upper notes and her coloratura were praised, but the critics complained that her middle tones were not well placed and advised her to improve in diction and style.——The tenor Sobinoff has signed a contract with the Russian Imperial opera by which he will receive $19,200 for seven months and be permitted to sing anywhere for five months. At St. Petersburg he will receive for ten performances $1200 each night. This is more than Jean de Reszke receives at the Paris Opéra——There is talk of Alvarez singing Don José, Manon, and the lover in "Le Roi d'Ys" at the Opéra-Comique.——Delna proposes to make the "grand tour" of Europe.——Fritz Kreisler played in London for the first time May 12 at a Richter concert. He played Beethoven's concerto, and the Era said he gave "the requisite expression." The Era also says that Kreisler "has been very successful in America" and won the first prize at the Paris Conservatory. He did win the said prize—in 1887. Wake up!——This Miss Mabel Monteith who is being lustily boomed gave a piano recital in London May 13. Mr. Blackburn said of her: "She played with a good deal of refinement, and occasionally even with distinction. * * * She was hardly so successful in Beethoven's so-

nata in C major, the 'Waldstein'; here she seemed to us distinctly weak, although she is always pleasant and agreeable to listen to."——Purcell's "Te Deum" in D will be one of the pieces to be performed in Westminster Cathedral June 11.

* * *

Saléza sang Romeo the second night of the Covent Garden season, and Mr. Vernon Blackburn was raised thereby to the seventh heaven:

"First and foremost we make no hesitation in selecting M. Saléza for superlative praise. Last year, at one time, it was possible to wonder if this artist had not a trifle over-strained his voice. This year all such fears are swept to the winds; his singing last night can only be described as superb; there were moments when one wished that the music were even a little more trying in order just to discover to what limits that glorious voice could be put. Moreover, the sincerity of his acting was a joy to witness; he was Romeo; in the last act especially he was so magnificently true to the part that we do not envy anybody who could have listened to him unmoved; Saléza is, indeed, as we think, destined to be one of the most brilliant operatic artists of this 'Annus Mirabilis.' Mme. Suzanne Adams was the Juliette of the occasion, and though she struck us as being perhaps a trifle less girlish than the part demands, she sang for the most part very beautifully, and with a distinction that made the part quite a serious one to reckon with—which is more than can be said of many modern interpreters of the part."

* * *

But Mr. Blackburn advises Saléza to give up the part of Faust.

"Why, one would like to ask at the outset, is it that Mr. Saléza cannot bring himself to sing 'Salve, dimora' in anything like a reasonable way? So many casual opera-goers judge the tenor from his singing of what is perhaps the most celebrated extract from the opera, that it is a thousand pities that this fine singer should appear to be an absolute victim of neurosis whenever he approaches this particular song. Like the lady who was absolutely convinced, despite all evidence to the contrary, that she had lost the nose off her face, like the community of nuns who, under the impression that they had all been turned into cats, began in their chapter room to set up most unearthly caterwauling, Saléza seems to labor under the impression that there is no hope for him in the 'Salve, dimora.' The result was that singing for the most part very well before and after, he began this song flat, and in desperate efforts to retrieve the situation finished it sharp; he has done the same thing before, and as he is extremely likely to do it again, he must simply be advised to drop 'Faust' completely out of his repertory; it is no earthly use to damage a big and well-deserved reputation by what can only be called a display of hysteria. His acting was throughout distinguished, and, as we have said, with this deplorable exception, he did a good deal of justice to his great powers."

Mr. Blackburn says that Caruso, the tenor, has "a singularly pure and powerful tenor voice of a very wide range; at times we found him a little reminiscent of Tamagno, but, let it be added, of Tamagno at his very best." He is wildly enthusiastic over Renaud's Rigoletto.

* * *

Miecio Horzowski, an 8-year-old pianist, pupil of Leschetitzki, played without notes in Vienna the piano part of a Haydn trio, pieces by Mozart (C minor Fantasia), Bach, Schumann, Chopin, Beethoven, and pieces of his own composition, to the amazement of the audience.——Over 300 opera singers in Italy have formed a union to protect themselves against managers and agents, to raise a pension fund, to found a newspaper to represent them, etc. Why do not the older critics in New York form an Anti-Modern-Music-Society? Richard Strauss, d'Indy, Franck and other immoral composers are seriously disturbing their sleep at concerts.——Flute players may be interested in T. H. H. Verhey's new concerto in D minor, although this composer's music is as a rule common-place.——Siloti brought out at a Nikisch concert in St. Petersburg a "new" piano concerto by Rachmaninoff. Was this new or was it the concerto played for the first time in America by Stevenking at Washington, D. C., in 1900, and new in St. Petersburg?——The Concert-Goer (N. Y.) says of the election of Mr. Walter Damrosch as conductor of the Philharmonic Society: "If this results in the loss to America of Mr. Paur it will be a public calamity. In making this statement there is no thought of comparing the relative abilities of Messrs. Damrosch and Paur. Rather we argue that in any event Mr. Damrosch would have remained in America and occupied himself with our musical activities, and thus, with Mr. Paur re-elected, we should have them both. Mr. Paur is, in the opinion of many musical folk, the finest orchestral conductor, all things considered, who has ever resided in America, and we sincerely trust that he will long remain here—though it must be confessed that there seems little inducement for him to remain."

César Franck's "Beatitudes," two orchestral tone-pictures—"On the Heights" and "On the March"—by Arthur Hervey, and Mackenzie's "Coronation March" will be performed at the Cardiff triennial celebration. Mackenzie's march, by the way, was tried on the dog May 12 at the Alhambra—of all places. The wise critic of the Era says that "trumpets, cornets and other brass instruments are prominent in the opening measure;" that the trio makes an "admirable contrast owing to its tranquil character;" and that "the change of key from E flat major to B flat major is very musicianly." Yes, indeed, this modulation is a startling one. We commend the piece to the Philharmonic Society of New York under Mr Walter Damrosch.——At the Lincoln Festival June 4, 5, a new suite by George Bennett and the overture to Mackenzie's "Cricket on the Hearth" will be played. "The program also includes Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony, a work which acquires peculiar impressiveness when heard in a cathedral and uninterrupted by applause between the movements."——According to "Lancelot" of the Referee, the young and fair-haired Wilhelm Backhaus, who played Brahms's Paganini variations in London last year, "never seems to have got beyond those variations * * * The reason is not far to seek. Mr. Backhaus has not yet developed what is known as a 'musical soul,' while he does possess a remarkably developed technic."

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Mr. H. T. Finck, in the Evening Post (N. Y.), gives the substance of an article, "The Piano Acrobat," that appeared recently in the Allgemeine Zeitung of Vienna: "It is concerned with the doings of Godowsky, a pianist who, not satisfied with the great difficulties of Chopin's etudes, plays two of them at once. This, says the writer, sets up a new standard. Obviously, the only way to beat him is to play three of those etudes at once. Godowsky, furthermore, plays a seven-octave chromatic scale in two seconds and a half—that is, he covers a kilometre of keyboard in 35 minutes 18 seconds. This establishes a record—but, like all records, it is not necessarily final, so that rivals need not despair. If Godowsky had been a poet, he would have written verses in which every word rhymes with every other, and the sense of which is not altered if they are read backwards. Piano-playing like his, the writer continues, provides entertainment for a quarter of an hour; the other hour and three-quarters are filled with ennui. Godowsky seems to have seven fingers on each hand; Barnum would have admired him, but his playing warms no one but the player. The difficulties which he needlessly piles on are clever devices to distract the attention from the main thing one asks of a performer. What has become of the tender melodies, the melancholy, the nobility of Chopin, under such hands? 'Godowsky is not one of those players who convince us that they might have been artists even if they had been born without hands.'"

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In a Journal symposium about Americans studying art abroad Walter Damrosch states as his opinion that the ambitious music student may learn all that is needful in America. Mr. Damrosch did not, but he could have pointed to himself as a signal instance of what hard work and modesty will overcome in New York. He was born in Posen, but studied conducting here—as the leader of the New York Symphony Orchestra.——Musical Courier (N. Y.)

* * *

The London Times says of the posthumous pieces by Brahms:

How many organists in this country of organs and organ recitals play, or even know, Brahms's prelude on the choral "O Traurigkeit," or the great fugue in A-flat minor, which have been in existence many a year? One never sees their titles on the numerous lists published each week. It is known that they date from Brahms's earlier period, and at the date of his death, five years ago, it was generally thought that they contained all that Brahms had to say on the organ. But since his death, and later, since his affairs have been settled by the Viennese Court of Chancery, it has transpired that probably the last work which Brahms wrote was for the organ, and the "Vier Ernstet Gesange" are now removed from their position as his "Swan Song." Certainly in the year before his death, Brahms led his more intimate associates to believe that these songs were to form his last work; and very carefully the two or three distinguished friends to whom, apparently, Brahms confided his secret kept faith with him; for it is only within the last few weeks that the fact became known of the existence of the "Elf Choral-Vorspiele" which Messrs. Simrock of Berlin and Berners Street have just published. Yet Dr. Heuberger at least knew in 1896 of their existence, for in a published extract from his diary of June 24, 1896, he refers specifically to the preludes. They are written on three staves, for organ. Two chorales—"Herzlich thut mich verlangen" and "O Welt ich muss dich lassen"—are each treated twice; and here almost more than elsewhere is noticeable Brahms's remarkable facility in highly figurate counterpoint. In some respects the comparison of these variants of the same subject-matter is the most interesting feature of the publication. But all the numbers are worthy of the most careful study. In them one seems to see the hand of Brahms writing the music of Bach, yet the individuality of Brahms is as clearly and emphatically impressed here as on any of his most characteristic works. Nos. 4, 7 and 8 (a lovely and masterly "trifle"), are the Brahms of some of the later songs—and of the "Deutsches Requiem"—full of flowing melody, sustained and quiet dignity, and superb and rightly directed ingenuity. It is sincerely to be wished that organists will pay attention to this work, a most valuable addition to their repertory.

June 2 1902

We have received several letters which may afford instruction or awaken discussion:

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Boston, May 31, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Your proposal to revive the stocks and pillory for the automobilists who, like the Pharisees, appear unto men too fast (see John Phoenix) is an admirable one. I am told that on Long Island and along the Hudson even quiet citizens now go gunning for those insolent lords of the highway; that they build barricades in sunken roads; but here the element of danger enlarges the sport of the automobilist, who, I am told, now wears a shirt of mail. The exposure in stocks or on pillory would be a more valuable corrective or chastener.

There is nothing so efficacious in cases of individual and wanton contempt for the public as the public contempt shown toward one in a ridiculous position. I remember reading that the Tuscans took their bankrupts into the market place in a bier with an empty purse carried before them; all the boys followed; and the bankrupt sat all day circumstante plebe—to be guyed. So, too, at Padua there was a stone, called the stone of turpitude, near the Senate House; and on this stone spendthrifts and all that refused to pay their debts were obliged to sit unbreeched, "that by that note of disgrace others might be terrified from all such vain expense, or borrowing more than they can tell how to pay."

G. H. W.

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Lincoln, Mass., May 29, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I read with much interest in the Journal that Miss Mary McLane, the unconventional young woman from out of the West, is about to tell a waiting world how she found the Devil. This is indeed something worth while. Can it be possible that we have here a modern instance of Alibech and the Hermit in the desert of the Thebaid? If this be so, let us hope that the finding fills a long felt want in her yearning soul, and that the experience was at once startling, soothing, and satisfactory.

Very truly,

SOLOMON STRONG.

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Boston, May 28, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Mrs Ahsalom Hepinstall Shiers has frequently observed in the Talk of the Day sagacious comment on matters of importance, therefore she is not without hope of eliciting from the presiding mind counsel which may further the novel philanthropic project which she and a few close friends have in contemplation. It is that of instituting a club for the moral elevation of the wealthy and for the aesthetic improvement of the poorly-to-do.

These purposes, Mrs. Shiers believes, can be furthered if the club be generally joined by the residents of Beacon Street, Marlborough Street, Commonwealth Avenue, and the cross streets from Arlington to Massachusetts Avenue. To enlist the properly qualified among them, the club will not, at first, be made more inclusive, though properly qualified outsiders may be admitted as non-resident members. Properly qualified here means the possession of a comfortable, airy, well upholstered house or flat, fairly supplied with pictures, books, and bric-a-brac. It is intended that all such houses in and about Boston shall be treated as club-houses during the period between July 1st and October 1st, and this without expecting from the members more than a nominal entrance fee.

Mrs. Shiers, since she has been inspired by the project, has observed with unwonted pleasure the rapidity with which the specified streets are assuming their midsummer appearance of desertion by the first and the more aspiring families of Boston. It needs no prophetic soul to prognosticate that those streets will, for fully three months after July begins, show doors and windows boarded up, blinds drawn down, notices to postmen, and all the usual signs that the dwellings are empty of human life, unless such as may be assumed to animate servants left in charge of the premises. Mrs. Shiers has been and is pained to reflect on the inutility of these residences during the time of abandonment, but she hopes to obtain by the proposed club surcease from that gnawing sorrow, which has been the more poignant because she knows that multitudes of the poor are so crowded during the hot weather in hovels more or less wretched that they would fain live in the streets, and do so as much as possible. Her sorrow will be assuaged when she and the other wealthy know that their establishments are inhabited by as many of the poorer classes of North, South and East Boston as may desire to change their customary dwellings for those in better parts of the town.

The club members shall loan through the club officials their houses to the poor for the three summer months. Mrs. Shiers will take charge, by her butler's hands, of all keys left, properly ticketed, at her residence. The honorary officials will, through a salaried Executive Committee, take care that no house shall be crowded by the summer occupants. A rule will be that not less than eight times as much interior cubic space as the individual poor are accustomed to shall be secured to each guest of the club. An actuary has calculated that this allotment will enable more than half of all the usual residents in the poorer parts of Boston to find room in the streets populated usually by one-fiftieth of their number.

A difference of opinion has arisen. Will this loaning of residences signalize sufficiently the philanthropy of the club? Should the club members leave with their tradesmen orders to supply only coal, kindling, gas, milk and ice, or should the orders include any and everything—except, possibly, stimulants—which the temporary occupants may require? Some say that the more general orders would tend to pauperize the guests. Others think that limitation would impair the widespread reputation of Boston society for overflowing, warm-blooded hospitality. This fear is accompanied by another; that valuable statistics as to the consumption of delicacies by the poor may be lost—and a course of Lowell lectures thus be prevented—unless the club be enabled to collect and tabulate the tradesmen's bills.

The main recommendations of the scheme, such as the cultivation of the aesthetic sense in the poor, and of the philanthropic sentiment in the rich, are too obvious to need specification. Plainly, too, the solidarity of the community would be promoted incalculably by enabling the lower orders to learn how the superior orders live. But the less salient advantages are also of pith and moment. Cats of wealthy habit need not be turned out to a predatory, poor, homeless, lingering, and yet too often brief existence.

Butchers, bakers, green grocers and all tradesmen contiguous to the specified streets would be supplied with summer customers. Cabinet makers, furniture repairers, carpet beaters, chore-women would be greatly blessed by much employment in the fall. The masses, stimulated by what they had learned of pictures, books and decorative objects, would, during the winter, buy the productions of artists and authors, instead of squandering their money in champagne, cigars, silks, furs and the thousand and other mere luxuries to which they must usually devote their earnings, since they accumulate so little capital.

Mrs. Shiers has mentioned a nominal entrance fee. This has not yet been determined. Of course the names of all club members will be extensively published, and also preserved forever, associated with those of the first families, in the Boston Blue Book. Some entrance fee is necessary that remuneration for the executive officials may be provided. Their hard task will be largely that of explaining to the guests the uses of many of the objects with which it is so desirable they should be familiarized.

E. de L. S.

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June 3 1902

"Mr. Choate, Ambassador, will go to the coronation in a plain carriage, in which he daily drives about London." Is this a hansom? Hansom is that hansom does. "Mr. Whitelaw Reid will occupy a royal carriage." This shows the power of the press. Mr. Reid is not so stout a man as Mr. Choate, yet he will "occupy" his carriage, so that there will not be room for another. Let us hope that these distinguished men will loll or sprawl at ease, to show that they are accustomed to such luxuries and at the same time to preserve the tradition of American independence. Although there are numerous victims of the hack habit in Boston, few assume a position of ease when driven. One looks as though he were chained, another as though he feared an accident, another as though he were brooding over the cost of his pleasure. Let Messrs. Choate and Reid be loose-limbed, devitalized, insouciant. Let them not blink when they look on royalty and gew-gaws. Does not the American eagle gaze steadily and with serene defiance at the blazing sun?

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"Virginia Harned will meet Arthur Pinero when she arrives in London." Important news, that should have been cabled. Of the two we congratulate Arthur.

We read in a newspaper that trousers came in a hundred years ago as the result of drink. (This reminds us that our latest pair—1899—are cut as though they were the result of drink.) The Old World royalty drank heavily; gout swelled legs; knee breeches and stockings became impossible. Nonsense. Brillat-Savarin gave the origin of this absurd garment. He was speaking of those to whom nature refused gastronomic taste: "They have long faces, long noses, and large eyes; whatever their height, they have always in their tournour a character of elongation. They have black and straight hair, and are above all deficient in embonpoint; it is they who invented trousers."

The automoholist that goes at a high rate of speed is in danger of contracting empyema of the sphenoidal sinus. Should not this alone deter him?

F. D. C. of Nantucket writes: "Will you kindly lend your efforts to prevail upon the Boston Journal to quit now and forever using that vulgar substitute 'stunt' (originated by the New York yellow press) for the proper word 'stent,' which means an allotted task."

But we like the word "stunt." "Stent" we believe is the original form; it is a Scotch term for a task that must be performed within an allotted time. "Stent" is not an impressive word; it suggests some measly job which is drawn out by a lazy-bones. "Stint" is little better; but "stunt" is heroic. We see the man straining every nerve and sinew; his eyes protrude; he drips sweat. And stunt is now used colloquially in a more liberal sense. Miss Flossie Blackwell Smythe does a stunt when she writes a thrilling historical novel in which Napoleon, Aaron Burr, Lincoln and Mary, Queen of Scots, are introduced, all interesting and affable.

Boston, May 30, 1902.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

At the New York dinner to our French guests they served "amontillado pasado." The Massachusetts tariff of 1692 required 20 shillings on every pipe of imported Fayal, 25 shillings on port, 30 shillings on Madeira, 40 shillings on canary, malaga or sherry, and 35 shillings for "every pipe of Passado wine." What is this passado or pasado? Apparently the dry wines paid less than the sweet stuff, and pasado belonged to the more expensive class. Apparently the pasado class was not known in Massachusetts until about 1690, and assuredly our pundits have never explained just what it was. Needless to add the sorrowful information that 250 years ago our Boston taverns served better Spanish wines, and greater variety, than today. You could have montilla and manzanilla, pajarete and muscatel, tinto and other kinds, all enumerated in the tariff of those days, when men were supposed to prefer long sermons to wild turkey, tinto and "other wines from the streights." French wines, as the tariff shows, were less valued. And then we fancy that the old fellows of the seventeenth century came here to practise abstinence.

PROVINCE LAW.

There are conflicting statements concerning the word "amontillado." One writer says the term is applied to three-year old sherry; another that reference is made to a peculiarly, subtly bitter flavor, etc., etc. And so has there been long continued dispute over the words "sherris" and "sack." James Howell in a letter to Lord Cliff (1634) wrote as follows about Spanish wines: "Those kinds that our merchants carry over, are those onely that grow upon the Seaside, as Malagas, Sheries, Tents, and Aligants: of this last there's little comes over right, therefore the Vinteners have Tent (which is a name for all wines in Spain except white) to supply the place of it." Does "pasado" refer to the date of the vintage? The foreign dictionaries are singularly dumb with reference event to amontillado. As for sherry, itself, it made its way to England under Henry VII., was a favorite during the Elizabethan years, fell out of favor and was replaced by madeira until Lord Holland reinstated it in glory. As the poet sweetly sang in 1822:

Fair Sherry, Port's sister, for years they dismiss'd her,
To the kitchen to flavor the jellies—
There long she was banish'd and well-nigh had vanish'd
To comfort the kitchen-maids' bellies—
Till His Majesty fixt, he thought Sherry when sixty
Years old, like himself, quite the thing—
So I think it but proper, to fill a tip-topper
Of Sherry to drink to the King.

In Spain itself sherry was used merely as a liqueur, and good sherry was dear.

June 8/ 1902

The summer dawn I cannot see,
The roses are not sweet to me;
Dew fall from rain I cannot tell;
Nor can I hear the passing bell,
Although I lie so near the gate
Where coffins and their bearers wait.
But, let my lover pass, I know
His footstep in my grave below
The rose he planted, and the old
Delight in this my breast grown cold,
Stirs and awakes; I lie aglow—
I, buried near a year ago.

We saw in a shop window a young man of waxen pallor, elegantly dressed ina thirteen-dollars-and-a-half suit, utterly exhausted if not comatose. In one hand he held a cigar; in the other a magazine. Which of the two reduced him to his miserable condition? a state so wretched that even the excellence of his suit cannot awaken him to activity.

That man is to be pitied, as Dr. Johnson would say, who finds no pleasure in shop windows. Women are concerned chiefly with things displayed that they covet and often cannot purchase. You then see strained faces, eyes that are as hooked, with ravenous claws. A shop-girl fascinated by the show of a jewcler is an interesting study for sociologist and moralist.

A newsboy before a tobacconist's is also a pleasant and instructive sight. But a full-grown man studies windows in a spirit of agreeable indifference; he is amused and often reconciled to the period in which his life is passing. Bromfield Street has lately been rich in affording this cheap diversion. We flattened our nose on the pane, and enjoyed a picture of the Sayres-Heenan fight. We were impressed especially by the plug-hats of the bystanders, by their coats, as well as by their ostentatious good spirits. Pictures of coaching in England are always entertaining, and they bring up chapters of Dickens and the sublime fantasia of De Quincey. No ale ever refreshed as that offered to the tired squire at the top of the hill. In this weather "The Baths of Caracalla" is a delight; the women are not particularly desirable, they are the conventional, beefy, thick-ankled models of Alma-Tadema; but the scene as a whole is cool, and the architecture shames the efforts of our talented young men who have studied at the Beaux-Arts and speak seriously of Trinity and the Public Library. Other windows show nudes and demi-nudes, fish, lobsters, second-hand furniture, watches, digressions of the apothecary from his business in drugs, etc., etc.

We spoke of cool things, as the Baths of Caracalla, the soapless baths, and nudes and demi-nudes. Let us continue to be cool. Here is an account of the water-cure as practised by the Dutch, on Englishmen on the Island of Amboyna in 1622. We quote from Sanderson's History of King James:

First, they hoisted up the examinant by the hands with a cord, on a large door, fastening him upon two staples of iron on the top, as wide as the arms could stretch; his feet hung to the ground, stretched out to their full length and width, and fastened to the bottom of the door; then they wrapped a cloth about his neck and face, so close that no water could go by. This done, pouring the water leisurely upon his head, and filling the cloth up to his mouth and nostrils, that he could not draw breath, but must withal suck in water, and so continued till it forced its way out at his nose, eyes and ears, stifling and choaking him into a swoon or fainting; but being taken down, they made him vomit out the water, and so, somewhat recovered, they tortured him again four or five times, till his body was swelled three times bigger, his cheeks like bladders, and his eyes staring out beyond his brows.

Alfonso, the King, may dislike bull fights and propose to substitute horse races, but what will his people say? Ferdinand VII. was from time to time peculiarly atrocious, and then his faithful folk approvingly exclaimed: "Caramba! He's a King and no mistake." Narvaez was a favorite in Spain and yet, when on his death bed the priest urged him to forgive his enemies, he muttered: "There's no use in doing that, for there is no one alive to pardon me. I had them all shot." What are a few bulls? Furthermore the women—the Spanish women, for we do not refer to Mrs. Curry—would he the first to object. Mrs. Curry was upset by the sight; Spanish women sometimes faint in their seats, but from spasmodic delight.

This Professor Angelo Heilprin who ascended Mt. Pelée was already famous as a climbing explorer. He was the first to determine the pre-eminence of Orizaba among Mexican mountains, and now he is more fortunate than the elder Pliny, whom vomiting Vesuvius angrily destroyed for his scientific curiosity. The soldiers of Cortez lowered their leader into the crater of Popocatapetl, that he might collect sulphur for their gunpowder, but the French and not Pizarro's soldiery were the first to explore the Andes. (In 1735, three Academicians and others climbed Pichincha.) Humboldt in 1802 asserted that he reached a height of 19,286 feet on Chimborazo. This mountain is 20,545 feet high according to Whymper, who got to the top in 1879. In 1898 Conway climbed Sorata, or Ilampu, but the first English climber of the Andes was an Irishman, Pentland, who made a partial ascent of Illimani, which he insisted is 24,250 feet high.

And now a party of Englishmen, Austrians and a Swiss intend to climb some of the Himalayas this summer. They will attempt the Godwin Austen (28,250) and the Dapsang (28,265), and then, if they are alive, they will try Everest (29,002). The record in Himalayan mountaineering is now held by Conway, who climbed the Pioneer peak (21,000) in 1892. But is it possible to climb Everest? Will mountain sickness, due to diminished atmospheric pressure, or reduced supply of oxygen prevent? Of course the higher one goes the less scientific work is one able to do. Then the hot days and the cold nights and the uncertainty of the weather increase in geometrical progression. An authority declares that the ascent would cost at least $50,000, and that two or three consecutive years should be devoted to the task. Furthermore, Indian politics enter into the problem. But he, indeed, is a hero that braves the mysterious Himalayas, the home of strange and terrible gods. "Israfel" has hinted at the awful charm. "For the Himalaya enlarges your credulity; nothing could be more wonderful or seemingly more impossible than this Himalaya! Those ghostly opalescent mists might be the ethereal essence of Maeterlinck; those pallid, deathless snows might be Buddha's self materialized; the dreamy sensuous charm of the lotus here breathes of meditation; in this rarefied air Death and Life do not seem quite so set and conventional—they are blent rather into a kind of hermaphroditical state, so to speak."

June 5. 1902

There is already talk about vacation. One of the best ways of resting is to engage in a different occupation from that by which you make your living. Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, tired out, showed torpor and morbid irritability. He consulted the doctors, he traveled in company with S. T. Coleridge, he tried all manner of remedies. At last "as a desperate attempt to rouse and irritate the decaying sensibility of his system," he opened a butcher's shop, "conceiving that the affronts and disputes to which such a situation would expose him might act beneficially upon his increasing torpor." This Mr. Wedgwood was young, rich, popular, of acknowledged learning, publicly honored.

Then there was Mr. Tolman in Stockton's story, who left his business to open a circulating library in a little town. But never mind Wedgwood or Tolman. An ideal vacation is not necessarily rest from labor. A vacation should correct some mental twist as well as exercise forgotten muscles.

It would be well for a shy man to serve a month as conductor of a trolley car, barker for a merry-go-'round, ticket seller for a summer show. A man who prides himself—poor, misguided wretch—on being a hustler, should spend some weeks in a Cape Cod village, where he would soon learn the folly of activity. The "manana" of the Spaniards is the "right away" of the Cape Codder, to whom the tropical sloth is mercurial nimbleness. The most "practical" plumber could learn lessons of delay in Barnstable County.

A vacation might be spent pleasantly in the Boston Public Library. It would be a restful holiday. We do not advise Bates Hall, but the room where the newspaper files are kept is cool, and the rooms of the special libraries are delightfully airy and unfrequented. There is an elevator, and no one need heat eyes or temper by looking at Mr. Abbey's pictures on the walls. With a little practice Mr. Sargent's idea of a mural decoration can be avoided. You are not crowded; a picture book or the score of an opera, or some Spanish volume is an excuse for daily visits; rest is more assured than at a summer cottage; there are no screaming children, thumped pianos, exuberant young women making up a golf or a sailing party. And as nearly all modern novels of any true interest are starred by watchful and sensitive officials, there is no possible danger of accidental or self-inflicted injury to your morals.

We acknowledge the receipt of "Listen," No. 7 of the third volume of a monthly journal, published at Evansville, Ind. The leading editorial article says: "The editor of 'Listen' wishes to say that we are indebted to your departed friend Ralph Waldo Emerson for all the knowledge we have in the different lines we are publishing in this paper. * * * We knew that there were some grand truths in the teachings of Jesus Christ, but could not comprehend just what Jesus meant, until we had studied Mr. Emerson's ideas. After years of hard studying of Mr. Emerson's works, we caught his ideas." The editor is slow and not wholly sure of his pronouns, but the assistant editor should not have been obliged to wrestle so heroically, with Mr. Emerson's ideas, for she is an astrologer—yes, Miss M. Gertrude Punshon wears a man's collar and is an astrologer. For 50 cents you can provide yourself with a pamphlet, an "Esoteric System of Teaching, Concerning Halos, Aureolas, and the Nimbus." After mastering its contents you can make your halo fit.

Did Judge Kohlsaat, who will go down to posterity in company with Solomon, Daniel, and Judge Bridlegoose, ever read Menagiana, or Gautier's "Les Grotesques"? Both Ménage and Gautier stole outrageously from Mr. Gross, the eminent playwright of Chicago.

Cyrano de Bergerac lived in the 17th century (1620-1665), so did Gilles Ménage (1613-1692). We find Ménage saying—Ménagiana vol. III., p. 216—"Bergerac was a great swordsman. His nose, which was exceedingly disfigured, led him to slay more than ten. He could not endure any one looking at it, and his hand went at once to his sword." Théophile Gautier was another unblushing plagiarist. He began his chapter on Cyrano ("Les Grotesques," Chap. VI.) with a dissertation on the length of the nose as diagnostic of mind, bravery and all fine qualities. He also refers to the dictum of the Salernitan school: "Noscitur a naso quanta, etc.," by which women sometimes have been cruelly deceived. Then he gives two pages to a description of Cyrano's nose, this "improbable" nose which covers the side of a three-quarter portrait. "It forms, in the middle, a mountain, which seems to me to be, next to the Himalaya, the highest mountain in the world; then it plunges toward the mouth, which it throws into deep shadow, as the proboscis of a tapir, or the beak of a bird of prey; at the end it is divided into two parts by a cut, like, although more pronounced, the furrow that cuts the cherry lip of Austrian Anne, the white queen with long ivory hands. It is as though there were two distinct noses on one face, which is too much for habitude. Some hunting dogs show this conformation; it is a sign of an unusually kindly nature; the portraits of Saint Vincent de Paule or of Deacon Francois Paris will show you the best characterized types of this kind of structure; but Cyrano's nose is less pasty, less fleshly in the outline, there is more of bone and gristle, there is a higher polish; it is more heroic. * * * As the duels of his day did not end with a late breakfast, and as Cyrano was a skillful duelist, there was risk of receiving a good sword-thrust in the belly and of carrying off a doublet with more button-holes than it had in the first place, and so everybody soon found the shape of Cyrano's nose exceedingly becoming. * * * Every man should make his nose respected, it is his duty, but Cyrano was not content with grievously wounding or killing those that did not seem to be satisfied with his olfactory apparatus, he wished to establish as a principle that everyone should have a big nose, that the snub-nosed are miserable abortions, creatures scarcely sketched, for whom Nature blushed. He advances this singular paradox in his 'Voyage à la lune.' * * * Without a nose, according to him, no courage, wit, adroitness, passion, nothing that goes to make up a man: the nose is the seat of the soul, it distinguishes man from the brute, because no animal has a nose like that of a man. Ah! Monsieur Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac! it seems to me that you twist for your own benefit too openly the fable of the fox without a tail."

June 6, 1902

Lord! what a busie, restless thing
Hast thou made man!
Each day and houre he is on wing,
Rests not a span.
Then having lost the Sunne and light,
By clouds surpriz'd,
Hadst thou given to this active dust
A state untir'd,
The lost Sonne had not left the huske,
Nor home desir'd.
That was thy secret, and it is
Thy mercy too;
For when all failes to bring to blisse,
Then this must doe.
Ah! Lord! and what a Purchase will that be,
To take us sick, that sound would not take thee!

The day after a prize fight distinguished for "terrific slugging," the victor, and he that was made a "chopping block," meet in a barroom, "without a mark on them," assure each other of most respectful consideration, and open wine for the crowd. We observe that Boers and Britons at Vereeniging indulge in "remarkable scenes of fraternization."

Shrewsbury calls Foxhall Keene "my dear Keene," and Keene does not say "Me Lud," but just "Shrewsbury," as though he were ordering oysters, so there will be no need of international arbitration, and we can all attend to the settlement of this burning question: Should everybody in a room rise when a member of the President's family enters? It appears that this question is discussed seriously at Washington, where snobbery has run riot for years.

Mr. Jenkins of Wisconsin is amazed at the thought of a President going to Chicago and getting drunk. And yet at least four Presidents of the United States were given to strong drink, nor did they go outside of Washington for full enjoyment.

The Mackintosh of Mackintosh is on the list of Coronation peers. Will he go in a mackintosh?

A pleasant list of articles of dress named after men and women might easily be drawn up. Mackintosh, raglan, garibaldi, sontag, gibus, Wellington, blucher, havelock, derby, fontagne, bloomer, stanley, vandyke—many names are thus preserved. Noblemen of England were made immortal by a sandwich and negus. In this country our prominent statesmen and play actresses give their names to cheap cigars, and thus show that fame is smoke.

Captain Olsen of the brigantine Fredericka Schepp brought a cargo of cocoanuts from Corn Island and St. Andrews to New York. He was asked whether the natives of the island were civilized. "Well, they don't wear gloves nor go to church much, but they are more civilized than some people here. They will answer a civil question, and they won't rob you. A man can go ashore and leave his ship without locking everything up." Now suppose these tests of civilization were applied to Boston and New York? In New York there might be a civil answer, and in Boston there might be no robbery, but how about the two tests together in either city?

Mr. Erwin Pfhul of Wilkesbarre has asked the court to allow him to change his name. And yet he stood it for 40 years. What was the precise nature of the joke that served as the last straw?

A. J. F. writes: "My boy Augustus is much interested in dogs, and I have promised him a pet for the seaside. Do you know of any first class book about dogs?

We do, we do. We recommend heartily "Of English Dogs, the Diversities, the Names, the Natures, and the Properties," by John Caius, M. D. The book was first published in 1576, but the dogs described therein are easily recognized today. Take, for instance, the dog called in Latin, Canis Lunarius, in English, the Mooner:

"Because he doth nothing else but watch and ward at an nyche, wasting the wearisome night season without slumbering or sleeping; bawing and wawing at the moon."

The mastiff is "vast, huge, stubborn, ugly and eager; of a heavy and hurdenous body, and therefore but of little swiftness, terrible and frightful to behold; and more fierce and fell than any Arcadian cur. * * * a kind of dog striking cold fear into the hearts of men."

And do not women today delight in spaniels, or as Caius says, plant their pleasure in them?

"These dogs are little, pretty, proper, and fine; and sought for to satisfy the delicateness of dainty dames, and wanton women's wills, instruments of folly for them to play and dally withal, to trifle away the treasure of time, to withdraw their minds from more commendable exercises. * * * A silly shift, to shirk irksome idleness! These puppies the smaller they be, the more pleasure they provoke, as more meet bayfellows for mincing mistresses to bear in their bosoms, to keep company withal in their chambers, to succor with sleep in bed, and nourish with meat at board, to lay in their laps, and lick their lips as they ride in their vaycons. That plausible proverb verified upon a tyrant, namely 'that he loved his sow better than his son' may well be applied to this kind of people; who delight more in dogs, that are deprived of all possibility of reason, than they do in children that be capable of wisdom and judgment. But this abuse, peradventure, reigneth where there hath been long lack of issue; or else, where barrenness is the best blossom of beauty."

Buy Caius's book, and you will not regret it. As Mr. Abraham Fleming said: Dr. Caius, the rayenous devourer of learning, rippeth up the nature of English dogs so apparently, that the mouth of the adversary must needs confess and give sentence that commendation ought to be his reward.

Mr. Sims comments on the death of Severo, a "ghastly accident, but it is nothing to what will happen before the traffic of great cities is conducted in the air." Mr. Sims mentions De Groot, the flying man, who ascended from Cremorne and fell and was smashed to pieces in Chelsea. There were attempts to make such performances illegal. He might have named other daring men and yet not gone back to Icarus. There was Mr. John Baptist Dante of Perugia, who experimented in the 15th century. He ingeniously made for himself wings and flew several times over the lake of Trasimenus. Oldoina tells the story of his downfall. His success inspired him with the boldness to divert the whole city of Perugia with the sight. "The time he pitched upon was the solemnity of the marriage of Bartholomew d'Alviano with the sister of John Paul Baglioni. When the crowd of spectators was assembled in the great square, behold, our Dante at once shooting from the highest place of the city appeared all covered with feathers and moving two large wings in the midst of the air. He directed his flight over the square and struck the people with admiration. Unfortunately the iron with which he managed one of his wings broke; and then, not being able to balance the weight of his body, he fell on the Church of Our Lady and broke his thigh." They mended him; but his end was a terrible one: he was made professor of mathematics at Venice and died of sickness before he was 40 years old.

June 7. 1902

Why fear? The light wind whitens all the brine,
And throws fresh foam upon the marble shores,
Or it may be that strong and strenuous oars
Must force the shallops o'er the hyaline:
But welcome utter calm or bitter blast—
The voyage will be done, the island reached at last.

The education of Mrs. Lily Langtry's daughter "has been of the most correct kind, yet she has not been denied the enjoyments of English life." A puzzling, contradictory statement.

Colonial slippers with buckles are not for all feet. The bigger the buckle, the smaller the foot should be.

The short spell of hot weather brought out "fatigue" shirts and belts. As in former years, many wearers insisted on starched collars and wristbands and thereby destroyed the inherent comfort of the garment. Thus is a fatigue shirt quickly fatigued.

Has any keen investigator of scientific problems stated in a formula the precise heating power of a pair of suspenders? The belt is cooler; there is no doubt of this; but it is not given to everyone to wear a belt becomingly. Some physicians assert—they are, for the most part, passionate surgeons—that the belt superinduces appendicitis, a disease that in past years has enjoyed no little popularity, although today there is more talk about ping pong.

The combination of belt and shirt is no new thing. In the late thirties the gilded youth of Paris wore a handsomely-embroidered belt, and in summer, no waistcoat. Those were the days of gorgeous shirt-fronts, shirts that cost 50 francs or more apiece.

Suspenders, braces gallowses, are a thing of recent invention. Lord Chesterfield never wore them, and Sidney Smith in 1843 named braces among the 18 changes in social manners which had taken place since he was a young man. Were braces used much before 1823? Gallowses is a word of more respectable age. Bailey's Dictionary (1730) thus defines it: "Contrivances made of cloth, and hooks and eyes, worn over the shoulders by men to keep their breeches up;" and Southey wrote in a letter (1813): "He used to have books, pen, ink and paper, breeches, gallowses, neck cloth, and rolls and butter, all upon the breakfast table at the same time." So in Swiss German we find "galgen." "Braces" does not appear before the nineteenth century. Rust says in his "Good Old Times" (1888): "Braces: this article of dress was regarded with contempt by the old men of 1816." The obstinate determination of Sir Charles Wetherell never to brace up his trousers was once alluded to in a Parliamentary debate, unless Sala was in error.

In the early eighties dress-reformers argued in behalf of suspenders for women. Dr. Horace Dobell made a gallant fight against the proposition: "Unless we wish to multiply curved spines and defective chests, and to exchange the graceful freedom characteristic of a woman's carriage of her head, chest and shoulders, for the poke-neck and hang-dog look so common among men, we shall not try to persuade our girls to strap themselves down with braces instead of supporting their clothes upon their hips, and leaving free the important upper half of the body. Even men are better without their braces; and they always get rid of them, if they can, when they desire to have free action for their arms and the upper parts of their bodies." Venus was content with her cestus.

But a short, fat, sweaty man with a tightly strapped belt, whether the shirt bulge or be clammy, is a loathsome object. Then there is the problem of drawers. Some attempt to solve this by the use of safety-pins, a return to infancy with its attendant horrors. It is a singular fact that the more intrepid drawers climb quickly above the belt, and when the wearer tries to regulate them, even in the street at noon and in the sight of the people, they rush madly toward the knees. Even a hero is not respected by his drawers, however chesty his gait may be.

Boston, May 31, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Coming of a most respectable New England family who scorn slang and abhor profanity, I am constantly astonished at hearing from their lips the exclamation "Godfrey!" Throughout New England this ejaculation is frequently heard, sometimes in the form of "Godfrey mighty," "Godfrey domine" is also not unusual. The half of my family, however, who are descended from Bostonians, often exclaim, when stirred by really vivid emotion, "Godfrey dolman!" This I have never heard from others than my kin till, a few days ago, in one of the large "department stores," I overheard one saleswoman say to another: "Godfrey dolman! Do they think we haven't got anything to do but sit and fold our hands?"

Can you tell me the origin of this exclamation and its various additions? I cannot believe that, like "Goddy," commonly heard in Martha's Vineyard, it is a substitution for "God."

NEW ENGLANDER.

We fear that "Godfry" is a substitution for the name of the Supreme Being, just as "goldarned" is a softened form of a vigorous expression that for years typified England in its attitude toward all other countries. Of course some one will arise and say that Colonel or Judge Godfry was a man of such importance and integrity that his name was used as a binding oath, just as some one insists that "so long" was originally Malayan. But this gallant Colonel or learned Judge must have accomplished the feat of living in several places at the same time. Why "Godfry dolman"? We are stumped; although we might hem and haw and say with Sir Thomas Browne: "What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture." A dolman is a long Turkish robe, open in front, with narrow sleeves; or the uniform jacket of a hussar, worn like a cape, with the sleeves hanging loose; or a woman's mantle with cape-like appendages instead of sleeves; and there is even such a thing as a dolmanette. But what has Godfry to do with it? There should be a Dictionary of English Profanity. The Germans are provided with such a work, although their profanity is weak, unimpressive, and often laboriously pedantic.

Mr Charles Dixon does not believe that nest building is a matter of blind instinct or inherited habit; he says that birds have intelligence or reason. He finds that certain birds adapt themselves to altered conditions of life, and young birds, especially when they are reared apart from their kind, are unable to build nests typical of their kind. They that are interested in these architects and in the habits of nestless and parasitic birds should read his "Birds' Nests: an Introduction to the Science of Caliology." Caliology, by the way, is a good word, and we will defend it with our sword, but it is not in the great Oxford English Dictionary.

June 8. 1902

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES of singers or players of musical instruments are often a disappointment, even when they are not written by some newspaper friend. Among the best of these works are the memoirs of Kelly, Parke, Santley, Mapleson, Biangini, Ditters dorf. Among the least satisfactory or the dullest are those by William Mason, Marchesi. The most entertaining gossipers often forget important dates, or are afraid to tell what the reader fain would know. Many take themselves seriously, as though they were in bronze or marble, on a pedestal. Many insist on telling what they think about art instead of giving an account of their life in theatre or concert-hall, describing the operatic conditions of their period, throwing a search-light on the lives of their colleagues.

Gen. Lambert used to say that the best of men are but men at the best, and James Aubrey in the preface to his "Curious Lives of Eminent Men" wrote "These Arcana are not fitt to lett flie abroad, till about 30 yeares hence; for the author and the persons (like medlars) ought to be rotten first." Nevertheless why does not love Boswell for his impertinent curiosity, or Diogenes Laertius, who tells us that Aristotle wore on his belly a leather purse full of warm oil, and that they found in his house after his death a lot of earthen vases. It is also a joy to know that Erasmus did not like fish, although he lived in a fishing town. Suppose that Melba should write the true story of her career; or that Mr. Grau should tell all he knows about his singers.

Marie Sasse has written her memoirs: "Souvenirs d'une Artiste." Surely the woman that created Sélika in Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" and was the Elisabeth in the historic performance of "Tannhäuser," a woman of travel and stormy life, should have something to say.

She was first known on the stage as Sax, but she changed this to Sass, because Sax, the inventor of certain wind instruments, brought action against her for the use of his name! She was born Sasse, at Ghent in 1838, although she does not mention the year of her birth.

Her father was a bandmaster, and she first sang in public at a regimental concert at Charleroi. She was 13; she had the aplomb of ignorant youth; and she wore a short white skirt, which allowed, according to the then prevailing fashion, her little lace-edged drawers to be seen. A born prima donna, for one of her selections was the mad scene from "Lucia." The officers were so pleased that the Colonel obtained a subsidy from the Government for her that she might study at the Brussels Conservatory. The decree was signed the day they buried her father. Mother and daughter returned to Ghent, where the mother worked with her hands, and the daughter studied at the Conservatory. They were very poor; but Marie secured an engagement at the Casino des Galeries Saint-Hubert at Brussels. She signed a contract for six months at 300 francs a month for a nightly appearance. The story of her début is entertaining; her anxiety about a fitting costume; her fright that choked her voice; but the audience was kindly, and in her second number she showed her abilities. At the end of six months the manager offered her thrice her salary, but Marie preferred to sing in Paris even at a smaller salary.

In Paris she appeared at the Ambassadeurs, and finally at the Café du Géant. She sang operatic selections and patriotic songs. Meanwhile she studied with Delphine Ugalde, who succeeded in putting her on the stage of the Théâtre Lyrique, where she made her début in 1859 as the Countess in "The Marriage of Figaro." Her success was instantaneous. She then sang in "Orpheus," "Der Freischütz," and she created the Bacchante in "Philemon and Baucis." In 1860 she made her début at the Opéra in "Robert the Devil." She signed there a contract for three years, a "progressive contract," at 12,000, 15,000 and 18,000 francs, but her success as Alice was such that the manager destroyed this contract and gave her 30,000, 35,000 and 40,000. As a matter of fact, she received 60,000 the second year and 80,000 the third. She assures us, however, that her head remained unturned. "I was too young." She sang in many operas:

"The Jewess," "Pierre de Médicis," "Il Trovatore," "Don Carlos," "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," "The Huguenots," "L'Africaine," "Tannhäuser," "Don Giovanni," Gounod's "Queen of Sheba." She sang in Italy (1867, Florence; 1868, Milan); Dom Pedro wished her to go to Brazil, but she refused. The war broke out. Marie prudently put her savings in a bank at Brussels. She had signed a contract in St. Petersburg, where she received 40,000 a month. "I have sung nearly all over Europe; if I have not crossed the Atlantic and Pacific, it is because I did not wish it; there is no warmer, sentient public than the Russian."

"If at Paris singers are recalled, they see in the theatre only people standing, hurrying to get out, a moving forest of tall hats, jammed on barren or fertile heads. In Russia art is respected, and this respect is shown even to the interpreters of works."

At Cairo she had a beautiful time. The theatre rained flowers on her, her carriage, that of the Viceroy, was unharnessed and drawn by wild-eyed admirers, while swarms of Arabs with torches hurrahed. Furthermore her five months there were worth 250,000 francs to her, besides a benefit of 80,000 francs, and costly jewels innumerable.

Then she visited Madrid, and was frightened at her début, because the manager insisted that she should sing in "Anna Polena," in which she was not at her ease, but before the curtain fell she triumphed. She sang at Lisbon; at Barcelona, where she met Tamagno, then at the beginning of his career. When she returned to Paris, her voice left her, and a year was spent in a cure. She made a concert tour with Tua, who was then 11 years old. Afraid of risking a reappearance

at the Paris Opéra, she left the stage and began to teach. Her first pupil was the celebrated Rose Caron.

This story of her life is told with good humor and fluently. Still more interesting are the pages devoted to her relations with composers in whose works she sang. She did not like Meyerbeer at first, nor was he impressed by her, for when in search of a Sélika, he was asked to see Sasse in a certain part; he saw her and said: "And they bother me for this!" But he saw her again, coached her most carefully in "The Huguenots," consulted her about certain passages in "L'Africaine" and at last exclaimed: "Now I have found my African!" The family of Meyerbeer carried out his wishes and Marie, in the face of managerial opposition, created the part. In this section Mme. Sasse pays the art of Miolan-Carvalho a glowing tribute.

According to her Wagner was extremely affable in spite of his nerves, and everybody at the Opéra, from prima donna to machinist, sang his praise. He was adroit in obtaining by considerate treatment and persuasion the best work from everybody. "I may say he was even affectionate toward me. His judicious artistic advice, and his personal coaching as the composer were infinitely precious to me." He gave her the score used at rehearsals. "Whoever saw, as I saw, Wagner the great genius cry like a child, the last night, understood well the anguish through which he passed, and could explain in a measure the extravagance to which the sharpness of an unhealed wound incited him in later days." Here she refers undoubtedly to Wagner's "The Capitulation," that bitter, scurrilous pamphlet against the French.

She first met Verdi in 1862, and she rehearsed under him the part of Hélène in "Les Vêspres Siciliennes," that had been written for Cruvelli. "He was exacting, harsh, often, I may say, brutal. Sharp words escaped him, and many times I have wept in the course of our daily meetings. Then he grew gentle, made excuses, encouraged me, and we began again, like mad." She admits that his lessons were of incalculable worth. He made her voice more supple, yet "he was of a most disobliging humor." On the same page she says that she wished to sing Aida at Cairo, and she asked Verdi by telegraph whether he would change certain passages which did not suit her voice. "He replied 'Impossible,' and he refused absolutely."

Gounod was most gallant; "he never spoke to women except with most exquisite address." It was always a pleasure for her to meet Saint-Saëns and Massenet.

But what does Marie say of her husband, Castlemary, who died on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in 1897, as he was singing Tristan in "Martha"? She speaks kindly of him. Now Castlemary, whose name was Castan, was an unusual man as well as artist. Of noble family, yet of modest, almost shy, bearing, he was every inch a gentleman, and beloved by all who came in contact with him. Vizentini tells us that at one time he paid extraordinary attention to his dress, but the foible, if a foible, was harmless. Marie met him at Marseilles, where he was engaged as basso cantante. "I made a still better impression on him than I did on the public, because soon after my arrival he offered me his hand." They were married in 1864, and through her he was engaged at the Opéra where he made his début as Saint-Bris and created the part of Don Diego in "L'Africaine." She did not wish to go to Brazil, for she would not leave France, "doubly my country through marriage and my grateful affection." But about the time of Don Pedro's offer—indeed, was it not before this offer?—the singers were separated by decree of court—Pougin says in January, 1867. And what was the trouble? Marie talks much about her mother, whom she dearly loved, and who died at the age of 85. "She was of a somewhat authoritative temperament," and she insisted on living with her daughter and son-in-law. "Between my mother and my husband was such utter incompatibility of temper that I felt it my duty to leave her for a time. I rented and furnished an apartment not far from mine; but it was all I could do to keep her from my side. She came every day, she busied herself, and dined before going home. There was continual discord, then, as often happens in this world between mother-in-law and son-in-law, I was naturally mixed up in it. There was irritation on both sides, and finally, brought to a choice, it was M. Castlemary whom I left." Another instance of "The Campaigner." But was Marie another Rosa? I doubt it. Vizentini in his amusing "Derrière la Toile" (1868), described the singer as follows: "And here is Marie Sass, the outrageous Rabelaisian! See her laughing, running about, falling head first into the stage-box! Hear her tell in ecstasy the jolliest stories instead of vocalising! Wonder at her swallowing grogs, bouillons, arrack, wine, beer, ham, bacon, sausages! What of it: her golden voice will not suffer thereby and she will only be the more passionate, this fiery, inimitable Sélika. Is it truly a golden voice? Some say bronze; others, velvet. At any rate, it is exceptional and of astounding sonorousness. Never wearied, never overworked, Mme. Sass lavishes her wealth with rare generosity. Sometimes there is a lack of style, but there is force, breadth, tenderness, perfect equality, as well as homogeneousness. The delivery is frank, the skill is genuine. One might wish more care in action, more restraint in method. But it is a stunning voice!"

The last chapter of Marie Sasse's book is an exposition of her views on teaching. I may speak of this chapter next Sunday.

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The London correspondent of the Musical Courier says that while Kocian's technic and tone "are quite as good as those of Kubelik, he possesses much more temperament than that very popular violinist, and it will not be surprising if, when he has increased his experience, he becomes by far the better violinist of the two."——Arens, a tenor who made his début in opera at London as Lohengrin, had already sung there in concert, and, I believe, he has sung in opera at Prague. A London critic says his tones have not much of the tenor quality, and that he probably started as a baritone: "like all tenors of German culture he produces his voice in a hard, unsympathetic manner."——Ada Colley, the Australian nightingale with the top notes, who was married in this country, makes her operatic début at Berlin (Theatre des Westens) as Rosina, May 22.——Blanche Marchesi has been engaged for the Imperial Grand Opera Company, England, and Zélie de Lussan is in the same company.——The Pall Mall Gazette said (May 22) of Nordica's Brünnhilde in "Siegfried": "Mme. Nordica sang Brünnhilde very beautifully indeed. She was inclined to address her remarks—the critic's eternal grumble—rather to the audience than to Siegfried, a position which might well have caused some embarrassment to that hero, for Pennarini, be it said to his great credit, committed no such error, and addressed himself entirely to Brünnhilde. Why do not Mme. Nordica and nine out of ten other interpreters of the part remember that they are supposed to be acting? Let them consider whether any audience would for a moment tolerate a love scene in a speaking play in which the heroine, without taking much account of her lover, scattered her impassioned appeals over the heads of various members of the audience."——A European correspondent says that De Marchi was invited to sing at Berlin because Prince Henry liked him in New York. Nonsense. The tenor was engaged long before the Prince saw Sandy Hook.——Poor Gudehus! He lost his money by the failure of the Leipsic Bank, and now the once famous Wagnerian tenor proposes to sing in music halls.

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"Orsola," a lyrical drama in three acts, book by Gheusi, music by P. and L. Hillemacher, was produced at the Opéra, Paris, May 21. Each of these composers was a prix de Rome, Paul in 1876, Lucien in 1880. Operas by them have been produced at Brussels and Carlsruhe, but "Orsola" is their first opera in Paris. A prix de Rome receives from the director of the Opéra the libretto to which he must put music—and every two years the director is obliged by the terms of his contract with the Government to bring out a work composed by a prix de Rome. Now "Orsola" is wildly melodramatic, in fact hair-raising and blood-curdling. The story is of a Greek island under the power of Venice in the 16th century. The despot Duke is married to a former sweetheart of Silvio, a gallant Captain who has been banished through the intrigues of Orsola, the Duke's mistress, whose love, Silvio, ha! ha! had spur-r-r-ned! Silvio comes back to the island to see the Duchess. They are surprised by Orsola, who orders her devoted slave to kill the Duke and accuse Silvio of the murder. To hear is to obey. The Duke is slain, and Silvio is accused, but he is too much of a gentleman to prove an alibi at the expense of the Duchess, and when he is brought into her presence he swears he was the assassin. Violent scene between the women, and the ghost of the Duke appears to Orsola, who finally goes mad and reveals the plot. Her devoted slave stabs her, and is forthwith led to the scaffold. The Duchess and Silvio receive the Bishop's blessing. The music is often too refined, they say, for such a plot, and when it should be dramatic it is terribly noisy. On the whole a dull show, performed without interest by Ackté, Héglon, Dubois, Bartec and Noté.

June 9

The Era (London) speaks of a sonata, for piano and violin "by the gifted César Franck, who died just as his friends were expecting the highest development of his genius; but during his brief life he produced works which the world will not willingly let die."

H-m-m! Franck died in his 69th year. This sonata was written when he was 64 years old.

* * *

Prof. Wilhelmj has purchased the famous Joseph Guarnerius violin for £2000. The instrument belonged to the late Mr. George Hart, the well-known violin expert, and on his death Mr. Geo. Hart, Jr., refused to part with it, even to Prof. Wilhelmj. The great violinist called on Mr. Hart the other day, and played Bach's Chaconne on the instrument, so delighting Mr. Hart that he exclaimed, "You are the only person to whom I would part with that fiddle." "Then it is mine," replied the Professor, and carried it off. The initials of Guarnerius and the date 1737 are worked in diamonds on the tailpiece, and the pegs and button are set with diamonds and rubies. The case, which is said to be worth £200, is of solid silver, decorated with arabesques.——The Era (May 24).

June 9, 1902

Every day almost carries some news unto our ears, as how the sun was eclipsed, meteors seen i' th' air, monsters born, prodigies; how the Turks were overthrown in Persia; an earthquake in Helvetia, Calabria, Japan, or China; an inundation in Holland; a great plague in Constantinople; a fire at Prague; a dearth in Germany; such a man is made a lord, a bishop another; another hanged, deposed, put to death for some murder, treason, theft, oppression; all of which we do hear at first with a kind of admiration, dubitation, consternation; but by-and-by they are buried in silence; thy father's dead, thy brother rob'd, wife runs mad, neighbor hath kill'd himself; 'tis heavy, ghastly, fearful news at first, in every man's mouth, table-talk; but after a while, who speaks or thinks of it?

Again we loafed lovingly through the street of seductive shop windows. There are some shop-keepers who are never weary of educating as well as pleasing the young. Thus in one window is an admirable set of little pictures that illustrate a cock fight. They are on one side, so that a boy must twist shoulders and neck to see them, but education should not be made too easy.

Nor should cock fights be despised in this strenuous period of American history. Some of the best and noblest of men were given up to the sport, just as John Keats was fond of prize fights and Bishop Wilberforce is said to have assisted at the Heenan-Sayres mill.

(Does not the most poetic and imaginative of American musicians attend all friendly encounters that he may admire the perfect technic of the pugilist?) There was the Earl of Derby, for instance, who feared God and honored the King; the fortunate Earl that married beautiful Miss Farren, a play-actress. When he was 82 years old and aware that Death would call in a few hours, he had a main between his favorite birds in his bedroom. Truly a fine figure of an Englishman, who might have sat for Maginn's portrait of the Earl of Bardolph. This noble Earl in his last moments had a table by his side with a prayer book, a posset cup, the Racing Calendar, and a tankard of ale, although he could not lift the tankard to his mouth. He took leave of his relatives, told them not to come near him again, and then ordered his groom, Joe, to bring a couple of game cocks into the room. He had 25 guineas under his pillow for the doctor, but he bet on his favorite, "the ginger pile," a guinea against the groom's halfpenny. At last he won Joe's capital—five pence halfpenny. He cleared off the coppers from the table into the bed, shoved the purse with the guineas in it toward the groom, "and then he cast his eyes upon the cocks, and the bird he had last backed gave one great loud crow, and the old man's head sunk on the pillow, and he died." The story in illuminated text should go with these pictures, so that our youth may be fired by glorious example to emulation.

It seems as though there were canards about the Cunards. We skimmed the other day an article about the origin of the term canard. The writer made no reference to the old French phrase included by Cotgrave in his French and English dictionary (2d ed., 1673): "Vendeur de canard, a moitié: a cozener, guller, cogger, foister, liar." The man with the gold brick for sale is a lineal descendant of him that sold live half ducks.

Balloonists, from Montgolfier to the unfortunate Brazilian, have all stolen an idea of Cyrano de Bergerac, Mr. Gross's friend. (As for plagiarism, Fontenelle, Voltaire, Swift, Molière, helped themselves freely and without thanks from Nosy. Cyrano in his "Voyage à la lune" pointed out several ways of reaching the moon or the sun, and this was one of them: "To fill a hollow and extremely thin globe with most rarified air or with a vapor of less weight than that of the atmosphere."

The Board of Health of New York has declared ophthalmia to be a contagious disease. Galen and all the Arabian physicians pronounced a like opinion centuries ago. The Board of Health should follow their example and prescribe wine and a cold bath as a remedy. Philagrius, a cautious man, added that if the patient's head be delicate, the wine should be diluted. Burton has a long and curious note on ophthalmia in his "Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Mecca," but he says nothing about its contagious character. "Glare and dust alone seldom cause eye disease. Everyone knows that ophthalmia is unknown in the desert. * * * Native practitioners greatly err by confining their patients in dark rooms, thereby injuring the general health and laying the foundation of chronic disease. They are ignorant that, unless the optic nerve be affected, the stimulus of light is beneficial to the eye." (The most celebrated and successful operator in cases of cataract in Boston long ago gave up the idea of a darkened room.) Ophthalmia generally arises in Egypt from checked perspiration. Some hang to the headdress over the forehead, or over the diseased eye, a Venetian sequin of a particular description. In New York a trade-dollar might be tried. Lane says: "Yet if a person having a Venetian sequin in his pocket enter the room of one who is suffering from ophthalmia its presence is thought to aggravate the complaint," hence, the sequin may be defined as a coin that works both ways.

The Shah of Persia was taken sick at the Berlin Opera House May 30, but he managed to sit out the first act. The house was excessively hot. Again this ruler has proved himself a hero. Few, save Berliners, can endure the whole of one act. In the Black Hole at Calcutta 146 persons were confined from 8 P. M. till 6.15 A. M. The floor of the room contained 324 square feet, which gave the enforced occupants 18 inches by 18 inches. Not more than 23 of the prisoners left the room alive. But during their imprisonment the unfortunates were not obliged to hear German singers.

Under the reign of von Hülsen there were occasional complaints concerning the heat of the Berlin Opera House, and the Intendant General was caricatured as a stoker, as a gardener forcing rows of flowers which represented a theatrical audience; the auditorium was pictured as a Roman calidarium, "its stalls occupied by nude perspirers, and its stage by emaciated ballet dancers, worn to mere shadows by a tropical temperature." Von Hülsen is dead; Pierson is dead; but the Berlin Royal Opera House is still a sweat-box worthy of the Spanish Inquisition, or ancient rulers of Persia.

There is talk of an American coaling station at Monrovia, Liberia. Sir Richard F. Burton gave a sour description of the capital Monroe—so-called from the President—the little town "badly situated near the malarious mouth of the shallow and useless Mesurado River, probably the Montserrado." Burton could not endure the Republic. "Mrs. Stowe's most frouzy paradise." The annals of the Methodists who established themselves there are "a necrology." "Liberia is a Republic, that is to say, she is pretty far gone in the ways of despotism—the only fit government for 'Africa and the Africans.' 'Morte alla constituzione' (in these lands) I exclaim with the unhappy Florentines." "Wanderings in West Africa" was published nearly 40 years ago, but it is still one of the most entertaining of books.

June 10, 1902

We read that the Boers are showing where "cannon" were hidden. Years ago there was a more sonorous and bellicose phrase; thus the official bulletin of Wellington's victory at Waterloo, as published in the London Times of June 22, 1815, contained these words: "The complete overthrow of the Enemy's Army with the loss of 150 pieces of cannon and two Eagles." Pieces of cannon! Such are indeed fitted to "do the red business." So too there are certain names of coins that suggest incalculable wealth, whatever the intrinsic worth of the coin may be, as rupee, Spanish doubloon, rix-thaler, piece-of-eight, moidore.

Three New Yorkers made off with 124 pairs of trousers: 41.3333 apiece, more than one for every day in the month. But of what avail were they without accompanying suspenders, and no private citizen, not even a multi-millionaire, has 42 pair of braces.

The Lingerie Editor of the N. Y. Times says: "Of course the pyjama has come to stay, and the old-fashioned night-robe is put aside for the time." Tut, tut! Pish! Fudge! etc. We wear a night-shirt, and we are willing to wager a bunch of red bananas against the weekly salary of the L. E. that he does too and probably calls it a "nighty."

Sir James Crichton Brown, who is England's finest specimen of an unconscious humorist, says he should like to see a list of the best 100 novels for consumption in asylums for the insane. No, no; we refrain; it is really too easy.

The New York Sun published a history of Saratoga orchestras, furnished by a correspondent, but the history was incomplete. There was no mention of the orchestra led for several years at the Grand Union by Mr. Napier Lothian, an orchestra in which his son Napier played the drums. Nor was Stubbs's orchestra mentioned. The music on the verandas was keenly relished. Quicksteps were popular both at hotels and at Congress Spring Park.

The correspondent uses the good old verb "to dulcify," therefore he may be forgiven readily.

The Supreme Court of Minnesota is made up of singularly well-read and sentient men. It has decided that a girl's beauty is not to be counted against her; and that if a jury be influenced by the physical charms of a plaintiff the Court should not deprive her of her natural advantages. Emma Koplitz sued the city of St. Paul and was awarded a verdict of $300. The city appealed—ungallant city—and alleged that Emma's beauty had influenced the jury. The Judges remembered the case of Phryne. Old Heywood tells the story decorously: how, accused of some capital offence—some say impiety—and fearing harsh and severe censure "she trusting to her beauty bethought her of this project; before the sentence was pronounced she cast off her loose and upper garments, and without any word speaking, as far as womanish modesty would suffer her, exposed her body naked to the Judges. (O Beauty, thou can'st more prevail than the tongues of a thousand orators.) With her rare form and extraordinary feature, the old gray-beards were so taken that where before their purpose was to inflict upon her some severe punishment, they changed their austerity into love and pity, and dismissed her without mulct or fine."

The painter Gérome was evidently persuaded that Phryne made a more liberal defence.

Some say that her lawyer, Hyperides, bethought himself of this argument, summoned her before the Judges, and then, by force, as it were, tore off her —well, shirt-waist. After the Judges had recovered and returned to their respective homes and more or less harassing domesticity, they communed with themselves, and the result was a rule that no accused person should appear before the Court, lest pity might be excited.

One question is inevitable: Was Miss Koplitz in the Supreme Court room at any time during the argument of her learned counsel?

"A writer in the United Service Magazine discusses the Boers on commando and doesn't think much of them." He should talk over the late war with the English Generals and soldiers.

Early last fall there was talk of lectures in this country by Mr. Jules Bois of Paris. Calvé was interested in his coming and busied herself about a manager for him. Mr. Bois is an ingenious writer who has interested himself in the study of Satanism and the worship of the Black Mass. The result of his investigations and imagination was a blood-curdling volume, "Le Satanisme et la Magie," which was illustrated curiously by Henry de Malvost: one of these pictures, "The Black Mass of the Abbé Guibourg," with Madame de Montespan as the altar, is indeed a nightmare in white. In his lighter moments Mr. Bois wrote a collection of poems entitled: "The Marriage of Satan." We like to think of him as a cadaverous, spectral person with a high forehead and long, black hair. But he is, no doubt, short, sleek, punctiliously dressed, and of an accustomed seat at a much-frequented café.

Mr. Bois is the author of another book, which was published lately, "Le Monde Invisible." The name is misleading, for the author deals, not with things in the air, but with sects and societies founded in Paris for the study of the occult. He finds among the mystics a good proportion of knaves as well as fools. At the same time he tells gravely some remarkable stories. Thus there was a row among the occultists some years and the late Marquis de Guaita and Dr. "Papus" were his opponents in duels. In the first instance the horse that drew Mr. Bois to the field of honor balked so stubbornly that he was late to the engagement; in the second the carriage overturned, and he was wounded before he faced the adversary. Now Mr. Bois hints that the accident in each case was caused by the incantations of the hostile backers.

In Paris, according to Mr. Bois, nearly everyone except a few scientists, believes in some sort of hanky-panky. President Carnot was a disciple of Allan Kardec, who forgot to warn the President against Caserio.

Monsignor Battendier told Mr. Bois that the Papal Court is no longer concerned with Protestantism, "which is passing from a religion into a philosophy," but it sees that the coming struggle will be between Catholicism and some form of Spiritualism. Apropos of this Mr. Bois gives accounts of visits to certain villages in Belgium, which have gone over wholly to a Spiritualist cult.

Mr. W. D. Howells once sneered in his laborious fashion at Balzac's "Histoire des Treize" and at the melodramatic criminals of the novelist. We read in the French newspapers that one of the most prominent officials at the Ministry of Commerce got off a street car at Neuilly and was found dead a minute later. The assassins were not ruffians of the outer boulevard, they were men and women apparently moving in the most refined society; they lived in a luxuriously appointed villa; and at nightfall they strolled about with sandbags, knives and revolvers. After their exercise, they supped sumptuously at a café near the Porte Maillot. The man who has in succession murdered three rich old women in their flats is known to be an individual immaculately dressed, who sports his brougham.

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He was a simple man with a childlike faith in the doctor. The verdict had been pronounced. There were unmistakable symptoms and a certain salt and a rigid diet were prescribed. As soon as he had taken one dose of the salt and had refused at dinner beef, potatoes, white bread, strawberries and a little cup of coffee, he plucked up courage and saw himself galloping toward health. The salt was in an eight-ounce bottle, and the metal cover screwed on. Unscrewing the cover before breakfast of the next day, he cut the forefinger of his left hand, for he was singularly clumsy. Blood poisoning set in. As he was dying, he said to his wife that if he could have given that salt a fair chance he was sure that it would have cured him.

"That dreadful bootlace! Worn in the hair or in the corsage, or in the train of the skirt—in fact, anywhere and everywhere; it is one of the tyrannies of the dressmaker of the moment. In Paris you will see it no more." But what is this bootlace to which "Guinevere" refers?

In the window of a china warehouse near Oxford Street, London, is this sign: "Notice to Americans. This is not a Museum; it is a shop." We are under the impression that this jest is published each summer in all the London journals.

Does anyone really believe that Anarchists can be wiped out of existence by legislation?

Providence, R. I., June 9, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I was interested in the remarks of "New Englander" about the oath "Godfrey Dolman. My father when he was excited over a question of politics would grow red in the face. The color grew deeper directly with the heat of his convictions or indignation, and he would finally explode with "Godfrey Jordan." I never thought to ask him who this "Jordan" was; or perhaps it would be more honest to say, I never dared to put the question

ROGER WILLIAMS PARK.

There are many Jordans, but we never knew one named Godfrey. The Jordans of Hudson, N. Y., were a famous family. Ambrose L. was a distinguished lawyer, high-tempered, fearless, in many ways extraordinary. The women of this family were renowned for their beauty. The Hudson Jordans were undoubtedly the Jordans of Jordans. Rivers have given names to men, but did not Jordan come from Jourdain?

The 200,000 franc prizes in the Loterie des Artistes Dramatiques, Paris, were drawn by barbers. One took a ticket in exchange for a two-cent shave. The other at Cherbourg shaved a half-drunken man who was sick of France and was on his way to America to better his fortune.

The Lancet guys the stage-doctor whose characteristics are "a supernatural and most depressing solemnity, and an inconceivable rapidity in the construction of prescriptions." The stage-doctor insists on wearing a frock-coat when other men of his standing are in evening dress. In "The Only Way" Sydney Carton in the last act overpowers Darnay by inhalation, seven years before Sir Humphrey Davy first mooted the idea of anaesthetisation by inhalation (1800).

Cambridge, June 10, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

It was a beastly hot Sunday, so hot that all nature seemed to be exhausted. I pitied the horse that I was obliged to use in my round of duties. As I drove in at the eastern entrance of the Fresh Pond driveway I thought, How cool and refreshing the water of the pond looks! How delightful it would be if I could only refresh myself by a plunge! Such comfort is denied me, a poor, human tax-payer. I am allowed to use only such a limited amount as will force itself through a very generously registering meter, and for which I must pay generously. This, however, is all right: it would be indelicate for me to supply my table water from my bath tub, and the city wisely protects me against myself by placing a copper to guard against such an indiscretion due to an overheated brain.

Thus I communed with myself until I was attracted by a dog swimming in the Pond. With what a strong arm his master threw far out a stick! And although it was a hot day, the dog seemed to enjoy the effort to get the stick. He was a handsome setter, and as he came from the water he looked cool and clean, exceedingly clean. I envied that dog, with the copper a mile and a quarter away, and mopping his brow in the grove on the other side of the pond. Of course the copper was needed there, for the women might quarrel or the children might hurt the grass by sitting on it. At dinner I could not help drinking two or three glasses of the dog-wash, for I was thirsty.

M. D. DREIUP.

The insolence of automobilism is observed on French roads as well as in Massachusetts Avenue, in London as well as Reading. The Pall Mall Gazette devoted a leader a week or so ago to the consideration of "Motor Contramundum." The conclusion of the article was as follows: "At present the 'chauffeur' has the road at his command and the public at his mercy, because it is practically impossible to identify motor-cars. As with the cycle, so with the car, the common cad, compact of arrogance, egotism, and insolent contempt for others, can tyrannize with impunity over everybody and everything that come in his way, and he dearly loves to do so. Doubtless his species is not so numerous as in the cases of cyclists, for the simple reason that the mere hooligan cannot afford to drive a motor-car. Nevertheless the species exists, and—such is human nature—it will tend to increase and multiply unless some means be taken to insure the identification of offenders against that common-sense and common courtesy which should be the rule of the road as everywhere else. Identification is the problem that has to be solved, and it is incumbent upon those who have the best interests of motorism at heart to devise some means of satisfying that requirement."

Benjamin Constant was dear to many, as is made known by tributes to his memory in French and English journals

A woman wrote: "I have known many artists. Some were long-haired, some were oiled and curled as the Assyrian bull. But Constant was the only artist I have known who impressed me as a thorough man of the world and a gentleman."

Mr. P. H. O. Williams said: "He was one of the few great men I could have imagined in armor. It would have become him infinitely well. Chivalry and perhaps the burden that lay on him night and day to paint the 'Thing as he saw it for the God of Things as they are,' were perhaps the keynote of his personality."

Constant disliked "anecdotage" and he loathed advertisement. It was he that said: "The man in the street is always more generous than the professional critic. Among other things, he sees more."

June 12 1902

My dear, how can I best approve
The full completeness of my love?
Must I in golden argosies
Set sail before the western breeze—
Return with treasures rich and sweet
To cast them down before your feet,
Accounting them no sacrifice
With your acceptance as their price?
Or must I in some garden fair
Seek garlands gay for you to wear?—
Red roses bright as vanished years,
White lilies filled with crystal tears,
Forget-me-nots that match your eyes,
Rhymed to my truth, and to the sky's,
Or violets from Spring's garment-hem—
Asking, as price, your wearing them?

Ah, no—the proof is not in these.
I know a harder way to please;
To wait apart with quiet eyes
Behind my bales of merchandise;
To stand 'mid my ungathered flowers
And see you bear your flowerless hours;
To break my heart until you doubt me,
And teach your heart to do without me!

Mr. Smith, Mr. Daniel Smith, to be more precise, died June 7, at Orville, Mich. He did not know the taste of liquor, he never smoked, and he was 111 years and 4 months old when he died. "He chewed tobacco day and night." We do not understand exactly how he accomplished this feat. Did he go without sleep? Was he awakened every two or three hours? Or did he after his toilet and prayers for the night put into the lower right hand corner of his mouth a large quid, to soak there, a species of storage battery, and then tranquilly commit himself to the care of his Creator until daybreak? Such a use of tobacco is not uncommon —at least so we are told by the Earnest Student of Sociology, whose chapter on "The Use and the Abuse of Tobacco" will be one of the most important sections of his gigantic work. The use is not free from danger; a restless sleeper may easily swallow the quid; or, if he does not follow the advice of George Catlin—"Shut your mouth"—he may decorate pillow case, sheets, coverlet, nightshirt. We knew a Southerner at Yale who was a man of many regular habits. One of them was to awake at 5.30 in the morning, no matter at what hour he went to bed. He arose, took a drink of Hollands, bit off a piece of tobacco, went back to bed and slept like a child until the clang of the chapel bell. But he died soon after he was graduated.

Strange tales of St. Pierre were told by survivors at St. George, Grenada, and told again by a correspondent of the New York Evening Post. "After the fierce white heat, men were turned to pale ash, and though they held their human form, like the ash on the end of a good cigar, disintegrated at a touch or sudden jar." "Jones went into the engine-room. The engineer sat tilted back in a chair by his engine, dead. He held an open Bible clasped lightly against his breast as if he had been reading it, and had just dozed off before the flame from above reached down and turned him to charcoal without his ever knowing it." But the most astounding tale was that the Anglican rector at St. George, in a memorial service, took Sodom and Gomorrah for his text and said that the disasters were heaven's visitations on the sinful.

We regret to learn that Englishmen who are entitled to the display of coronets at the Coronation are not sure as to the proper size and shape, and even with some practice are not yet graceful in the manner of adjusting them and keeping them on the head; furthermore, they do not know how to hold them when they are off the head, and there is a dispute as to whether the coronet should be put on the tesselated pavement or the ground, as the case may be, or whether it should be held by the hand. No good Moslem will allow his turban to touch the floor, and it would seem that a coronet should be equally honored. Kind hearts are more than coronets, if Tennyson spoke the truth, and as a heart is sometimes worn on the sleeve, why should not an Earl, belted or with suspenders, run his arm through a coronet and hold it so that both hands be free. A more important question is, Should the men of the great middle class wear plug hats? It is argued that if they do, thousands who are not in the front row will be unable to see the passing show. Even a coronation has its outs.

A Russian opera singer lost five teeth by a railway accident. The Court awarded her, by way of compensation, $50,000. Perhaps a diamond was set in each tooth; there surely could not have been that amount of gold.

Another volume of "Recollections of Richard Wagner," by some hitherto unknown German, has just been published. It shows us a Wagner of bad temper. Thus a stage machinist once told him that both he and a Grand Duke were his clients. Wagner frothed at the mouth. "How dare you call me your client?" He was so angry with Bismarck that whenever the name of the Chancellor was mentioned he would dash into his garden and rush about, leaping and prancing and pawing the air like a mad man; and with him was his Newfoundland dog, who barked and jumped sympathetically. This reminds us of an American

composer who taught his dog to drop to the ground and feign death at the word "Brahms." There was an English poet who always broke his plate at luncheon or dinner if the name of a statesman new dead was mentioned. Was it Tennyson or Swinburne, infuriated by the thought of Gladstone?

The details of certain accidents, adventures, runaways (horse or wife), crimes are always fraught with interest. Today we speak of two cases of suicide in France. The first was characterized by unusual elaboration. A soldier left his regiment at Compiègne and hired a room at Paris. He lighted a charcoal fire after he had swallowed a preparation of phosphorus. Then he tried to hang himself by his cravat fastened to a curtain rod, and lest the rod should break, he arranged his bayonet, which he fixed point up, that he might fall on it. He had no luck, for he is now recovering in the hospital. The other man was successful. He was of middle age, of faith in charcoal, and of an analytical mind. A little diary of his sensations was found. Thus at 9.45 he wrote: "I am almost unable to get up, but I must put on more fuel." The last entry was: "10.30. I am totally unable to——" The words that followed were undecipherable.

There have been 40 French Cabinets since 1871. We are told that Cabinet Ministers are called collectively the Cabinet, because these colleagues of the Prime Minister have the privilege of consulting the Sovereign in the Privy Chamber or private cabinet of the palace. But why "cabinet pudding"? In England this pudding is made of muffins, milk, eggs, sugar, nutmeg, lemon-peel, dried cherries, custard, brandy, and it is served, as here, with wine sauce.

June 13 1902

Then said he: "By Allah, O my son, although none of my company be worthy of thy bounty and beneficence, yet I have a set of honorable men, to wit: Zantut, the bath-keeper; and Salia, the corn-chandler; and Silat, the greengrocer; and Akrashah, the greengrocer; and Humayd, the scavenger; and Said, the cameleman; and Suwayd, the porter; and Abu Makarish, the bathman; and Kasim, the watchman; and Karim, the groom. There is not among the whole of them a bore or a bully in his cups; nor a meddler nor a miser of his money, and each and every hath some dance which he danceth and some of his own couplets which he caroleth; and the best of them is that, like thy servant, thy slave here, they know not what much talking is nor what forwardness means. The bath-keeper sings to the tom-tom a song which enchants; as for the corn-chandler he leaves no one's vitals sound for laughing at him. But the scavenger sings so that the birds stop to listen to him, and he hath privilege, for 'tis a shrewd rogue and a witty."

We were sorry that we could not be at Mr. Choate's dinner, but we are chained this month to the post of duty, and must put all idle pleasures from us. Boston was represented, so our regret is in a measure relieved.

It must have been a wondrous sight. We do not remember a dinner of such brilliance since Belshazzar the King made a great feast to a thousand of his lords and drank wine before the thousand.

We are told many things about the noble junket; how Mr. Choate with the Queen leaning heavily on his arm took precedence and went ahead of the King, whereas Mr. J. P. Morgan should have gone first, for Mr. Morgan is at present in England a bigger man than old man Edward; how servants of their Majesties stood behind the chairs whereon King and Queen did sit, and no doubt tasted all the food that Royalty might not be poisoned by any blasted American dish; how the Queen wore a dress touched here and there—especially there—with costly jewels; how the dinner, like dinners in Boston, was slow until champagne began to search out the centres of life; how Mr. Morgan was at his ease with the King, and no doubt offered him admittance to the trust—for a consideration; how the band played "God Save the King," "And Doth Not a Meeting Like This," and "There's a Hot Time" and other appropriate tunes; how in every conceivable manner there was "a triumph for American Prestige."

And when the Coort was tired of spoort,
I'd lave you boys, to think there was
A nate buffet before them set,
Where lashions of good dhrink there was!

But there are some things that we would fain know. Queen Alexandra wore a diamond tiara, which probably is surpassed only by the one owned by Nordica; but did King Edward wear his Did Mr. Choate, rising, say "I looks Did Mr. Choate, rising say "I looks terwards you"? and did Edward reply with royal condescension, "And I likewise bows"? When Thackeray was in Boston he was so pleased by box office receipts that he thrust his legs out of back windows in deference to the public; did Edward, a man of infinite tact, put feet on mantelpiece after the ladies had withdrawn for coffee, liquors, and gossip? Sit still, O soul; there will be a minute account of the evening larks in Mr. Whitelaw Reid's "People That Have Met Me."

We are glad that Mr and Mrs. Choate had a good time; and they no doubt are glad that the dinner is over.

In response to the tumultuous applause Mrs. Kendal and Miss Ellen Terry danced a "pas de deux." It must, indeed, have been a moving sight. It reminds us of a pathetic episode in the adventurous life of Marie Madeline Guimard, the famous dancer. Born in 1743, she married the entertainer Despréaux, a month after the fall of the Bastille, and after their dancing days were supposed to be over. About the time of the Battle of Waterloo she was persuaded by friends to show them some of the steps that ravished the spectators at the Opéra. There was coy delay, but at last Despréaux rigged up a little stage in the parlor of their house. The curtain was so arranged that only the knees and legs of the dancers could be seen. Wife and husband concealed the marks of age in face and torso, but they danced with legs and feet that were immortally beautiful, and thus incidentally corroborated an opinion pronounced by Dr. Benjamin Franklin. Guimard's foot, extremely coquettish, was still supple and vigorous; her firm and finely shaped legs gave youthful accent to the steps, and the correct performance of the ensemble reminded one of the glories of the ancient school envied vainly by the modern. The success of this performance was prodigious and it was long the talk of the town. Guimard died soon after, in 1816. Neither Miss Terry nor Mrs. Kendal concealed the face or covered the body above the waist on this occasion, which shows that play-actresses are concerned chiefly with autobiographies.

Herbert Maxwell believes that trout are color-blind. He mentions fish in depths and subterranean waters who lose the organ of sight altogether. "Even so, fish habitually viewing floating objects en silhouette—that is, between the eye and the light—are in precisely that position which prevents the exercise of the organ of color. Is it not possible that the organ has ceased to exist, or has never been developed?" Mr. Maxwell's experiments on trout were made with scarlet and bright blue flies in a Mayfly season, and he found that the largest and shyest trout made no greater difficulty about taking them than they did about the flies carefully matched in hue to the natural insect.

But certain fishermen say that Sir Herbert errs in this opinion. Thus Mr. F. G. Heath brings up the mackerel, who bites at a red rag on a hook. "I am aware of no marine creature that looks at all like a bit of red rag and surely there can be no smell or flavor of any kind in it to appeal to a mackerel with a wholesome appetite." Mr. David Hodge raised so many trout with a "Zulu," a black fly with a small red tip, that he put on three "Zulus" and one black fly. He caught several fish with the "Zulus"—he was fishing on Loch Lomond—and not one with the pure black fly. Mr. Heath adds: "Darwin has proved conclusively that creatures no higher than fish in the order of creation are attracted by color, and what he calls 'mimicry,' or the natural adaptation of animals, birds and insects to the color of their surroundings, as a protection against their enemies, involves the possession by these creatures in a marked degree of the color sense."

A Government Kaffir employe was rebuked officially for his passionate devotion to strong drink. He wrote the following reply:

Having promulgated my conduct of drinking presumptuously, I beg to tell me nominally the person informed you. Consulted by speculations, the case should be reprimanded for the derogation of my name. When you addressed your inspection I perceived dishonest intermeddling; otherwise I am not a controversial acumen. Remember you are forced to tell me; the matter is not to be approbated clandestinely, because it was proclaimed publicly. Quickness of the answer will so oblige yours truly, ——.

June 14 1902

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper,
Set ope the doors, O soul.

Tenderly—be not impatient,
Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh,
Strong is your hold, O love.

Our friend is no longer with us. Scarlet fever in his youth left him with an incurable disease. He was aware of his condition; he knew that a quiet, ascetic life would lengthen his years on earth, and he would discuss his conduct, sometimes humorously, sometimes in a spirit as though he were a physician reasoning concerning the case of another, but he was always cheerful and manly. He was of a distinctly social if not tumultuously gregarious nature. He was fond of a generous table, of a stimulating glass, of talk that reached into the quiet hours. "I suppose," he once said, "if I had weighed the effect of every mouthful, if I had denied myself strong drink and tobacco, if I had gone to bed by ten o'clock, I might live a few years longer. But what is a life of anxious and rigid self-denial worth to the sufferer or his friends? There is nothing more intolerable than the nervousness and the alarms of an invalid. There are some that put a hand over the heart, if they quicken their gait; they don overshoes, even in summer, if it sprinkles; they are always provided with overcoat and umbrella, although there is no cloud in the sky; they play the mummy at the feast; as the hour of ten approaches, their talk flickers, and dies out; at breakfast they bore everyone by the tale of a restless night; and often they wear out the nerves and patience of their associates and are even at the funerals of these afflicted ones, although they fear a draught. No; I made up my mind that I shall not be remembered as a killjoy. And what are a few years as measured by the clock of eternity? At least I have lived a life."

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.

And before he went away our friend spoke of one dear to us who had lived a reckless life. He was self-indulgent, he neglected what are known commonly as opportunities, he sometimes annoyed us by his easy forgetfulness of business cares and duties. When he fell sick, and when we all knew there was no hope for him, he was admirable during his long-drawn-out farewell. If you visited him, there was no touch of despondency in his conversation; he was blithe, witty, and you were persuaded before you left him that you were the sick one, and that he had cheered and comforted you. He paid his debts to nature with the inimitable grace that had always distinguished him among men. Even the most callous was touched by such unostentatious courage; and the most prudent, the most circumspect and abstemious said to himself, "I should not be so brave if I were in like condition." And so the last months of this man, who suffered sorely, were full of help and consolation to all that saw him.

Count Rochambeau was impressed by Chicago and other things. He was completely done up when President Roosevelt left the Gaulois. "The 105-gun salute, Admiral Fournier standing on the bridge, the men lined along the decks, and the figure of your President as he stood up in the boat bareheaded—all these things moved me so that I confess there were tears in my eyes." The French are emotional; witness the conduct of the French widower at his wife's grave—the story is an old one, but interesting to the ethnologist. Or perhaps the discharge of cannon affects the eyes.

We are sorry to find Judge Dewey, a man that consults dictionaries and should be on intimate terms with words even when they are not in the terminology of drunkenness, using "proven" instead of "proved." "Proven" is a vile word, employed chiefly by those that wish to be genteel. "Prove" is a regular verb. "It forms its tenses upon the prevailing system of English verbal conjugation, which makes the perfect tense in 'ed.' It is in this respect like 'love,' the example of regular verbal conjugation given in most grammars, and we may as well say that Mary has 'lovcn' John as that John's love for Mary was not 'proven.'" Let us quote Richard Grant White, whose opinion we commend to the learned Judge:

"'Proven,' which is frequently used now (1870) by lawyers and journalists, should perhaps be ranked among words that are not words. Those who use it seem to think that it means something more or other than the word for which it is a mere Lowland Scotch and North of England provinicialism. 'Proved' is the past participle of the verb 'to prove,' and should be used by all who wish to speak English."

Lads who wished to be "runners" in the Boston Public Library were lately subjected to an examination. Strange and ingenious answers were given to certain questions. Thus to "write a sentence that contains the feminine plural of 'Count.'" This answer was handed in: "She counts money."

Another question was: "Who were the Huguenots?" One lad answered easily and at length: "In the 18th century a man named Hugo started a schism in the church and his followers were called Hugonots."

The novelist and the illustrator are usually bitter foes. The novelist says: "The illustrator has no imagination;" or, "The chump had no idea of my meaning." The illustrator replies: "There was nothing to suggest a picture. I never read such a rotten book." But Mr. H. L. Wilson, author of "The Spenders," paid his illustrator the highest compliment; he married her.

Portland, Me., June 11, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

There is (or was) a locality on the Cape Shore—that popular summer-resort and cabbage-plantation contiguous to the "Natural Seaport," Portland, Me.—known as the Jordan Neighborhood. In this favored community each person who made a part of the population rejoiced in the surname of Jordan, save one; his name was Jordan Larrabee.

But that I know the fruitless result, I should suggest to your correspondent in Providence that this locality would offer great possibilities in the way of research anent the Jordan end of the New England cuss-word. Neither "Godfrey Dolman" nor "Godfrey Jordan" has the true Maine twist to it. Down East here we say "Godfrey Diamond," in an attempt, as I have always thought, to get just as near a good round English oath as possible without qualifying for that which our Puritan-haunted minds still dread. Godfrey alone, too, is a favorite form of dissipation in language with us; as an ejaculation. The more daring do not follow for some moments the first syllable by the completing "frey"; and the last syllable may even be diminished to a whisper and yet go.

EMERY STREET.

We still insist that the Jordans of Hudson (N. Y.) were the Jordans of all Jordans, the Jordans to swear by. It was a remarkable family.

June 15, 1902

ARTHUR COQUARD, now 55 years old, a pupil of César Franck, is known in Boston only as the composer of a wild song, "Hai-Lull"; but he has written works in cantata form, and three or four operas. His latest work is a musical comedy "La Troupe Jolicoeur," in three acts. It is founded on a novel by Henri Cain, who was deeply interested in the welfare of Emma Calvé until he began to find the art of Marguerite Zinah de Nuovina still more admirable. Coquard wrote his own libretto.

The Jolicoeurs are a troop of mountebanks, whose head is Mrs. Jolicoeur, a generous soul, and a woman of force. One winter night she found a little girl, abandoned, asleep at the foot of a tree. She raised the shiverer to her breast, warmed it, and took it home with her. This incident serves as a prelude.

The piece begins with the first act. The troop is in Paris on the National Holiday. A public square is crowded with booths, and there is the booth of the Jolicoeur Company, with Geneviève, the waif, who is now a fine girl, and one of the troop. She already has two lovers; Loustic, who is gentle and timid; and Jean Taureau, the strong man, the cannon-ball tosser, harsh, brutal, given to drink. She sings in a manner that ravishes the ears, and while she is singing in the square, a young composer, Jacques, hears her, finds her adorable, and falls madly in love with her. Words are exchanged and then Jacques says: "Till we meet again." She answers: "You will not see me; we go away tomorrow." "And where shall you be?" "At Châtillon."

Act II. The troop is at Châtillon, and Taureau insists on having it out with Geneviève. He tells her he loves her and wishes her to be his wife. She tries to quiet him, but he, angered by her reluctance to hear him, grows angry and threatens her. His companions arrive and pull him into a tavern. Jacques finds her and makes hot love. Her heart responds, and she says it would be a wicked thing if he were to jest with her, because when she loved she should love for life. They separate, and Taureau comes out of the tavern, mad with amorous frenzy and strong drink. He sees Jacques going away, and he insists on knowing what he said to her. She does not answer, and he is about to strike her when poor, weak little Loustic goes between them and receives a blow that knocks him senseless.

Act III. opens in a small cottage at Saint-Germain. Taureau has been sentenced to jail for six months. Geneviève, taught by Jacques, is now an accomplished and successful singer, and they are to be married. Poor Loustic has been in the hospital, but he is now at Saint-Germain to enjoy the sun of springtime for a day. He is weak, not long for this world. Geneviève tries to console him, and he, not knowing of her betrothal, confesses his love and asks for love in return. She makes all manner of promises to quiet him. Who should come up but Jean Taureau, repentant and sorrowful. He kneels before Loustic and begs forgiveness. And as the men talk, he mentions the approaching marriage of Jacques and Geneviève. And then Loustic utters a despairing cry: they rush toward the sick man, who stammers: "Mademoiselle, Geneviève, one moment, give me your hand that I may have sweet dreams * * * ". And Loustic dies.

Mr. Arthur Pougin finds the last act too long drawn-out and thus injurious to the composer; but on the whole he was mightily pleased when the opera

was produced May 30 at the Opéra-Comique, with Miss Guiraudon (Geneviève), Mrs. Deschamps-Jéhin (Mme. Jolicoeur), Miss de Crapounc (Loustic), Boyle (Jacques), Bourbon (Jean Taureau). "Here is a piece," says the ultra-conservative Mr. Pougin, "that is not symbolical, the sense of which is not obscure; it is interesting, it is dramatic; and here is music that may be understood by all, music written for the voice, where the orchestra does not overstep its part, where harmonies do not tear you to pieces, music that makes you conscious of rhythm and tonality; a piece, in short, that has common sense, and music that is music. Thanks, thanks, O Lord! perhaps one might ask with all this a little more marked originality, a more individual inspiration, more of novelty and piquancy, but this opera at least is alive, it is not without grace, interest, emotion; and it is for the stage."

* * *

Schumann's "Carnaval" has been arranged for orchestra by Glazounoff, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Liadoff, and this version has been played in a theatre with dancing on the stage.——A bust of Verdi by Monteverde has been placed in the Palace of the Senate, Rome.——The Prix Monbinne of 3000 francs has been awarded to Gabriel Pierné for his lyric comedy "La Fille de Tabarin," which was produced last year as the Opéra-Comique, Paris. He took the same prize four years or so ago with his symphonic poem, "L'An Mil." The Prix Trémont of 1000 francs was given to Léon Moreau, who visited Boston early last season with Emma Nevada.——Mr. Heugel makes merry in the Ménestrel over the performances of Jean de Reszke promised for next season. Jean will sing at the Opéra in "Pagliacci" and in "The Prophet." "Will he dance in 'Bacchus,' the new ballet of Mr. Duvernoy?" The Philistines delight in speaking of Debussy's "Pélléas et Mélisande" as a fiasco; but the opera has its place in the repertory.——Mr. Walter Damrosch says: "In Boston there is practically nothing but the orchestra." Thus does he shut up in the tower of oblivion the Cecilia, the Handel and Haydn, the Kneisel Quartet, the Longy Club, the Adamowski Quartet, the Orchestral Club, the Choral Art Society, and the Boston Singing Club, and the Apollo.——The surprising Patti sang in London, May 24, arias by Mozart and Donizetti, and "Home, Sweet Home" and "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

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Miss Helen Henschel, soprano, will give concerts either with or without Miss Winifred Smith, violinist of London, in this country during the season of 1902-1903. Her manager will be Mrs. S. B. Field of this city.——Mr. Alexander Blaess, 'cello of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has obtained leave of absence for a year. He will study next season with Gérardy at Liége.——Mr. Josef Adamowski will take Mr. Blaess's place as teacher at the New England Conservatory, and Mrs. Adamowski (Miss Szumowska), will join the Faculty of that institution.

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Two young men of Montmartre, MM. Numa Blès and Lucien Boyer, have taken the determination to voyage round the world, solely in their character of artists. They will cross from Havre to London, and they have the intention of visiting Canada and the United States. From San Francisco they cross the 4500 miles that separates from Yokohama. They make some stay in the Far East and on the return journey they take in the greater cities of the Continent. They intend to hire halls in each town on their route, and they will take it in turns to lecture on the French song and illustrate it with their own compositions, for they are poets as well as singers—poets, that is, as the term is understood at the Quat'z'Arts, the Carillon, and the homes of song in Montmartre. Should fortune prove a fickle jade, these gallant troubadours will turn chauffeurs or garcons de café, in order to help them on their way. It is part of their design, perhaps unavoidable, that their wallet shall not be too well furnished.——Pall Mall Gazette.

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At Prague Mrs. Alma Webster-Powell in Piranî's "Hexenlied," "pleased the eye rather than the ear."——The production of Dr. Alfred Stelzner's opera, "Rübezahl" at Dresden this month will admit the introduction of two new stringed instruments, the violetta and the cellone. Have we not already trouble enough? ——Circe is the heroine of a new Spanish opera by Chapi (Madrid, May 7).——Meyer-Helmund will be the first conductor at the Berlin Metropol Theatre on Aug. 1.——Paul Langer is the author of "Chronik der Leipziger Singakademie."——A Polish composer, Ladislaw Zelenski, gave at Warsaw a concert of his own works: an overture, "Echoes of the Forest," a psalm, songs and fragments of two operas, "Conrad Wallenrood" and "Janek."——Antonio Falchi contributed a study of Leonardo da Vinci as musician to the Rivista d'Italia.——It is rumored that Perosi proposes to write music for Rostand's play, "La Samaritaine."——Lucienne Bréval has, in spite of contrary rumors, signed with the Opéra, Paris.——"Liberté," a symphony written by Alfred Holmes, an English musician who died at Paris in 1876, was revived in May at a Victor Charpentier concert.

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Carl Reinecke discussed in the May number of the Deutsche Revue the dedications of musical works as illustrative of the character of composers. Bach dedicated only three of his countless works, one of them, "Musikalische Opfer," to Frederick the Great. Both Mozart and Beethoven dedicated works to Haydn. Mozart dedicated only six out of 626 compositions. Beethoven honored three Emperors, two Kings, two Princes of the blood, one Archduke, an Elector, 11 Princes and Princesses, 15 Counts and Countesses, and noblemen galore; he also remembered Goethe. Mendelssohn thought of his teachers, Zelter, Berger, Moscheles. Brahms thus showed friendly spirit toward Clara Schumann, Joseph and Amalie Joachim, Von Bülow, Stockhausen; 96 of his works, and among them the most important, are without dedication. Leoncavallo dedicated his "La Bohème" to his wife, who came from Marseilles: "To thee my dear Berthe, who so bravely shared my Bohemia." Mascagni dedicated his latest opera to himself. Bruckner dedicated his last and unfinished symphony to God, and he had intended that his "Te Deum" should serve as the finale.

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Although Melba was the Gilda in "Rigoletto" at Covent Garden, the St. James's Gazette said the most interesting feature of the performance was Caruso's Duke: "We have so often been disappointed with tenors who have come to England with a great Continental reputation that it is exceptionally gratifying to find in Sig. Caruso a singer who actually exceeds our expectations. If he has not the thrilling power of Tamagno, he at any rate possesses a voice of a similar order, full, powerful, true, and of exceptional range. His stage presence is also acceptable, and his acting is intelligent and capable. We do not know whether Sig. Caruso confines his repertoire to the old-fashioned Italian operas. If he does, he will add considerably to their revived popularity during the present season, though, of course, should he take part in any of the more modern works, he will prove a still greater acquisition."

The London Times said: "He has a superb voice in both timbre and volume, and it is used with great skill and admirable taste. In all the familiar solos, in the big duet in the first act with Gilda, in the famous quartet, it told magnificently, and the warmth of his reception was not one whit more than was justified. Signor Caruso is, indeed, a very welcome newcomer."

The Daily News was also delighted: "The coming tenor has arrived. * * * He has a delightful mezza voce, and he has neither the nasal quality nor the 'bleat' which are the bane of so many of his modern compatriots; the voice being of that soft, velvety timbre which old opera-goers will associate with Fancelli, and still older men with Giuglini, although combined, when its owner chooses, with the full power of a Tamagno in his best days. It is, in fact, that heaven-sent rarity, a pure tenor voice, of the old Italian type, a voice which, if subsequent tests in more exacting characters show that its owner possesses real musical feeling and intelligence, will indisputably make him a power in operatic life. Further than that, it would be unwise to go."

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Mr. Blackburn is again blowing the trumpet for Saléza, who sang Don José at Covent Garden:

"Saléza has extraordinary grace of movement; apparently without premeditation every attitude which he assumes seems to compose perfectly with the picture. There is even something feline in his stage action; certainly in the last act, when the tragedy culminates in the murder of Carmen, his stealthy and elastic action reminded one more of the pure animal than of humanity. Terrible as was the emotion which such a treatment of the part must necessarily have given to any sensitive spectator—one seemed to be watching a lithe and barbaric creature playing with its victim—the magnificent art of the whole thing checked the terror in sheer admiration. Alvarez was, as one remembers him, splendid in the part, but he lacked the amazing, one had almost written the inhuman, grace of Saléza, which one had to note last night. We think it only fair to make so definite a statement, because there is no doubt that in his Faust of the other day he did at certain moments fall considerably below the level of his artistic possibilities. His singing, too, last night was afire with passion, and the beauty of much of his phrasing was exceedingly notable. We say so much because it is so easy for the critic who fulfills the same kind of duty, day by day, to fall into a kind of habit of thought, and unconsciously to fix what may be an imperfect performance as a general standard of judgment."

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A letter of Wagner written after the dress rehearsal of "Tannhäuser" has been discovered. In it he asks for 100 tickets for his friends. It seems from this letter that he wished the rehearsals to be private and he refused to take his wife to the theatre. When he arrived there he found the theatre full, and then he demanded tickets for his friends for the next public rehearsal.

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Mr. Arthur Symons wrote as follows concerning Vladimir de Pachmann in the London Academy:

Chopin's music, unlike most other piano music, exists on terms of perfect equality with the piano. And Pachmann, unlike most other pianists, exists on terms of perfect equality with Chopin's music. I have heard pianists who played Chopin in what they called a healthy way. The notes swung, spun and clattered, with a heroic repercussion of sound, a hurrying reiteration of fury, signifying nothing. The piano stormed through the applause; the pianist sat imperturbably, hammering. Well, I do not think any music should be played like that, not Liszt even. Liszt connives at the suicide, but with Chopin it is a murder. When Pachmann plays Chopin the music sings itself, as if without the intervention of an executant, of one who stands between the music and our hearing. The music has to intoxicate him before he can play with it; then he becomes its comrade, in a kind of very serious game; himself, in short, that is to say inhuman. His fingers have in them a cold magic, as of soulless elves who have sold their souls for beauty. And this beauty, which is not of the soul, is not of the flesh; it is a sea change, the life of the foam on the edge of the depths. Or it transports him into some mid-region of the air, between hell and heaven, where he hangs, listening. He listens at all his senses. The dew, as well as the raindrop, has a sound for him.

Pachmann gives you pure music, not states of soul or of temperament, not interpretations, but echoes. He gives you the notes in their own atmosphere, where they live for him an individual life, which has nothing to do with emotions or ideas. Thus he does not need to translate out of two languages: first, from sound to emotion, temperament, what you will; then from that back again to sound. The notes exist; it is enough that they exist. They mean for him just the sound, and nothing else. You see his fingers feeling after it, his face calling to it, his whole body imploring it. Sometimes it comes upon him in such a burst of light that he has to cry aloud, in order that he may endure the ecstasy. You see him speaking to the music; he lifts his finger, that you too may listen for it not less attentively. But it is always the thing itself that evokes for you, as it rises flower-like out of silence, and comes to exist in the world. Every note lives, with the whole vitality of its existence. To Swinburne every word lives, just in the same way; when he says "light," he see the sunrise; when he says "fire," he is warmed through all his blood. And so Pachmann calls up, with this ghostly magic of his, the innermost life of music. I do not think he has ever put an intention into Chopin. Chopin had no intentions. He was a man, and he suffered; and he was a musician, and he wrote music; and very likely George Sand, and Majorca, and his disease, and Scotland, and the woman who sang to him when he died, are all in the music; but that is not the question. The notes sob and shiver, stab you like a knife, caress you like the fur of a cat; and are beautiful sound, the most beautiful sound that has been called out of the piano. Pachmann calls it out for you, disinterestedly, easily, with ecstasy, inevitably; you do not realize that he has had difficulties to conquer, that music is a thing for acrobats and athletes. He smiles to you, that you may realize how beautiful the notes are, when they trickle out of his fingers like singing water; he adores them and his own playing, as you do, and as if he had nothing to do with them but to pour them out of his hands.

June 16 1902

Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

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A coronation tests a man. Of what avail are high heels, and theatrical clothes, and plumes, and gew-gaws if the man himself is of mean face or stature, or of cheap mind? Edward, no doubt, will act well his part, and even show no boredom, for he served a long apprenticeship before the public, from presiding at dinners of Venerable Bellowsmenders and Honorable Fishmongers, to addressing literary and artistic societies. He has always shown himself a man of supreme tact, and he will now do nothing mean or common upon the memorable scene.

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Some of his predecessors were distinctly comic, in themselves or by force of situation. Anne was fat and scant of breath; furthermore, she suffered from gout; she was carried in an armchair from Westminster Hall to the Abbey, whereas it was customary for the ruler to walk on foot; and at last she was hoisted up the steps.

George I. could not speak in English and the chief officials were shy in German. Communication, we are told, was in Latin.

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The coronation of George III. covered a period of six hours. As the procession was about to start for the Abbey, it was discovered that the Sword of State and the Canopy had been forgotten, and what is a coronation without these things? Tradition is mighty in England, and some feared that the coronation would not take. The Lord Mayor obliged, and lent his sword, and a canopy was hurriedly manufactured. The procession started an hour late, and then there was sad bungling at the Abbey. George stood it like a gentleman, but at last he made a gentle protest to the Earl of Effingham, who was as badly rattled as a college professor in the presence of Prince Henry of Prussia. The Earl said, as though he were saying it for one of Du Maurier's pictures in Punch: "It is true, Sir, that there has been some neglect, but I have taken care that the next coronation shall be regulated in the exactest manner possible." George enjoyed the Earl's speech so much that he made him repeat it several times.

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George IV. was disquieted and painfully nervous. He was afraid that Queen Caroline might appear and make a row, and she had many friends. He heard before the service began that she had vainly tried to enter the Abbey, whereupon he was afflicted with a queer feeling at the pit of his stomach, and he sought relief in strong drink. The robes were so heavy that he almost fainted while he was going up the nave; he was fat, and he had not trained properly for the ceremony. Someone handed him a bottle of smelling salts. The name of this savior of the occasion has been preserved; it was Mr. Christopher Hodgson, who happened to have the bottle with him. Nor was this the end of the monarch's troubles; the air was so hot and foul in the Abbey that he went into the Confessor's Chapel behind the High Altar, where he was found sitting without his royal robes and endeavoring to cool off.

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This coronation of George IV. was the last of a complete character—"that is to say, which contained the usual banquet in Westminster Hall"; and this banquet was of a humorous nature. A chronicler tells us: "As soon as the King had appeased his hunger and retired to the neighboring chamber, the whole of the spectators seated in the galleries all along the hall descended and fell upon the tables and all their goodly contents with an avidity never before equaled."

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Four hours were consumed in crowning Victoria, and it is said that this is double the time that could be endured by the nervous of this century.

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The coronation of Edward is even now rehearsing, and all lovers of shows hope that it will be decorously conducted. And yet it was an Englishman, one William Hazlitt, who wrote: A coronation is "a ceremony that delights equally the greatest monarch and the meanest of his subjects—the vilest of the rabble. Yet this which is the height of gentility and the consummation of external distinction and splendor, is, I should say, a vulgar ceremony. For what degree of refinement, of capacity, of virtue is required in the individual who is so distinguished, or is necessary to his enjoying this idle and imposing parade of his person? Is he delighted with the state-coach and gilded panels? So is the poorest wretch that gazes at it. * * * There is no one faculty of mind or body, natural or acquired, essential to the principal figure in this procession, more than is common to the meanest and most despised attendant on it. The wax-work figure would answer the same purpose. * * * There is little to distinguish a King from his subjects but the rabble's shout—if he loses that and is reduced to the forlorn hope of gaining the suffrage of the wise and good, he is of all men the most miserable." But Kings are not taken so seriously as they were when Hazlitt wrote. They are accepted as a part of a show.

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They were talking about Bunker Hill. One said they exhibit at Quebec a cannon taken from the Americans on the famous day. An American looking at it said: "Yes, but the fight was about a hill, not a cannon; and we have the hill." Another spoke of English flags carried into the fight and of seeing two of these flags at Chester. "We had no flags." And then a fine old Bostonian said in good faith: "No, there was merely an uprising of the peasantry," at which an anti-imperial-

ist went immediately to another room and wrote a long letter to Mr. Gamaliel Bradford.

"L'Homme-Fourmi," by Han Ryner, is a singular book. The author tells of a fairy who gave a mortal the power of changing himself into an ant while retaining his power of reasoning and remembering as man. He describes ant life with its elaborate system of government, crucity, huge public works, remarkable strategy, and he claims that ants communicate with each other partly by smell and partly through forelegs constructed like telephones.

The book is a curious study of relativity of knowledge.

There are advantages in belonging to the House of Commons. The King will graciously permit the members to wear morning clothes at the coronation. Does the permission include tan-colored shoes?

Artists are sensitive. A Dane, Mr. Vilhelm Hammershöj, exhibited a picture at Copenhagen lately. It was called "Five Portraits," and it attracted much attention. Five men, who seemed to be dismally silent, sat around a table. The room was lighted by two candles. The faces, they say, were remarkably well painted; but a man on the right showed surprising feet, which, in the foreshortening seemed exaggerated in size, as in a photograph. The boots were evidently jammed full of feet, to quote the old minstrel gag, and the feet furnished material for a song in a burlesque of "Sherlock Holmes" at a local theatre. Then a bootmaker caricatured the picture in an advertisement, which bore this legend: "Hammershöj paints—So-and-so sells—A Good Pair Of Boots!" The painter was not pleased by this tribute; he brought an action for damages against the bootmaker; but the matter was settled by the payment of a small fine.

June 17 1902

They say that hot soup at the beginning of dinner is going out of fashion in London, and in Paris. We can understand why soup is out of favor at London, for it is still what Thackeray described it years ago—hell-broth; but it seems incredible that a Frenchman should deny himself the delectable soups that have made him envied by all foreigners. He that has once sniffed the savor of the onion soup prepared for a concierge is haunted by the thought even when he sits down to the pompous and barbaric dinner of an American multimillionaire. Then there is the Conde, the soup with cahbage, the pot-au-feu of blessed memory, the pumpkin soup, and they are only a few of the humbler soups of the Parisian. But, perhaps, the Occidentals propose to follow the example of the Chinese, or rather the Cantonese, and take soup at the end of the meal.

"Guineverc" says: "To see a party of men and women bending down over a table at dinner-time, ladling spoonful mouthwards from a plate which is obviously made in the most ridiculous form possible, is never a pretty sight. If you want to see how revolting the performance can be you must go to Germany." Soup should be served in a bowl. Even then the operation of consuming the soup, whether it be thick or thin, pasty or spattering, is a test of courage rather than of skill. The spoon should be grasped boldly, not experimentally. Do not try to get the contents of the bowl into the spoon the first time. Do not sip it. Study the technic of the coal-jumper. Forget the existence of your moustache. The shrub at noon knows not the dew of early morning. Do not attempt to be brilliant or seductive while you are at work. Give your whole mind to the task, lest the hostess advise you to try a syringe.

The case of Miss Mary Custis Lee invites discussion. She was arrested because she sat in a street-car seat "intended exclusively for negroes." She was cumbered with many bundles, and she wanted room; she did not sit there to show her democratic spirit. Here at the North a woman often insists on sitting in a seat reserved for smokers, although there are seats in front. We do not believe that her action is due to fondness for tobacco-smoke; she probably detests tobacco, and wishes by her presence to deter the timid from enjoyment of the pernicious weed. Or, as in Miss Lee's case, there is more room. Have you not seen a man fill with his packages two seats in a smoking-car and neither smoke nor chew nor snuff from the beginning till the end of his journey? Furthermore, if you ask him for a match, he will look at you gloomily and shake his head.

It was a Chicago Judge that downed Rostand, and it is at Chicago that a Judge declares the novels of Balzac to be immoral! They seem to be agin the French at Chicago, and yet Rochambeau spoke pleasantly of the city.

Mr. T. C. Evans's reminiscences of William Henry Hurlbert, published in the Saturday Review of the New York Times, are distinguished chiefly by omissions. There is nothing about Hurlbert's strange life in the University Building, New York. Was he the original of the had man in Theodore Winthrop's "Cecil Dreeme"? There is not a word about the "Arthur Richmond" letters, or other queer incidents of Hurlbert's later years. Mr. Evans mentions the fact that Hurlbert studied at the Divinity School, Cambridge, but he does not seem to know the curious adventure that made scandal at the time and is still remembered by Hurlbert's classmates now living in Boston.

We were talking with a naturalist the other day, a pleasant person who is on speaking terms with four-legged things and all manner of chattering birds and disconcerting insects. Our communion was jarred by Old Chimes, who had dined heavily at the Porphyry, for Miss Eustacia is now somewhere in the south of France. Old Chimes insisted that swans and ducks were of close kin. "Ducks is a variant of dux, which is Latin for leader, another form of Leda, and Leda at once suggests a swan." So pleased was Old Chimes with this foolish speech that he kept repeating it in low, husky tones to himself, for we changed the subject by asking the naturalist how he could tell one bird from another.

The street car conductor is always making his tests of human nature. He asks Mr. Johnson if he can give him two halves or four quarters for a dollar. Mr. Johnson does not even put a searchful hand in his pocket. He shakes his head and looks at his neighbor knowingly: "He can't fool me." But Mr. Ferguson, two seats ahead, turns round, shows in uplifted hand a lot of change and shouts, "I can. What did you say you wanted?"

Reminiscences prepared for the newspapers serve generally as a peg on which the writer takes occasion to exhibit his or her own garment embroidered heavily with vanity. There was a striking illustration of this some weeks ago, soon after the death of a well-known play-actress. Suppose Henry Jones McRafferty writes concerning Gen. Grant. "I well remember the day I first met Grant at Washington. I had just left Lincoln and was going to see Sumner, who had written me an urgent letter, saying, 'I must talk with you before I speak in the Senate. You are the only man who can tell me the feeling of the people in Western New Hampshire.' It was extremely inconvenient for me to call on Sumner, for Stanton wished to call on me, and I knew his errand was important. But I started for Sumner's, and as I was crossing the street I passed a man in a shabby uniform. He was smoking a cigar. I heard a boy say to another, 'there goes Grant,' but I had no time to call the General back, for I knew Sumner's temper."

Poor Bret Harte! Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton is to write his life. And yet it might be worse; for Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is still more inaccurate and vague.

The "water-cure," it is said, cures lung-diseases and even appendicitis. Why should not the rack be used for the benefit of rheumatic foes? Was it not once the custom to stretch the sciatic nerve?

Mr. William L. Alden in his London letter to the New York Times writes of Mr. John Davidson and his "Testament of an Empire Builder": "He only illustrates afresh the curious fact that a literary man always wants to write the things which he is unfitted to write. If he is a humorist, he wants to write history or philosophy."

True, too true. Mr. Alden is a humorist; and yet he wants to write literary criticism.

June 18 1902

Along the shallows, where the sand
  Is golden and the waves are small,
I love to lie, and to my hand
  How many little treasures fall!
What shells and seaweeds grace the shore,
  What splendid birds on silvery wings,
And, for companions, what a store
  Of humble, happy, living things!

Yet the sea's depths are also mine,
  And long ago I used to dive
To the cool deeps where corals shine,
  And where the shimmering mer-folk live.
I was the master of the sea,
  Of groves where fairy-flowers uncurl;
Its treasures all belonged to me,
  Its golden halls, its stairs of pearl.

But now I never leave the shore,
  For once I saw wi[illegible] helpless eyes
The channel of my o[illegible]ath floor,
  And everything tha[illegible]n it lies.
I saw the smile on [illegible]tio[illegible]id's lips,
  I saw sea-creature[illegible]eir sport
About the bones of noble ships—
  My ships, that never came to port.

"Progressive Mormonism." The phrase is not precise. One might easily infer that the wives move up, one by one, either in accordance with a system of merit marks or by some sudden and overpowering exhibition of physical and mental charms. No. 15 may suddenly become No. 1, and No. 1 will be No. 30, at the bottom of the row.

A London correspondent writes: "In the park dusky beauties with gleaming oriental eyes gaze at the wonderful world from smart victorias." For the first time we regret that we shall not be in London coronation week. But are not these "gleaming oriental eyes" to be seen at the Empire or the Alhambra in tamer months?

We are much pleased at hearing of the social success of Sadie Martinot in London. We like to think of her on the terrace of the House of Commons, with Sir Harry presenting tea and urging her on his knees, and with Mr. Fred Horner bearing cakes. Such recognition is a tribute to the high standard of American dramatic art, as well as to the reputation of American play-actresses.

J. H. asks: "What is Ricardo's theory of rent? I see that Mr. Andrew Lang in an imaginary examination gives this problem: 'Apply Ricardo's theory of rent to authors' royalties, showing, if you can, that their ratio depends on the profits of the authors most entirely destitute of culture.'"

You will find Ricardo's theory stated in any work on political economy. Never mind Mr. Lang; he's always joking. Did he not invite students to sketch a romance intended to demonstrate the genuine and archaic character of the Book of Deuteronomy and show how "the love interest" might be worked in? It is only fair to warn you that no landlord will be satisfied with Ricardo's theory, however lucidly you state it, if you are behind with your rent.

An entertaining book for any season is "A Foreign View of England in the Reigns of George I. and George II.," by Caesar de Saussure. The Frenchman first went to London in 1726 and described the city in letters to his friends at Lausanne. These extracts give a fair idea of the contents:

"Englishmen are great drinkers. You can partake of tea or coffee or chocolate and all sorts of liquors served hot, you have stout, or punch, or ale, but it is not possible to get any such refreshing drinks as you find in Switzerland—that is to say, syrups, those drinks being unknown in England." We doubt whether de Saussure would find "syrups" or fruit drinks with cold water today in London. The average Englishman pouring down one after another without experiencing a buzz or a numb would say: "This is weary work," and consider it an instance of unproductive labor.

De Saussure noted the fact that all Englishmen are "great newspaper readers." But did they surpass or equal the French in this respect? "I have seen shoeblacks and other persons of that class club together to take in a farthing paper. Nothing is more interesting than hearing one of this class discuss politics and topics connected with royalty. You often see an Englishman taking a treaty of peace more to heart than his own affairs."

The Frenchman also noted the various sports of the Englishmen of that period. Here is a description of a festival at Tyburn: "When the time is up, the chaplains and relations get off the cart, and the executioner, having covered the faces of the condemned men, thrashes the horses attached to the vehicle, and they start forward. This takes the cart from under the victims' feet, and they remain hanging together. You often see friends and relations tugging at the hanging men's feet, that they may die quickly and not suffer. You see most amusing scenes between the people who do not wish the bodies cut up and the surgeon's messengers who have come to fetch them for dissection. Blows are given and returned, and sometimes in the tumult the bodies are removed and buried. Again the populace will come to blows as to which shall carry the dead body to the parents or friends in coaches waiting to remove it, as this service is often well-paid. All these scenes are most diverting, and can be witnessed from an amphitheatre erected for spectators near the gallows."

They are telling stories about Max Dorval, the impresario, who was hoist by his own petard; a reckless automobilist, he met his death in consequence of some accident to his steering gear. There was a persistent young actress who wished to be a member of one of his companies. At last Dorval said to her: "The only part not filled is that of a woman who remains for three acts in a coffin. I should advise you not to take it. The other woman died from the shock to her nerves." But the persistent one said she would try it. The next morning Dorval telegraphed her: "Engagement canceled. Original actress has come to life again."

Dorval was singularly unmindful as an automobilist of the rights and lives of others. An average of 40 miles an hour for several hours was to him only moderate speed. Some Frenchman said lately with reference to the pace taken by young Mr. Vanderbilt and others in sunny France that the villages will soon be obliged to employ lookout men to give notice of the approach of a motor car, so that the inhabitants may hide themselves, as in old times, at the approach of the foe.

Let us be statistical and instructive.

At Marylebone five tons of plum pudding are ready to be boiled for the great day of the King's dinner. The bill of fare will be as follows: York hams, roast ribs of beef, roast sirloin of beef, baked potatoes, plum pudding, fruit and beer. Coarse but filling.

In Germany the high boot worn inside the trouser leg is still common to all classes. This species of boot is still worn by some Western statesmen.

A man or woman that coughs once every 15 minutes for 10 hours expends energy equivalent to 250 units of heat, which in turn is equivalent to the nourishment contained in three eggs or two glasses of milk. Query: What is the horse-power of a box of troches? In normal breathing the air is expelled from the chest at the rate of four feet a second, but in violent coughing it may attain a velocity of 300 feet. Query: What is the microbic range of a cougher?

A tattooer in Paris will draw a heart or a star for five sous; for 10 sous he will draw on your skin two flags and a star. He will prick an indelible portrait of the loved one for a franc, and for 20 centimes more, he will add a poignard, as a warning, or an incentive to constancy.

June 19, 1902

How they watch their tamer—they wish him near them—how they turn to look after him!
What yearning expression! how uneasy they are when he moves away from them;
Now I marvel what it can be he appears to them (books, politics, poems depart—all else departs),
I confess I envy only his fascination—my silent, illiterate friend,
Whom a hundred oxen love there in his life on farms,
In the northern country far, in the placid pastoral region.

Horace in a well-thumbed passage speaks of the discontent that attends plodding in any one calling. The sailor envies the farmer; the soldier envies the merchant, and every one says, How happy could I be had I some other occupation. Yet there are pursuits in which a thoughtful person—and thoughtful is not necessarily synonymous with educated—is not only contented, he is thoroughly absorbed, and absorption includes a good measure of happiness.

We may not envy the calling of a geologist, who goes about with his little hammer, or an ornithologist, or the keeper of a birds' boarding house and hospital—we saw the sign of one in the West End yesterday—or any other "ologist"; but there can be no dispute concerning the pleasure that attends these callings, however unintelligible this pleasure may be at first thought to publisher, railroad man, lawyer, gambler, barkeeper, physician. Read Mr. Charles Dixon's books, and although you may not be able to tell one bird from another, yet you will agree with him that ornithology is one of the most attractive of sciences; you will find chapters on protective colors and recognitory colors most suggestive; you will institute comparisons, and judge with discrimination the colors affected by women, from hair to hose; and you will hesitate for some time as to whether you should prefer to be Mr. Charles Dixon or Mr. George Dixon, if you were to live your life over again and to greater advantage.

You may even envy the botanist when you read about the one-flowered pyrola, the moneses grandiflora that adorns deep pine woods in June or July. "It has all the grace and delicacy of its kinsman, the shinleaf and pipsissewa, but, if possible, is even more daintily captivating. The generic name is from two Greek words signifying 'single' and 'delight,' in reference to the 'beauty which is a joy' of the solitary flower, and betraying the always pleasing fact that the scientist who christened it was fully alive to its pecular charm." Now you do not know precisely what the shinleaf is; it may be useful as a poultice if you bark your shin; and you are not on speaking terms with the pipsissewa, nevertheless this gush about the one-flowered pyrola is not unpleasant; you accept without heating contradiction the statement of Mr. John Burroughs that botany studied in the fields and woods is a source of perennial delight:

and you are almost persuaded to read the Transcript, an evening journal of botany, genealogy, and doings at Buffalo, N. Y.

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Some that have read Macterlinck's "The Life of the Bee" are now tempted to leave the office, army, pulpit, shop, for the contemplative life of the hee-man—bee-man is a more natural word than apiarist. We know a lawyer, retained as counsel by a large and important trust, who relieves his mind by reading bee-journals and bee-catalogues, so fascinated is he by the marvelous book of Macterlinck.

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Man is a born collector. He may collect stamps, coins, first editions of American authors, editions of Keats or Omar the Tentmaker, wives, books by Gabriel Peignot, razors, unbrellas, but he collects. We should not be surprised to discover this lawyer in the act of collecting hee-literature, from Aristotle to Swammerdam, from Réaumur and Huber to the latest catalogue. He will mourn, as an inconsolable widow in perpetual crape, the lost works of Aristomachus, who studied bees for 58 years of dark and shining hours. And what would he not pay for "Apiarum, or a discourse of the Government and Ordering of Bees with their nature and properties, tending to the best way of improving them, and to the discovery of the fallacies that are imposed hy some for private lucre on the credulous lovers and admirers of these insects." This book was published late in the 17th century. The title alone is a delight, as are so many of the old-fashioned titles: witness this one of a second edition: "Vinetum Britanicum, or a treatise of Cider and other Wines and drinks extracted from fruits growing in this kingdom, with the method of propagating all sorts of vinous fruit trees, and a description of the new invented Ingenio or Mill for the more expeditious making of Cider, and also the right way of making Methegiln or Birch Wine. The second impression much enlarged by J. Worledge, Gent. London, printed for Thomas Dring, over against the inner Temple gate, and Thomas Burrell at the Golden ball, under St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, 1678". Even the most passionate prohibitionist would be proud to see the book on a shelf of his library, between "The Curse of Rum" and the invaluable guide to mixed drinks by "The Only William."

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This lawyer's library should also include the account of the bee-eater at Selborne, in illustration to what lengths fondness for an insect will carry a man. In winter this young man, "a very merops apiaster" or bee-bird, would doze in a torpid state by the fireside; but in summer he would chase honeybees, bumble-bees, and wasps; he would catch them and suck their bodies; he would carry bees for his future gratification between his skin and his shirt, and sometimes he would fill bottles with them. He was "very injurious to men that kept bees"; he would rap on the hives and take the insects as they came out, and he would run over the fields making a humming noise with his lips. Like many other enthusiasts that devote their life to a cause, he was "lean and sallow and of a cadaverous complexion." Alas! he died comparatively young.

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Even though the lawyer may not be able to secure these rarer works, yet will he find pleasure in the mere terminology of beemen. And it may here be said that the terminology of any trade or calling far removed from that exercised by the reader is a true diversion. We were conditioned in mathematics each term at school and college. Yet these titles alone cast today a strange spell: Airy on Partial Differential Equations, Boole's Calculus of Finite Differences.—(Boole was the father of Mrs. Voynich, who wrote "The Gadfly" and "Jack Raymond"). Childe's Singular Properties of the Ellipsoid and Associated Surfaces of the Nth Degree, Jellet on the Theory of Friction. Has the Ellipsoid any Singular Improprieties? The Calculus suggests daring surgical operations. Are Associated Surfaces organized after the manner of Associated Charities? And does Jellet tell you how to avoid friction in society or business? Does he give rules for behavior toward an employer?

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There is the terminology of the dyer, the printer, the manufacturer of infinitely varied machinery, the boat-builder, the painter (house, landscape, portrait, or genre), etc., etc. How familiar words are strangely used by them! Terminology must be mastered if there is to be full enjoyment of a catalogue; otherwise the catalogue will be as dark and secret as the poem of Lycophron. Or in reading of the Puffin, the remarkable bird with whiskers, regular Zymos, you come across these words: "the seams of his kamiejka;" you are left in disquieting ignorance, unless you have the ornithological terminology at the end of your tongue.

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To the imaginative any catalogue opens a mysterious world that he would fain explore. The cares of this world forbid personal exploration. He will never see Baghdad or Damascus, or even the French Quarter of New Orleans; he will never keep bees, grind colors, weave carpets, write a sympathic poem; yet these things and all unfamiliar things will give vitality and color and perfume by the power of printed words and the suggestion that lies therein.

June 20 1902

The Paris Union Club decided lately to put the election of members in the hands of a committee. The state of the waiting list was such that a committee was thought desirable, and a ballot by the whole club deterred many from application. A group of men around a table can elect new members more quickly than a club at large, and when all the members vote a few can sadly delay the game. The question is of interest to all club members. Do you personally relish the idea of having your co-mates chosen for you by men whom you did not choose as judges of fitness? You may go through the form of voting for a Committee on Elections, but the affair is cut and dried. There are eminently respectable, that is, conventional persons, who were born expressly for the purpose of serving on a committee. If a man is a judge of human nature he is never chosen for that purpose by the little group of wire-pullers that runs each and every club. When the whole club votes on a man who is a pompous ass, a poorly disguised cad, or a rank self-seeker, you at least have the pleasure of casting a black ball, although he may be of an old family or have intimate business relations with certain of your fellow-members.

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When Herder was dying he asked that somebody might give him a great thought. Goethe asked for more light. In all probability for another candle or lamp, and not for spiritual illumination. John Randolph of Roanoke expressed regret at the call of Mr. R. E. Morse. Taine wished to hear some pages of Sainte-Beuve read aloud, that clear ideas happily expressed might be the last sound in his ears. Benjamin Constant looked on his young relatives, smiled and said: "I die like a true artist, surrounded by beautiful women!" Should not beauty be demanded of a trained nurse? No sensitive man in nervous, irritable, despondent condition should be required to look on a high and porcelain forehead, scanty and ill-kept hair, eyes whose precise direction of vision is hard to determine, a concave chest, an inflamed nose, or what are kindly described by optimists as "generous" ears. At least an opportunity to be sentimental should be given the dying.

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Mr. R. P. Hobson refused to kiss a young girl in Groton, Conn. This may seem an act of heroism, but if he has all the throat and mouth diseases that he named the other day, as a true gentleman he could not do otherwise, even though the girl were of a beauty that shook judgment, even though she were a-yearning.

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We are informed that the "charming and Old World custom of kissing hands" has been revived and that a league has been organized to form and regulate the practice. There are degrees, it seems, in this act of homage. "When the admirer delicately salutes the finger tips of the lady fair he is merely on the footing of an acquaintance." "Footing" is here an awkward word, but it is chiefly in poetry that feet were kissed.

"Should he kiss the palm, that would signify a certain degree of intimacy, and the wrist even more." Should the kiss on the elbow or crazy-bone be considered a sign of betrothal?

"The custom is certainly more picturesque than the handshake, which is an abomination." Few women know how to shake hands, for the accomplishment is not taught either in fashionable or night schools.

Hand kissing seems to us a sad waste of time, but we are simple and old-fashioned. In the 16th century kissing on the mouth was the custom in England, and stranger and member of the household were equally honored without blushing. Ben Jonson's most accomplished Mr. Brisk was greatly admired. "How full he hits a woman between the lips when he kisses!" And there are proofs innumerable that kissing on the lips was as prevalent in England as hand-shaking is now.

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Here is a sentence spoken by Mr. Stanwood Fleming in Ellen O. Kirk's "A Remedy for Love." Mr. Fleming is represented as coming down to breakfast, and instead of his describing a wretched night or complaining of the coffee or cursing an editorial article in the newspaper or weeping because his name was spelled incorrectly by a reporter, he remarks to his daughters: "Hearing the birds—making out the notes of five separate kinds—robins, thrushes, catbirds, song-sparrows, and bluebirds—it suddenly struck me afresh how very singular it is that, with the same remote ancestral forms, the same climatic conditions, much the same migratory influences, there should yet be such clearly individualized species that each variety should be so permanently fixed in type." Should you like to breakfast with Mr. Fleming, who is undoubtedly a descendant of Mr. Barlow on his mother's side?

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Much retrospective gossip was kindled by the flames of St. Pierre, and yet we have not seen any allusion to the fact that Mme. de Maintenon had lived in Martinique before she was married to Scarron, and that there was talk of a return to the island before she met Louis XIV. If she had gone back to Martinique with her witty and deformed husband, the history of France might have been different. But poor Scarron would have had no legitimate descendants in the ghastly crematory of St. Pierre. Which reminds us that doubtful things are mighty onsartin.

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King Albert of Saxony has been sincerely loved by his folk, and with good reason, for he has been an amiable monarch. He delighted in the opera, and especially in the singing and the person of Clementine Proska Schuch, whose husband, Ernst von Schuch, the well-known conductor, has been greatly honored, and he has been well salved with decorations and offices of all degrees. Nor has Albert been looked on unkindly for this affection. The Saxons remember the old curse laid upon the Royal House when it turned to Catholicism, and regard the childlessness of Albert as a penalty paid for the somersault of his great predecessor. When Mr. Paur left Boston, there was some talk about Schuch as his successor in the leadership of the Symphony Orchestra. But there was Mrs. Schuch. It was feared that she might be lonely in this democratic city, and at that time Boston had no palace, not even a Venetian palace.

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Even now the putting of feet on mantel-piece, library tables, carved chair or veranda-railing is held by intelligent foreigners to be a distinguishing habit of the true American. History teaches us the foolishness of this conviction. When Prince Felix Lichnowsky called on the romantic Karoline Bauer and her m-m-m-muther, at Prague in 1836, he made himself immediately at home, and promoted a general spirit of informality by taking possession of two chairs, "one upon which he sat"—to quote the translator, an anonymuncule of surpassing literary elegance—"and a second upon which he placed his two feet." The sentimental Karoline adds: "This was the prevailing bon ton among the young fashionable lions of the day, because the fashionable ladies in their drawing rooms permitted such manners. * * * And I, a public actress, should have combated such familiarities? Impossible?" Nor are we surprised to learn that the Prince, who paid this reclining visit and sprawled and smoked, soon expressed a distinct desire that m-m-m-muther should leave the room; for he talked in a "benumbing, frivolous manner." The Prince did not hold his feet high enough to promote nimble and dazzling thought. All medical writers agree that the feet should be considerably higher than the head. This explains the brilliance of piazza-talk at a summer hotel.

June 21, 1902

Seated on the veranda and watching seven crows as they were cawing sarcastically on an old wooden gate by the side of the farther end of the marsh, Chamficury told us this story: "I heard it from a grave-digger, and men of his profession are chronically anecdotical. One afternoon a man was buried humbly. A week went by and his widow came to the cemetery: she was tall, and thin, and pale as the moon. She kneeled by the grave and began to sob. Although we are accustomed to such scenes, this woman troubled us, for her sobs were hysterical and dry; she shed no tears. Soon she took a bottle from underneath her cloak. The bottle looked like any other bottle. She uncorked it and watered the grave. Then she went away, but at the end of the week she came again. She sobbed in the same dry way, and she brought out the same bottle. I said to her: 'But we have water here. Why do you bother yourself by bringing it?' She stared and said nothing. All this went on for a long time. At last we found out that the woman spent her days and nights a-crying, and the bottle that she brought to the grave was filled with her tears of the week."

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In Eastern countries beef should not be eaten, but mutton, which in the West is a deadly foe to all suffering from rheumatism, gout, the true lithaemia, is the meat of meats. We believe with a childlike faith that total abstinence from beef and mutton is good for the clockwork of man and brings peace to the soul. At the same time we do not believe that man reaches a higher plane by subsisting solely on summer-squash, nor do we entertain for a moment the ingenious theory that because boys like to climb trees we should all live on nuts; besides, this arboreal theory is illogical; for instance, the peanut is not a tree of high growth. But we are wandering.

Here is a singular problem in mutton. There has lived for many years on the middle island of New Zealand a peculiar parrot, the Kea, or to be rigidly scientific, the Nestor notabilis. This brush-tongued bird for years lived comfortably and happily on fruit, berries, honey and insects, and was a useful and respected citizen. Europeans invaded the domain of the Kea, and they developed the industry of sheep-farming. Modern civilization, which presents the untutored savage or the simple Indian, Arab, Moor with cricket, the Bible, strong drink, cigarettes, and the bad disorder, corrupted this parrot. At first the Kea picked scraps of meat from sheepskins, and thus acquired a taste that will probably be fatal to its race; then, about 25 years ago, the Kea, grown vicious, began to attack the living sheep; and now the shameless bird is said "even to eat its way into their bodies to get at the fat round the kidneys."

It is not at all unlikely that the Kea suffers from an excessive amount of uric acid. The question then is this: Can the Kea be caught and saved by putting Sal Hepatica on its tail?

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What time does the whip-poor-will go to bed? We have heard him putting up his bluff until 11 P. M., and then we fell asleep. Has he listened to the chimes at midnight? A dissipated, rakish bird, who insists that poor Will should be punished, while he himself is steeped in nocturnal vice! The Bob White is eminently domestic. He goes to bed at a decent hour, and early in the morning he is cheerfully at his business. His call is an advertisement. His shop is swept and open, while the whip-poor-will is in soggy sleep.

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We are sorry to learn that Lewanike, King of Barotseland, goes about in London "attired in a silk hat, frock coat and patent leather shoes." Nevertheless, as he apparently wears no trousers, a frock coat is more appropriate than a cut-away or Seymour. But a negro monarch from Africa should wear his national costume, which, we understand, consists largely of birthday skin, although feathers in his hair, a necklace of bones cut out of his enemies, and a small looking-glass neatly framed in tin, serve for ornamentation on festival days.

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The Great Duke Kwei-Hsiang, by order of the Empress Dowager, will issue a proclamation to all members of Manchu and Mongol organizations, ordering them to bring all their good-looking marriageble daughters to the palace this month, in order that the Emperor of China may select judiciously a third imperial consort. We may learn much from the Chinese. Marriages in the United States are largely a matter of propinquity and occasion. A young man seldom has any real opportunity of choosing a mate. He knows a few girls, either daughters of his mother's friends, or possibly, when he is enjoying the advantages of a university education, a chorus-girl or two. He is so pleased with the appearance of the one that is the least plain-featured or dull, that he says with the young man in "Great Expectations:" "Hello! Here's a church! Let's get married!" Now suppose that once a month and on a Monday all the society, not sassiety, girls were exhibited on a platform on the Common. It should be the turn of the shop-girls—in battalions on Tuesday; on Wednesday the stenographers should have their inning, and on Thursday the singers and pianists; on Friday young or still desirable widows should show demurely their charms and present theories concerning a happy home; Saturday should be reserved for the miscellaneous unattached. Of course this scheme is of the accordeon nature; it may be extended or compressed; but the final disposition will in any event give a man a fair opportunity. We believe that an experiment of a somewhat similar nature was tried during the French Revolution, but it was not conducted in an orderly fashion, and it should not be cited in opposition to the present scheme. The exhibitions could be held only in the summer months, but there would be time enough, and the warm weather would be advantageous both to the exhibited and the interested lookers-on.

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Is it possible for any Scot, or for any descendant of New Englanders, to obtain a "bap" in Boston? A "bap" is a large and rather flat mass of flour and water, which is browned all over and spongy. It is a wholesome substitute for breakfast rolls or buttered toast.

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Will the Earl of Egmont be prominent in the Coronation exercises? The Earl, the eighth of that title, is a picturesque figure. He was once a sailor before the mast, and he rose majestically to the rank of fourth officer. Then he was a fireman, and then caretaker of the Town Hall at Chelsea. In the latter capacity he showed considerable humor; thus he turned the fire-hose on a raging political meeting, and shut off the lights while a ball was at its height. On several occasions he has been charged

in court with being drunk and disorderly. The Earl some 20 years ago was much impressed by American institutions, for he married an attractive South Carolinian who was pursuing the calling of barmaid at London. A representative member of the English aristocracy, he should surely be in the front row, and yet we have not seen his name mentioned thus far in connection with the Coronation.

June 22 1902

AT last some light has been thrown on a dark corner in the life of Peter Tschaikowsky. There have been all manner of hints and shrugs and winks. Some have gone so far as to say that man and wife separated the day after the ceremony.

Modest Tschaikowsky tells the strange story in the fifth part of his life of his brother, which has just been published in a German version at Moscow and Leipsic. I condense and paraphrase the pages that relate to this marriage, except when I make direct quotation.

Nadesha Filaretown von Meck, the woman that admired Tschaikowsky and his music beyond measure, the woman that made it possible for him to compose his later and greater works without the fear of daily debt and care, the woman that insisted they should never meet, never talk together—and patroness and composer never interchanged a word except by letter—gave Tschaikowsky in 1877 the sum of 3000 roubles to pay certain harassing debts. She accompanied this gift with a letter in which she wrote nobly. In June of that year Peter wrote to his brother Anatol the news that he was betrothed and that the wedding would be in July. He inclosed a letter to their father in which he spoke of his sweetheart as "a poor, but good and blameless maiden" who loved him dearly and would make his life peaceful and happy. His letter to Mrs. von Meck, written a few days later, was in a far different vein.

Peter told her that he was "most unexpectedly betrothed." One day I received a letter from a maiden whom I have known for some time, and from it I learned she had long honored me with her love. This letter was written so warmly and from the heart that I decided to answer it, although in former instances of a similar nature I had carefully avoided doing so. "As a result of this correspondence, he visited the girl. Why did he do this? "It now seems to me that a mysterious force drew me to her." When he saw her, he realized that he did not love her, he felt for her only sympathy and thankfulness. He began to torture himself. If he did not love her, why did he visit her? He did not wish to make her unhappy, and he feared that she would make a tragic ending, if he should tell her the truth. "And so I was in this bad dilemma: Either I should regain my liberty at the cost of a life, or I should marry her." He went to her, told her the truth; he said he never could love her; he described his character, his irritability, his mercurial temperament his aversion to mankind, and the precariousness of his income. He then asked her if she would be his wife. She did not hesitate. She accepted his offer gladly. Then he began to suffer the agonies of the damned. "Is it not natural that I should suffer? To persist for 37 years in antipathy born with me to the marriage state, and then suddenly, through the might of circumstances, to be forced into wedlock, without being delighted in the slightest degree by my bride—this is horrible." He went into the country to think it over. Nature and his friends, few but dear, comforted him. He consoled himself with the thought that no one can withstand his fate, and that Fate busied herself in his association with this maiden. He described his bride:

"Her name is Antonina Iwanowna Mijukowa, and she is 28 years old. She is very beautiful. Her reputation is spotless. She lives—from a wish to be independent—alone, although she has an affectionate mother. She is absolutely poor and only moderately educated, but she is apparently good and affectionate."

Peter's father was much pleased at the thought of the marriage and wrote him lovingly. Peter's letter to Mrs. von Meck was dated July 3. He married Antonina on July 6, and Anatol was the only relative that could witness what Modest calls this "insane undertaking."

Modest gives the date of the marriage and says that he does not propose to tell all the details of this unhappy marriage. "In the first place I cannot be as impartial as is becoming and necessary; I have no hope of securing any testimony in behalf of the wife; and, again, I do not wish to injure the feelings of various persons who are still living. But one thing I do say: from the first days, yes, from the first hours of his wedded life Peter atoned severely for the frivolity, the folly of his conduct." But Peter had shown anything but frivolity.

After the marriage husband and wife went to St. Petersburg, stayed there a week, and then returned to Moscow. In a letter to his patroness dated July 15, Peter told her that they were to visit his mother-in-law, who lived in the country. "I cannot yet tell exactly whether I am happy or unhappy. I know this: It is impossible for me to work, and this is the symptom of a restless, abnormal condition of the mind."

When he came back from the visit it was decided that he should go alone to Kamenka and then to the Caucasus, to take a cure. He wrote his friend: "I soon go away. A few more days and, I swear, I should have gone mad." He stopped at Kamenka, where he drank Essentuky water. "Only time can heal me, but I am tranquil, and I begin without fear to look in the face of the future." But he could not work until a week or so later. "Now I am ashamed that I so utterly lost courage. Pardon me for causing you so much anxiety and care"; and he added in this letter to his friend that he would yet come out conqueror. Here he took up the orchestration of his fourth symphony. His other letters in August contain much information about his compositions, and nothing about his wife.

He returned to Moscow early in September. "My wife has done all in her power to make me contented. My home is cosy and pretty. Everything is clean, fresh and beautiful." He wrote his brother Anatol the same day that his wife had already known the cares of housekeeping. While waiting for his return she had twice changed cooks. One had stolen from her.

Peter suddenly fell sick. He pretended to receive a telegram which called him away, and Sept. 24 he left Moscow. He was almost crazy. Anatol, who met him at the railway station in St. Petersburg, hardly knew him, so altered was his face. As soon as he reached the nearest inn he became unconscious and remained so for two days. The physicians commanded a radical change in the patient's life. Anatol took his brother to Berlin.

Modest in the course of his story makes this statement: "Peter never in his life—not then, not later—either by word of mouth or by letter—attributed the sad outcome of his marriage to any fault of his wife. * * * He insisted that she had always behaved honorably and uprightly; that she had never deceived him knowingly." Peter in turn was honorable toward her, and never dreamed of deceiving her. "Only when they were brought close together were they both aware that between them lay an abyss of misunderstandings that could never be bridged, that they had wandered before this as in a dream; that they had unwillingly deceived themselves in everything."

Peter went to Clarens on the Lake of Geneva and rented there the villa Richelieu. He had money enough for four or six weeks. He was so weak and nervous that he shrank from going back to Moscow and giving lessons at the Conservatory. Yet he wished to go as delegate to the Paris Exhibition, a position for which he was eminently unfitted. He begged Nicholas Rubinstein to arrange his affairs at the Conservatory. Nicholas wrote him a kind letter; he said that money which would be due him as teacher—from 1200 to 1300 roubles—would be sent him in monthly payments for a year; and he closed the letter with these words:

"Try to calm yourself, spare your health, and fear nothing. You are far too prominently placed as a musician to be compromised by indifferent things."

And then Mrs. von Meck came to the aid of Peter. She determined to provide henceforth for his material wants. She arranged that he should receive from her a yearly income of 6000 roubles. Her purpose was conveyed to him in a letter of rare delicacy and affection.

At Clarens he gained strength and he worked until the end of October. In November he went to Paris, where he hoped to hear a good concert or some new opera. He was there only for a day or two, and was musically disappointed. There was nothing at the Opéra; there was no concert; there were three little pieces at the Opéra-Comique, and he did not care to hear Masset's (sic) "Paul and Virginia" at the Théâtre-Lyrique. Then he journeyed to Italy.

The lover of scandal will be disappointed at the simple story told by Modest; and some may still hint darkly at hidden superfluity of naughtiness; but they that have read the preceding portions of this singularly interesting biography know that Tschaikowsky could not have been happy with any woman. Perhaps the singer Désirée Artot, loved madly by him, knew his disposition and his humors, and for this reason married Padilla without a word of explanation to her lover. Nadesha von Meck, the widow, was wise. It is seldom a good thing to know intimately one whose works we admire.

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Mr. Huneker, in an article published in the Musical Courier (New York) of June 18, reviews Eugen Segnitz's "Liszt und Rome." Rome was in 1839 a queer city artistically.

"The censor swung his axe in a most irresponsible, and, now to us, laughable manner. Overbeck's 'Holy Family' was condemned because the feet of the Madonna in it were too bare; Thorwoldsen's 'Day and Night' was offensive in its nudeness; Raffael's art was an eyesore, and the same discriminating mind, Padre Piazza, would have liked to have consigned to the flames all philosophical books, of course.

"Even the behavior of the masses in theatres was denned by an edict issued by Leo XII. Any poor devil of a macaroni eater caught wearing his hat in the theatre was shown the door; if an actor interpolated either mien or word not provided for in the prompt book he was sent to the galleys for five years: the carrying of weapons in places of amusement was punishable with a life sentence in the galleys, and wounding another during a row earned a death verdict for the unfortunate one; applause and hisses were rewarded by a prison term of from two months to half a year."

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Mr. André Maquarre, the first flute of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will spend the summer in France and Belgium. On his return he will open a school for wind instruments; flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, trumpet, cornet, horn, trombone. The teaching will be conducted in classes, and the classes for each instrument will meet once a week. Each class will be under the supervision of Mr. Maquarre; the teachers will be members of the Symphony Orchestra. A course in solfège will be given free to each pupil. At the end of each season, in June, there will be a competition before a jury, when diplomas will be given to the successful pupils.

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One member of the Coronation Choir sang at the coronation of William IV. Several others assisted at the funeral of that King, and others were present at the coronation of Queen Victoria. They should be made honorary members of the venerable Handel and Haydn.

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The ever delightful Mr. John F. Runciman has written concerning Goring Thomas, Parry, Mackenzie, Stanford: "The two really gifted men of the late crowd have failed to get to high-water mark; the earlier men—men such as the Wesleys and Sterndale Bennett—never got near it. Why? The answer must be cowardice—moral, intellectual, artistic cowardice. Leaving the earlier men, born in an unlucky time, altogether out of the question, one cannot help seeing that the later men have thought less of their music than of the best ways of gaining money, social position, knighthood, and so on. Afraid to feel, afraid to think, afraid to express boldly anything feebly felt or thought, these men have lost nearly all when they might have won much."

* * *

The coronation ceremony, music and all, will be limited to three hours at the utmost. The King has commanded that all the music shall as far as possible be short, "and particularly shall avoid those constant repetitions of words in which the British church composers of the early Victorian era delighted:" vain repetitions dear to the heathen. There will be a fanfare of trumpets, and the King will be received in the Abbey by choristers singing Parry's "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the House of the Lord." After the line "O pray for the peace of Jerusalem," there will be a pause for the boys of Westminster School to exercise their old privilege of shouting "Vivat Rex," and "Vivat Alexandra Regina." The music of the shortened Litany will be by Tallis. Music from Sullivan's "Light of the World" has been set to "O hearken thou," to be sung at the beginning of the Communion. The Creed will be S. S. Wesley's in E orchestrated by Frederick Bridge. During the anointing the "Veni Creator" (plainsong) will be sung. The coronation anthem will be Handel's "Zadok the Priest;" there will be a short chorus by Walter Parratt, and the "Te Deum" will be Smart's in F, orchestrated by Bridge.

Mr. Frederick Bridge's "Kings Shall See" will be sung while the peers are doing homage. Why not the entrance chorus of the peers from "Iolanthe"?

The offertory is "Let My Prayer," adapted by Bridge—the same old Bridge that must bear many safely over, and his music as a rule reminds me of the dryness of a covered bridge—to Purcell's Latin Psalm, "Jehovah quam multi." The other pieces will be Marbeck's "Sursum Corda," a Sanctus and a "Gloria" by Stainer, orchestrated by Martin, and the final "Amen" in five parts by Orlando Gibbons. There will be several marches.

* * *

Our old friend M. de Nevers has set music to a play, "La Mort du Duc d'Enghien," written for the Théâtre Antoine. There are three scenes: the first is concerned with the preliminaries of the seizure, the second with the arrest, and the third with the murder. The work may be produced next winter at Milan by Sonzogno. Will Saléza be the tenor?——Regina Pacini made her ~~first~~ appearance in London as Lucia June 4. She is a light soprano whose voice is of good quality; her intonation is generally pure and she is an intelligent and graceful actress.

* * *

Mr. Vernon Blackburn says: "One can scarcely think that our national sense of humor is necessarily more acute than that of other nations, but the fact is that it is almost impossible to hear an English operatic libretto without feelings of a most uncomfortable description. This may, of course, be owing to the fact that most of the English librettos with which we are acquainted are the veriest balderdash of literature; but even apart from that, a request, let us say, to pass the salt, or to cook a sausage, sounds to English ears more dignified in Italian or German, when sung upon the stage, than in its homely native idiom. If the experiment, however, were tried of issuing translations of well-known operas written by men of approved literary attainments, there might be another story to tell; for the present we fear there is no such considerable body of decent translations as would justify the substitution of English in the place of the original version of the books."

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Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, will marry Miss de Casin of Moscow toward the end of July.——Again they say that Mascagni will visit the United States next season, with his own orchestra, a company of singing men and singing women—an ensemble of 140—and scenery for "Cavalleria Rusticana," which will be produced under his direction. ——Marie Wieck, the sister of Clara Schumann, played lately at a concert in Zwickau.——Suzanne Adams sang Eva in "Die Meistersinger" lately at Covent Garden. "Lancelot" wrote: She "did not seem quite at home in the part, but she has many natural qualifications which should ultimately enable her to achieve distinction in the character."——There were guinea seats at Josef Hofmann's first recital in London, which shows that the manager was a guinea-pig.——English audiences have been listening with the utmost courage to coronation marches for the last six weeks.——Trinity College has given £5000 to found a chair of music at the London University. The Referee says that such regulations now prevail at Oxford and Cambridge "as almost to preclude the possibility of working musicians obtaining degrees there."——"In music commonly associated with the tragedy of life he (Josef Hofmann) is less satisfactory," says "Lancelot." ——Hungarian bands were employed in Paris for two and a half years by Boer delegates to play the Transvaal National Anthem and "Ohé, les Anglais" every time an Englishman sat down to supper.

* * *

A party of men were sitting in front of a café, when a man with a clarinet in his hand approached them. "Excuse me, sirs, I have to make my living, and no doubt you would give me something not to hear me." They gladly paid. This he did on several nights, till at last one of the men said he should like to hear a tune. "I am sorry," answered the man, "but I don't know how to play the clarinet."——Courier de Paris.

* * *

An English critic with reference to the late festival at Düsseldorf wrote as follows: "It remains to be said that a German festival consists of three concerts which begin at 6 in the afternoon, that there is an interval of 45 minutes, and that unmusical people (there are such even in Germany) prefer to stay away and do not attend, for the sake of their visiting list, and enforce a retrograde policy. The forces engaged in this festival numbered 628, and were disposed as follows: Conductors, 2; soloists, 9; chorus, 490; orchestra, 127. In the chorus there were 169 sopranos, 169 altos, 56 tenors, 96 basses—a strange proportion. In the band were 80 strings, of which 42 were violins, eight horns, six oboes, four clarinets, and four bassoons. Half the orchestra is municipal, the rest recruited from all Europe; the chorus belongs to the Rhineland."

* * *

Mr. Otto Florsheim writes from Berlin to the Musical Courier:

"When I listened with attention last night more to the music than to the performance of 'Ernani,' the first youthful work of Verdi that brought him general recognition and met with the most rousing reception in his native land, it suddenly dawned upon me after the 'cello solo before the curtain rises on the third act why these German audiences all of a sudden have gone Verdi mad. It is not a matter of bel canto, it is not the art of bel canto which draws them to Kroll's, it is the longing for melody, genuine, naive, veritable melody that drives them thither, and to Verdi in these days of poverty, nay sterility, of musical invention. In these days of technic and [illegible], technic alone [illegible] technic [illegible] the main development [illegible] art of making something out of nothing."

* * *

In Signor Caruso there is no doubt the syndicate has found the most valuable recruit of recent years. Whether some of the things prophesied of him in the excitement of the moment may not be extravagant is open to question, for the lyric enthusiast who is discovering new Marios and Grisis every week was very prominent on Wednesday night. Equally active was another and far less pleasant kind of person, who is always around at the beginning of the opera season—and, indeed whenever any notable artist reappears. These people delight to discover signs of approaching failure; the slightest accident, and they rub their hands in ghoulish glee, and nod to each other in triumph as who should say, "I told you so," while they look on any continued success as quite a grievance. These operatic sextons have dug a neat little grave for Mme. Melba's voice every year for the last seven or eight seasons. It still remains empty, nor will any epitaph be needed for many years. It may be conceded at once that on Wednesday some of Mme. Melba's high notes had not all the liquid charm that sometimes is theirs. But still they were better than other people's best, and the cause was probably merely a passing one. Who can wonder in such a climate? Besides, Mme. Melba's low notes seem to have acquired a new charm, and her expression seems warmer and richer; while she has rarely acted so genuinely as she did in the great scene with Rigoletto.——The London World.

June 23 1902

Mr. Johnson was going to his seaside cottage, for, like the Kings of Persia, he decreed to himself a dwelling place for each season: Three houses, or rather a flat and two houses. In New England there is no spring, and spring is merely a poetic fiction. Mrs Johnson had gone before, with maid-of-all work, trunks, a bundle of rugs, a barrel of very miscellaneous contents, hand bags, parcels, and a box of chives to give flavor and lend confidence to fresh country eggs. Mr. Johnson proposed to descend like a stage god, glorious, serene, after everything was in order and expectant.

He went about the flat in search of anything that was necessary and yet had been overlooked. His trunk was stuffed, his portmanteau was bursting. The sky was cloudless, the sun was pitiless, yet he must carry a hand bag, overcoat, and umbrella. What should he do with a box of cigars, a huge black bottle of Rotterdam gin—to be used for medicinal purposes—a hundred or more long envelopes which he needed in his business, a bottle of highly recommended salts, and two or three books which were as friends that never disappoint? And there was that can of maple syrup which Old Chimes had sent him, remarkably fine syrup from Vermont. How could Mrs. Johnson have passed it by? In Monpuit food was distributed by wandering carts. Meat was dear; fish was sometimes scarce; summer vegetables began to appear late in August, fruit was imported and either green or over-ripe. Mr Johnson thought of the variety of flap-jacks that Ingrid made, and his mouth watered. Old Chimes had promised to visit him. Could Mr. Johnson look him in the eye, if there were no maple syrup for the cakes, if there were some paltry substitute, sugar, cinnamon, cream, molasses? His duty was clear. And then how his wife would commend his forethought!

Mr. Johnson's eyes became aware of a green bag thrown on a chair. It was just the thing. He put the cigar box, bottles, books, envelopes and a few other articles into the bag, and there was still room for the syrup can. The can had a handle, as though it had been arranged expressly for his convenience. He pulled down the shades, went back to see if he had left the refrigerator open, locked the entry door. The green bag was absurdly heavy; the light and jaunty overcoat weighed about 25 pounds and kept slipping down from his arm so that it trailed on the pavement; and every few steps he was obliged to put down the bags and umbrella and readjust the overcoat; but he gained his car at the corner. "Now we're off!" said Mr. Johnson.

For some time he amused himself by watching the back hair of a genuine blonde, who sat on the seat ahead of him, but at the farther end, so he could admire her profile. How prettily her hair grew! Thus at peace, rather proud of himself, Mr. Johnson was borne toward the railway station. As the car turned into Washington Street, the conductor came along, and said: "Something's leaking in your bag!" and he glared at him, as though he were about to ask his name. Sure enough, there was a puddle on the floor, and a slimy pool on the running board. A woman next him moved away, and looked at the conductor. Would she make a complaint? Mr. Johnson thrust a hand into the bag. When he pulled it out it was covered with syrup. The stopper was unscrewed. He fished for it in vain. The blonde laughed out loud. The policeman at the Winter Street crossing saw the puddles and gave Mr. Johnson a chilling glance. Would they arrest him? "At any rate, there's no smell of rum or whisky or gin. Even if there were, they could not arrest me for involuntary intoxication. I wonder what they think it is? Hair tonic? A wash?" And he was so nervous that he forgot to signal the conductor at Atlantic Avenue, so he was carried half-way to Congress Street.

The bag bulged curiously and was in every way suspicious. He put it on the sidewalk and mopped his forehead. When he took up the bag there was a smudge on the stone. Passers-by stared at him, the bag, the smudge.

He started for the station. The bag swung against his trousers and smeared them. The overcoat flapped against the bag. When he arrived at Dewey Square, the can was high above the bag, for he was holding the handle, but had let go the strings. The gin bottle clinked against the can. The appearance of the bag was indecent.

He stopped at the Bureau of Information. He wanted to ask how he could carry that can safely to Monpult; but he was afraid of being arrested, so he contented himself with a time table. His trousers were slimy. There was a big spot on his coat, where his syrupy hand had rested. One side of his overcoat was already whitening with sugar. He went into the bootblack's room, and asked for a newspaper to put under the bag. The bootblack was a foreigner; therefore he did not laugh; but when Mr. Johnson's feet were in position, he scraped the boots with a knife. Mr. Johnson said to himself: "He'll surely charge me a quarter, and I shall not blame him." But the bootblack thought it was all in the day's work and asked only ten cents.

The train would not start for half an hour. Mr. Johnson bought a newspaper, put it under the bag, and tried to stand nonchalantly near the cigar counter. His dark serge trousers were beginning to whiten. The sweat was trickling down his back. At last he gained the smoking car. He put the newspaper under the can. After he had passed Brockton he took out his handkerchief and tried to clean his coat and trousers. When he reached the station of East Shedrack, he took the stage, but he first asked for a piece of thick wrapping paper to put under the can. The driver said nothing, but brought some paper; he was accustomed to queer passengers. By the time they reached the half-way house, Mr. Johnson saw that the can was overturned. His left foot was in a pool. He righted the can and put in the mouth of it a plug of newspaper, which he adroitly pushed till it disappeared inside. Then he gripped the can between his knees.

Mrs. Johnson was waiting for the barge. Her mother was behind her, and Ingrid's head was out of the kitchen window. Mr. Johnson threw out handbag, umbrella, and overcoat on his land, and then lifted the syrup can with the dignity of a landed proprietor, for there were two or three New Yorkers in the barge. "For heaven's sake!" said Mrs. Johnson, "why did you bring that can? You know the doctor won't let you eat fried things. And your clothes are a sight!" The passengers snickered. Mr. Johnson felt like saying: "Woman! Go into the house!" but there was the mother-in-law, a witness. After supper Mrs. Johnson handed him some letters. One was from Old Chimes, who regretted that he could not visit Monpuit this summer, but he proposed to spend two or three months with Miss Eustacia in Europe. There was a postscript: "I hope you received that maple syrup safely."

June 24 1902

Mr. B. F. Carter was drilling for oil in Antelope Valley and he struck water so cold that nothing but an ass's hoof would hold it: three spoonfuls kill the calenture, a pint breeds the cold palsy. Furthermore the water is medicinal; the workmen soon found that "it beat fruit salts or castor oil."

The New York Sun took judicial notice of this phenomenon in Antelope Valley. Whenever we hear or see the word "antelope" we are reminded of the Intermediate School and Ossian's serenade sung with untuneful fervor;

> I'll chase the antelope over the plain,
> The tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,
> And the wild gazelle with silvery feet
> I'll give thee for a playmate sweet.

The Sun remarked: "It is well known that Col. Jim Guffey of Pennsylvania never struck but one 'dry hole' in Texas, and that began to spout alternating currents of rose water, soda water and hair oil the moment Col. Guffey peeped over the edge."

But we are reminded of a still more singular case, that of a man mentioned in "A View of Human Nature" (London 1750). He is entered under the chapter "Of Great Eaters and Drinkers"—an error in judgment, we insist, for he should be named under "The Effects of a depraved Imagination" (Chap. XVI), or "The Surprising Application of some men to their Studies" (Chap. XXIX). But to the story as it was told by Bartholin.

There was a Native of Malta who travell'd up and down, and procured a Livelihood by a peculiar Art he had got of drinking a great deal of Water, and throwing it up again at Pleasure. He would drink off 20 or 30 Glasses of Water, and then immediately discharge it into the Glasses again, just as if it ran out of a Fountain; and sometimes he would spout out the whole Quantity to the Distance of six or seven Yards. But what is most surprizing, this Man could not only bring up the Water clear as it went down, but make it very different both in Colour and Taste; so that some Part of it should resemble Rose-Water, another Part Brandy, Sack, Claret, White-Wine, etc., and thus he would fill several Glasses with several Sorts of Liquor at one and the same Discharge. If the Spectators suspected that his Glasses gave the Liquor its different Colours, he would do the same with any other Glasses they brought him; and offer'd the Contents to be tasted, as well as view'd by any Person that had so much Curiosity. These tricks he did with most Ease when fasting; for if he was sent for after Dinner by any Gentlemen to shew his Performances, he was obliged to vomit up what he had eaten, before his Stomach would be rightly disposed for the Reception of such a Quantity of Water. He made use of no other Means to discharge himself of the Liquor he had swallow'd, than the Pressure of his Hand upon his Breast or Stomach. To prevent his being suspected of Magick, and to obtain a Licence to travel about and shew his Art, he is said to have discover'd the Secret of it to Pope Urban the Eighth at Rome, to Cardinal Richelieu at Paris, and to the Prince of Orange at The Hague.

They say that Senator Morgan's favorite pocket handkerchief is a yard square and is of "a violet kind of red with a hint of pink and a subtle suggestion of purple." Is "violet" a misprint for "violent"? There is a violet perfume that is violent. Worn by a dashing woman, it does not persuade, it knocks you down. We are pleased with any man who shows individuality in dress, but we would that Senator Morgan's handkerchief bore some striking, emblematic figure. A color effect is not enough.

Among the works attributed to Beaumont and Fletcher is a delightful comedy entitled "The Custom of the Country." Would that it might be revived! And in this comedy, Rutillo, "a merry gentleman," finds himself with his brother in Lisbon, desperately hard-up. Rutillo says to Arnoldo:

> Nor anything to pawn? 'tis now in fashion.
> Having a mistress, sure you should not be
> Without a neat historical shirt.

This passage has exercised the commentators. Mr. Sympson conjectured that the reading might be "a neat rhetorical shirt," that is, a moving, persuasive one; "neatness being a main recommendation to the ladies." O dull-witted Sympson! Two or three of the dirtiest men we ever knew were adored by women of all classes and conditions. Mr. Theobald insisted that a historical shirt was one neatly wrought with some story express'd in it; "as we have at this day damask tablecloths with sieges, encampments, cannons, etc., by way of decoration." Mr. Sympson finally and not ungracefully accepted Mr. Theobald's explanation and added: "historical shirts were then in very high fashion; the only difference was, that the saints adorn'd theirs only with religious stories, while the wicked flourished theirs with either sacred or profane ones."

We remember that figured handkerchiefs as well as shirts were fashionable early in the sixties. There was a boy at school who had a never ending and varied supply. One day his handkerchief was adorned with little girls hand-in-hand, but his shirt had a dissipated appearance; it was ornamented with jockey caps and whips. The boy was carrot-haired and dull; by him the antithesis was unmarked. Another day his shirt was gay with boys leaping in air while roses greeted his nose. There were shirts with horses at full gallop, bats and balls, flying eagles; there were handkerchiefs with all manner of fruits and flowers and insects. The shirts were rhetorical, rather than historical. We remember one that was displayed in the window of a tailor, who was also a deacon of the First, or Old Church; on the bosom of it ballet girls were in full and shameless action. One day it disappeared. A drummer bought it; for no one in Northampton dared to wear it.

Why should not rhetorical and historical shirts be worn today in summer and with full dress; and all the year round by Southern statesmen who eschew the waistcoat? President Hadley might wear appropriately a shirt brilliant with baseball players, while President Eliot's shirt should blaze with the dollar sign splashed here and there or arranged in some fixed and pleasing design. Senator Morgan might show to the gallery a section of the Panama canal, and the longer the shirt were worn the more realistic the picture. And what might not be done with shirts and pocket handkerchiefs by private citizens? There may be confusion at first: for a shirt covered with knives might be worn by politician or gynaecologist; but these things could be regulated and adjusted without bloodshed.

The first play founded on the Humbert-Crawford case will be produced at Copenhagen. Slang in Paris, as in New York, and no doubt in Damascus, changes from week to week. In French a purse is now known as a "Crawford."

To Benjamin Constant, Sir Henry Irving was an ideal playacter, for the painter disliked any play that did not present a gorgeous picture to the eye. No doubt Sir Henry is also admired by all carpenters.

Here is a story that seems hardly probable. Vignaux played at billiards against Cure at the Grand Hotel, Paris, and was well ahead. Cocksure of victory, he ordered a magnum of champagne. Cure took advantage of some muzzy strokes of Vignaux and ran out the game. An instance of "Cup and lip" or of "Cup and ball," as you please.

"There is one thing sadder," said the lady, "than a German trying to whisper guttural sweet nothings in the ear of his mistress. That is, a great and serious nation imitating a weaker and lighter."

June 25 1902

The prophet should be veiled even though he be of godlike face. Did you ever see a beardless prophet in a painting or wood cut? An eminent promoter in Boston delights in talking vigorously and at length to anyone whom he wishes to impress; but after this one conversation he never sees the man if he can help it, and if he is forced to meet him his lips are sealed. The Emperor of Germany has made himself common if not comic by his chatter, by his desire to be omniloquial. How much more dignified the mad monarch, a solitary spectator in the Munich Opera House! We know a Bostonian who dislikes to answer the simplest, most conventional question put to him concerning his plans for the day or week, or his whereabouts during the few preceding days. Ask him, "Shall you be in town tomorrow?" and he shapes a face of mystery as though he were to take his unicorn to be shod as though he had made an appointment with the Sphinx. Nine chances out of ten you would find him at luncheon in his frequented restaurant, eating heartily of a prosaic dish, and he will attend punctiliously to the routine of his day, but he does not wish his schedule to be as a printed time-table. By this reticence and display of self-respect, he has gained the reputation of being a deep thinker. Solitaire may well be played by citizens as well as by Kings.

Mr. Francis A. Dimock agrees that if asparagus be cut as it should be cut, the flavor will be preserved. Some assert that this flavor is disappearing. "Grandfather cut the asparagus every morning, and when it had grown to be a foot or two tall, as your modern gardeners do, but as the tender shoots were just in the act of bursting through the earth. I doubt if a stalk of asparagus over three inches long ever appeared on our table. And fat!" We are not so much concerned about

the flavor as about the odor of asparagus. (The spell exerted by coffee, a rank poison to thousands, is chiefly in the odor. Waffles are delicious in smell as well as in taste. Many homely dishes thus fascinate.) Dr. Muffett said nearly 250 years ago: "Asparagus was in old time a meat for such Emperours as Julius Caesar; now every boor is served with them." If the odor of asparagus should disappear, who would remember in this year of strenuous life that he had eaten it? Or of what avail would be the eating thereof? He might as well have eaten malodorous cabbage. The Berliners know better than we the full glory of asparagus, for in the morning after a late supper and potations deep, when the coppers are hot and the eyes water at the sight of print, they irrigate their bodies with draughts of warm asparagus juice. The foreigner does not find it palatable; his imagination plays him disturbing tricks; yet if he has courage, he will find this same juice a wondrous remedy, more searching and salutary than the juice of the health-giving clam.

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Here is a story that upsets tradition. Mr. George Sangfoss of Larksville, Pa., fell in love with his mother-in-law. Mrs. Helen Hestus, and for her fair sake was willing to assist her in firing Troy, N. H., or N. Y., but he contented himself with deserting his wife and two babies. Mr. Sangfoss explained his conduct in the following letter which he thoughtfully addressed to his wife:

Dearest Wife: I am gone, enclosed plese you will find 39 eggs and 16 onions and also left you them saurdins and ten dollars to feed Geniva and Baldy and you; don't forget the hog.

Your ma, is my wife; she is all wright, when she dies See if me and you can fix things up again. When the vitels is all bust the ten. Plese dont get marrit because when your ma dies I come back to you mabe.

YOUR HUSBAND, ONCE GEORGE.

"Larksville?" The name of the scene of this passionate action is suspicious. Perhaps Hestus is a misprint for "Cestus."

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Dr. O. L. Howard, chief of the entomological division of the Agricultural Department, has been investigating flies and he has asked in the spirit of King Darius: "Do flies bite?" He now insists that the common house-fly, musca domestica, does not bite; it cannot, on account of the structure of its mouth parts; but it can transmit disease by communicating germs to food. In small towns and about farmers' houses where sewerage facilities are lacking the house-fly is a constant source of danger." A species of house-fly with a light-colored belly, the homalomyia canicularis has a biting proboscis. "Literature" will be sent out to health boards and committees and individuals, and this "literature" will tell them various ways of killing flies, from the use of the human hand to complex machinery.

Yes, yes, this is all very well; but the division of entomology of the Department of Agriculture, with all the means at its disposal, with the army of earnest workers, intrepid explorers, accomplished authors, typewriters, printers, publishers, does not answer this simple and vital question: "Where do flies go to in the winter? They ought to go there in the summer."

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"Archbishop Ireland will receive a red hat in December." An appropriate color for the season. It will then be too late for panamas.

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Even in Paris tradition dies hard. Objection was made to Brieux's "Les petites Amies" at the Comédie Française because the playwright had pitched overboard the Duke and the Baroness to make room for the working class. "The first theatre in Europe should not be populated by plebian characters." Brieux answered that if the theatre denied the poorer classes the right to live, think, love, suffer, it had failed in its mission.

June 26 1902

The New York Times, which publishes "all the news that's fit to print," described lately the costumes worn by more or less distinguished citizens of New York. The effect of the descriptions was enhanced by portraits of the said citizens, who if they are correctly pictured should take their exercise after dark. We are particularly struck by the appearance of Mr. E. Berry Wall, who wears a suit of Paisley shawl pattern, trousers of the variety known as bags, a red cravat, and a dinky hat. Mr. Adrian Iselin, Jr., in his picture has a head like a bird, say, a jay, while Mr. William C. Whitney appears to be stopping aable ear. As he is wearing a dust coat of warm Havana brown, the ear will undoubtedly stop; so would anything that saw him, from a clock to an automobile. Dr. H. Hoyle Butts—is he in "Who's Who?"—wears a suit of invisible checks—a no-funds suit—with a dark four-in-hand and canary-colored gloves; and thus he leaps into the glare of fame, although we know nothing about the precise character of his underclothes. Mr. Wm. K. Vanderbilt wears "a very large, genuine and very expensive" Panama. We don't see how he can afford it. Mr. Russell Sage's costume is not described. We see the editor of the Providence Journal poring over this page of the Times, which he has pasted on the wall over his desk. And this is only the first article of a long and illustrated series. Is there no material for such articles in Boston? The first might be devoted to costumes of eminent Anti-Imperialists. The trousers worn by one of them deserves at least a page.

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Avoid this summer any country-house where the host is addicted to the use of the thermometer. A man is as hot or as cold as he feels. Of what comfort was a thermometer registering 90 in the shade to the shivering yokel in Wordsworth's poem? We have seen a hostess, chilled blue, beg for a furnace fire, while the host removed his coat for comfort in the drawing-room. Would a thermometer have brought consolation to either one? The confirmed victim of a thermometer has a prominent position in the long gallery of household bores. He consults the instrument thrice a day; he makes careful notes; he has kept a record for 20 odd years; his talk at meals is thermometrical and comparative. "You think, Mr. Johnson, this is a warm day. Why, in 1892, this same day of the month, the thermometer registered 86 at 8.15 A. M., and in 1882 the mercury stood at 85 and a half at the same hour of the day. After breakfast I'll read you some interesting facts from my diary. I've kept a record for many years. My father did before me." Furthermore, the victim of a thermometer is often slave to a barometer. By these two instruments he regulates his daily habits and the life of the household, which includes the ass that is within his gates. No prophet is an agreeable or healthful companion; he must be occasionally disconcerting; and thermometer and barometer lead to prophecies concerning the weather.

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The father of 26 children lives in Amityville, and his name is Darling.

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One of the features of a wandering show in Pennsylvania was "Wild Sappho." The barker told the crowd that she had been captured in Ceylon, and that she lived on raw meat. The girl turned out to be Miss Lizzie Kramer of Reading, with a wig of black hair. "At intervals raw beef was thrown into the den, where she was manacled."

We are not especially interested in the discovery by a father of a missing daughter; that is, we are not interested beyond the limit of the Terentian maxim. If Miss Lizzie likes to indulge herself in such larks, it is not our business to cry "Shame!"

But why was the name Sappho given her by the showman, and why was Ceylon named as her home?

Sappho was a small woman with black hair—so the wig was strictly in character; and Sappho had a strange and haunting smile; and no one that saw her, even for only a moment, ever forgot her; but neither the most malicious gossiper nor the most insinuating scholiast of antiquity nor the most learned pornographist of modern times accused her of eating raw meat for a steady diet.

And why Ceylon? Wild men and women, as is known by every school-boy, come from Borneo, and they are arboreal rather than terrestrial or aquatic. Occasionally a wild man terrifies villagers in Connecticut or Maine, but on examination it will be found that either his father or grandfather came from Borneo. The wild man is a specialty of Borneo, as the vampire is of Hungary.

Ceylon is a marvelous country. Some have found it to be Milton's "Utmost Indian isle Taprobane"; Mr. J. W. Bennett was sure that it was the seat of Paradise; she has all climates, or, to quote De Quincey, she was "fitted up as a panorganon for modulating through the whole diatonic scale of climates"; she has her blazing sun and swooning days, her Alps and Alpine tracts; there are the soft and lazy Cinghalese, and the ferocious Kandyans; she knew a sultan ruling with white elephants, eunuchs, torturers, and all kinds of music; she has a long history of treachery, both native, Portuguese, Dutch, English; her panorama is splashed with blood; it was in Ceylon that an English corporal, left as dead, arose from the field, and dying and delirious, swam rivers and had incredible escapes from foes until he gained a beleaguered fortress and said to the commander: "Your honor, all is dished"; her bridges are built of satinwood; a tooth of Buddha is worshiped; a wonderful country, "the queen lotus of the Indian seas, and the Pandora of Islands"; but she has no wild men or wild women for domestic amusement or gainful exportation.

We have never been in Borneo. The name is one to conjure with. We see dank, steaming vegetation; we see all manner of fearful snakes and unwholesome, dissipated birds; there are tigers in rude health; and there are huge forests, and in every tree a wild man gibbers and squeaks to his mate. The sea-towns swarm with bargaining show-men. Let Borneo keep this glory. Ceylon is rich enough.

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Let us now praise famous men.

We read of a person of quality, who at the sight of an eel would presently fall into a swoon; and, what is more surprising, if an eel-pie was brought to table, though not opened, it put him into the same disorder.

It is related of a certain Count's son that his lips would swell on tasting an egg and that he would foam at the mouth, and purple and black spots appear on his face.

On the contrary, we are told of a Norman peasant who never tasted bread, flesh, or fish, but fed only on eggs; upon which account he was commonly called the Weasel.

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The madness waxes fiercer hour by hour, the abyss awaits its prey, the cataclysm is at hand.

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Edward did well to honor England by giving two tickets to Sarah Bernhardt. No more distinguished woman will see the ceremony.

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Is Hortense Schneider, the heroine of Offenbach's operettas, still alive? And has King Edward forgotten her? "If Schneider were here, she would know me."

June 27 1902

An opera founded on "Trilby" will be produced in Berlin early next season. The statement reminded us of the passing of the Trilby madness. Is the book read today? Would you, who chatted so glibly about it when it was in fashion, be willing to pass an examination on it? Ah, the fleet wings of modernity! Not long ago Mr. Dooley was the foremost wit and humorist of America. He was a marvelous combination of the better qualities of Aristophanes, Rabelais, Swift, Thackeray of the lighter moments, Heine, Artemus Ward—oh, yes, Voltaire, Pascal and a dozen others. He delighted uncrowned millionaires and crowned rulers; he was the supreme guide, philosopher, friend to the common people. Well, what's become of Mr. Dooley? How long is it since you have read a chapter of his philosophical reflections?

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You remember portions of his first book. You were not able to finish the second. Yet there was a time when you gained renown among your friends by reading Dooley aloud. "You ought to hear Johnson read Dooley. His accent is wonderful. I don't see how he does it." Your accent was wonderful; there was nothing like it in Ireland or at a meeting of Aldermen. But you were never without the book in your pocket, for you would not have been disobliging for the world, and your memory is treacherous. You are no longer asked to read, and, what is more surprising, you no longer lead the conversation to an occasion for the display of your proficiency. And yet those first articles were entertaining, even when you read them.

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The Morning Post (London) published lately this singular advertisement: "Lady who has been ordered more gayety by her doctor, and who has but few friends in London, would be glad to have suggestions from married ladies; smartest set only need apply." Here is a deliberate advertisement for friends among the "smart" set. In Boston applicants do not advertise in the newspapers; they practise climbing on ladders; they stifle their own thoughts and convictions; they leave the church of their childhood for one more fashionable; they patronize the arts, and thus do them a fatal injury, for, as Hazlitt said long ago, patronage and works of art deserving patronage rarely exist together. "The arts are of humble growth and station; they are the product of labor and self-denial; they have their seat in the heart of man and in his imagination; it is there they labor, have their triumphs there, and, unseen and unthought of, perform their ceaseless task." Or these climbers are prominent at horse shows, and sometimes they leap the social barrier by aid of blooded horses, whose ancestry they envy.

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"Smart set"—a vile phrase, and yet often descriptive of the man and woman to whom it is applied. Even in England they are looking for a substitute for "smart"; viv, slick, modestic, piccadyllic, equiz, speif, crisp, very acme, very pick have been suggested. "Guinevere" proposes "nice", a word so wrongly used to-day; these definitions, "requiring scrupulous exactness," "minutely discriminative," are supposed by her to fit the case. We might suggest coarser terms.

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We searched William Cobbett's "Tour in Scotland" for remarks on haggis, but this master of vituperation was for once silent. He did speak of the provisions found for the farming men near Dunfermline, the single men called servants in husbandry, who were lodged in a shed and never permitted to set their foot in the farmhouse. Each was allowed two pecks of coarse oatmeal a week and three quarts of milk a day. "They have to use this meal, which weighs about 17 pounds, either by mixing it with cold water or with hot; they put some of it into a bowl, pour some boiling water upon it, then stir it about and eat it; and they call this brose. * * * I saw some of the brose mixed up ready to eat; and this is by no means bad stuff, only there ought to be half a pound of good meat to eat along with it. The Americans make brose of the cornmeal; but, then, they make their brose with milk instead of water, and they send it down their throats in company with buttered beefsteak." Cobbett, who made these observations in 1832, noted that these laborers were "never troubled with those clattering things, knives, forks, plates, vinegar cruets, salt cellars, pepper boxes, mustard pots, table cloths or tables." A hardy race!

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Here you observe an ill disguised contempt for oatmeal and an abject admiration for "buttered beefsteak." Did the English despise oatmeal because it was a Scottish dish? The scorn is of long standing. Lewis says to his daughter in Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Elder Brother":

I'd have thee rise wi' the' sun, walk, dance, or hunt,
Visit the groves and springs, and learn the virtues
Of plants and simples: Do this moderately,
And thou shalt not, with eating chalk, or coals,
Leather and oatmeal, and such other trash,
Fall into the green-sickness.

Gone is the oatmeal porridge dear to our childhood. They began to prepare it the day before: it boiled or stewed or simmered over night; it was cohesive, slablike, quivering when put by the spoon into a bowl of milk. Money cannot buy it today. We would not exchange a bowlful for a continent of beefsteak and seven sky-smearing pyramids of butter.

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Buttered beefsteak, the greasy and bloody symbol of a nation's greatness! We once read an article by some hysterical American in which he attempted to prove that the United States was a greater power than Rome when "embassies from regions far remote" crowded the Appian or the Emilian roads; greater than France after Austerlitz, Germany after Sedan, or Great Britain or Russia of today, because, forsooth, the inhabitants eat more meat than those of other nations. "I am a Roman citizen" was the boast that commanded respect from the Pillars of Hercules to the far and golden East. "I eat beefsteak often twice a day" is the American's defiance to the world.

June 28, 1902

To wear no cravat is an indisputable sign of genius among our pastoral and poetic scribblers. A rope, methinks, would suit a choice few of them with more appropriateness than a neckerchief, and I see no reason why a man who perpetrates a publication (on the mere score of eccentricity) should escape, when the wretch who commits a forgery is hanged. To affront the sensibility of the pocket is surely less atrocious than to volunteer an assault on the understanding.

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In the city the bell now is unnoticed, unless some dweller near a steeple is maddened by chimes, which a New England climate does not favor. There is no bell to sound revolt, invasion, massacre. The still alarm has muffled one horror of the bell. Even if all bells were madly swung, their notes of joy, warning, fear, would be lost in the general din that glorifies civilization. Were Poe now living, he would not find the subject of his elocutionary poem.

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And what to Bostonians are peals of bells with their plain bob-triples, bob-majors, bob-majors reversed, double bob-majors, grandsire bob-majors, and the great bob-maximus itself? Who would find euphony in the phrase "a dumb peal of grandsire-triples"? Yet there was wonder at the discovery of these triples with 5040 changes; "it is possible that this valuable piece of treasure would at this day have been fast locked up in the barren womb of sterile obscurity had not a poor unlettered youth appeared, who no sooner approached this grand pile, but, as if by magic power, he varied it into whatever form he pleased, and made it at once subservient to his will!"

To nearly all of us the terminology of ringing is rank verbiage, and the bell ringer is without glory. There was a time when he was advised to "avoid all ungraceful gestures, and unseemly grimaces, which, to the judicious eye, are both disagreeable and highly censurable." What to us are the vaunted deeds of the Society of Cambridge Youths who rang a true and complete peal of bob-maximus in five hours and five minutes? Mr. Patrick was buried on the afternoon of Sunday, June 26, 1796, and his corpse was followed to the grave by all the Ringing Societies of London and its suburbs, "each sounding hand bells with muffled clappers, the church bells at the same time ringing a dead peal." Mr. Patrick made barometers, composed church bell music—as "the whole peal of Stedman's triples, 5040 changes," for which he received a prize of £50. And what is the celebrated Mr. Patrick to us? A noisy fellow, who now, perhaps, is quiet under the sod.

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In the city the bell ringer works unnoticed. The chime man is a nuisance to them in the shadow of his church; and the moment that chimes were sounded by levers instead of ropes he lost all distinction. There is no admiration of his art, for his work is without art. His bells, cracked and out of tune, provoke derision and cursing. Hymns lose all religious sentiment. The chime man is doing his job for pay.

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But in the country the bell is still terrible in its sound and associations. We speak of the genuine country; not a pleasure park controlled by the ostentatiously rich, with a few of contemptibly small incomes of from $10,000 to $10,000 a year, who are graciously allowed to exist in the neighborhood as peasantry. We speak of the village, with its white and steepled meeting house, its hillside cemetery baking in sunlight, its store and Post Office, its daily stage, its native villagers of molluscan life. Here the bell rings for fire—and fire means the wiping out of a home; for a lost child; for a funeral; for a holiday. This bell is dismal even on the Fourth of July. It was cast under Saturn. And it is peculiarly dismal when it sounds for the evening service before sunset. The Sunday may be a glorious one. The horizon may be almost beyond the reach of eyes; the sun may have been majestically benignant from its rising, the clouds were never so pompous, never so gigantic with inaccessible battlements, never so fantastic in counterfeit presentment of animals, castles, set fireworks. The hush of nature may be one of peace and satisfaction, not of idle and vague or mysterious expectancy; the ocean may be calm and innocent, or the mountain dozing in the pervading warmth; the bell with its inexorable monotony strikes terror to the soul. The service may be cheerful, the minister a simple optimist; the bell is not in sympathy. You may be going churchward, rejoicing in the pure air and the sight of the landscape; you may be sitting meditative, on a veranda that commands the sea, or friends may be talking gayly; the bell chills you to the bone. The ocean is holding its dead; the marsh is corrupt and hideous; the clouds are ironical in their dampness; there is the thought of the outer darkness beyond the sun; the wild flowers are only for a short season, and what is your life in the procession of the centuries? There is the cemetery, the humble cemetery, which, while the bell tolls, o'erspreads the view and assumes huge proportions. They are all strangers to you in that burying ground; it is not probable that you will intrude upon them. But somewhere the earth or sea or fire is waiting for you.

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You may say to yourself, this bell ringer is no ghoul who feels "a glory in so rolling on the human heart a stone." You know him: a good-natured elderly man, with patriarchal beard, much given to ping tobacco, who deals in eggs and chickens. But the terror of the bell still shakes you, nor are you consoled by the thought that some day you will not hear it.

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The Pall Mall Gazette describes Mrs. Ryley's farce, "The Grass Widow," as "rather a distressing piece of work; it reminds one of the somewhat boisterous, incoherent talk of a lady who has had a little too much wine and is anxious to be invited into the smoking room."

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Mr. Worth thinks it impossible that all the ermine prepared for use at the coronation is genuine fur, because the supply is limited. What often passes for ermine is the skin of the Russian white rabbit. We learn that a coronation robe worthy the name represents the work for one woman of 600 days. That includes all the embroidery.

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Were children ever taught in New England to spell in this manner: abate, a bytself a, b-a-t-e, bate, abate?

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William Cobbett preferred oatmeal, "when ground and dressed in a nice manner," in the form of porridge and eaten with milk, to toasted bread and butter, to muffins, to crumpets, to bread and butter, or to hot rolls. But did he ever know the glory of buckwheat cakes, sausages and molasses, all on one and the same plate—the favorite breakfast dish of the more aristocratic Albanians?

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The origin of nightcaps is lost in the remoteness of antiquity.

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Capt. Starbuck C. Folger of Siasconset, Mass., assures us that on June 21, 1898, he was sailing master of the yacht Birdie B. In a squall off Port Monmouth, N. J., he lost half a case of champagne, a silver handled corkscrew, a silver plated champagne cooler and a copy of Prof. Arlo Bates's "Wheel of Fire." In 1902 he was captain of the brig Firefly, from Medford, Mass., to the West Coast of Africa, with a cargo of rum and sundries. March 3, while his brig was becalmed off Delagoa Bay, the sailors drew in a shark. It contained the articles above mentioned with the exception of the novel, which could not be found. The champagne was cold, two bottles and about a third of another had been drunk, and the dying shark still grasped the corkscrew between his teeth.—New York Sun.

June 29 1902

MUSIC IN THE HISTORY OF THE WESTERN CHURCH, with an Introduction on Religious Music Among Primitive and Ancient Peoples. By Edward Dickinson. 425 pp. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

MR. DICKINSON is Professor of the History of Music, in the Conservatory of Music, Oberlin College. His boyhood was spent in Northampton (Mass.), where he studied the piano, and was fitted for Amherst College, from which he was graduated about 25 years ago. After study of history and aesthetics in Europe he joined the Faculty of Oberlin College.

His "Music in the History of the Western Church" is a valuable contribution to musical literature. The book was long and thoughtfully considered, not hurriedly put together to suit the convenience of a publisher. There are pages that are the result of wide and patient reading; there are sentences in which conclusions drawn only from indefatigable research are lucidly expressed. Nowhere is there a show of pedantry, nowhere is there the suggestion of a man with preconceived theories who shapes his facts or ignores facts to confirm these theories. There is independent thought; there is the utmost catholicity of spirit. Furthermore the author marshals his facts, relates his investigations, hands down his conclusions in a style that is clear, dignified, manly, entertaining; his descriptions are often picturesque; at times he is eloquent.

Mr. Dickinson first discusses "Primitive and Ancient Religious Music." He describes the importance of the sacred dance, among pagans and Christians; he gives especial attention to the music of the Heorews, and here he is judicial, not sanctimoniously sentimental. He denies that the Hebrews reached any high degree of perfection in music: "It was unharmonic, simple, and inclined to be coarse and noisy"; and he does not believe that any authentic melodies have come down to us from the time of the Israelitish residence in Palestine. "Perhaps a few notes of an ancient melody, or a horn signal identical with one blown in the camp or in the temple court, may survive in the synagogue today, a splinter from a mighty edifice which has been submerged by the tide of centuries."

He considers ritual and song in the early Christian church, the establishment of the priestly liturgic chant, and then he devotes two chapters to Catholic music: "The Liturgy of the Catholic Church," "The Catholic Ritual Chant," which with the chapter on "The Modern Musical Mass" are perhaps the most noteworthy chapters of a generally admirable book. To him the symbolism and artistic decoration of the Church are not mere extraneous additions which might be cut off without essential loss: the Church has aimed to make beautiful the fixed forms and actions for every devotional impulse. The Church has been actuated by a conviction from which she has never swerved:

"first, that the believer is aided thereby in the offering of an absorbed, fervent, and sincere worship; and second, that it is not only fitting, but a duty, that all that is most precious, the product of the highest development of the powers that God has given to man, should be offered as a witness of man's love and adoration—that the expenditure of wealth in the erection and decoration of God's sanctuaries, and the tribute of the highest artistic skill in the creation of forms of beauty, are worthy of His immeasurable glory and of ourselves as His dependent children."

These chapters, for clearness in explanation of the growth and development and character of the Mass, appreciative spirit, admiration for the sincerity of the masters of this mighty system and sympathy with the devout and mystical or devout and dramatic expression in music are worthy of all praise. And they were written by a Professor at Oberlin!

Palestrina and his contemporaries and successors are discussed at length. Mr. Dickinson is no blind and foolish admirer of their music as the religious music for all ages and for all occasions. "Its aesthetic effect can never be quite disentangled from the impressions drawn from its religious and historic associations. Only the devout Catholic can feel its full import, for to him it shares the sanctity of the liturgy—it is not simply ear-pleasing harmony, but prayer, not merely a decoration of the holy ceremony, but an integral part of the sacrifice of praise and supplication. * * * Given in a concert hall in implied competition with modern chorus music, its effect is feeble. * * * No other phase of music is so dependent upon its setting."

In his chapter on "The Modern Musical Mass," Mr. Dickinson discusses Catholic music of composers from Haydn to Dvorák. Here enters in the temperament of the author. Here is the expression of individual opinion. When he says that "there is not a melancholy strain" in all Haydn's works, he surely forgets movements in the last quartets of that composer. Nor can I readily agree to his proposition that Mozart's "Requiem" is "perhaps not all that we might look for in these solemn circumstances"; that "Mozart had not that depth of feeling and sweep of imagination which make the works of Bach, Handel and Beethoven the sublimest expression of awe in view of the mysteries of life and death." Much of Mozart's instrumental music is agreeable chatter, and few are the melodies therein that are dramatic and poignant; but there are pages which are wondrously deep and imaginative, as the scene between Don Giovanni and the Statue, which even Beethoven nor Richard Strauss ever equaled; as pages of this same Requiem. I cannot understand the author's evident admiration of Gounod's sacred music, especially as he writes soon after: "No purer or nobler type of religious music has appeared in these latter days than is to be found in the compositions of César Franck."

Interesting as well as instructive are the chapters on the rise of the Lutheran Hymnody, the German Cantata and passion. Especially valuable are the remarks on the influence exerted by Martin Luther, who did not write the tunes of his hymns, in spite of Dr. Bacon and Julian's "Dictionary of Hymnology." Bach has a chapter to himself and receives eulogy that is almost indiscriminate. Mr. Dickinson in his consideration of Bach's Mass in B minor does not say, as he should, that the mass is a thing of shreds and patches, that certain movements were written for various occasions, that one, at least, was set originally to far different words, that the mass is without unity of purpose or manufacture.

Nor is he, perhaps, so appreciative of the older composers for the English Church as he should be. Byrd, Tye, Gibbons, Purcell, are mighty names, names with which to conjure. He is kindly disposed toward the more modern English, for he mentions Martin, Bridge, Mackenzie and Tours among those "who have endowed the choral service with richer color and more varied and appealing expression."

The closing chapters are concerned with congregational song in England and America, and problems of church music in this country. Mr. Dickinson wisely refrains from discussing American composers for the church. He speaks out bravely concerning the condition of music in churches throughout the United States; and his opinions on the nature of music in the church should be diligently pondered by clergymen and music committees as well as by psychologists. "Let any one study his sensations when a trained choir pours over him a flood of rapturous harmony, and he will perhaps find it difficult to decide whether it is a devotional uplift or an aesthetic afflatus that has seized him. Is there actually any essential difference between his mental state at this moment and that, for instance, at the close of 'Tristan und Isolde'? * * * * Music alone, in and of itself, never makes people religious. There is no such thing as religious music per se. When music in religious ceremony inspires a distinctly prayerful mood, it does so mainly through associations and accessories. * * * * President Faunce was right when he told one of the churches of his denomination: 'Your music must be kept noble and good. If your children hear Wagner and the other great masters in their schools, they will not be satisfied with "Pull for the Shore" in the church.' Those churches, for example, which rely mainly upon the 'Gospel Songs' should soberly consider if it is profitable in the long run to maintain a standard of religious melodiy and verse far below that which prevails in secular music and literature."

There is a list of books that Mr. Dickinson regards of special value to the student of church music, and there is a full index.

It is surprising to find the name of Handel spelled with a modified "a." Mr. Dickinson's book is written in English for English-speaking readers.

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It is said that Mr. Emil Paur has arranged for a tour of Richard Strauss in this country next season.

The Sun (New York) says:

When the choice of a new conductor was discussed this spring in the Philharmonic, one of the old supporters of the orchestra offered to put $50,000 at the disposal of the society if that would insure the election of Richard Strauss and his acceptance of the post. He who made this offer does not care, for various reasons, to have his name made public. He is a wealthy broker and an enthusiastic musical amateur.

The plan failed, either because Strauss could not come here or because the society did not care to have him as conductor. But now Mr. Paur has persuaded Mr. Strauss to visit America. The composer is to conduct a series of concerts of his own works in this country.

Mr. Strauss will not bring an orchestra, but will play with the most famous of the musical organizations here. Mr. Paur's plan is to arrange for him concerts with the Philharmonic Orchestra in this city, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, with the Thomas Orchestra in Chicago and with the permanent orchestras in Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

This is indeed welcome news. Richard Strauss is beyond doubt and peradventure the most commanding musical figure now living. He is a rare genius, and, whether you like or dislike his music, with him you must reckon seriously.

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No one should believe with a child-like faith the cablegrams that announce triumphs of visiting singers in foreign cities. Here is Miss Ada Colley, the "Australian nightingale," whose specialty was living in the "snow-belt of song." She sang at Berlin June 5 in the Theatre des Westens as Rosina, and some kind friend cabled her success. Now come the foreign journals, which tell a different story. A Berlin critic of indisputable fairness says: "Her whole performance was on such a low level, it was so utterly without 'art.'" Even the correspondent of the Era (London) writes: "Her acting is palpably that of a beginner. The phenomenal high notes are the best part of the lady's voice; the lower range appears singularly weak."

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The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra lost $60,000 last year. This loss has been made up by the guarantors, and concerts will be given next year.——David Baxter, a Scottish basso who is addicted to ballads, will sing in this country next season.——Raoul Pugno, an excellent pianist, will make his second visit to the United States next season.——The Kaim Orchestra of Munich, under the leadership of Felix Weingartner, has been engaged for an eight weeks' tour of the United States in January and February next.

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The Musikalisches Wochenblatt (Leipsic) of June 12 says that there was an attempt made in Boston to secure Mr. Leo Blech of Prague as successor of Mr. Gericke, leader of the Philharmonic Orchestra!——The City Council of Vienna will contribute 6000 crowns toward a monument in honor of Brahms.——Reichenberg of the Vienna Opera, who sang the dragon Fafner at Beyreuth, has gone furiously mad and has been shut up.——There will be a special school opened next season at the Berlin Royal Opera House for the singers of that institution. They need it badly.——Count Alexander Tcheremetief founded at St. Petersburg popular orchestral concerts with "classic programs" and a moderate entrance fee. The 60 players and a chorus are paid by the Count, the concerts are given Sunday afternoon, and are crowded. At the last concert of the late season the Count himself conducted Anton Bruckner's mass, with great success. A new suite by Tancieff was performed.——An opera "Consuelo," founded on George Sand's romance, music by Alfonso Rendano, an Italian pianist of 49 years, failed respectably at Turin. The enthusiasm of the claque aggravated the failure. "There are fine orchestral pages, but the voices are treated without compassion. There is no unity of conception, and there is little that is scenically dramatic."

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Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Te Deum," sung at St. Paul's, London, June 8, was written "in anticipation of the Thanksgiving service." It is in E flat and is for chorus, strings, brass and organ. Strings and trumpets give out the first two measures of Sullivan's hymn-tune, "Onward Christian Soldiers." The chorus enters in four parts and continues until the words "To Thee all angels," which is sung by basses in unison, responded to succes-

sively by tenors and basses. The setting of the song of the Cherubim and Seraphim is conventional. The section that opens "when Thou tookest upon Thee" is in C minor. Tenors and basses in unison are accompanied by a ground bass. Sopranos and altos enter in unison at "When Thou hadst overcome." "A remarkable section begins at the passage 'Lord, save Thy people,' which is set in B flat in eight parts, almost unaccompanied, only sustaining chords being occasionally given by the organ. This should form a very fine contrast, the fortissimo climax to which it is worked up gradually subsiding to piano at the words, 'World without end.' The initial phrase of the hymn heard at the beginning is quoted, and a return made to the opening vocal parts, this time 'andante expressivo.' Here again the voices are very lightly accompanied in preparation for the conclusion. In this the organ and other instruments give out the hymn-tune in its entirety, while the voices in four parts sing an independent melody. This provides a most stirring and imposing finale in which there rings in unmistakable accents the note of triumph."

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Harold Bauer and Blanche Marchesi gave a concert together in London June 9. Foeldsey, a Hungarian 'cellist, appeared for the first time in London, with "sensational success," on the same day. The orchestra played Beethoven's overture, "Weihe des Hauses," a work "rarely heard," says the Era. There was a period when the overture was played in Boston with disgusting regularity.——Sir Alexander Mackenzie's overture to his new opera, "The Cricket on the Hearth," was played at the Lincoln Musical Festival. The book, by Julian Sturgis, is founded on Dickens's story. The overture includes the chief themes: "After a brief allegro entitled 'The kettle began it,' and which humorously sketches the duet between the kettle and the cricket, ending by the kettle incontinently boiling over into the fire, there is a graceful andante, based on the theme of Edward's hallad, 'Hawthorn of the May,' in the first act. Then comes the chief movement, an allegro, on John Peerybingle's song, 'The stars above shine frosty bright,' and which proved a most taking composition, sure of popularity. A duet between John and Dot toward the close of the first act is followed by a refrain of Caleb's bacchanalian song, 'We'll drown it in the bowl,' which is sung at the wedding feast of May and Edward. A truly charming ballad, allotted to Edward, and entitled, 'O green and pleasant England,' from the finale to the last act, closes the overture." Something in my heart tells me that this overture is not worth while, in spite of the Era's enthusiasm.——Theodor Gerlach's opera, "Matteo Falcone," was produced at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, June 5. "The composer is his own librettist—and very poor stuff the book is, while the music is not at all original; there are some pleasing passages and effective scenes, but no trace of individuality." The story is Corsican. Sanpiero determines to free his island from the rule of the Genoese. To give himself room for this praiseworthy action he forsakes his betrothed, Beatrice, whose father, Falcone, swears vengeance. Beatrice marries another, but like a true operatic heroine, she loves Sanpiero still, and warns him of approaching Genoese soldiers. Sanpiero, after he has been shot in the leg, seeks refuge in a mountain house, which belongs to Falcone. The boy Fortunato in his father's absence is hospitable, but when he learns that he is sheltering the betrayer of his sister he gives him over to the enemy. Falcone returns and scolds the boy so harshly for his treachery that he kills himself. The mother falls dead when she learns the news, but Falcone strikes an effective attitude and says the boy was a hero, for he wished to expiate his crime against the laws of humanity. Then comes the funeral service, "a weird pantomime of sorrow and a wail of mourning, according to Corsican rites." The Genoese soldiers appear, dragging the prisoner, who wishes to see Beatrice that he may beg her pardon before he is executed. Beatrice begs that he may be freed, but Falcone settles the matter. He is no longer bound by the rites of hospitality, so he knifes Sanpiero and then gives himself to justice. The opera is divided into a prologue, an act, and an epilogue—"the only original thing about it." This opera had already been performed at Coburg, Magdeburg, Wuerzburg and other burgs. The Berlin management is bitterly attacked for the production of such an inferior work, while operas by Gluck and Marschner, and "Euryanthe," "Oberon," "Jessandra," "Joseph," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Norma," "Othello" and "Falstaff" are not in the repertory. But Weiss's "Polish Jew ("The Bells") produced at the same theatre June 7, was eminently successful.——An opera founded by Aloys Prasch on "Trilby" will be produced in Berlin early next season. The music is by Victor Hollander.——"The Belle of New York" is among the operettas to be performed at Kroll's this summer.

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"Lancelot" says of Johann Strauss, the son of Eduard, who has been leading an orchestra at London: "I missed the engaging spirit and keen sense of climax which so distinguished the playing of the band of 1897."——As a compliment to British music Saint-Saëns adapted an old English air for the trio of his Coronation March and made it form an imposing finale.——Alfred Nemours, a young South American, who lives in Berlin, has published piano pieces that are praised for their melodiousness. They say that a ballet by him will be performed at the Berlin Royal Opera House.——Andreas Dippel, tenor, will begin in November a concert tour of the United States.——Senbrich will arrive in this country about the middle of October. She will give recitals here, in Chicago, New York and certain other cities. She will spend the summer in the Tyrol.——Mr. Blackburn said of Melba's Marguerite this month: "Melba was in wondrous voice; fresh and unfatigued it rose from point to point, higher and higher as you may see a bird dipping and soaring, until it reaches almost incalculable heights. * * * Such exquisite singing of so well-known a part only made us regret the more that we do not oftener hear her in the more adventurous paths of newer and less conventional parts." Yes, yes, but why does Melba insist on singing the mad scene from "Lucia" after her charming performance of Mimi in "La Bohème"?

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The dramatic singer of the Koblenz opera, a "Mme. Stanhope," sued the manager because he declared publicly that she did not sing well and that her voice "seemed to come from a tin-kettle." His lawyer answered that the plaintiff was purely spectral, for there was no one in the city by the name of Stanhope, and that her real name was R——; and that inasmuch as no one ever heard the voice of a tin-kettle, no one could say that its voice was bad. The Court did not decide this second question; it did not even put the kettle on the stage; but it acquitted the defendant because the plaintiff used a name that did not belong to her.

* * *

Young Mr. Kubelik has been telling wonderful tales about his adventures in America. The Ménestrel says that he does not appear to be hostile toward interviewers; that from his statements America is more dangerous than Central Africa to a traveler; it repeats some of his stories with a shudder, and then asks if there is possibly a district Gascogne in Bohemia, Mr. Kubelik's native land.

* * *

Mlle. Nini Buffet, who made a name by singing as an amateur beggar in the courtyards of Parisian houses for the sake of charity, has started a new enterprise for her own benefit. At the door of a large-sized studio in the vicinity of the Moulin Rouge may be seen written in great letters of flaring gas the announcement: "Here is la Purée." You enter out-at-elbow hall, as it may be called, and see signs of light-hearted impecuniosity everywhere. On the walls hang battered top hats and wrecked umbrellas. A recess is shut off by partly demolished windows, from which socks darned beyond recognition are suspended to dry. But the public, with which the place is tightly packed, drinks beer and listens to songs, not at all depressed by the poverty stricken surroundings, and Nini Buffet herself, clad in scarlet, bears up very well, and beats a drum with fearful energy at the close of each songster's or reciter's contribution to the evening's entertainment. Anybody leaving before the last number of the program has been got through goes out to the sound of a dirge-like chorus, which, led by Nini Buffet and taken up by the entire audience, is intended to express disgust for guests departing too early. The words thereof may be freely rendered thus: "See the wretched paupers going. See the sorry beggars go." At the end of the entertainment Nini Buffet, at the door, says to all as they go out: "If you have been very bored, send your friends." The point of the whole thing is that Parisians thoroughly enjoy Nini Buffet's treatment of them and flock to out-at-elbow hall.——The London Telegraph.

* * *

Works produced lately at Copenhagen: Symphony by Louis Glass, "essentially idyllic"; symphony by Gustav Helsted, "picturesque and original"; sonata for violin and piano by Fini Henriques, "of lively and fresh inspiration, but destitute of originality and power"; "Hymnus Amoris" for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, by Carl Nielsen. A suite in four "sketches" by Crocé-Spinelli, director of the Toulouse Conservatory, was performed for the first time at a concert given by the pupils of that institution and loudly praised for the nobility of thought harmonic knowledge, delicate and tasteful orchestration.——A bust of Edouard Lalo will be dedicated at Lille in August.

June 30 1902

Such grave uses made of quotations from Scripture, so far from calling for that reprehension which persons of narrow judgment are apt to bestow without consideration, are most happy allusions, as they tend to elucidate the meaning of that which we read times without number, as if it had no meaning, and as they make us ourselves in our own hearts bear witness to the justice of many comparisons.

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Some time ago we proposed the preparation and publication of a Dictionary of English and American Profanity, with copious digressions concerning curse lore. We proposed it almost timidly, although we are firm in the belief that the absence of such a work is a disgrace to English speaking professors of language, dialects and rhetoric. The Germans are provided with such a dictionary, in which even the trivial and meaningless expression "Herr Gott aus Manheim" finds an honorable place. There are several French dictionaries of slang in which certain oaths are explained. The latest of these dictionaries is compiled by Sieur Aristide Bruant, a sweet poet, who has glorified the humble lives of Parisian voyous and pierreuses. His more serious work will undoubtedly land him safely in the Academy. There are English and American slang dictionaries, but their compilers treat curses and other profane expressions gingerly and without true understanding.

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To our abiding joy and satisfaction the Sun (N. Y.) appreciated at once the importance of our proposition. It generously gave it still greater publicity; and not content with blowing a trumpet call to philologists, amateur and professional, it has personally conducted laborious and important investigations. May the Sun shed light on the darkest corner of profanity! If the Sun be or is with us, who, then, can be against us?

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The Sun well says of the contemplated and gigantic work: "Like the New English Dictionary, it will be the fruit of co-operation. No one man, not even if he were the most accomplished mate that ever commanded a roustabout at a steamboat landing on the Mississippi, can be master of more than a petty arc of the great circle of imprecations. Associated efforts must be made."

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And who in Boston and the vicinity of Boston will help us in this work? It is impossible to overestimate the value of the Dictionary. They that now swear at random, tentatively, and therefore ineffectively, will be enabled by diligent study to impress the women and children of their household by a display of verbal virility. They that have been thought fat-witted will glow with sulphurous brilliance. The most prosaic will cultivate a taste for the picturesque. The Dictionary, with its wide range of expression, from mincing and trimmed oaths to the thunderous, from the fantastic and zig-zag to the hoarse or reverberating, will be indispensable to every one who does not wish to be on a level with the beast that perisheth. We see, as from a tower, children poring over it after the evening meal, and we hear their animated questions to the parents; it is in every office, from that of the seller of bird-seed to that of the shaker of the markets. There are at least six copies in Bates Hall, and all in constant use; at the apothecary's it is chained near the Directory and the Blue Book.

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The name of Professor Barrett Wendell has been proposed as editor for New England; but he is too fastidious, a man inclined to pooh-pooh everything that smacks of the soil; America would fare hardly at his hands. Professor Arlo Bates is now in Italy, and even if he were now in Boston his sensitive nature would be jarred beyond recovery by the more robust expressions of the West and Southwest. Professor Bates is on intimate terms with the subjunctive; he can detect coarseness in the Elizabethan dramatists and Mr. Kipling, as though he were an active member of the Watch and Ward Society; but is he the man to trace "Hell in two volumes" to its origin, or write appreciatively of "Hell and the Holy Land," an expletive once popular in Sedalia, Mo.?

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No, the oaths of New England must be collected, differentiated, explained by our esteemed friend, The Earnest Student of Sociology, who since the death of our lamented colleague the Heron Editor—O loss never to be forgotten, never to be made good, never to be mentioned without tears—is the one fullest in sympathy with our indefatigable efforts to spread abroad healthful knowledge, awaken interest in the past as well as hope for the future, uplift the down-hearted, and, in a word, cheer and benefit the race. He has already made investigations concerning expletives, oaths and curses for his huge work "Man as a Social and Political Beast," which was begun a dozen years ago by "Taverner" of the Post. In this work the lore and acumen of Mr. H. C. Merwin, that ornament of the Boston Bar, were brilliantly displayed. Mr. Merwin, forced by professional duties and his love of horses to abandon the work to another, chose the Earnest Student of Sociology as his successor, but his interest is unabated, and he is still the first "of counsel."

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Some would churlishly guard notes collected with difficulty and in some instances not without personal danger—for observations were made in barrooms and along wharves as well as on golf links and in clubs—but the Earnest Student writes us: "I shall be delighted to give my material to the Editor-in-Chief, whoever he may be. There is glory enough for all. Besides my book, as it is now arranged, will require 23 volumes, elophant, without the volume or volumes on profanity, and without the volumes of maps, charts, and diagrams; and I do not wish to discourage subscribers. By the way, I see that the Sun is bothered by 'The Devil and Tom Walker.' I have evidence to show that Mr. Thomas Walker was a Bostonian, but there is still a missing link in the chain. I hope to find and rivet it by July 17th. At present I am writing the introduction to my Panorganon; I deem it necessary in so doing to sacrifice to perspicuity as well as to the Graces, and therefore I must concentrate my mind."

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The prospectus of the Dictionary of English and American Profanity should be prepared at once. We have already received letters from men of all classes and conditions who wish to subscribe, whether the work be issued in alluring parts or as one stupendous, earth-withering, sky-assailing whole. But who is to be Editor-in-Chief? It is easy to name consulting editors; but what presiding spirit will illuminate and vivify the mass?

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"It is reported that the Ameer of Afghanistan 25 days ago married quietly five wives." Mark the modesty of this mighty ruler. He married five wives "quietly." What a fuss is made in Europe when a monarch marries one. What clashing of bells, blowing of horns, and verbal pyrotechnics when the son of an American untitled aristocrat takes to himself the daughter of a multi-millionaire! And remember that the Ameer might as easily and quietly have married 25 wives five days ago.

July 1, 1902

The choice of authors and musicians for knighthood might well excite wonder if the honor were worth serious consideration. Sir Charles Hubert Parry—a serious, plodding, "safe," dull musician! And Elgar may well smile, a man of talent that is close to genius, whose talent is recognized even in Germany. Sir Conan Doyle, Sir Burnard-Punch, Sir Gilbert Parker! Did Swinburne, Thomas Hardy, Meredith, William Watson, have the opportunity of refusal? It is hard to think of their acceptance. As some Englishman said of a fellow-countryman: "He declined to be a Bishop, which is greater than being a Bishop." Yet there is a bright side to the matter: Messrs. Poet Laureate and Mr. W. W. Astor were passed by, and their disappointment is fearful to contemplate.

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Speaking of lobsters, we have all smiled at the Frenchman's impassioned address to the "Cardinal of the Sea." But a red and living lobster was caught a short time ago off the Cornwall coast and is now in the Brighton Aquarium. He is normal in other respects, he is a three-year-old, and his appetite is excellent.

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In Meriden (Conn.) ten persons have committed suicide since May 1, and three others have made the attempt. The officials might try the remedy that was successful in a town of ancient fame. Women were killing themselves, the young and the middle-aged and the old. Mr. Marcel Schwob tells us that the cause was the realization of how they would look when they should be aged and wrinkled and worn; his story is a masterpiece of refined horror. Whatever the cause, the magistrates put a stop to the epidemic by decreeing that the next woman who should kill herself would be dragged, naked in the streets. The minds of the women suddenly became reasonable.

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West Medford, June 30, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I propose as a motto for the great Dictionary of English and American

Profanity the following passage from Swift's introduction to "A Complete Collection of Genteel and Ingenious Conversation":

"Oaths are the children of fashion; they are, in some sense, almost annuals * * * and I myself can remember about 40 different sets. The old stock-oaths, I am confident, do not amount to above 45 or 50 at most; but the way of mingling and compounding them is almost as various as that of the alphabet * * * I most earnestly recommend to my readers that they would please a little to study variety. For it is the opinion of our most refined swearers, that the same oath, or curse, cannot, consistently with true politeness, be repeated above nine times, in the same company, by the same person, and at one sitting."

Yours respectfully,
HOYLE STRINGER.

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The music at the Manhattan, a dance hall in New York, was described lately in court as "the-worst-I-ever-heard." Mr. Samuel Arons swore that he was obliged to take drugs in order to sleep. Such music does not answer the definition of Ath-naeus: "that which promotes general amiability and a gentleman-like joy."

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Mr. Alfred Austin in his coronation poem treats "genius" as a trisyllable. Thus he follows the example of Mrs. Dodd's faithful friend, the physician in "Very Hard Cash":

"Jinny-us, Jinny-us
Take care of your carkus."

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A Frenchman, who is somewhat vaguely described as "a clever jurisconsult, who knows England as well as most Englishmen," takes a dismal view of the English-Boer treaty: "It is not worth a rap before a Court of International Arbitration. It is the faultiest I ever saw drawn up—that is, if it is as published in the papers. If King Edward should die tomorrow, or, in point of fact, at any time, it is null and void. Allegiance is promised to the reigning monarch only, and no reference is made to his heirs and successors—a precaution that is taken in swearing in a private soldier. It is badly drawn up, and I question whether the amended forms of allegiance would entitle the English, in the event of King Edward's death, to treat the Boers as rebels in case of a revolt."

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There will be a centenary celebration in honor of Alexandre Dumas, the Elder, at Dieppe on July 26. Already stories about the marvelous teller of tales are revived, discovered, and, no doubt, invented. We do not remember this one as worn and threadbare. One day Dumas met a well-known Paris hatter, who, although his acquaintance with the author was slight, said: "I'd give anything to go to the rehearsal of your play tonight." "I've nothing left but a fauteuil," answered Dumas, "and I promised that to a critic, whose good-will I value." The hatter was not abashed; he insisted; and finally Dumas pulled out a ticket for a wretched seat in the gangway. Now the hatter was fat, and the little folding-up seat could not have been of much use. The next day Dumas wrote to him: "I am exceedingly anxious to have a silk hat. Please send me one." The hatter sent him the smallest in the shop—one that would fit the head of a five-year-old child.

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Mrs. Erle Pritchard has written a book, "The Cult of Chiffon." She detests the over-scented and loudly-rustling woman and she also detests the "hideous untrimmed" Jaeger and longcloth intimate garments, the "lingerie à honnête femme." The motto of a self-respecting woman should be, "All glorious within." "Better a serge frock with beautiful lingerie, than a silk dress where longcloth is." We regret to say that Mrs. Pritchard does not discuss the question, "Does the wearing of ugly underclothing mar domestic felicity?"

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King Edward eats baked apples. Only a King or an American multi-millionaire can afford such luxuries.

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The routine of women in one century is of inaction, and in another of action. The Parisian of today begins with horseback exercise in the Bois. There are dresses to be tried on and visits to be made by the dozen. She is seen at the races, playing tennis at Puteaux, at polo, at golf, at the two Salons, at the theatre, but never at home. In the evening there is the cotillion. Nor must the constant succession of charity entertainments be forgotten. Yet she is never tired, she is always smiling and graceful. So writes a correspondent in 1902.

And early in the Seventeenth Century the routine of the French woman of wealthy family was as follows, according to the old playwright. The father is reproaching his daughter.

After a long sleep, when you wake, your woman
Presents your breakfast, then you sleep again,
Then rise, and being trimm'd up by others' hands,
You're led to dinner, and that ended, either
To cards or to your couch (as if you were
Borne without motion), after this to supper,
And then to bed: And so your life runs round
Without variety, or action, daughter.

July 3 1902

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Miss Floretta Vining is shocked by the conduct of "young women of good families," who, "accompanied by young men," spend their Sundays at Hull. These young women swear atrociously—we see additional subscribers to the dictionary of English and American profanity—and they drink vast quantities of strong waters.

"Recently at a house party a young society woman whom everyone in Boston knows brought a quart bottle of whisky, and she and one gentleman drank it before lunch was announced."

No, Miss Vining, not everyone in Boston knows her. We do not know her. As a stern moralist we do not wish to know her, but as an unprejudiced sociologist we are consumed with desire to make her acquaintance. Did the "young society woman" and the "one gentleman" drink fair? Was the quart honorably divided? Or did the "one gentleman" gallantly deny himself and take in each glass only one finger to her three? We have been told that we should "go more into society." If Miss Vining gives a truthful account of the larks and parlor tricks now fashionable among the members of the "upper class," we confess our mistake and shall order at once "dress trousers" of autumnal 1902 cut.

"Morals are too loose even among married women," says Miss Vining, she of the Pinkertonian eye, the sleuth of the South Shore. Paradoxical as it may seem, the loose are often tight, and thus Miss Vining's observation is confirmed by sociologists of all centuries. "I know men who have to take up the daily paper to know where their wives are." Do the newspapers of Boston gain materially in circulation during the summer months? We realize now the importance of the sassiety columns.

We did not know before this that Hull was frequented in summer by the lumtum of Boston; that it was a rival of Bar Harbor, Manchester-by-the-Sea and Beverly. We have been in Hull and we found it a quiet, eminently respectable place. The beer was kept in a secret place and it was warm. Whisky and rum were in bottles. The whisky, as we remember, was in the right-hand inside coat pocket of the barkeeper, and the rum was in the left-hand pocket. Each liquor was strong and searching. This visit, however, was made some years ago, and no doubt the order of spirituous things has changed. Then we saw no gay and flaunting women of high rank, charged with rebellious drink or natural gas. The peace of the Sunday afternoon was undisturbed by cries, profane songs, or horrid revels in dining room or on veranda. Nor did we see husbands, shod with sneakers and armed with guns, searching for their errant wives. There were women yawning over newspapers; but their husbands were obliged to remain in town on account of "business visitors from the West," "examination of books," and other compelling reasons.

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Now Hull, England, has for years borne a bad name. There is an old nick-saying: "From Hell, Hull and Halifax, Good Lord deliver us." But this saying, when you examine the origin, does not reflect on the good character of the two latter towns. The phrase was part of the vagrant's litany. Hull and Halifax were dreaded, as much as the other place, from the severity with which the laws against vagrants and thieves were enforced. Thus in Halifax a thief caught in the act of stealing was immediately, without trial, "beheaded with an engine."

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Mr. Jeremiah Lynch harangued a crowd in New York on the vagaries of the reform administration. "In order to give greater point to his remarks he would change his position from time to time, occasionally hanging head down, with his legs over a cross bar." Thus did he exemplify the first and most important quality attributed by a Grecian worthy to the irresistible orator: action, action, action. In these days, when orations are read in stumbling fashion or with stiff precision from type-written manuscripts, Mr. Lynch should have been hailed as a very god of eloquence; instead of which, as Judge Roompointer would say, he was fined $3.

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We asked the other day: "Were children ever taught in New England to spell in this manner: abate, a bytself, b-a-t-e, bate, abate?"

C. H. writes: "They were, they were; at least in Salem, Mass."

Now in "The Dialect of Craven, in the West-Riding of the County of York; by a native of Craven" (London, 1828) "Anparse" is defined as the character for "and," and this note is added: "Nares shews that a per se, 'a,' o per se, 'o,' and i per se, 'i' are used by our early English writers. The expression 'and per se, and' to signify the contraction &, and substituted for that conjunction, is not yet forgotten in the nursery. And till within these few years, a child in spelling the word 'abate' for instance, would have said, a bytself a, b-a-t-e, 'bate,' abate. This mode of teaching is now nearly obsolete."

In Western Massachusetts 40 years ago "a bytself" was not heard in the schools, although we were brought up on b-a, ba, k-e-r, ker, baker. The spelling book had a frontispiece which pictured a most worthy and elderly man pointing out the Temple of Fame to a Rollo-like boy.

It seems as though the practice of spelling "a bytself" flourished in parts of New England long after it was obsolete in English counties from which it was derived, just as words still used in New England, handed down from generation to generation, are now obsolete in the mother-country or purely provincial, and are classed by ignorant, insular-eyed Englishmen among "Americanisms." "Insular" when applied to the English includes the idea of insolent.

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But who was Amy Florence? Any tawdrily dressed, or in some places any untidy, woman was described as "an Amy Florence." Was the original Amy frail as well as fair? Was she once the toast of the town? And is the phrase "She goes florencing about," derived from her gait, which was like unto the carriage of the daughters of Israel, thundered at by the prophet, or is it a corruption of "flouncing"? And how about the synonymous term "flothering"? Perhaps Amy was of kin to Tom Walker?

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A march composed by Prince Henry of Prussia has been published in Leipsic. We are not surprised by the fact of publication. Nor are we surprised by the authorship, for Prince Henry is of a musical family. The Emperor once wrote a part-song for male voices. Sung by the Apollo Club of Boston, it provoked a bitter feeling against Germany, which was sweetened only by adroit diplomacy. Then years ago Frederick the Great was addicted to the flute. They that heard him said he played well, which shows that they knew thoroughly their business. The veriest amateur today has some admirers, although he may be likened by the ribald to a man with imperfect teeth, eating his way laboriously through an ear of buttered corn.

July 3 1902

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I have often thought what a peculiar melancholy is to be read in their faces as you pass them in the street. It is not a "delicate or a fantastic melancholy." It is the melancholy which belongs to an ardent and eager form of civilization; and which, in these modern times, is the prevailing melancholy of the world. It is not the scholar's melancholy, nor the courtier's, nor the soldier's, nor the lawyer's, nor the lover's, each of which is so well described by Jaques; neither is it his own—a melancholy "compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects;" but it partakes more of the dreary, down-hearted, care-oppressed lassitude of the man of business. It is especially for the sake of such men that I would brighten up society and also make it more easy for them to partake.

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Beaumont and Fletcher introduce in their comedy, "The Scornful Lady," a usurer, named Morecraft, who in the last scene turns gallant, and is wildly, foolishly generous. He gives a ring, "a poor pawn of some fifty pound," to the Lady; money to her coachman for new whips; he gives even to those whom he never saw before; he is eager to play, drink, hunt with anybody for a hundred pounds, do something. This sudden conversion shocked some commentators. Thus Theobald says it is extravagant "and out of the rules and practice of the stage; especially as there is no shadow of reason for it." Another, Gifford, we think, answers in the negative the question: "Whether such an alteration, either in sentiment or policy, is consonant to Nature, the grand arbitress of propriety?"

The very extravagance of Morecraft's generosity is strikingly true to nature. The stage-action must be imagined and it supplements and explains the dialogue.

How often in daily life we meet a man who is constitutionally a niggard, close, "near". He may have inherited meanness. Perhaps extreme poverty in early years may have taught him to set an absurd value on money. But he has prospered, and his wealth has brought with it a certain position and acquaintances. He sees his companions at the club, tavern, watering-place, sea-side resort treating a $5 bill flippantly, not regarding it with the respect shown by him toward a quarter; and yet his income is much larger than that of any one of them. He feels that they are bound together by some mysterious tie; that he is among them, not of them. Yet he is as well-dressed and well-informed, an eminently successful man. He comes to the conclusion that he must learn to spend money gracefully on worthless and perishable things, without any return save that of being characterized as a good fellow.

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His efforts are at first painfully awkward or disagreeable. The shock is intense. He goes into the club. He does not wish to drink anything, but it is the hour of irrigation. There are a dozen in the room. By a mighty effort he rings the bell. The waiters are engaged or do not hear. It is true that he has hardly given them time, when he rings it again, fiercely, and looks about with threatening glance. Rye whisky is sold at 10 cents a glass. He makes a mental calculation: "At the very lowest it will cost me a dollar and twenty cents." The waiter stands at his side and represses admirably an expression of surprise. "Ask the gentlemen what they will have." His request is heard all over the club house, even up stairs in the Quiet Room, and a portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson falls from the wall. No one answers for a moment. Then he begins to individualize; "Come, Johnson, what will you take?" Johnson answers "Paragon." Morecraft says to himself: "Ten cents gone." Ferguson calls out lustily: "Thank you, brandy and soda for me." Morecraft groans inwardly. Bulithorpe is still more shameless: "Rum and ginger ale. A large glass, waiter, and the imported ginger ale, do you understand, imported." Will Smith order a pint of champagne? No, he calls for a bottle of beer, and Morecraft almost starts to shake his hand. At last they are served. "Happy days!" "Here's how!" "I'm looking at you." Morecraft's drink gags him. He chokes and splutters. There stands the waiter with the check. The wretched man signs it with a flourish of bravado. The next time it all comes a little easier.

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Or when Morecraft carves, how forced his eagerness in pressing on you the choicer portion. How hoarse his entreaty! And when you either carelessly or maliciously accept his offer, how dense the gloom that settles on his face!

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We are not told by the playwrights of Morecraft's later years. The Morecraft known to many of us is never wholly at ease in his attempts at good-fellowship. There is a creaking in the machinery of his hospitality. Sometimes he shows impatience when the invited one is not duly grateful. Sometimes a smile escapes him when there is refusal. And there are times when his eyes betray him.

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Lincoln, Mass., July 1, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

In my wish to assist you in the preparation of the great "Dictionary of English and American Profanity," I have begun a course of reading, and I propose to send you terms and phrases for admission and elucidation. I finished this morning Arthur Helps "Social Pressure." The title attracted me. If anything provokes profanity, I said to myself, it is social pressure, but my time was wasted, and I am bitterly disappointed. Not a cuss-word.

EUGENE SLIVERTON.

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Miss Fanny Schurman is believed to be insane because "she thinks she is more beautiful than Venus, and is a distinguished opera singer." The experts have evidently had little to do with singers, operatic, oratorio or concert.

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Americans that are impressed by English titles should read history and not historical novels by young ladies and gentlemen, however adroitly they may have mastered the typewriting machine. Nor by history do we mean necessarily the orthodox volumes sold in a smug case and at a surprisingly low price.

Our first quotation is from "The Annals of King James and King Charles I., folio, 1681." "They were those off-hand lords as were made earls together, that paid eight thousand pounds apiece, and the pride of their hearts never boggled at the purity of the project, but swallowed down the corruption without check of conscience; and yet (as some say) some of them set their sons to beg again part of it for their private expense." Now Mr. W. W. Astor could easily afford to buy an earldom, but he would not be an "off-hand" lord; he would be on hand, belted

and with crooked knee all the time, by day and by night.

Our second quotation concerns knighthood, and is taken from Wilson's Life of James I., folio, 1653: "Although at our King's first access to the crown there was a glut of knights made, yet after some time he held his hand lest the kingdom should be cloyed with them; and the world thrived so well with some that the price was afterwards brought up to three hundred pounds apiece; but now again the poor courtiers were so indigent that sixty pounds would purchase a knighthood, the King wanting other means to gratify his servants."

By the way, what is the market price in Paris today of the Legion of Honor ribbon?

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How different is the matter of honors in the United States! No one can by purchase be admitted to the ranks of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, Shay's Rebellion, 1812, Mexican War, or Spanish War. The only taunt that now might rankle in the breast of a free-born and enlightened citizen is the bitter answer of Iago: "You —— are a Senator!"

July 4 1902

One of the quietest places to be found today is a boiler factory.

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"Mr. Rudolph Aronson of New York has given the Sultan of Morocco his first piano lesson." As soon as the Sultan has mastered his scales and arpeggios, Mr. Aronson will give him a pleasing piece, a pot-pourri on themes from "Morocco Bound."

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Mr. William J. English of Philadelphia shot an organist of Atlantic City. Perhaps the organist was not doing his best.

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We are informed by the Era (London) that Miss Sadie Martinot learned her Irish from Mr. Dion Boucicault. The Era says: "It is always a delight to meet so interesting a lady who looks back upon her career with such an unaffected appreciation of the experiences that are so necessary to complete the clever artist." From which we have a right to infer that Miss Martinot has had experiences and that she is correspondingly grateful.

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Richard Strauss, the remarkable composer and conductor, has been decorated by the Emperor of Germany with the order of the Red Eagle, fourth class. The same distinction has been conferred on Colonel Heyden-Linden, who was first in the Grand Army Steeple Chase at Hoppegarten. Nothing can be fairer than this. The Emperor is not only impartial; he is myriad minded.

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Letters written by Mary Cowden Clarke to Robert Balmanno of New York have been published under the title: "Letters to an Enthusiast." In a review that appears in the New York Evening Post we read: "Webster's gold piece was sent over to Mrs. Clarke and great was her delight to have a piece of money 'that had 'passed through his hands,' as if they had any aptitude for keeping what came into them."

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Let us again praise famous men. D'Ennery's play, "Paillasse," was revived lately at the Porte St. Martin, and this story was revived with it. It appears that Lemonnier was anxious to mount the play at the République, but Mme. d'Ennery wrote saying that her husband would consent only on the condition that the play-actor, Taillade, should have a set of false teeth put in, as his declamation had become faulty. In her kindness of heart she crossed the line of prudence. She named a dentist who, as a friend of her husband, would do it for nothing, and do it well. Now only the thoughtless recommend a tailor, a play, a cigar, a physician, in fact anybody or anything, for that way madness lies, and by recommendation friendships are broken, reputations ruined, and occasionally the result is bloodshed. Was Taillade grateful? Not a bit of it. He was grievously offended. He struck an attitude that well deserved applause, and exclaimed: "A Taillade with false teeth? Never, never." He died only a short time ago, toothless to the end and in extreme poverty.

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Sarah Bernhardt has commissioned Marcel Schwob to arrange a version of "Macbeth" for her for the coming season. Sarah should make a splendid Lady Macbeth if she acted the part with tragic repose, and not in a fine frenzy.—The Referee.

"Should"? Say rather has, for she played the part long ago in Paris.

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Although Mr. Kubelik will not visit the United States, the passion of his press agent is unabated. We are told that the scent of violets makes the violinist gay; if heliotrope is in the room he becomes romantic—his female admirers should have at least a sprinkling of heliotrope; and if he wears a tuberose he is sad and melancholy. Yes, and the smell of roses occasioned the death of Lawrence, Bishop of Breslau. Mrs. Raymond of Stow-Market in Suffolk, England, whenever she heard thunder, even at a great distance, began to grow faint, sick at her stomach, and ready to vomit. The celebrated Mr. Boyle mentions a domestic of his own whose gums would bleed at the tearing of brown paper. We know a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra who fiddles with astounding bravura when he smells the strongest of garlic.

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Mr. Paul Escudier proposes to manage a theatre at popular prices in Paris. He has chosen as a site the old Roman circus in the Latin Quarter, known as the Arenas of Lutetia. The underground dens in which the wild beasts were kept will be used appropriately as dressing rooms.

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The Public Library Board of Evanston, Ill., has branded a novel by Marion Harland as immoral and "unfit for general circulation"! Are the Rollo books and the novels of the late E. P. Roe in circulation at Evanston? They are said to contain passages that inflame the young and cheer the old.

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This reminds us that the eminent playwright, Mr. Samuel Eberly Gross, says he will give $5000 to any Chicago charity Mayor Harrison may name if Rostand appeals the case in which he is charged with plagiarism. We are more and more persuaded that Mr. Gross has no sense of humor. If Rostand does appeal, Mayor Harrison should return the $5000 to Mr. Gross, who is sadly in need of charity.

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Mr. Sims met a friend at Auteuil, who had made up his mind to buck against the evil influence of the number 13. "He told me that he could only back horses numbered 13 on the card, and only back at kiosque 13. I saw him after the first and second races, when he was not going well and strong. After the big race he reflected in a strange language that I could hardly grasp, and he tore a bundle of win-and-a-place '13' tickets into the tiniest of atoms. Never again would he joke with the fatal 13. The board read 9-1-6. When the Stewards gave their decision, and disqualified Mr. Quilp, it read 1-6-13. I handed him a tract and walked away."

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Lady Ossory died of fright in 1684 because she was one of thirteen at table.

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Southampton (L. I.) is just now a favorite summer resort. A procession followed Mr. Louis Disbrow to the Post Office where he was examined. "There were buggies, phaetons, delivery carts, and odd styles in old park carriages, and each rig contained either reporters, artists, or photographers, with cameras, big and little." Mr. Disbrow, it may be remembered, is charged with murder. Mrs. Foster, the widow of one of his alleged victims, sat almost opposite him in a railway train, "but Disbrow showed no sign of recognition." He might at least have bowed to her.

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In the Harwiches, on Cape Cod, the customary friendly greeting is: "How's you' biler."

July 5 1902

Miss Katheryn Powell, a play-actress, is an enthusiastic bicycle rider, and thus is she more terrible than an army with banners. Riding with her well-known enthusiasm on a sidewalk in White Plains (N. Y.) she met Mr. Moses Dunckel, a rich farmer, who was so shocked by this wanton violation of a village ordinance that, as she asserts, he gave her a violent push and knocked her into the road. She further states that she struck a hydrant, an apparatus of quenching thirst that is not familiar to the profession at large, and injured her arm and hip, which enter prominently into the equipment of the successful play-actress of today. For these injuries to her pride and person Miss Powell sues the said Moses Dunckel.

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Propelling a bicycle on a sidewalk is a favorite village amusement, and from personal observation we are prepared to say that this amusement is dear to villagers as well as city folk. It is true that in every well appointed village there is a prohibiting ordinance, but how often are such ordinances respected by the villagers themselves? Do not be deceived by the word sidewalk. In many villages the roads are sandy or heavy, and a bicyclist, enthusiastic or apathetic, can find no pleasure in them. The sidewalks are merely paths worn by tramping feet, wide enough for one person, and hard enough for a bicyclist to ride with comparative comfort. The choice is inevitable. Some bicyclists have the grace to sound a bell as warning of approach. Others utter a demoniac "Hi! Hi!" when they are close upon the heels of the victim, who often jumps directly in front of the wheel. And some give no signal whatever. They trust to their skill, just as there are drivers who delight in shaving hubs. Enjoyment at its height is manic.

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In city or village, at home or abroad, the mounted man or woman demands that the pedestrian should give way. The pedestrian is always the chump: the pedestrian is always it. This is one of the changes brought about by the higher civilization, and it should be classed with noise on which a prominent lawyer the other day pronounced a set and formal eulogy. We should welcome noise, whether it be caused by escaping steam, shunting of freight cars, shrieking of trolley cars round corners, or patriotic joy expressed after the manner of the Chinese. This thought threaded, as with gold, the argument of the learned counsel. If you do not enjoy noise, you are not civilized, and therefore, the Africans described by Burton and Winwood Reade with their never-ceasing din, their constant beating of drums, their yell's of incredibly long breath, are far above us in the scale.

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We do not defend Mr. Moses Dunckel for his brusque manner of introducing the enthusiastic Miss Powell to a hydrant. The shock was severe. And "the man who, etc.," is as much of a wretch as in former days when women were not so clamorous concerning their rights. But we sympathize fully with Mr. Dunckel's intention; his expression was crude, his technic without finesse.

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Why do not the vegetarians make more out of the case of Peter, the Wild Boy, who was found in the woods near Hamelin in 1725, walking on all fours, climbing trees, and feeding on grass and moss? There was a man who undoubtedly lived according to nature. It is true that after he had been introduced to the Royal Family and was a welcome visitor in the stately homes of England, he acquired a taste for cooked meat, but only after months of practice; and until his death at the supposed age of 73 his favorite diet was raw cabbage and green stuff. He was fortunate in his century, for had he been taken to England during the glorious reign of King Henry VIII.—man is naturally a polygamous animal—Peter would have found few vegetables. Cabbages, turnips, and carrots were then seldom seen. Queen Catherine could not have her customary salad until a gardener was imported from the Netherlands. Artichokes, plums, apricots were only beginning to be known. Gooseberries were introduced in 1532, and cherries were then 20 shillings a pound. To go back to Peter, the vegetarian by instinct and choice. For years he could not pronounce a word; but he could growl and neigh, and whenever there was the threat of a storm, he would howl and betray the greatest uneasiness.

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Just as a story that Poe stole his "Raven" is published annually and with unfailing regularity, so there is regularly recurring advice to women concerning a sequence of color to be observed in the wearing of gems. The London Graphic thinks that the Siamese arrangement may afford suggestions. The women of that country wear on Sunday red silk with rubies; on Monday a silver and white dress with a necklace of moonstones; Tuesday sees a light red dress with coral ornaments; Wednesday a green dress with emeralds; Thursday there is a display of varicgated colors with cat's eyes; Friday they don pale blue with flashing diamonds—the diamonds must flash; Saturday they choose a dark blue with sapphires to match.

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Now there are endless variations on this theme. In Poland they believe that each month has a particular gem attached to it, which governs it, and is supposed to influence the destiny of persons born in that month. January, jacinth, or garnet, constancy; February, amethyst, which preserves mortals from strong passions; March, bloodstone, courage and secrecy; April, sapphires, repentance and ignorance; May, emerald, love; June, agate, long life and health; July, ruby or cornelian, which ensures the forgetfulness or cure of evils springing from friendship or love; August, sardonyx, conjugal happiness; September, chrysolite—it preserves from folly or it cures it; October, aquamarine, or opal, denotes misfortune and hope; November, topaz, which insures fidelity and friendship; December, turquoise or malachite, which denotes the most brilliant successes and happiness in every circumstance of life.

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But we fear that this table of gems is not to be trusted implicitly, and we have seen other tables of far different construction. We once read that the wearer of an amethyst could never become intoxicated, no matter how pottle deep were the potations. We have reached the age when the liver seems to be a more important organ than the brain or heart; otherwise we should dearly like to make the experiment—that is, if anyone would kindly lend us an amethyst.

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July 6 1902

TODAY there are wandering orchestral leaders who are characterized with a fine disregard of sexual attributes as prima donna conductors. They travel from London to Milan, from Barcelona to St. Petersburg. Their names are as a magnet. Their mere presence in a concert hall insures a strong box office draught. No one asks what pieces will be played. For once the soloist is neglected. The attraction, the blazing star is the conductor. The composer is a king of shreds and patches. There is no question concerning music by Beethoven, Wagner, Tschaikowsky, et al. The only question is, does Nikisch or Colonne or Weingartner, or Mottl, or Mahler, or Richard Strauss interpret these works? And it is needless to say that these conductors have their indefatigable and passionate press agents.

Of these conductors Mr. Arthur Nikisch—Flos Regum Arthurus—is easily first as an awakener of sensational scenes and a provoker of hysteria. The eminent Hungarian is said to be earning, or at least receiving, an income of about $25,000 a year. His contract with the Gewandhaus is for life, and when he chooses to retire he will have a pension which at his death will go to his widow. He will not visit America next season.

The visitors, according to report, will be Richard Strauss, Felix Weingartner, Pietro Mascagni. The visit of the last-named has long been a movable feast; his terrible approach has long been sounded; and various managers have said with the late Harry Bloodgood: "He's got to come." We now are told that he will arrive in October; that he will make his first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, where he will conduct an orchestral concert, which will be followed by a performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" with the celebrated intermezzo included, at the request of several prominent patrons of music in the metropolis; but the opera will be "given in concert form." Yet we read only a week ago that he would bring costumes with him and also scenery. Will Turiddu sing in a correct dress-coat and unimpeachable trousers? Will Santuzza wear a low-cut gown and the conventionally petrified concert-smile? Perish the thought!

Mascagni will bring his orchestra and a quartet of singers. "In all probability the orchestra will be Leandro Campanari's Philharmonic Orchestra from Milan, one of the most noted orchestral organizations in Italy." Mascagni may also conduct Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Another week and this work will be announced as a novelty.

The foreign journals speak now more favorably of Mascagni as a conductor than when he first began to labor in this vineyard. However he may be as a leader of music not his own, there will be animal curiosity to see him.

Mr. Finch wrote a week ago: "A foolish story comes from Madrid to the effect that Mascagni, arriving there recently to give some concerts, found no one at the station to receive him, and that at the hotel where he had ordered rooms he was refused admittance. The mystery was not explained till next day, when he heard that he was accused of having written a hymn on Admiral Dewey. He denied the allegation and everybody forthwith became enthusiastic. Such is one of the latest phases of the mania for free advertising." I remember a report that Mascagni did write and put in performance some sort of a musical composition with a title that referred to the terrible and bloody battle of Manila. If he did, this fact will no doubt be properly exploited as soon as he sights Sandy Hook, and the piece will be played with all the pomp and circumstance of war. Thus perhaps did he build better than he knew.

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Felix Weingartner will visit the United States with his Kaim orchestra of Munich, where the beer comes from. Nikisch is wise: he does not compose. Weingartner has the mania for writing: he writes prose, discusses symphonies, assails the widow Wagner and her management of Bayreuth, exposes the pitiable ignorance of critics who

not find his music inspired, and he rates music that may be justly ranked with his prose works, although this music is much duller than his polemical essays. In Boston he is known by his mad tinkering with Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," by a symphony, and by a song or two. His chamber music and symphonic poems are unknown here, and of course no one of his operas has been performed. The latest of these operas, "Orestes," originally produced at Leipsic, was performed at Berlin June 14. A fair-minded critic says: "The work is unsatisfactory and disappointing; many numbers promise great things but fall into insipidity before they get to the end, and this may be said of the whole opera;" and Mr. Otto Lessmann, Weingartner's sworn admirer, labored and floundered in his attempt to find pages worthy of praise. But Weingartner, the conductor, is said to be a bright and shining light. The testimony is universal and overwhelming. At the same time we have all learned in our quiet little village to suspect the genuineness of foreign reputations, and to ask that we may be permitted to hear and judge for ourselves.

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The visit of Richard Strauss will undoubtedly be an important event. He is today the most prominent musical individuality in all Europe, in the whole musical world. He has bitter enemies, but he will more likely suffer from the hysterical enthusiasm of a band of admirers in Germany, from such as Gustav Brecher, who has taken his life (Hermann Seemann, publisher and accessory, Leipsic), from Hans Merian, who died the other day, the author of a pamphlet, "Also sprach zarathustra," which is 55 pages long, and is one shrieking eulogy. To show how the foes of Strauss attack him, I quote from Mr. John F. Runciman, the music critic of the Saturday Review:

"I find little beauty in any of the Strauss music and none in 'Till.' At heart his music differs in no wise from the thousands of fugues and canons written two centuries ago. They were marvelously constructed; as pieces of mathematics nothing can ever be done to beat them. Unfortunately they were not music. And unfortunately 'Till' is not music. To be sure, there are no fugues in it, but that is merely a matter of mode; the musical mathematics of one generation are not those of the later generations. Strauss is the most up-to-date musical mathematician living (I suppose); and his 'Till Eulenspiegel' will rest soon among the forgotten comic canons and rounds and fugues of 200 years past. In a sense 'Till' shows a technic; wonderful conjuring tricks are done. In the higher sense Strauss has not a technic. A technic is the means of doing the thing the artist sets out to do. For such a technic I look in vain in all the works of Strauss I have so far heard. The 'Tod und Verklärung' I wrote about when Strauss directed one of the Schulz-Curtius concerts some years ago. There we have Strauss the serious man. It is often said that he wrote the music to a piece of fantastic prose given in the program. The fact is, I believe that the music was written first; but we may be sure Strauss aided and abetted in the composition of that piece of fantastic prose. And what a poor, banal idea is there! However, the ending contains the nearest approach Strauss has so far made to writing a real bit of music. The idea of 'Don Juan' is just as common. I don't like this music. A little while ago Strauss was the mode in certain parts of Germany, and now that he is outmoded, as completely outmoded as the writers of the Beardsley-Yellow-Book period, he is beginning to find a few admirers in New York and London."

Mr. Runciman does not like Strauss's music. He is not alone. He writes as many wrote against Wagner, and before that against Schumann, and before that against Beethoven. He has an indisputable right to his opinions; but when he says that Strauss is now "outmoded" in Germany, he shows a deplorable ignorance of the present musical life in that country, and he says the thing that is not.

Strauss will not bring any orchestra. It is proposed that he shall have the use of the Philharmonic in New York, the Symphony Orchestra in Boston, the Chicago Orchestra, and the orchestras of Cincinnati and Pittsburg.

To refuse an orchestra to such a man would be an act of provincial churlishness.

But what will the older critics in New York do? Their vacation is already spoiled by the thought of his approach. Will they obtain an injunction against him?

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Max Schillings's "Der Pfeifertag" will be the first novelty at the Berlin Royal Opera House next season.——The novelties brought out at the Paris Conservatory concerts last season were as follows: A symphony by Mozart that exists only in the orchestral parts; Méhul's symphony in G minor; a motet by Rameau for four voices, "In Convertendo"; Humperdinck's "Moorish Symphony"; Liszt's Thirteenth Psalm. Bach's mass in B minor was also given.——A Schubert fountain will be put up in the Sobieski Place at Vienna. The fountain will be decorated with a statue of the composer, and there will be bas-reliefs illustrativo of songs by Schubert in which water plays an important part.——Some unpublished works by Liszt—Hungarian rhapsodies and sacred music—have been found among the papers of a Hungarian who died recently. The manuscripts have been sold by the heirs to a Viennese publisher, who will publish them immediately.——A new opera by Humperdinck will be produced at the Berlin Royal Opera House in November.——Micio Horzoroski, an 8-year-old pianist, made a sensation at Vienna by playing from memory, with Messrs. Prill and Jeral, a trio by Haydn. He also played solo pieces by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, and pieces of his own.——There was a Tschaikowsky festival at Pyrmont June 28, 29. The program included an excerpt from "Iolanthe," the piano concerto in B flat minor (Franz Mannstaedt, pianist), the Trio op. 50, the Fifth Symphony, Overture "1812," two orchestral suites, songs, and piano pieces. Hugo Riemann delivered an address. The proceeds are to be given to the monument fund for Lortzing!——Mr. Spatz, an innkeeper of Milan, threw open to the public on the first anniversary of Verdi's death the apartment that was formerly used by the great composer, and charged an entrance fee of 10 cents. The proceeds were given to a charitable institution of which he is President. The Alba, a newspaper, accused him of attempting to advertise his inn and of speculating with the name of Verdi. He sued the newspaper, and the Judge dismissed the complaint.

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News concerning the next season of the Opéra-Comique, Paris. Calvé will create the part of the heroine in Hahn's new opera, "La Carmélite." Jeanne Raunay will create the leading part in Georges Hüe's "La Titania." Rose Caron will reappear in "Iphigénie en Tauride." Sigrid Arnoldson, in consequence of her recent success in this theatre, will make several appearances. Massenet's "Jongleur de Notre-Dame" and Xavier Leroux's "La Reine Fiametta" will be produced. Massenet's "Werther" will be revived.

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Saint-Saëns has written an acrostic in honor of Francis Planté, the pianist.——A monument in Père Lachaise to Jules Delsart, the 'cellist, was dedicated June 13.——Basil Hood and Edward German are already at work on a new opera for the Savoy.——Homer Lind, a singer well known in this country, appeared at the Oxford, London, June 30, in a "playlet" founded on de Banville's "Gringoire," with music by Julian Edwards.——The coronation ballet, "Britannia's Realm," music by Landon Ronald, was produced at the Alhambra June 16. "Miss Blancy is a fine, 'shapely' and majestic representative of Britannia." No doubt, the typical British matron, majestic and—bulbous.——The Era regretfully declares "that Calvé has broadened her effects in 'Carmen' to such an extent that she may be said to 'play to the gallery' almost exclusively. Consequently the magnificent art of one of the greatest of modern vocalists suffers by comparison with our remembrances of the past."——Right after Possart had read "Enoch Arden" in London to the music of Richard Strauss played by the composer, Mr. Bispham performed the task with Henry Bird as pianist.——Antoinette Sterling and her song gave a recital in London, June 16. She sang "The Three Fishers" for the 14,678th time, and with "great dramatic expression."——Mr. George Hamlin will sing at the Worcester (Mass.) Festival. Something by Richard Strauss?——Will Suzanne Adams be the star of this festival? A nice, painstaking young woman, but if she is a star, she is only of the third magnitude.——Georgine von Januschowsky, the singer and the widow of Adolf Neuendorf, has been engaged as the "old woman" of Heinrich Conried's Irving Place Theatre company, New York.

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A dispatch to the Daily Mail from Paris says that Leoncavallo, the composer, has fled in despair to an obscure part of Italy, leaving no address, to escape telegrams from Emperor William. They were collaborating in preparing an opera based on the famous story of Roland and embodying the atmosphere of the Charlemagne period. The Emperor has written two acts of the libretto and hopes shortly to complete five, but he has sent lately so many telegrams daily to Leoncavallo in Paris, altering and advising, that the latter fled.

* * *

Frank Van der Stucken's "Pax triumphans" for chorus and orchestra was performed successfully at Antwerp. The composer conducted.——Alfred Stelzner's fairy opera, "Rübezahl," was performed for the first time June 14 at Dresden.——There are interesting musical episodes. The new instruments invented by the composer, the violotta and the cellone, were used for the first time in an orchestra. "Their sound is rather dry and harsh. The opera gives the impression that the composer is a man of natural ability and much learning. The singers and the orchestra have an exceedingly difficult and thankless task."——Ferdinand Jäger, a tenor once well known in leading German opera houses and the first Siegfried in Berlin, died at Vienna June 13, at the age of 64.——The sixth German "Sängerbundesfest" will be held this summer at Graz. Eight hundred and eighty-seven societies with 10,104 members will sing in competition.——Liszt's "St. Elisabeth" will be given in operatic form at the Leipsic City Theatre next season.——The owner of the villa at Ischl formerly in the possession of Johann Strauss has erected a monument of his own modeling to Johannes Brahms, in the garden where Brahms liked to sit.——Jean Sibelius and Armas Järnefelt, Finnish composers, have received respectively sums equivalent to $275 and $250 as a stipend.——Carl Piutti, organist of the St. Thomas Church, Leipsic, and teacher at the Conservatory, died June 17 at the age of 56.

Gustave Charpentier is enlarging and arranging his "Vie du Poète" for the stage. The new title will be "Julien" and the piece will be a kind of sequel to "Louise."——Lucienne Bréval on her return to the Opéra, Paris, was described by Gailhard, the manager, as a "wandering sheep that has returned to the fold."——Calvé will return to the Opéra-Comique, Paris, next November, to create a part in a new opera. At some time in the winter she will sing in "Hérodiade" at Monte Carlo.——When Daudet's "L'Arlésienne" was performed lately at Vienna only Bizet's music, led by Colonne of Paris, pleased the audience. Three numbers were encored.——Xavier Leroux has written the music of an opera, "Reine Fiametta," to be produced next season at the Opéra-Comique, Paris. The book is founded on Catulle Mendès's play, in which Julia Marlowe wishes to appear, apparently to prove that she does not realize her limitations.

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Kubelik once more (June 3) achieved that peculiar success which is all his own, of making his violin "sing"; yet there were times when this peculiarly beautiful effect, repeated too often, became a trifle tiresome. In Svendsen's "Romance," however, he was certainly very wonderful indeed; the extraordinary way in which this young artist is able to sustain the high level of his emotion and accomplishments for a protracted period of time was here exemplified very admirably. Although apparently playing with a philosophic calmness, he yet conveys the impression of a temperament working out its ways at almost a white heat of artistic feeling. Perhaps the sole thing which at present is lacking to his exquisite art is extreme tenderness; tender he undoubtedly is at times, but you feel that here he is not the past master which he undoubtedly is in many other respects. That will perhaps come in time; it suffices for the most hypercritical to note for the present that if, to some, Kubelik's peculiar vogue seems to be based upon hysterical admiration rather than upon a calmly considered judgment, the fact still remains that he has enormous powers, wonderful gifts, and that his whole artistic attitude is admirable and engrossing.——Vernon Blackburn.

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Regina Paccini, who sang Lucia at Covent Garden, "has a voice of singularly beautiful quality, refined, pure, true, and rich. * * * In the mad scene Mlle. Paccini sang altogether admirably," says the Pall Mall Gazette. But she is no young bird. She sang under Mapleson at Her Majesty's in 1889.——Hugo Wolf is in wretched condition in the mad-house where he has been confined for four years. He now is unable to speak; he is chronically apathetic and recognizes no one. His friends are preparing manuscript work for publication, a symphonic poem "Penthesilea," a serenade, a great choral work "Christnacht," two string quartets, etc. Wolf destroyed many of his manuscripts in the fit of depression that lasted from 1897 to 1898.

* * *

Miss Marguerite Macintyre sang here two seasons ago the part of Donna Elvira in "Don Giovanni." A graceful, fine-fibred woman, who gave the rake-helly Don small physical excuse for leaving her. For once the forsaken lady was of aristocratic bearing, and not merely a stout woman, boresome on account of her sniveling. But, alas, the voice was worn. They say it was a golden voice until the singer tarnished it by attempting a part that was too high for her in Sullivan's "Ivanhoe" and persisting in it although warned by several, Nordica among them. Miss Macintyre has been singing in concert in London, and "Lancelot" of the Referee said: "She is a prey to what may be called vocal generosity, and she has long sung with a fervor and recklessness of consequences to her vocal organ which have for some time past made her best friends anxious for the preservation of her voice. If this gifted Scotch vocalist would adopt a more reposeful style this anxiety would be relieved and her singing none the less effective."

The Wagner festival performances at Munich are to last from Aug. 9 to Sept. 12. "Die Meistersinger" will have seven performances, "Tristan" five, "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" four each. Among the singers are Nordica and Ternina (in "Lohengrin" both will appear, as Elsa and Ortrud respectively); Fremstad, Scheff, Bettaque, Mildenburg, Reichmann, Bertram, Anthes, Gerhäuser.

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"Guinevere" writes to the Referee (London):

"The envy, hatred, and malice which we unfortunate Britons are experiencing at the hands of the German newspapers at the present time is undoubtedly a reflection of the mental attitude of the majority of the inhabitants of that country. I have just received a letter from a young Australian singer—Miss Francie Adler—who has a fine voice, by the way. She tells me that she is going to eschew large salaries for a time, and study in London seriously. Which is as it should be. Throughout her tour in Germany Miss Adler has been successful, apart from her intrinsic merit, on account of the fact that she was accounted an Australian. Therefore she was permitted to sing in English, for the average German seems to think that an Australian is a kind of American. But Miss Adler adds that English artists are frequently hissed off the stage, and that at the present time it would be unwise for them to accept engagements from German agents. It seems almost incredible, but I know from other sources that it is literally true. Miss Adler has popularized in Germany "The Honeysuckle and the Bee." So she, as a Colonial, has done her share in revenging the insults wherewith the Teutons assail us. Not that the song itself is to blame; it is graceful and pretty, but one doesn't want to live on it. Talking of popular songs, the Americans and ourselves have interchanged two examples of this delectable form of art. Certain classes of songs are born of war. Mr. Lionel Monckton's "When the Boys Come Marching Home" is heard throughout the United States, and that dreadful "Dolly Gray"—the words descriptive of the emotions of a soldier whose heart is broken at the idea of his having to do his duty—was written in America at the time of the Cuban campaign."

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"I wended my way with pleasant anticipations to St. James's Hall, for Mme. Blanche Marchesi and Mr. Harold Bauer had invited me to their recital; but I left a distinctly sadder man, all owing to the lady's selection of songs. In a series of eight ditties, I listened respectively to her regrets 'For a Love Long Dead,' to her desire 'To find a haven in the home of sighs,' to a declaration that somebody should 'See no light, dying in his hour in the night,' to her passionate complaint that she was 'Chained to a gray-beard now, hated and youthless,' to a pathetic question, 'Say, why hast thou forsaken me?' to her command 'Buy me a hempen cord,' and to the cry, 'Oh, this heartrending anguish!' These lugubrious sentiments were intensified by the cleverness of the music, and the singer's dramatic perception, until 'All the world looked gray.'"——The Referee.

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It is stated that the Paris Opéra employs 1530 persons, and yet the names of only 55 appear as singers on the bills. The chorus numbers 165; the orchestra, 109; the ballet, 217, and there are 277 supers. Then there are 250 machinists, 38 to look after the electric lights; 82 tailors and seamstresses besides designers of costumes; 37 ushers, 28 firemen, 17 clerks.

Carl Goldmark is reported to have said: "Last winter I heard Hausegger's 'Barbarossa' symphony. One of its movements ends with such a barbarous noise that I was completely bewildered. I no longer recognized the key or the chords; everything was drowned by the din of the drums and the brass. Such a noise I regard as a slump. It betrays the composer's poverty of ideas; he tries to hide the fact that he has nothing to say. But, lo and behold! Next to me sat a well-known conductor who was delighted, and the public was enthusiastic. But I was horrified and said to myself: 'Is this to be the future of our music?'"

Has Goldmark forgotten that there was a time when his own music was considered to be excessively noisy as well as mally dissonant?

July 7 1902

Why did not some American apologize frankly in London for the mistaken course of his countrymen in the war of Independence? Blood is now so much thicker than water that it is becoming dull and stagnant.

Of course it was Mr. Harry Lehr who insisted on entertaining Jocko, the monkey, at his hospitable board.

Nor was Jocko the first of his kind to be thus welcomed and made much of at Newport. Of all those present at Mr. Lehr's dinner, Jocko appeared with the greatest dignity; but he had the advantage of being a monkey by birth and descent.

For sometime there has been the disappearing gun carriage, and now there is the disappearing British dairymaid.

When Mr. Jasper Talbert tried to tell South Carolinians at Edgefield why he should be elected Governor, the friends of Col. Jim Tillman howled and yelled so that he could not be heard. And when Col. Jim Tillman began to give excellent reasons why he himself should be chosen to the office, the admirers of Mr. Jasper Talbert shrieked madly so that eloquence and logic were as naught and only the jaws of Col. Jim were seen at work. The South Carolinians believe in free speech if it can be heard.

The Lady's Gazette (London) publishes an interesting article in which the writer describes certain "abominable avocations" adopted by some women and girls who otherwise could not earn honestly—as the phrase goes—enough to support life. We learn that at certain wharves in Lambeth "the house refuse is sorted by women and girls for a beggarly wage, and (as a medical inspector says) a more disgusting occupation would be difficult to find, the work people standing waist-deep in offensive matter of all sorts. Representations have been made to the City Fathers without avail. It is an awful commentary upon the fruits of civilization. I don't know how Mr. Herbert Spencer or any other constructive philosopher could explain the matter away. It seems to me, speaking on behalf of Eve's Daughters, that something cannot be 'well with the world' when the more loathesome a woman's province or occupation is the more paltry is her remuneration. It isn't one of life's little ironies—it is one of life's fearful facts," says a London commentator.

We heard two women talking together on a veranda. We could not help hearing them, for even in the more reposeful moments they spoke as in italics. Mrs. X. said to Mrs. Y.: "No, I do not wish more than one girl in a flat. If there are two in the kitchen each eats a great deal more than she would if she were alone, and they waste a great deal of time over their food. When there is only one she has not the heart to eat much. I had an excellent girl, who told me she had lost the taste for food. She lived chiefly on tea, and the teapot was on the stove from morning till night. Of course she ruined her stomach and her nerves, and when she left me, she looked fit only for the hospital, but our household expenses were lower those two years." Mrs. X. is gospel-eyed; she has a sweet voice; and she is an active member of at least three charitable institutions.

The French Academy of Medicine was asked a year ago by the Government to analyze and report on drinks, "apéretifs" or appetizers used by so many thousands of French men and women. The report has been issued, and Dr. Laborde declares that absinthe contains most poisonous elements. He does not follow the example of Marie Corelli and take for his text: "And the third angel sounded and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood; and the third part of the waters became wormwood; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter." We do not understand how anyone can become addicted to the drug, for it reminds us of paregoric and the more unpleasant hours of childhood, but we have been assured that it is warming and comfortable to the stomach. Dr. Laborde shakes his head at chartreuse, which has been supposed to be a liqueur prepared and distributed by benevolently inclined old monks, and no doubt many have consumed it from a feeling of religious obligation. "French gin is perilous to human life." Take our advice and stick to Hollands, whether it come from Rotterdam, Amsterdam or any other sonorously ultimated Dutch town. As the old tobacco advertisement goes:

Or seek no further;
Better can't be found.

After you have passed forty years the gates that open to the fields of pleasure are one by one closed upon you by the smiling physician. No beer, no ale, no white wine, no champagne, and so on through the catalogue. "If you must drink, you may drink at long intervals a very little rye whisky." Then you say to yourself, vermouth is not forbidden: it is absolutely harmless, especially if you drink the drier sort, and in warm weather you consume vast quantities of soda and vermouth. Dr. Laborde looks at you sternly, and gives warning. Vermouth is strongly alcoholic; it is exceedingly harmful; the soda is not an antidote. And the one hole in the fence through which you have been crawling is now stopped; you can only peep over and prophesy all manner of internal disarrangements to those that are within disporting themselves carelessly.

Is it possible that Old Chimes gave Mr. Johnson what is vulgarly known as a bluff? We saw the old gentleman at the Porphyry the other day, and when we asked about his European trip he stared at us vacantly. Then he began to talk about the Fourth, which he spent in the country. "I was much disturbed Friday morning, not by firecrackers, but by the Bob Whites. The foolish birds seemed never tired of repeating their name. It must have been about 5 o'clock when they awoke me. I could not help thinking that they were out of place in the North. They should sound their call on bread fruit trees. Then the quail on toast would be arranged by nature, and no doubt the price would be far more reasonable."

Does the scarcity of corks affect the rate of corkage?

"Singer's trousers afire." A singer of indisputable temperament; an ideal Scarpia.

This reminds us of the Venezuelan pianist, Teresa Carreno, who has taken unto herself a fourth husband, although her first three are still living. Teresa was always a prodigy. But was not her latest marriage announced some time ago? It is not an easy task to keep accurately the record of some of the leading players and singers. The fact that No. 4, Tagliapietra, is the brother of No. 2, will not lighten the labor of future chroniclers.

The cells of a new police station in New York are provided with folding cots, hooks on which the prisoner can hang his clothes, electric lights, so that he may read comfortably in bed. But are there no telephones? Do prisoners still endure the hardship particularized in "Pinafore"?

We urge our fellow-countrymen now in London to read Sir George Sitwell's article, "The English Gentlemen." We make room for a short excerpt:

"A gentleman then is not, as the 'New English Dictionary' lays down, a person of 'heraldic status' who is 'entitled to bear arms,' but a freeman whose ancestors have always been free. In blood he represents the unconquered tribesman of Germany or Britain and in name the ancient liberty of Rome. * * * We are thus driven to the painful but irresistible conclusion that quite 25 per cent. of our peers are not gentlemen."

July 8 1902

We mentioned the fact that a novel by Marion Harland was condemned by the Public Library Board of Evanston (Ill.) as "unfit for general circulation." After all this rejection is not surprising when we remember that Laetitia Matilda Hawkins in her "Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts and Opinions" (London, 1824), attacked savagely priggish Samuel Richardson for his novels, and denounced him as a "loose writer." She first read "Clarissa Harlowe" in a condensed form. The book was loaned to her by two worthy women who kept a day school. "My mother, sparing no expressions of indignation, sent it back." When Laetitia Matilda was older she attempted to read the said novel in the original version; but the heads of the chapters were enough to disgust her. We quote her foot note:

"I was, for some years, very intimately acquainted with a barrister of eminence, for the regularity of whose life, the strictness of whose morals, and the sincere piety of whose character I thought I could have been responsible. He was much with us, and delighted in the society of our house; and I knew no point in which we disagreed, but our opinion of Richardson; still I excused his sentiments because he gave his approbation solely to that which is liable to no objection but its proximity to evil; yet the consciousness of the dirt through which he had waded tacitly destroyed all idea of delicacy, or his disgust at the want of it. We parted never to meet again. Then was revealed such a course of turpitude as I cannot describe."

And yet this prude in the second volume of her "Memoirs" tells startling stories about the manners of her "fair acquaintance of the tribe of iniquity, who, it must be confessed, about the year 1780, more or less, afforded as Hyde Park air-takers and Pall Mall up-and-down-drivers great amusement." Some of these tales would not bear literal transcription for a decent newspaper of today. Why did Miss Hawkins shy at poor Richardson, who has been held up as an apostle of morality, and at the expense of his contemporary, Fielding?

Many women now living can easily recall the outcry against "Jane Eyre." The name of the book was taboo. The novel was read stealthily; at night in bed after the rest of the household was asleep; by day in a garret, behind a trunk.

But Illinois is a zealous guardian of morality. In Illinois Rostand was branded as an impudent plagiarist; Balzac condemned as immoral. Why should Marion Harland escape?

Is it not high time for husbands to band themselves together and agitate violently for their rights? Not long ago Justice Marean of Brooklyn declared that under the law a woman might strike her husband once on the head with a stove lifter and not be adjudged guilty of treating him so cruelly as to warrant a degree of separation. And now Judge Sidener of St. Louis gives as his opinion that a wife has the right to go through her husband's pockets, even when she leaves him only 10 or 15 cents.

It is a pity that the press agents employed by Otero are not under the supervision of an editor. They announce that Otero is about to marry a Russian Prince; one says that the Prince is old and infirm, and cannot die peacefully until he has given her his name and rank, while the other says the Prince is young and so madly in love that he telegraphs a declaration every hour. However, they agree on the important point that she is willing to embrace the Orthodox Church. The good-natured dancer! And how happy the choice of the verb!

The cucumber may figure as the légume incomprise. The fastidious shudders, the sentimetalist sheds a tear or two, when reminded of the indignities to which it is submitted, of the coarse ignorance which has of late assailed it. Alas! poor cucumber! Fairly teeming with the richest possibilities, it is but too often doomed to an uninterrupted and stultifying drenching of vinegar. Truly, a very Mme. Bovary among vegetables.

Yet the prejudice against cucumbers is of long standing. Thus Champier wrote in 1560: "The cucumber, although much sought after in France, is an exceedingly unhealthful food, and the people of Forez who eat them heartily are subject to periodic fevers."

Professor Hintereschweiss called on us yesterday and showed us the prospectus of a course of lectures on "The Origin and Development of Grecian and Roman Legends"—which he hopes to deliver at Huntington Hall next season. His explanations were so profuse, his speech so rapid though guttural, that perhaps we did not clearly comprehend his meaning in all instances. We noted some of his theories concerning the more familiar legends.

Prometheus established an Electric Light Company and a Metropolitan Heating Plant. Zeus became envious, and by shrewd dealing gained control of the stock and ousted Prometheus, who then studied medicine, and made a specialty of the liver.

Nessus was a prominent shirt-maker at Athens, who was patronized by Alcibiades, Pericles and other swells. The Stoics, who regarded the garment as a vain luxury, used their influence against him, but without seriously damaging his business. Unfortunately the colors of an outing shirt ordered by Hercules ran after washing and the shirt shrank so that it was too tight a fit, whereupon Hercules introduced him to his club, after which Nessus lost all interest in trade.

Damocles was a dealer in cutlery, swords, knives and razors.

Procrustes was at the head of a celebrated manufactory of bedsteads, mattresses, cushions, pillows and springs—iron and brass bedsteads a specialty.

Tantalus was at the head of the Stygian Department of Water Works. The supply was often inadequate and he was then bitterly attacked by a disappointed candidate.

Sinis, the "Pine-bender," organized a Lumber Trust on the Isthmus of the Peloponnese. He was of such a grasping nature that this story arose: When any unhappy dealer fell into his clutches, Sinis would bend down by force two pines till he had brought them to meet together; he then fastened an arm and a leg to each of them, and tore asunder the limbs of the victim.

Phaëton was the most reckless automobilist of his day; Chiron, the most prominent jockey.

July 4, 1902

When St. Basil had presented himself the magistrate gave orders to pull off his outer garment. His inner garment, which remained, did not conceal his emaciated body. The brutal persecutor threatened to tear out his liver. Basil smiled and answered, "Thanks for your intention; where it is at present, it has been no slight annoyance."

The New York Times informed the world that "Henry" Nikisch, formerly conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has been chosen "Principal" of the Leipsic Conservatory of Music. This "Henry" Nikisch is, of course, our old friend Arthur, the passionate Hungarian conductor, who was romantic even in a game of poker. How vexed he would be to read his name "Henry!"

Yet it is barely possible that Mr. Nikisch has taken the name Henry, or Heinrich, for pedagogic purposes. Arthur is distinctly romantic; it is an excellent name for an inspired conductor; it suggests an artistic arrangement of hair, velvet coat, carefully manicured and eloquent hands, dreamy eyes, or a dashing, reckless behavior. Heinrich goes with spectacles and a rigid adherence to the rules of harmony and counterpoint.

When Mr. Nikisch first came to Boston he was, like the mermaid, romantic only to the waist. He wore pedagogic trousers of the variety known as accordeon. His friends assured us—yes, they were ready to present sworn affidavits to the effect that these trousers had been made with infinite care by a leading tailor of Leipsic for the express purpose of exciting the wonder and admiration of Bostonians, who were popularly supposed to go to concerts clad in the skins of wild beasts, or, in warm weather, provided only with feathers and a breech clout. No one disputed the friends of Mr. Nikisch. The trousers were evidently made in Germany, and they had a Leipsic appearance. Nevertheless, they were accordeon trousers and pedagogic rather than virtuoso.

Now that Mr. Nickisch is a pedagogue he should don those trousers, or trousers like them, when he is engaged in the pursuit of professional duties. "Henry" should wear no others. Johannes Brahms was in the habit of flopping about in trousers of the species distinguished as "half mast." He composed in them; his music shows it. Bruckner's trousers also excited remark, and we are told that César Franck's nether-garments were unduly ambitious, that they were never discouraged climbers. No one of the three was a virtuoso conductor. When Mr. Nikisch is at the head of an orchestra he should be fastidiously dressed, however romantic or passionate his interpretation. Then he is Arthur in appropriate costume. As Heinrich at the Conservatory he should also dress according to the part.

Unless we are grievously mistaken, Alexander Smith wrote an essay entitled "On the Importance of a Man to Himself"; but he did not inquire into the true cause of vexation when a man sees his name misspelled. Why should the breakfast of Mr. Edward L. Childe, for instance, be turned to bitterness and gall when he reads in the newspapers that "Edward S. Childs" was among the "prominent persons present"? He knows that he—the individual—was there; he heard the speech, or shook the hand, or drank the wine, or made "a few eloquent remarks." Others at the meeting realized his presence; they interrupted his speech with ribald remarks, or commented coarsely on his thirst. But Mr. Childe is soured for the day. He even writes a note to the editor of the offending newspaper; he begins: "My attention was called this morning," whereas he rose earlier than usual to read the account of the meeting or dinner; and he deplores the "gross carelessness of the reporters" which prevents "readers of intelligence from putting any confidence in reports of important occasions." Mr. Childe is a tagged citizen; if he loses the tag, he is afraid that he, too, is lost in the crowd.

Admirers of Maeterlinck regret to hear that he is made much of by Parisian dames of high degree. What business has the Belgian mystic in Paris? He should stay in his own country; his home should be the forest, or in a high tower from which he sees canals, processions of nuns, and hears sacred bells or strange, monotonous songs sung far off by the unseen. He should watch with compassion the tragedies of insect life, or dream over Plotinus, Porphyry, Novalis, de Ruysbroeck. That he is a bicyclist does not disturb us, for then he hears the speech

of the open road even when he rides alone and meets no one. But Maeterlinck in Paris and constantly associated with Georgette Leblanc! If he has married her, she will be none the less disconcerting and disquieting. Of her they tell strange tales, such as stirred John Ford, the Elizabethan, to gloomiest tragedy. These may be true or false; "Monna Vanna" may be a masterpiece—and the conduct of the London censor of plays has fully persuaded us that it is—if there were any doubt before; but the tumultuous Georgette is not the companion, nor are Parisian dames the associates for a mystic who would fain live a life wholly interior.

As for the censor—what would he do, were some Brown, Smith or Robinson to hand him "Measure for Measure" as his own and ask a license? If Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" is looked at skew-eyed by the Queen, it is not surprising. The Royal Family for many years has been hopelessly bourgeois in connection with anything artistic.

Two young dentists at Maysville, Ky., filled many teeth with brass, and then ran away without paying their bills. "Father's teeth are plugged with zinc." Ah, the old songs are the best.

Cleveland is in mourning because Mr. Carnegie will not give her a library. It appears that the eminent philanthropist was blackballed in that city when he sought admittance to the Chamber of Commerce, and the wound made by the ball is still sore, which shows that Mr. Carnegie after all is mortal. The President of the Library Board is purring and opening his mouth by the tactic of Mr. John D. Rockefeller. "I do think it would be nice if Mr. Rockefeller would give us a library. It would not only be nice for the city, but would be a fitting monument to Mr. Rockefeller." But would it be "nice" for the city? Mr. Rockefeller already has his monument; his portrait has been painted by the Historical Painter in standard oil; his name is a word in households straitened by his unequaled process of absorption. But are the people of Cleveland dependent on two or three rich men for such necessities as books and a library building? Are they themselves unwilling to make some little sacrifice? The book paid for with earned money, the bank that has long been desired, is worth more to the reader than if it fell into the hands from the sky. "I do not know that anything has been done to suggest the matter to Mr. Rockefeller, but everyone would be benefited if it could be brought about." There is no decay of beggars in Cleveland, and there is additional material for the treatise "On the Uses of Rich Men."

July 10 1902

I am come lately through the dripping woods
All my hair is wet with falling rain.
But I am glad of rain: I was born in the West—
Would I might know the salt sea mists again.

I am come lately through the darkling woods
And scarce could see the boughs before my face
I am glad of darkness: I was born in the night,
And in the dark the bravest dreams have place.

I am come lately through the desolate woods
There was no voice gave answer to my call.
I am glad of silence: when that I was born
My mother, dying, spoke no word at all.

I will go back into the silent woods,
They are quick with dreams and wet with falling rain.
My heart is glad of rain: I was born in the West—
Would I might know the salt sea mists again.

Mr. Thomas Walters, a delivery clerk in a furniture store, married and the father of two children, has been getting $9 a week in Findlay, Ohio. He now learns that he is heir to the greater part of $6,000,000, left by a great-uncle in San Francisco.

Suppose that he comes into possession of a large part of the estate. Will he be any better off? Will he be happier? He is now a man of routine; his days are planned for him; he is not compelled to say "What shall I do next Wednesday?" he has no anxious thoughts concerning investments; he is not besieged by beggars of all kinds and degree, from college Presidents to the men that want the price of a railway fare to Columbus or Cincinnati. His sleep is sound; his digestion is unimpaired; his children are to him more than books or plays or yachts. He delivers furniture with care, accuracy, and with a certain grace.

Suppose that he comes into possession of $2,500,000. Will he not miss the routine life at Findlay? There was once a tallow chandler who made a fortune and retired to the country. After a few months of holiday life he asked his successor if he would not let him come into town and help him on melting days. And did not the rich butcher soon after he had left off business send word to his old customers that he proposed to kill a lamb once a week, "just for amusement"? Mr. Walters, if he should leave the shop, would soon hurt his jaws with yawning, nor would his wife like it if he should divert himself by moving the house furniture from one room to another and back again. Let Mr Walters take the estate and invest it so that his wife and children will surely be provided for; but let him not commit the fatal error of leaving the shop or of buying it.

The Revue Bleue publishes an article entitled "L'Antigaffe" by Emile Faguet. The article is in effect a short treatise on etiquette, concerning which we are all eagerly interested. He tells us that we should never say "M. le Comte" or "M. le Baron" in conversation, but the terms should be used in addressing envelopes, "which, as they are intended for the information of intermediaries, should give the addressee all the rank he is entitled to." "M. le Duc" is a sort of "Monseigneur" and should be always used. It is a quasi-royal title on the European Continent and ranks above that of Prince.

Few of us are in correspondence with Jukes or even Princes, but Mr. Faguet has information of every day use. Should you bow to a lady whom you meet in the street? No, not unless she gives you some sort of indication that she is willing to be recognized. Nor should you jog her attention by a lively "Ah, there!" or by humming "Just tell them that you saw me." What should you take into the room with you at an afternoon call? "Formerly," he says, "you were supposed to take both hat and stick, but now callers leave those things in the hall and march upstairs as if they were the master of the house—or a servant." Should we carry hats without sticks? Or sticks without hats? He prefers the hat without the stick. Yet it seems to us that in Paris the stick might be an admirable weapon against an unexpected husband.

Mr. Faguet says the worst "gaffe" (solecism) you can commit is to talk about yourself. He admits that we all do; nevertheless the solecism is unpardonable. Hazlitt, who noted that the expression of a Frenchman's face is often as melancholy when he is by himself as it is lively in conversation, put it down as a maxim: "We talk little, if we do not talk about ourselves." You are rude when you talk about yourself, what you have done and are going to do, your dreams, opinions, prophecies, because you prevent the hostess from talking about herself.

When Dr. Leslie D. Ward learned that his son Herbert had married with extreme suddenness Miss Nancy Currier of Newark he did not clench his fists and hiss curses through his teeth, nor did he even leap into the air and cry "Crikey!" "The only thing I can say is that the young couple missed a fine wedding and lots of presents."

No doubt the young couple wished to miss them. "A fine wedding"! This means an ostentatious display of the bride, the presentation of a deed or certified check by the father, who is careful to show his gift to the reporters; the exposure under the lime-light of all that should be held sacred. Wedding presents are a polite form of blackmail levied on friends and acquaintances who are afraid that, unless they contribute, they will not be privileged to know the wife with whom as maiden they were familiar. So Mrs. Johnson sends a pair of sugar tongs and a dozen other friends choose the like token of affection.

Then there is the conventional and prescribed wedding journey, in which the bride and groom remind the judicious observer of criminals running from the police. No wonder that young Mr. Ward wished to be married quietly.

Not that we approve of any display of eccentricity during the ceremony or after it. We never could understand the mental processes of lovers who choose diving-bell, lions' cage, balloon or celebrated cave for the public confession of their love, nor do we approve the conduct of Robert Southey, who, on his wedding day and from the very portico of the church, left his bride to embark for Lisbon.

Happy is the man who, having his whole time thrown upon his hands, makes no worse use of it than to practise eight hours a day upon a bad fiddle.

To young men invited for a week to a country house we commend the example of Prince Puckler-Muskau, indefatigable in his pursuit of maidens with money. He declared that he needed every week twenty shirts, twenty-four pocket handkerchiefs, nine or ten pairs of trousers, thirty neckerchiefs, a dozen waistcoats and "stockings à discrétion." We have known Germans who were discreet with one pair a week. A hardy, frugal race! Did not Mr. Eugen d'Albert, a German by adoption, an eminent pianist, and an indefatigable composer, proudly declare that he had brought two suits of underclothes for an extended tournée of the United States? And the suits were of the Jäger brand. No wonder that Teresa Carreno left him, her third husband—after she had learned much from him about piano playing. Jägers were his long suit.

Mr. F. E. Beddard in his "Mammalia" speaks of the great throat pouches which enable the gorilla to produce his appalling howls, and he gives a figure of the human larynx in order to show the traces which "remain to testify to a former howling apparatus in the ancestors of man." Has any naturalist examined thoroughly the throat pouches of Wagnerian singers?

The word "bulletin" was long ago in evil odor. Mr. Horace Walpole recorded in 1765 that the Dauphin, father of Louis XVI., was seriously indisposed. "Every morning the physicians frame an account of him, and happy those who can produce a copy of this lie, called a bulletin."

We mentioned the other day the old saw: "From Hell, Hull and Halifax, Good Lord deliver us." Mr. B. H. Thwaite writes that the correct version is as follows: "From Hull, Elland, Halifax, Good Lord deliver us." "The prayer originated from the severity of the laws relating principally to the stealing of cloth."

July 11 1902

The Mexican Herald informs us that the resident "Anglo-Saxon who would preserve absolutely good form should not indulge in carrying home his newly-purchased outing shirt or golfing shoes, however much his soul may long to 'make sure of them.'" It gives as the cause the fact that in Mexico "service has always been available and servants multitudinous."

But this fact is not a fact in New England, and it does not explain the reluctance of many elitzens to carry a bundle, large or small. There was a time when a Judge was not ashamed to be seen with a whole codfish wrapped carelessly in brown paper under his arm; when the minister put down on the sidewalk a jug of molasses to greet a parishioner or to administer a pastoral rebuke to some skittish lamb of his flock. Those glorious days are no more; they have disappeared with the age of chivalry. How many men are willing to carry a parcel that is light and wholly free from the suggestion of the grotesque? Even a dozen collars or a new cravat is sent home; a hand-bag is given to the expressman. If the buyer were a sword and dagger, if it were necessary for him to have both arms free to repel attack or carve his way from office to flat, there might be some excuse for his unwillingness.

"Respect the burden." This saying is attributed to Napoleon, who insisted that the bearer should have the right of way. Yet no man ever imposed so heavy a burden on his country. Each year France gave him 3,000,000 of her young men. "Never were there so many sleepless nights as during the time of this man; never were seen on city ramparts such crowds of broken-hearted mothers"; and remember that de Musset, who wrote these words, was a Frenchman. "Respect the burden." 'Twas a pretty speech, an admirable foot-light speech. And yet the hero reminds us of "The Hon. Augustus Hope," who gaily married and deserted two or three women and was at last hanged for forgery. "He was possessed of qualities which might have rendered him an ornament of society," is the character given him by a Newgate Calendar compendium.

A young man carries proudly the tools of golf. He would be pained if he thought the bundle were not seen by fellow passengers. The same young man would blush if he were caught with a "laundry-parcel," or with a box of butter. Yet his father often turned himself into a beast of burden and was unconscious of any shame.

More than one American is attracting attention in Europe. There is Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan; there is Mr. Titus; there is Mr. W. S. Haseltine. Crowds assemble to see Mr. Morgan "when he alights from the carriage at the hotel," as though he were a returning hero, an eminent prima donna, or some one accused of a peculiarly atrocious murder. Mr. Morgan is a virtuoso millionaire. His appetite at breakfast is a matter for international consideration; his wink is full of mystery; his yawn is portentous. The Emperor William secretly envies him, and wishes to talk with him that he may possibly detect the secret of his strength.

Mr. Haseltine, like Hannibal, is a pretty fellow. He goes a-hunting and returns with a fox in a cage and snakes in a perforated box. He jauntily throws his game to the porter of the Palace Atlerl, and then mounts the palace stairs on horseback. His sister comes out of her apartment to meet him, but he waves her back, and says he will ride his horse into his room. And then the dashing young man rings the electric bell—for even Roman palaces are now provided with electricity and sanitary plumbing—and gives cigars to the guards who were summoned. At last the police appear and Mr. Haseltine is persuaded to dismount. All are invited into his apartment, where wine as well as cigars is offered. "All laughed heartily and admired the cleverness of the horse. The affair has made quite a sensation in Roman society, and Mr. Haseltine is the lion of the hour." Where now is the glory of Mr. Harry Lehr, who lately gave jaded Newport a thrill of pleasure by inviting males and females of newspaper reputation to meet the monkey Jocko at dinner? Cannot Mr. Haseltine be induced to spend at least his summers at Newport? Does Rome deserve the honor of his residence?

For Rome has had its full share of glory. The mad or degenerate Caesars performed all manner of palace tricks. Caligula anticipated and surpassed even Mr. Haseltine, for his horse Incitatus ("Go-a-head") had his own palace with ivory manger, purple housings, retinue of slaves and fine furniture, "for the reception of such as were invited in the horse's name to sup with him," and this same Emperor anticipated young Mr. Leiter: "Sometimes shutting up the public granaries, he would oblige the people to starve for a while." Newport, in spite of the endeavors of many of her most prominent cottagers, is still only a rushlight to the blaze of Imperial Rome, but if Mr. Haseltine and Mr. Lehr should join forces, the most insane, the most contemptible extravagance of the degenerate Emperors might be equaled.

"Guinevere" insists that "the Americanization of England, which has never met with favor among the old families, has certainly led to a greater freedom and latitude being given to young girls." She adds: "In certain coteries of our social system it is the chaperones who need to be chaperoned. Many a young girl has become prematurely aged in her loyal endeavors to protect her mother." But the King has "always desired that the débutante should be treated with scrupulous respect, and strictly guarded from a knowledge of things evil, or, to be exact, from influences which might make anything evil appear attractive. And at the present Court the young daughter has never been barred from attendance on account of any peccadilloes which her mother may have committed." A righteous, blameless ruler! Tennyson's King Arthur in the flesh! A mother as well as a father to his people!

At the King's Coronation Dinner "the people reached a high pitch of enthusiasm when the cheese arrived. This seemed a special luxury to most of them." We rubbed our eyes. Cheese a "luxury" in England? We thought the English Constitution was bound in cheese. Not necessarily Stilton, Cheshire, Essex, Banbury; but is there no cheese in Herkimer County for exportation? We always saw the English laborer at work on bread, cheese and beer. Did not an English visitor of more or less substantial reputation throw gloom over a Boston dinner table by declining something for the moment and saying: "I'll take it later with my cheese," when by some unaccountable oversight there was no cheese in the house? The sour-faced Venner, who in 1650 gave it as his opinion that "roasted cheese is more meet to entice a mouse or rat into a trap than to be received into the body," recommended cheese "to be eaten after meat, and that in little quantity"; but cheese has for years been a British institution. There was no scarcity at the Coronation Dinner. A million ounces had been provided, and there were 125 tons of "puddin'." Again we ask, why the word "luxury"?

July 12 1902

He often complained of the college-ale. Cervisia nujus loci mihi nullo modo placet—is raw, small and windy.

The list of articles stolen by Mr. Dorsey C. Suarez, an assistant janitor in Vanderbilt Hall, Yale, gives an insight into the life led by the students at that far-famed democratic and athletic institution. Gold cigarette case and silk socks with embroidered initials, owned by Mr. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, the same that was plucked at the annual examination; scarf holder studded with diamonds and rubies; gold mounted meerschaum pipes; scarf pin of turquoise held by a gold snake with ruby eyes; studs of solid gold; a $75 rain coat, belonging to Mr. John Garvin, the baseball pitcher, etc., etc. Mr. Suarez says that some of these things were given to him by students who had no use for them, and wished to help him in his studies at the Hampton Institute, and the other things had been left, as unconsidered trifles, in and about the corridors. It was one of his duties to keep the corridors clean.

We remember the first pair of silk stockings worn by a Yale student, Dr. L. Stewart of '76, now the Honorable Lispenard Stewart, leader of New York politicians and cotillions. These stockings were a source of never ceasing wonder to his classmates, and when "Lis" caught a severe cold by wearing them at a party in Hartford (Ct.)—for he made the toilsome journey in raw weather and without leggins and arctics—there was mourning, not only throughout the class, but also throughout the college, although class feeling ran high. The catastrophe hushed the strident voices of the "Sheffs," and even Divinity students forgave for the time being the incursions of academics into their sacred paths. We understand—for we were somewhat irregular in early chapel exercises—that President Porter made a feeling allusion in his voluminous prayer to the Senior member confined to his room.

Mr. Stewart's classmates had hitherto known silk stockings for men only by name. They themselves wore all sorts of plain socks—whatever was returned by the washerwomen, and when a student was shy in this article he levied on the wardrobe of his roommate. And yet silk stockings are not necessarily the privilege of the very rich and the ultra-exquisite. The poet Wordsworth, a bleak, austere person, and a sloven in his later and philosophical life, dressed in silk stockings at St. John's, Cambridge, and St. John's, founded by the Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, who was famous for needlework and the discipline of her fair body and fair soul—30 Kings and Queens were within the four degrees of marriage to her—was only the second college of the university in numbers, influence and general consideration.

Digression. Nevertheless it was a Senior fellow of St. John's who argued that a learned rakehell is preferred by a Faculty and the Lord to a religious dunce. This he endeavored to prove by two arguments: (1) Because religion may—but learning cannot be counterfeited. God only can discover the gracious heart, but men may descry an able head. He that chooseth a learned rakehell is sure of something; but who so electeth a religious dunce may have nothing worthy his choice, seeing the same may prove both dunce and hypocrite. (2) Because there is more probability of a rakehell's improvement unto temperance than of a dunce's conversion into a learned man, seeing such a one, radicated and habituated, is unchangeable without miracle.

Young Mr. Vanderbilt, therefore, was not the first undergraduate to indulge himself in silk stockings, which, by the way, were first worn in France by Henry II. at the wedding of his sister. Philip II. of Spain wore them before Henry, and Strutt insists that "Anglo-Saxons" were acquainted with them as far back as the eighth century. The great Queen donned them in 1560. That they were well known at the universities may be conjectured from the fact that a machine for weaving silken hose, seen by Evelyn in 1661, was said to be the invention of an Oxford scholar.

He that is addicted to silk stockings is no doubt a slow and painstaking dresser, and, in his way, an honor to his college. In our day stockings of humble material and outlets for toes were sometimes neglected in the wild rush for chapel, or there was confusion, like unto that shown by worthy Mr. Holford of London, who, in 1587, rising about five in the morning, pulled on a yellow stocking upon one of his legs, and had his white boot hose on the other.

There were no solid gold cigarette cases, diamond and ruby studded scarf holders, gold mounted meerschaum pipes, or $75 rain coats at Yale from 1872 to 1876. The students were given to plain living and loud thinking. Nor were the gate receipts at baseball games of appreciable value, and football was practically unknown. Parents were inclined to be close, the Faculty discouraged vain expense, and sports were not primarily lucrative. Mr. Avery of Cincinnati was a marvelous pitcher in his day. He was one of the very first to throw baffling curves, as Harvard found out at the game at Saratoga; but he never owned a $75 rain coat. If he had an umbrella of his own, ten to one a rib was broken, or it was baggy, a veritable gamp.

Cigarettes were personally rolled and immediately consumed. The smoker carried his tobacco in a rubber pouch, or loose in a coat pocket, or he borrowed from a neighbor. Often he asked the loan of a cigarette paper. The first made cigarettes smoked at Yale were the St. James; they consisted largely of perique; they were strong, and they quickly reached the centres of life. A student from New Orleans made a sensation by bringing a long role of pure perique and a chopper. He was a Creole, and perique was to him food and drink and the celestial reward for good conduct in this vale of temptation, tears and tribulation. There were negro janitors in those simple years, but their perquisites were mere trash. Mr. Suarez would have gained little help for the completion of his studies at Hampton.

Both the Earnest Student of Sociology and the Historical Painter were deeply interested in the proceedings at Good Ground, L. I. When Justice Foster decided to hold Mr. Louis A. Disbrow without bail on the charge of murdering Mr. Clarence Foster and Miss Sarah Ray Lawrence, familiarly known in society as "Dimpy," "men and women cheered and stamped on the floor." Mrs. Foster, the elder, wrung the hand of the District Attorney, while the venerable Samuel Thompson, grandfather of the dead man, mounted a chair, waved his hat in the air and exclaimed in tremulous tones: "Good, good for you, Squire Foster. We've had 13 murders in 15 years in this county and not a conviction. Let us have justice in this case, anyway." And thus is the dignity of justice maintained on Long Island. New Jersey is a far-off second

July 13 1902 modest

THE last part of Madame Tschaikowsky's life of his brother contains much that is exceedingly interesting. I have already told the strange story of Peters's marriage; let us today consider his intercourse with Tolstoi.

It was in 1876 that the two famous Russians met. Tschaikowsky had been an ardent admirer of the early works of the novelist. His enthusiasm became veritable worship, and the author was to him more than a human being; to quote his own words, Tolstoi was a demiged. In the early years little was known by the great public about Tolstoi; even his picture was unfamiliar.

Ten years later (1886) Peter described in his diary his first meeting. "I stood in nameless fear of him. It seemed to me that this great reader of hearts had only to cast a look on me to penetrate into the remotest corner of my soul. I believed that nothing evil, not the slightest thing, could remain hidden from his eyes, so that it were idle to show him only my good side. 'If he is noble,' I said to myself (and he must be, of course), then, like a physician, he would avoid touching and irritating the sore spots, but I shall know that he knows and sees everything. On the other hand if he be not any too compassionate, he will put his finger in the wound. In either case it would be fearful for me. As a matter of fact things went very differently. The greatest of all judges of the human heart behaved in the company of his fellowmen as an exceedingly simple, heartily sincere, lovable person, who did not seem disposed to display before everybody the omniscience that I so dreaded; he did not spare the sore spots, but he did not consciously inflict pain on any human heart. He evidently did not see in me an object for investigation, but he wished only to talk a little about music in which he was then much interested. Among other things he doubted strongly the genius of Beethoven. (An unworthy trick for a great man! To pull down a genius, recognized by the whole world, to one's own imprudent ignorance—that is, as a rule, a peculiarity of a stupid fellow."

Tolstoi was interested in Tschaikowsky's music, and he listened to the latter's string quartet in D major, or at least to the andante from this quartet, played at the Moscow Conservatory. He was moved to tears. "Never in my life," wrote Peter, "was my ambition so completely satisfied as when I saw Tolstoi sitting next me, listening to the strains of my Andante, and with tears streaming from his eyes."

Soon afterward Tolstoi wrote the composer and inclosed some songs for his criticism and use. "They are a treasure in your hands; but use them only, for the Lord's sake, after the manner of Mozart and Haydn, and not after that of Beethoven—Schumann—Berlioz, who seek only the unexpected, the surprising. How much I had to say to you! And I said nothing about those things of which I wished to talk." Tolstoi wrote that the evening of the concert was among his most delightful recollections, and he asked if any of the musicians would like some of his books.

Tschaikowsky answered that the songs were too artistic for folk-songs; that their rhythm was too regular, too rigid. "Only the Russian dance songs have a regularly accented measure; the legends have no resemblance to them. Furthermore, the most of the songs are written in D major; this does not agree with the tonality of the true Russian folk-song, which does not move in any determined tonality." He added that he could not possibly make a book of folk-songs out of them, for such songs must be expressed in notation exactly as they are sung by the people. "This is an extraordinarily difficult task and demands the finest musical feeling as well as an extensive historical knowledge. Your songs can serve as material for symphonic works and they furnish rich material which I shall take the opportunity to use." Tschaikowsky added complimentary, yes, affectionate phrases; he said that all the musicians, except one who could not read Russian, were acquainted with Tolstoi's works; that they would be pleased if he should send them copies with an autograph dedication, and that he himself should like "The Cossacks."

This letter brought the end to the short acquaintanceship. Tschaikowsky had been disappointed in Tolstoi, on account of certain judgments pronounced by the latter. He was afraid he should lose faith in him if he were to know him better; that he should ruin his enjoyment of the earlier novels and essays. It took him a long time to find anything good in "Anna Karenina." At first he described it as "revolting and vulgar trash." "The devil take this psychological truth, if, as a result, nothing remains but the impression of a boundless waste!"

Later he was ashamed of his opinion and admitted that the work was a masterpiece. And then Tschaikowsky was never at ease with Tolstoi in spite of the latter's amiability and simplicity. He was afraid that he should hurt his feelings or that he himself should appear at a disadvantage. In his anxiety to please, he could not free himself from the thought that he was playing a part. This idea was so repugnant to him that he soon began deliberately to avoid Tolstoi.

Tschaikowsky did not admire Tolstoi, the philosopher. He wrote at length in his diary of 1886 about "What is my Belief?" The fact that he wondered at him as an artist increased the dislike of his philosophy. "Out of all his writings comes an icy blast of air; the reader experiences a certain fear; he feels that he also is a mortal, i. e., a being, who, in the face of 'Our Destiny,' 'Purposes and Goal of the whole Scheme,' 'God' and 'Religion'—is as haughtily conceited but also just as ignorant and mean, as an insect, which, born suddenly on a warm day of July, toward evening vanishes forever. The former Tolstoi was a god; the Tolstoi of today is only a priest."

And what, pray, would Tschaikowsky have said of Tolstoi's "What is Art?"—that extraordinary mixture of wit, learning, satire, pig-headed ignorance, sanity, nonsense!

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Carrie Bridewell has gone to Europe. They say she will "fill an engagement" at the Opéra-Comique, Paris. On her return she will sing in concert and join Mr. Grau's company in November.——The Musical Courier says that Melba will come over next season for a concert tour under the management of Mr. Charles A. Ellis.——Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler has sailed for Europe. She will give concerts there during the fall season.——Kocian, the young Bohemian violinist, who will visit the United States next season, will give 10 concerts in Morocco before sailing and will receive about $9000 for his labor.——Mr. Coleridge Taylor's new orchestra composition "Ethiopa Saluting the Colors" was performed under his direction at Albani's Coronation Concert June 21 at the Albert Hall. The piece is described as "agreeably appropriate, full of strong, rattling themes." But did he not lift the title from a poem by Walt Whitman, which describes an episode in Sherman's march to the sea? Charles Wood set music to this poem, and Plunket Greene sang it in Boston. And some in London found Taylor's march poor stuff.——Nikisch was harshly criticised for his reading of Beethoven's 7th symphony in London: "he played tricks with the music" wrote the London correspondent of the Musical Courier.

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Massenet, the restless, is at work on another opera, founded on Francois de Croisset's piece, "Chérubin," which was accepted by the Comédie Francaise and then withdrawn by the playwright.——The widow of the late composer-banker, Paul Kuczynski, is dead, and it is found that 250,000 marks have been left as a fund for musicians and poets.——Miss Rose Ettinger, wife of Mr. Francis Braun, sang with her husband in a concert given by Brema, Braun's mother, at London, June 20. Mr. Braun was described as "sincere and earnest," which characteristics may make him all the more terrible when he is loose in the concert-hall. Mr. John Coates, who as a heroic tenor was highly praised in German cities and has sung in Boston in musical-comedy, also sang at this recital. The Pall Mall Gazette felt bound to say: "His method did not strike us as being of any really extreme artistic interest, while at times it seemed to us that his vocal manner was quite lacking in inspiration.——Miss Ellen Beach Yaw sang the same day at London, and as she is an American and has enjoyed the services of an unusually passionate press-agent, the criticism of the Pall Mall Gazette is of interest: "Miss Beach Yaw has an extremely brilliant vocal accomplishment; if her voice is not very various, it is, at all events, within its chosen limits very pure, very true, and very effective. She has an extraordinary range. Her upper register seems to know no limit. It flies upward on the scale with astounding facility. In 'Ah, fors' è lui,' she cannot be said to have been very dramatic; but she assuredly sang with a sense of tune and of the right manner of phrasing. Moreover, as a new characteristic (so we thought) she seems to have increased in power and in forcefulness. In some old songs she sang very prettily indeed; and in Mozart's "Deh, vieni, non tardar" she was quite artistic. We in fine discovered quite a kindness for Miss Beach Yaw, whose brilliant vocalization begins to go hand in hand with her power of artistic expression."——The librettos of some of Johann Strauss's operettas are being rewritten and improved.

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Franchetti's new opera is founded on Sardou's "Théodora."——The usually accurate Sun (New York) speaks of "Baron d'Erlanger's" opera, "Le Juif Polonais." The said opera is by Camille Erlanger. The baron is Frederick d'Erlanger and is not the same, not the same.——Miss Regina Nagel, a contralto, who made her first appearance in London, June 6, was highly praised. Mr. Blackburn wrote: "She gives promise of very great future accomplishment; sympathetic, powerful, and with a rich, ripe tone, she also sang with musicianly delicacy and deep sincerity of emotion."——The Tsar has given permission for the erection of a statue of Chopin in the Saxon Garden, Warsaw. "Fearing, however, that the erection of a statue to one of Poland's great glories might serve as a pretext for a patriotic demonstration, the imperial sanction to the scheme has been fenced in by various restrictions, the chief of which is that no public appeal be made within the empire of Russia for funds that would advance the undertaking. So a committee, under the Presidency of Count Brochocki, has been formed to plead the cause abroad, and with this object in view a series of Chopin concerts have been organized throughout the Continent and committees formed in every capital of Europe."

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Again Mr. Blackburn shouts the eulogy of Melba:

"In praising any great singer one finds that the same adjectives invariably make their insistent appearance; and it is not easy to avoid monotony when, on occasion after occasion, one has to deal with a voice such as Melba possesses. Its perfect truth, its sincerity, its inimitable sweetness combined ever with power, make of it an utterly unique thing of its time. Flexible, resonant, warm, and significant, her voice belongs rather, as one thinks, in listening to it, to the things of nature than to a development of art; and yet one knows very surely that the voice has been made what it is by the most careful art, without which everything is of no serious importance."

* * *

Does Van Dyck sing better at Covent Garden than in the Boston Theatre? How do you otherwise explain this rhapsody published in the Pall Mall Gazette? The opera was "Lohengrin."

"There have been times when we have complained of certain details in this singer's method—details which have occasionally blurred the definiteness of his intonation. Last night, however, his magnificent singing was scarcely ever dimmed—as a matter of fact that word 'scarcely' refers only to one passage—by any traces of this defect. He sang with glorious spirit, with ideal purity, with immense force, and with a splendid intensity of emotion. His acting was on a level with his noble singing; dignified, intelligent, thoughtful and at times possessed of great grandeur. his 'Lohengrin' seemed to touch the essential and intimate things of the character. It was a fine thing to hear this great artist once more at his best."

There is a most marvelously interesting paragraph in a contemporary to the effect that at the coronation of George IV. an old gentleman present complained that he had been robbed, whereupon, it is stated, "the crowd who had listened to his eloquent complaint burst into a thousand-voiced ironic rendering of 'Home, Sweet Home!'" Now George IV. was crowned in 1820. "Home, Sweet Home!" was not written until 1823, and it was first sung in "Clari, the Maid of Milan," at Covent Garden Theatre by Miss Maria Tree, whose sister, Ellen, became Mrs. Charles Kean.—Era (London).

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Mr. Van Rooy sang (June 25) in its entirety Schumann's Song Cycle "Diechtenliebe." Of course, we all know, Van Rooy has a magnificent voice; on the stage in the big Wagnerian parts, such as Hans Sachs or Wotan, he has, of course, hardly an equal, and his vocal dignity, combined with his massive stage manner, is among the finest things of modern operatic art. We say so much because all his greater labors have, therefore, developed a manner and a style which are very often, that is to say, under certain conditions, totally unfitted for the concert room. In these beautifully delicate Schumann songs, for example, at least in a great many of them, the massiveness of his attack, and the deliberate histrionic treatment which he accorded to them destroyed altogether their poetical significance. His singing, for instance, of 'Ich grolle nicht,' no less than of 'Und wüsten's die Blumen,' was far too much in what Walter Scott once called 'the big bow-wow manner'; their delicate and spiritual flavor was, it seemed to us, both coarsened and broadened. About three-quarters of the way through the 16 songs of the cycle he struck us, too, as being a trifle fatigued, this was especially noticeable in 'Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen'; later, however, he seemed to realize the fact of his possibly having displayed fatigue, and while in the 13th song he sang well, in the last but one, 'Aus alten Marchen winkt es' he was altogether at his very best, on this occasion, as it seems to us, forgetting altogether superfluous stage effects.—Pall Mall Gazette.

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Few persons who know Mr. Attilla Cox, the dignified President of the Columbia Finance and Trust Company, are aware that he once saved the life of the celebrated Ole Bull and also saved his famous fiddle. When the Ohio River boats America and the United States collided and burned, Ole Bull was a passenger on one of them. Mr. Cox was then at Warsaw, Ky., a little town on the river, opposite which the catastrophe occurred. He says he was in a store writing leters about 11 o'clock on that December night in 1868 when the Court House bell rang out the alarm of fire. Running into the street, he saw the blaze from the burning boats and the oil that was floating on the water, making it look like a river of fire. The young men of the town manned half a dozen skiffs and went out to the rescue. The America had floated in to shore, but the United States was out in the stream, and many of her passengers, as well as some from the America, had jumped into the water, where numbers of them were burned as well as drowned. Mr. Cox was in the boat that rescued Ole Bull, who was clinging to a piece of burning wreckage. He had his beloved violin, and seemed as anxious to save that as his life. He was taken into the boat unharmed, except for the wet and cold.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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A singular musical instrument belongs to a New York man, who made it in pursuance of suggestions from Prof. Ogden Rood, the famous scientist. Until informed, no one would ever recognize the apparatus. It is part of the chandelier in the owner's drawing room. The basis of the affair is the so-called musical flame. When gas is burned in a cylindrical chimney of a certain length and width it produces a musical note. According to the angle at which the vapor is emitted from the jet there will be either a sound or silence. A simple contrivance enables the owner by touching a button to change the flame from musical to non-musical at his will. There are 30 lamps in his chandelier, so arranged as to make four octaves. The keyboard is in a corner of the room, where it occupies but little space, and might easily be mistaken for a convenient shelf on the wall. The music produced by the flames is very pleasant. It is not loud nor as vibrant as that from either wood or brass wind instruments, but is fuller and more sonorous than a whistle or a flute. An odd feature of the instrument is that playing on the flames does not vary the amount of light produced, the musical being indistinguishable from the non-musical flame. All that the spectator notices is a delightful melody of unusual timbre coming to him from the chandelier.—Evening Post (N. Y.)

May 14 1902

We are not surprised that the dwellers in thatched cottages at Newport are having trouble with their servants. No self-respecting cook wishes to display his or her art for the benefit of a monkey, even when he is named Jocko and sits as a guest of honor. No waiter of grace or intelligence wishes to serve a monkey, guide him in the choice of wine, or whisper suspicion of a certain made-dish or sauce. Mr. Harry Lehr, we fear, is responsible for much domestic trouble.

The New York Times, which continues to publish all the news that is fit to print, gives a prominent position on the first page to the story of harassed domesticity at Newport. Thus a servant in the household of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs appeared "during a small dinner in a much intoxicated condition." We are not told whether she commented on the appearance of the guests or whether she insisted on performing a skirt dance for their amusement; but the police were summoned. Mrs. E. J. Berwind has been deserted within a week by two sets of servants. Mrs. Pembroke Jones has "gotten rid of her servants," and on July 10—a memorable date—the servants of Mrs. G. D. Widener struck and left for New York. We like to think of Mrs. Berwind preparing a simple meal in the interregnum, doing something with eggs and a kerosene stove. We see Mrs. Pembroke Jones frying a steak, and Mrs. G. D. Widener opening sardine boxes for a cool and refreshing luncheon. Did not Marie Antoinette and her attendants play like games at Versailles? And Marie was in humble circumstances in comparison with a Newport cottager.

We learn from the Daily America that Miss Mary Johnston now has and will hold in Richmond, Va., a lot on which she will "erect a palatial residence," while less distinguished authors would content themselves with building a house. Furthermore Miss Johnston will domicillate herself at Richmond.

Mme. de Gast has brought an action against a lawyer, Barboux, because in the course of a trial in which she was plaintiff he passed about a photograph of Gervex's painting, "The Masked Woman," and declared that she had stood as model. Some years ago a jealous husband was sure that he recognized his wife as the painter's masked woman, and thereupon challenged Gervex, who gave the name of the model, but nevertheless was obliged to fight.

We saw this picture when it was exhibited at the Paris Salon, where it attracted scandalous attention, not because the figure was nude, but because the face was masked. This mask made the picture seem intentionally indecent, why, it would be hard to tell; but that which otherwise might have been pure and beautiful became lubricious. In 1886, the year of this exhibition, if our memory is not at fault, there was much discussion concerning the identity of the model. Some named a noble dame, whose pride of flesh moved her to display, just as aristocratic women of Vienna rapped at Hans Makart's door that he might picture them undraped. It was thought by many of the artists that the model was an American, a Bostonian, who was engaged in the service of a celebrated portrait painter. And some in their endeavor to identify indulged in pleasant personal recollections.

There is a frankness of nakedness that is refreshing and glorious. But suppose that stockings were painted on some palpitating and superb Venus; or that a corset was fastened on a lovely Leda; then the picture would become at once earthly, and there would be merely a woman surprised in an incomplete costume. In the salon of 1886 were many nude figures; some graceful and attractive; some with dull faces and heavy, soggy bodies; some too evidently painted perfunctorily from a common and worn model; but this masked woman was the only picture that seemed cheaply sensual. The woman seemed too conscious of the fact she was without clothing; not as a goddess, exulting in her dazzling beauty; not as a nymph of the golden age, not as a Spartan maiden in a procession; not as a startled woman of today who suspected the eyes of some Peeping Tom, but as a Parisian, who said to the crowd: "Now guess who I am. Have you ever seen me before? Ransack your memory. No; guess again."

It is surprising that even a French husband should name his wife as the model, and not from a pride like unto that which deprived King Candaules of life and kingdom, but from jealousy. The woman painted by Gervex was by no means of faultless lines and proportions, and a husband of truly artistic tastes might well have been slow in public identification. Nor was there any evidence to show that this particular spouse had applied the Bertillion system of measurement to his wife. However, Gervex should not complain of either the angry husband or Mme. de Gast; his picture has been well advertised.

How admirably ordered was the American court at the Coronation Bazaar! Mrs. Ronalds had charge of the American Bar.

This world is, indeed, a world of wonders. A negro, one Ferry Chesney, died on the summit of Copper Ridge, on July 4, at the age of 126 years, who had lived for 50 years a hermit's life.

Of course he had seen George Washington; if he had not, his life would have been a blank. And on July 10 died at Chicago Mr. Lewis Wilkins, who was 30 years old, 8 feet 2 inches in height, and of 365 pounds weight, a pound for each day of the year.

We are inclined to think that Mr. Chesney's life was shortened by his pursuing for so many years the profession of a hermit. It is true that some of the primitive Christians who retired into the deserts from persecution lived to the age of 105 or 115 with very little food; their common allowance for 24 hours, according to Cassian, was only 12 ounces of bread and mere water. It is also true that Mr. Laurence of the Orkney Islands, who married a wife after he was a hundred years of age and would go out to sea fishing in his little boat when he was a hundred and forty years old, was remarkable for his temperance. The American climate is more stimulating, and if Mr. Chesney had chosen a full diet he, no doubt, would be alive today. Nor does extreme temperance in drink necessarily make for old age; witness the case of Mr. Brawne, an Irishman who begged in Cornwall. A sweet singer has embalmed his memory in imperishable verse:

Here Brawne the quondam Beggar lies,
Who counted by His Tale
Some six-score Winters and above;
Such Virtue is in Ale.
Ale was his Meat, his Drink, his Cloth;
Ale did his Death deprive;
And could he still have drank his Ale,
He had been still alive.

And now Syracuse claims to be the "most immoral" city in the United States. Clergymen of several denominations agree in this judgment. But on what do these clergymen base their opinion? From personal investigation in all the leading cities? And if they go from town to town armed with note book and viceometer, when do they find time to write sermons, marry, bury and make pastoral calls?

A man in Canton, O., and a man in Warsaw, Russian-Poland, are playing a game of chess, "which, it is estimated, will require five years to finish." A deliberate game! How much more comfortable is such an amusement than the sport of the disconcerting players who, blindfolded, begin and finish 26 games within two hours and three-quarters by a stop-watch.

It is the remark of an accomplished Edinburgh artist, H. W. Williams, in the course of his strictures upon the domestic architecture of the Italians, and especially of the Florentines, that the character of buildings, in certain circumstances, "depends wholly or chiefly on the form of the roof and the chimney."

July 5 1902

A senseless lump of animated clay,
With weather-beaten hat of rusty brown,
Stranger to brinks, and often to a crown;
With slop-frock suiting to the plowman's taste,
Its greasy skirting twisted round his waist;
And hardened high-lows clench'd with nails around,
Clamping defiance o'er the stony ground.

Country Life announces the passing of the smock-frock or the slop-frock, as the garment is called in certain English provinces. "The farmer used to be proud of his smock, and it was often adorned with much beautiful work, and was worth from £20 to £30, but now the garment is almost wholly discarded. No farmer wears it, and even the farm laborer objects to it in its cheaper form, though here and there in out-of-the-way hamlets of the Berkshire and Wiltshire Downs the rustic may occasionally be seen clad according to the old fashion. This is but seldom, however, as the cheap tailor has long been familiar in Arcadia, and the rural swain goes in the same attire as the city beau."

Is the "smock" still familiar in New England? The garment was commonly used, and the name well known in Hampshire County during the sixties and early seventies; but we have not heard the word used colloquially for some time. Thirty years ago, more or less, the town of Northampton was thoroughly frightened by firebugs. Barn after barn was burned. Private citizens turned detectives. Women and children slept uneasily. At last four or five persons were suspected, arrested, tried, acquitted. One of them had already dishonored a family name known at the time to every schoolboy throughout the land. There was no talk of pyromania; the accused were tried as responsible persons who had deliberately gone wrong. They were defended by George M. Stearns, one of the keenest and most adroit of American jury lawyers. The court room was, of course, crowded; for amusements in the town were few, confined to a wandering minstrel troup, an immoral circus, John B. Gough, a tightrope walker, who took up a collection, and a sleek, unwholesome professor of magic. One of the witnesses for the prosecution spoke of a man seen under suspicious circumstances as being "dressed in a smock-frock." Mr. Stearns asked him to describe a "smock-frock." The crowd, with its customary hair-trigger laugh, was immensely amused by the floundering of the witness, and yet he, an honest constable, was in the habit of wearing the garment in question. Mr. Stearns treated the frock as though it had never been seen outside of Persia or Finland. The witness at once became ridiculous. Even the presiding Judge looked as though the idea of any New Englander wearing such a garment was preposterous. All manner of changes were rung on the word, which in the closing argument was used as a symbol of the absurdity of the charge brought against the prisoners. We boys knew the frock and the word for it; nevertheless, we hung upon the lips of the distinguished lawyer, and at a wink from him any one of us would have said, "There is no such thing."

The smock-frock known in Northamptonshire, England, according to Anne Elizabeth Baker, was a coarse, loose white Holland frock, generally reaching to the mid-leg, often stitched or chain-stitched, in an ornamental pattern on the shoulders, wrist, etc., with dark blue silk. It was the common outer garment of an agricultural laborer. The "slop" was a short smock-frock, "such as is worn by navigators," and Anne Elizabeth derives it from the Anglo-Saxon "slop, stola."

In Southeast Worcestershire the smock-frock was a garment of "Russia duck," which reached to the knees, and, as a rule, was closed all round, with only an opening through which to pass the head. Mr. Jesse Salisbury said in 1893: "The 'slop' has now almost entirely taken its place in this district," and he defined "slop" as a short linen jacket.

In Lincolnshire a smock was a countryman's blouse, which was: "So called from its color." It originated among the French mechanics, who wore it (without an exception, perhaps), of bleu—hence bleus (first pronounced bloose), corrupted into blowse." "Provincial words and expressions current in Lincolnshire," by J. Ellett Brogden—London, 1866). Mr. Brogden defined "slop-frock" as "a farm-servant or laborer's smock-frock, made of thick blue, drab, or white cotton, elaborately worked on the breast and back."

The smock-frock known in Hampshire County was a plain, serviceable garment. It was worn by the hired man when he did his chores; by the man that brought fire-wood; often by the meat-man, and by the farmer and his help. As we remember it, the garment was of a coarse, strong material, and it was blue or of a bluish color. It was not embroidered, not even by mother, wife or sweetheart. It was the rough garment of work. De Quincey insisted that the Roman was the idlest of men. "He called himself and his pals 'rerum dominos, gentemque togatum'—'the gentry that wore the toga.' Yes, and a pretty set of gentry they were, and a pretty affair that 'toga' was. Just figure to yourself, reader, the picture of a hard-working man, with horny hands, like our hedgers, ditchers, porters, etc., setting to work on the high road in that vast sweeping toga, filling with a strong gale like the mainsail of a frigate. Conceive the roars with which this magnificent figure would be received into the bosom of a modern poor-house detachment sent out to attack the stones on some line of road, or a fatigue party of dustmen sent upon secret service. Had there been nothing left as a memorial of the Romans but that one relic—their immeasurable toga—I should have known that they were born and bred to idleness." No such inference could be drawn from a smock-frock.

"Smock" itself is a fine old word that never should have gone out of general usage. It is a heroic word even when the garment clung to a woman—witness the apostrophe of Othello to the dead Desdemona. Yet in one of Congreve's brilliantly corrupt comedies Frail rebukes Miss Prue for using the word: "Amongst your linen you must say: you must never say smock."

And while we are on this subject, we must regret that the word "sleep"—to make a noise while supping with a spoon—is no longer heard in taverns or at dinner-parties. Perhaps the form "slurrup" is even more expressive.

But why should the funny-bone be known as the "singing-bone" and lozenge-shaped gingerbread be called "shickles?"

Was "narrow-eyed" ever used in New England as a genteel synonym of intoxicated, loaded, stiff, buggy, paralyzed, etc.?

We know some writers who have been told that the phrase "under these circumstances" is wretched English. Persuaded of this, they seek every opportunity to display their lately acquired information, and when they find the phrase in a book they loudly denounce the writer as a man without style. We commend to them the words of Professor Kittredge, taken from his article on "The Ways of Words in English Speech," and published in Harper's: "'Circumstances' means literally 'things that stand around one,' yet 'under these circumstances' is as good English as 'in these circumstances,' and we even say 'under the following circumstances' without hesitation. Language cannot get along without such vague words, which have lost all their sharpness of imprint, and serve rather as counters of the game than as coin of definite value."

July 16 1902

Perhaps this is the characteristic difference between youth and a later period of life—that we, by degrees, learn to take things more as we find them, call them more by their right names; that we feel the warmth of summer, but the winter's cold as well; that we see beauties, but can spy defects in the fairest face; and no longer look at everything through the genial atmosphere of our own existence. We grow more literal and less credulous every day, lose much enjoyment, and gain some useful, and more useless, knowledge.

No wonder that there is little excitement about the visit of the Prince of Siam, who is apparently a modest youth. But if the King of Siam should visit this country! The name of the glorious boaster has long been a household word, and it is embalmed in imperishable verse.

John Filson, a farmer, living seven miles south of Eminence, is the proud father of 44 little chickens, but much of the credit for the results is due to his wife. Filson has been ill with fever, so she decided to use him as an incubator. She borrowed the eggs and placed them about his body. Only four failed to produce chickens.—Winchester (Ky.) Democrat.

This is an excellent story, this tale of the Human Incubator. It was told admirably by a Frenchman named Guy de Maupassant, and his version was paraphrased in English by an American named Bunner.

Victor Herbert denies the report that he will succeed John Stromberg as musical director at Weber and Field's music hall. "He says he does not compose burlesque music." A composer is not invariably the best judge of his own works.

Mr. Edmond Rostand has abandoned the fight against Mr. Gross of Chicago. Against stupidity even the gods war in vain.

Somerville, Mass., July 14, 1902.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

I have been much interested in the Godfrey-Dolman, etc., research. Your Portland correspondent came nearest to the original expression, and also to the locality of its origin. I venture to say that a majority of those who use the words are of Maine ancestry. My great-grandfather's name was Dorman. He married a woman named Godfrey. Their home was in the eastern part of Maine. I remember an incident which happened when I was a child, of a man calling at our home, and being surprised at something which he was told, exclaiming: "O the Godfrey-Dorman!" Whereupon my mother, whose maiden name was Dorman, informed him, much to his surprise, that he was using the names of her grandparents, and then proceeded to enlighten him as to how the exclamation Godfrey-Dorman came to be used. This is undoubtedly the true origin of the expression, which therefore dates back more than a hundred years.

Respectfully submitted by a
GODFREY-DORMAN DESCENDANT.

The time is at hand when the fastidious amateur of the table will sneer at Mr. Johnson, who is in the habit of eating lettuce with sugar and vinegar, as his father did before him, when at a mature age he was persuaded to "eat grass." But it was long the fashion for commoners and nobles in England to use vinegar and sugar. See Venner's "Via Recta ad Vitam Longam," 1655. Venner adds: "In these days it is commonly eaten at the beginning of meals." Jolevin de Rocheford was laughed at when he asked for oil to season his salad according to the French fashion.

Moollah Nujib suggests that the traveler should eat onions in all the countries he visits, for a foreigner becomes sooner acclimated from the use of this vegetable.

The Pall Mall Gazette published lately an amusing review of Mr. Carnegie's "The Empire of Business." "Mr. Andrew Carnegie would rank among the great men of the world if only he could shake off a certain priggish self-complacency. He has had much experience of life; he can reason shrewdly, and he writes remarkably well; but the exuberance of his moral verbosity is very trying." The Pall Mall gives an instance of "the sort of thing with which we are assailed almost on every page in the earlier part of his book, and on many other pages throughout the work."

"The other day a fond fashionable mother in Michigan asked a young man whether he had ever seen a young lady sweep in a room so grandly as her Priscilla. He said no, he never had, and the mother was gratified beyond measure; but then, said he after a pause, 'What I should like to see her do is sweep out a room!' The young man has Mr. Carnegie's approbation. To ourselves he seems to have been an impudent cub, and we trust that if he had any regard for Priscilla he was never allowed to enter her presence again. However, we do not believe that there is such an ass in Michigan."

"A few pages farther, the reader is adjured: 'Be far too much the gentleman ever to enter a bar-room.' This is dreadful; but any man who can write the phrase 'too much the gentleman' is clearly so full of moral self-assurance as to be unfit to be reasoned with. Sometimes, happily, the nature of his subject drags Mr. Carnegie away from the contemplation of himself as the admirable example upon which the ambitious office-boy should mould his career."

In the recent volume devoted to the life of Charles Eliot, landscape architect, and edited by his father, the President of Harvard University, the son is characterized as "a lover of nature and of his kind, who trained himself for a new profession, practised it happily, and through it wrought much good." How different the estimation of a landscape gardener today from that expressed by Dr. Johnson in his life of Shenstone: "Whether to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view, to make the water run where it will be heard, and to stagnate where it will be seen; to leave intervals where the eye will be pleased, and to thicken the plantation where there is something to be hidden; demands any great powers of mind, I will not inquire; perhaps a sullen and surly speculator may think such performances rather the sport than the business of human reason. But it must be at least confessed that to embellish the form of nature is an innocent amusement; and some praise must be allowed, by the most superciliious observer, to him who does best what such multitudes are contending to do well."

A New York newspaper of literary pretentions informs the world that a visitor to Newport "has taken apartments at the Berkeley." Then he took one apartment for himself and another for some one unnamed. For the word "apartment" means, in effect, a compartment of a house and already includes, in its proper sense, a suite of rooms. "It is a mere vulgar error," said De Quincey, "arising out of the ambitious usage of lodging house keepers, to talk of one family or an establishment occupying apartments in the plural."

July 17. 1902

I heard the mermaid singing slowly
Under the rocks of Trewyn Bay,
She took my heart, and filled it wholly
With her white beauty till today,
When she has cast my heart away.

I saw the mermaid in the glimmer
Of seafires green and amethyst,
Her gray eyes held me and made dimmer
Eyes of a Cornish girl I kissed
Once, when I met her at our tryst.

No more with Morwen have I trysted,
Nor danced with Mabyn on the sand,
A sea-girl used me as she listed,
Held in the hollow of her hand;
Now she has cast me back to land.

I heard the mermaid sing, and never
Will human voices please me more,
Like some poor ghost I wander ever
Between the sea-waves and the shore;
A bitterer doom man never bore.

Earth will not cover me; the water
Will none of me who broke the screen
Between the shore-folk and sea's daughter,
And one can never drown, I ween,
Who has a mermaid's lover been.

Boston, July 15, 1902.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

"Abate" was spelled "A" by itself, a, b-a-t-e, bate, abate in New Hampshire, Maine, and in some parts of Massachusetts, at least as late as 1833. In these days it is spelled "Abate, a-b-a-t-e, abate," and, in consequence, the public school pupil has no idea of syllables, and does not understand what accent means. Set him to write a paragraph underlining the accented syllables, and he will give you such gems as "cri-ed," with a line under the first three letters. When he begins Latin he will be utterly incapable of understanding division, and will wake the echoes of his schoolroom with statements as to Caesar's encounters with 'Arry O'Vistus, and his own doings in Eye-tal-ia and His-pan-i-a, two spots unknown to Caius Jullus. His French nasals and liquids will always be stumbling blocks in his path, because he cannot distinguish between syllables, and when he tries to use a typewriting machine he will divide abate "ab-ate," or "aba-te," or "abat-e," according to the state of his feelings.

But, really, the antique spelling of "abate" was nothing to the young pundits of 1830 et circa. What tried their youthful souls was the scornful questions of big boys derisively asking them to spell "A," or "I," or "O," all words in good and regular standing. The answers were "A: a, by itself; A;" "I: i by itself; I;" and "O: o by itself; O." This form disappeared later and was succeeded by "A: A ; A," a really beautiful exercise in inflection; but neither in the former nor in the latter half of the century were these refinements taught in regular class. They were the jokes of the spelling matches and the playgrounds, and not useless jokes, for through them the children came to understand the paradox that a letter is sometimes a word. Ask little Johnny to spell "a." He will spell it, "Huhwutugivinus?"

ADELGITHA.

Mr. Christian Langhemrich, a steamship passenger, wagered before he left Bremen that he could drink daily two litres of brandy while the voyage lasted. The steamship arrived in New York Tuesday. For two days on the ocean he drank considerably more than a gallon. On the night of the second day he was attacked by delirium tremens and died within 21 hours. The amount of liquid consumed is not surprising. Phago used to drink 9 or 10 gallons of wine a day; the Emperor Maximinus put away comfortably seven gallons in his day's work; Promachus disposed of four gallons at one bout; Proteus at a feast given by Alexander drank a bowl holding two gallons "clear off to the surprise of the company, then filling it again, he took that off also;" there was Novellius Torquatus, who drank three gallons of wine at one draught in the presence of the Emperor Tiberius, who took delight in seeing such performances; and thence Novellius obtained the name of Tricongius. Many beer-drinkers consume an incredible quantity. But brandy, this drink for heroes, burns rather than irrigates. We knew an American exiled at Geneva, where the watches come from. He had been a handsome, athletic, daring fellow, who had followed the red shirt in Italy; but he was a confirmed brandy drinker. He did not feel well at the time we saw him until he had finished his second quart. And the face of the man was of a ghastly white; a face for the morgue, yet the more terrible because there were still traces of vitality.

Mr. G. R. Sims was astonished when he saw in London a man wearing a Panama hat with a thick black overcoat. The sight would not amaze any New Englander. Straw hat and overcoat, outing shirt and flannel trousers, russet shoes and umbrella, constitute the full dress of coast dwellers during July and August.

Professor Taguchi of Tokyo University has been eight years examining 600 brains, of which about a quarter were females. His investigations lead him to conclude that the difference between the weight of the brain in the male and female is more marked in Japan; in Western lands the average difference in weight of the brain of a normal man of 25 and a normal woman of the same age is about 120 grains—in Japan it tends to reach 150, while in the maximum brain the difference reached 260 (male grains 1790, female 1432). With regard to stature, the ratio in short men was 1.325 grains, in men of average height 1.33, in tall men 1.38. Furthermore, the weight of a male brain increases up to the age of 50 or thereabouts, after which it decreases steadily; the weight of the average female brain increases more rapidly, but only up to the age of 30 to 35, decreases again till 50, then again increases during the next decade, and begins its final shrinkage about 60. Taguchi believes that the maximum development in weight falls a few years earlier with the white man than is the case with the Oriental. But in hot countries is not development premature?

At Schaetensee, near Berlin, about 40 literary men, poets, philosophers are trying to live the Common Life. They have rented a large house near a lake. Each family has an allotment of garden ground, which it cultivates at pleasure, and it pays daily one mark a head to the general fund. It is also obliged to pay for its rooms, which cost from 30 to 40 marks a month. Here is another attempt at the ideal community, and yet these Germans undoubtedly know the story of Brook Farm. What happens when the head of any one family says: "You will have to pass us today. I expect money next week Tuesday?" Is there no bickering, no strife? We can understand the men working outdoors without friction; but how about the women of the community when they are left to themselves? And the evenings must be dreary with 40 poets, essayists, philosophers all trying to read from manuscript at the same time. We have seen one poet work sad injury with a few verses, when he was not spurred to activity by the presence of a rival; and one philosopher with his voice in free, working order can easily empty a club room. Yet there may be peace at Schaetensee: the forty may each be so conscious of his own superiority that he will not discuss matters of weight or moment, even when his wife whispers to him: "Wilhelm, show them what you can do."

July 18 1902

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide;
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven!
The waves have now a redder glow,
The hours are breathing faint and low;
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

Is it possible, then, that Venice will sink and disappear? And that 500 years from now the city will have been as a mirage, or a legendary town, one classed with Ys, which was destroyed through the wantoness of a woman, and with the city of many-columned Iram? Now Iram contained 300,000 palaces, each with a thousand pillars of gold-bound jasper, the great city girt by a vast castle, "round which were palaces and pavilions that rose high into middle air"; the very gravel of the city was made of pearls and balls of musk and ambergris and saffron; and the city was 500 years in building. There are Arabs who see Iram today on the borders of Al-Ahkáf, the waste of deep sands, west of Hadramaut. But no Cook's ticket insures safe passage to Iram or to the City of Brass, wherein were those melancholy tablets which the Emir Musa read and then wept and swooned away.

Years ago an Italian astronomer, Eustace Manfredi, gave it as his opinion that the height of the sea has been constantly on the increase, and he cited in confirmation the case of St. Mark's Church at Venice, "which is now so low that its ground floor, as well as St. Mark's Place itself, when the lagoon happens to be flooded, are laid under water; an accident to which we may reasonably presume that it could not have been liable at the time of its foundation." And he appealed to the marble terrace round the Senate House of St. Mark, "probably for the benefit of those who were going on shipboard, in order to allow of their coming to the water's edge in carriages—a purpose which is now entirely defeated, since moderately high tides lay it half a foot under water."

The glory of Venice passed long ago. The Venice of poet and painter, of dominion and marvelous sensuousness, the Venice of Othello and Marino Faliero, Rousseau's Zulietta irresistible in vestito di confidenz, Casanova, Titian, Jaffier, Pierre, Belvidera, Byron. Even the Englishman Ruskin knew a more glorious Venice than the town that now mourns her Campanile. The steamboat was to Venice what the automobile is to Versailles.

And the super-subtle Venetian women whose pranks were seen by heaven! The women that sat for Titian or praised Galuppi while he played the clavichord! The women that charmed the Président de Brosses as they fascinated travelers from all lands! The women that by their hair of reddish gold made brunettes envious to the point of murder! And will they, too, be mere spectres dimly seen in legendary mist?

"Dust and ashes!" So you creak it, and I want the heart to scold.
Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old.

The architects care for none of these things, their talk is of piles, sub-soil, foundations, shrinkages, and sinking.

It is also said that Bruges is "waking up." The thorough awakening would be as great a catastrophe as the disappearance of Venice below the sea. The charm of Bruges is its sleepiness for in this sleep are vague dreams of richly laden vessels from Genoa, Venice, Constantinople, of magazines crowded with wool from England, Flemish linen and Persian silk. The people were so sumptuously dressed that Johanna of Navarre exclaimed: "I imagined myself alone to be Queen, but I see hundreds of persons here whose attire vies with my own." Medieval bustle was picturesque, gorgeous. The deserted appearance of Bruges is one of pleasing melancholy. And will there soon be the hustle of a modern town, with the attendant and hideously commonplace stir of trade? It is time to depart. In the deserts of hot sands the owls are no longer permitted to dwell, and the satyrs dance there no more; no longer do wild beasts cry in the desolate houses, and the dragons are leaving the pleasant palaces.

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Summer sports may be watched any fine day in the Public Garden. Wednesday morning a man was throwing a live rat held by a string to the alligators in a fountain near the statue of General Washington. And he seemed vexed because the alligators would not eat the rat.

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It is said that Thackeray pronounced the late Mrs. Charles Godfrey Leland "the prettiest woman in America." Thackeray made many complimentary speeches when he was in this country. We know by sight at least three women whom he pronounced separately "the most brilliant woman in America," and a dozen men have been named as "the most fascinating conversationalist," which perhaps explains why they were so respectably dull after Thackeray left the United States. We fear that the author of "Vanity Fair" was a jollier.

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Wakefield, Mass., July 15, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I appeal to you to explain a mystery that has caused me many hours of anxious and fruitless thought. Why does a coffeepot have a wide and bulging nozzle, like a yawning hornpout, while a teapot has one that is round and slender? I can discover no physical or mechanical reason for the difference, and am forced to believe that it lies deeper and rests on some psychological or sociological basis.

ELIHU L. ROBINSON.

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When we were young, the pineapple was not esteemed in our little village. Occasionally a fly-blown specimen of the fruit was in a store window, exhibited rather as a natural curiosity than something edible and to be desired. The pineapple was thought to be indigestible as well as chippy. No one told us that it contained an "active digestive principle, similar to pepsin, termed 'bromelin,'" and if anyone had said that this principle would digest as much as 1000 times its weight in a few hours, the answer would have been a hoarse laugh or a coarse gesture of incredulity. But those were the days when appendicitis was known as inflammation of the bowels and children were warned by snuffy old family doctors against sleeping with only the covering of a sheet near an open window.

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Since pineapples have such digestive force, it seems a pity that thousands were not served at the Coronation Feast after the tons of beef, cheese, puddin' and gallons of ale. The coronation of George IV. caused a memorable glut of this fruit in the London market. Mr. Isaac Andrews of Lambeth alone cut 60 for the occasion, and hundreds remarkable for size and flavor came from all parts of the kingdom. One from Lord Cawdor's weighed 10 pounds, and it was served at the royal banquet. That year pineapples were not to be bought at Paris; when one was wanted, it was carried by a messenger from London, and Mr Patrick Neill, Secretary of a horticultural society, wrote with a feeling of national pride: "From our possessing coals, and from our gardeners being well versed in the modes of raising fruit under glass, it is probable that we shall always maintain a superiority in the production of this delicious article for the dessert."

July 19, 1902

In the flush of my youthful ambition
I said, As a secondary string
I will seek to improve the condition
Of letters and that sort of thing.

But fortune was slow in [illegible],
And editors seemed to be cold.
So I said I will take to reviewing.
It's rather amusing, I'm told.

I said, What the [illegible] is a stylist.
The usual thing is a bore.
The "the [illegible] Grammar of Smith's [illegible] the [illegible]vilest,
Or "Jones has a future in store."

So I [illegible] witty and pleasant,
[illegible] artist and new [illegible].
I remark to my friends that at present
I [illegible] the [illegible] review.

Shall I take [illegible]
[illegible]s.
On all my tastes and [illegible]
To [illegible] upon [illegible] Morals
[illegible] as a [illegible] of Art?

Shall I let my acquaintances revel
In dreams of [illegible] fortune and fame,
Or seal the whole thing [illegible] the [illegible]
And say that I'm sick of the game?

There is dispute concerning the origin of the phrase "The Devil and Tom Walker." Certain curse-lorists insist that the said Walker was an Englishman and a relation of the well known Mr. Hookey Walker, whose name is used by Londoners to express their incredulity. We published some time ago a letter from the Earnest Student of Sociology in which he stated his intention of discussing the subject at length. We have received from this gifted but erratic being notes concerning the Walkers.

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Walker, Hookey or, Walker! The expression signifies that the story is not true or that the thing will not occur. See Dickens's "Christmas Carol;" "Buy it," said Scrooge. "Walker!" said the boy. See also Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends"—"Old Woman Clothed in Grey." "For mere nameaning talk her Parch'd lips babbled now—such as Hookey!—and Walker! She expired, with her last breath expressing a doubt if his mother were fully aware he was out?"

This Hookey Walker took his name from a certain John Walker, "a hook-nosed spy, whose reports were proved to be fabrications."

But "a London Antiquary" says that Hookey Walker may have been a certain Hugh K. Walker, whose name has been singularly neglected by compilers of biographical dictionaries.

Tom Walker lived near Boston in the Eighteenth Century. He was poor, thin and miserly when, in 1727, he met a great black man in a swamp "several miles into the interior of the country from Charles Bay." (The story is told at length in "Chips for the Chimney Corner," gathered by Frank Munsell, and published at Albany, N. Y., in 1871 by Munsell's Steam Press. The volume was set in type by a lad 12 years of age, as his first exercise in typography. The book contains several strange tales, as "Peter Rugg," "The Fly-maker," "The Cork Leg," "The Spectre of the Rope-walk," "Captain Kidd in Albany.")

Walker talked with this black man, who was looking at tall trees marked with the names of great men of the colony, and scored more or less by an ax. Absalom Crowinshield, who had made money by buccaneering, was just ready for burning. "'You see'—said the black man with a growl of triumph, 'I am likely to have a good stock of fire wood for winter.'"

The devil told Tom of money buried by Kidd not far from the morass, and he offered to place these riches within Tom's reach on certain conditions. Tom asked time for consideration, and the devil, to prove the truth of his statement, put the black print of a burnt finger on his forehead.

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Tom went home and told his shrewish wife. She, too, was miserly, and she sneaked alone to the swamp more than once. She went at last with the silver teapot and spoons in her apron, and she never came back. Tom searched for her in vain. He saw a bundle tied in a checked apron hanging in the branches of a tree, and a vulture was keeping watch over it. Tom climbed the tree to claim the property, but inside the apron were only a heart and a liver.

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Then Tom tried to make satisfactory terms with the black man. The latter wished him to turn slave-dealer, but Tom was squeamish on this point. Then the devil proposed that he should turn usurer, for the profession was peculiarly dear to him. Tom was hugely pleased with the idea. He opened a broker's office in Boston. Those were the days of paper credit and mad speculation. Hundreds had lost money and his office was thronged with customers—"the needy and the adventurous, the gaming speculator, the dreaming landjobber, the thriftless tradesman, the merchant with cracked credit." Tom charged outrageous interest, accumulated bonds and mortgages, squeezed his customers dry. He became a rich and mighty man, "and exalted his cocked hat upon 'change." He built a vast house which he was too mean to furnish. He set up a carriage, which was drawn by starved horses, and the ungreased wheels reminded the onlookers of the groaning souls of Tom's debtors.

As Tom grew old, he began to wonder about the next world. He became a violent churchgoer. He talked of the expediency of persecuting the Quakers and Anabaptists. He had a great folio Bible in his counting-room desk, and he always carried a small Bible in his pocket; he had his horse new shod, saddled and bridled, and buried with his feet uppermost, so that on the last day, when the world should be turned upside down, he should find his horse all ready, and he could get the start of his friend.

One sultry afternoon Tom sat in his India silk morning gown and white linen cap. He was on the point of foreclosing a mortgage. The speculator begged that he might not be ruined. Tom said, "The devil take me if I have made a farthing." There were three knocks on the door. A black man with a black horse was outside. "Tom, you are come for," said the black man. Tom started back, but too late. He was without his Bibles, and the black man "whisked him like a child astride the horse, and away he galloped in the midst of a thunderstorm. The clerks stuck their pens behind their ears and stared after him from the windows." When they turned to look, the black man had disappeared.

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And when they searched Tom's coffers they found his bonds and mortgages reduced to cinders; his gold and silver were chips and shavings; and the next day his house was burned to the ground. The swamp is still haunted by a figure on horseback, in a morning gown and white cap.

The last note of the Earnest Student: "Who first wrote this story? And are there any descendants of T. Walker, Esq., now living?"

When did the term 'vest' for waistcoat sneak into English speech? In 1835 De Quincey contributed to Tait's Magazine a description of his experiences as a poor student at Oxford. "One day," he says, "upon arranging my toilet hastily before dinner, I suddenly made the discovery that I had no waistcoat (or 'vest,' as it is now called, through conceit or provincialism) which was not worn or otherwise dilapidated." In 1902 the man that speaks of his waistcoat tempts the reproach of affectation; and yet vest should be associated with pants, necktie, cuffs. Women wear "vests" and we remember the verbal enormity "vestette" which is even more hideous than "leaderet," or "booklet." But we are now poaching in the reserve of the Providence Journal. Are vests or waistcoats worn at the Hope Club, worn, of course, in cool weather and by a member not actively engaged in opening clams?

July 20 1902

MR. VERNON BLACKBURN of London reviewed "Melomaniacs" by Mr. James Huneker of New York as follows:

Mr. James Huneker, who is among the two or three best-known musical critics of America, is a man of really astonishing imagination; he belongs also to an exterior world of art. Music is his motive, but fiction is here his true vocation. In his latest work one is forced to confess that he exhibits talents which are inclined to run almost morbidly into an over-wrought method of expression. Fiction seems nevertheless to some extent, so far as he is concerned, to have gone beyond its legitimate functions, and he seems compelled, as by an overmastering impulse, to deal with the ideas of fancy from an exaggerated modern point of view. He writes well—and we say so with no patronizing sentiment whatever. But his writing would be better for the most careful pruning, for a more sternly critical choice of words, and for a cutting down of unnecessary exuberance. Take, for example, this sort of essay which he makes the handiwork of one of his characters. This is how it opens:

O the misty plaint of the Unconceived! O crystal incuriousness of the monad! The faint swarming toward the light and the rending of the sphere of hope, frustrate, infutile. I am the seed called Life; I am he, I am she. We walk, swim, totter and blend. Through the ages I lay in the vast basin of Time; I am called by Fate into the Now. On pulsing terraces, under a moon blood-red, I dreamed of the mighty confluence.

That seems to us to be neurotic America run wild. Really, and quite apart from mere parody, one might be inclined to quote in parallel those celebrated verses which begin—

Oh, for ever and for ever, while the love-lorn censers sweep,
And the jasper winds dissever amberlike the crystal deep,
Shall the soul's delirious slumber, seagreen vengeance of a kiss,
Teach delirious crags to number blue infinities of bliss.

"Nevertheless there is no question about it that Mr. Huneker, if he would only keep himself within bounds, is a man of amazing intelligence. Romance seems to come to him as easily as matter-of-fact business comes to a city man. He has a world of dreams which is entirely his own; but still we think that it is a fatal thing for him that he should have run his ideals along the hysterical sides of life. He needs no encouragement whatever toward hysteria; his finely-strung temperament is clearly sufficient for literary excellence without searching into the mystic, into the abnormally sexual, or into the exaggerated sentimentality of a narrowed and therefore insufficient existence. Perhaps the best of his narratives is that entitled 'An Ibsen Girl'; it, like many other pages of the book, trembles, as we have said, upon the verge of something like neurotic exaggeration, but one is very grateful when the final paragraph restores, in a kind of topsy-turvy way, the issue of the story to sane results, and leaves you with (as one may say) a pleasant taste in the mouth. Not the same can be said of 'The Disenchanted Symphony,' nor of 'The Corridor of Time'; and Mr. Huneker is a writer that one takes so seriously that we think it would be well if he would only take his responsibility as an influence upon the brain, with a little less cruelty of emotion. Cruelty even in literature has its limits; when Rudyard Kipling wrote that sentence, 'A blind face that cries and cannot wipe its eyes,' he had surely overstepped the endurable, even if the thing were a passage of genius; and Mr. Huneker, though he does not actually reach that level, which is almost excused by the genius of its imagination, does strive toward horrors of a similar kind. His nervous and sensitive English and his brilliant appreciation of what is most intimately emotional in music can partly excuse this kind of lapse, but not the lapse which has sanctioned the binding which incloses his stories. We think that we understand Mr. Huneker, and we trust that he will no less understand this our understanding of him."

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"Strauss's 'Enoch Arden' music proves that he is equally a master of music in what may be called almost its virginal simplicity, as of music which touches the very height of modern development. In short, he is a real and a great genius whom the world would do well immediately to recognize at his full value."——Mr. James M. Tracey, formerly of Boston, is the author of a musical romance, "George Monroe" now publishing in "The Mecca," Denver, Col.——Next winter Munich is to have a series of "Master Concerts," conducted by Weingartner, Schuch, Nikisch and Strauss.——Arthur Van Eweyk, singer, will begin his tour in the United States about the end of October.——It is said that Leoncavallo will write an opera based on Pierre Louy's "Aphrodite!"——Several changes in the Opéra Comique company, Paris. Mlle. Baux, engaged at Liege; Mlle. Eyreams, engaged at Brussels; M. Boudouresque, engaged at Buenos Ayres, leave the Salle Favart; and on the other hand, M. Carré has just engaged Mlle. Francoise Samé and Mlle. Catherine Mastio, who obtained great success at Nice last winter. During November next M. Alvarez will sing at the Opéra Comique, where M. Fournets, who has withdrawn from the Opéra, will also reappear.——Peter Raabe, at present leader of the Beethoven Cycle in Kissingen, has been engaged as leader of the Kaim orchestra, Munich, from June, 1903, on.

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"Although we may take leave to doubt the popularity of Massenet's 'Manon,' the fact remains that it is an extremely exquisite work, and in its way remains unique in the operatic world. The age of Monarchical France, just recolored and touched up by the brush of modernity—there, in the fewest words, is the description of Massenet's work. He has bound and controlled his musical inspiration within the precise circle of his prepared intention; and he has, one is bound to say, succeeded very admirably in his purpose. In its way, then, 'Manon' will always give pleasure, as it seems to us, because it is (also in its way) an absolutely perfect musical representation of a period which, on its surface at all events, was charming to the last artificial degree. Massenet, indeed, is one of those elusive musical spirits who can 'change color with a thought,' like the chameleon; he belongs to a peculiar development of modern France, and of this kind of art Saint-Saëns is probably the greatest living master. It is profitable to compare a work like 'Manon' with the score, let us say, of 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' Modern Italy tears a passion to tatters where this product of modern France deals remotely and gently with precisely the same emotions; Mascagni seeks to harrow where Massenet seeks to please by removing his emotion from the central heart of things. The Italian rages where the Frenchman engages your attention by delicate innuendo and by the stealthy rapier-thrusts into the emotions. We shrewdly suspect that in the long run it will be the more delicate work that will tell. The performance last night was in every respect worthy of the opera. In the part of Manon, Miss Garden, a lady, we understand, distinguished by the influence of many nationalities, was altogether charming. Dainty and delicate in manner, true in voice, and at all times full of self-possession, she fulfilled the part in every way to admiration."——Pall Mall Gazette, July 4.

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"Florence has just honored the memory of Rossini by the erection of a monument. There is, perhaps, no foreign composer whom Paris has taken more to its heart than Rossini. Is it not a Frenchman who has given us the most subtle analysis of his genius and bestowed upon him the title of 'the Voltaire of Music?' Rossini was, indeed, Parisian in many things, and the quality of his music is French. Then, too, he was the most inveterate of Bohemians—a Bohemian after the heart of Murger. He never had any money and he never worked except to pay his washerwoman or some equally pressing creditor. He was Director

of the Italian Theatre in Paris, and he was as bad an administrator as he was good composer. He wrote the orchestral part of 'William Tell' in the heart of Paris, at No. 10 Boulevard Montmartre, where he had his lodging. Some days afterward his friends serenaded him. A great crowd gathered, and Rossini, who was outside his house, had the greatest difficulty in entering. The police wanted to arrest him, notwithstanding his repeated shouts of 'I am Rossini.'"

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The following admirable article on Realism in Music appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette of July 4:

Realism in music has been a matter which has occupied the attention of artists and critics, both in practical art and in discussions, for a very considerable period, for so long, in fact, as music has been really and definitely an art. All music, one dimly guesses (what is all vital theory save a conclusion founded upon dim guesses?) originally started out from the point of sonal reality. The whispers, the sighings, the tornadoes of the wind, have suggested a host of musical thoughts to that dark workshop which we call our brain; and all the other sounds of the world have taken their place in the great cohort which has for mankind conquered, step by step, musical province after musical province, for human enjoyment, human sympathy, and human satisfaction.

But here comes in the "nice and philosophic" action of the reacting mind. Realism recedes when art steps in. The mere imitation of sounds gives place to a combination of sounds, and one begins to find that musical art is a meditation upon, not a reflection of, the outside world. There is such a thing, for example, in the painting world—as "A. M." has before pointed out with customary lucidity and otherworld insight—as the "looking-glass portrait." That, translated into musical terms, is the same thing precisely as the realism in music which imitates the sounds of natural things. This is not art. Even a Beethoven, in so magnificent a work as the Pastoral Symphony, could not raise such realism into the higher levels of musical thought.

Yet of course realism of the kind to which we have referred may be decorated with the beauty of every possible triumph of technical art. (Once again one thinks of the Van Eyck Arnolfini portrait in the National Gallery.) So Beethoven adorned it; so Berlioz organized it; so, though in a lesser degree, Dvorak weaved it into symphonic utterance. Yet the fact remains that the hearer who possesses an artistic ear is left dissatisfied and, at the heart of things, untouched by such displays of mere observation rather than of thought or of deduction. The only realism in music that is artistically allowable is accomplished by way of analogy. Mozart, for example, who touched the very pulses of musical thought, who lived with the rhythm of the life of music, whose intellect swayed to divine harmonies with every turn and change of thought, knew not realism in music. Gluck, indeed, made a mild attempt at realism; but the brutal reality of modern life has wiped his little effort clean off the slate, and has left him that which he undoubtedly was—an artist. The Abate Martini—that curious and fascinating figure in musical history—set all his heart and soul upon realistic achievement in his art; and who at this day remembers him, or anything beyond that which you may find in a few stray memories, about him? Oil and water mix more freely than pure musical realism and pure musical art.

Yet all realism is immediately fascinating, whether an actual Derby runner wins a race on Drury Lane stage, or real guns cannonade from Shakspeare's own stage at the Globe Theatre and burn the house down. And so one of this speculation may go as comment upon Tschaikowsky's great effort at realism in his "1812" overture, which will be played tomorrow (Saturday) at the Crystal Palace, under the original and stupendous conditions set down by the composer. Here, you could say, was realistic megalomania with a vengeance. The work was written for orchestral and military bands and the organ, with special instructions for the cannonading. According all these elements will be introduced, and from the Palace grounds the cannon will boom to the huge accompaniment of the orchestra, building up therewith a tribute to the god of Realism never probably set up before in the history of music. Is it art? Our previous comments may possibly throw some light upon that subject. But that the experiment will prove to be highly interesting, entertaining and amusing is a matter upon which there can be but two opinions. We said a brief while ago that all realism is immediately fascinating, and there the matter may stand. Tschaikowsky wrote a Drury Lane drama in honor of the defeat of Napoleon? Could Mr. Collins and Mr. Hall Raleigh do more?

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Mr. Huneker quotes in the Musical Courier an interesting account, taken from Segnitz's pamphlet on Liszt and home, of Liszt's daily life during his later visits to the holy city.

He arose at the ghastly hour of 4 in the morning and began composing, which he continued until 7. His pupils would drop in to greet him and be dismissed kindly with a cigar. After a second breakfast he attended early mass in the San Carlo Church, where he was accompanied by Stradal; then back to his rooms, and after an hour's rest she would work or pay some visits. His noon meal was taken regularly with the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein, who now lived a retired life and devoted herself to religious studies. These visits—so Segnitz believes—brought to Liszt much peace and to the Princess happiness, they were still devoted to each other. After this meal Liszt returned to his quarters and rested. Only on every other day he taught. The pupil played the composition of his own choice and Liszt's criticisms would follow. Muddy playing drove him frantic, and he often yelled at his pupils to "wash their dirty linen at home!" He taught liberal use of the pedal, but with utmost discretion. The one thing he could not abide was pedantic performance: "Among artists there is not the division of professors and non-professors. They are only artists—or they are not."

Occasionally he would play for a small assembly—once he favored the few with the D flat Etude, and the crossing left hand struck false notes repeatedly. He played the piece to end, reports Segnitz, and then atoned for his bulls by adding an improviso on the theme which moved the assembly to tears! Aha! the old romantic machinery has begun to squeak. When Liszt, the virtuoso, is only mentioned susceptible folks move their tear bags further forward and prepare to shed.

During these class hours a small circle of intimate ones was usually invited. The Princess Wittgenstein was noticeably absent; but there were the Princess Minghetti, the Countess Rewizky—to whom the Fifth Rhapsody is dedicated—and several Barons and artists—Alma Tadema among the latter. Depend upon it, wherever Liszt pitched his tent there were some titles in the neighborhood. From 2 until 6 in the afternoon these lessons lasted. Then the small audience withdrew and Liszt played cards with his pupils for one hour. But never for stakes, gentle reader!

About 8 in the evening Liszt would take himself to the house of the Princess Wittgenstein and sup with her. This meal consisted principally of ham, says the biographer, and Hungarian red wine. By 9 he had usually retired.

During his trips to cloisters, Liszt gave alms freely. "His servant Mischka filled Liszt's right vest pocket with lire and the other one with soldi every morning. And Liszt always strewed about the silver pieces, returning to his astonished servant with the pocket full of copper coins untouched.

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It is a moot point whether it is in Turkey or in Russia that the freaks of the censorship yield the most amusement. An Italian opera company has been playing in Constantinople, with "Aida" as one of its stock pieces, and some of their experiences appear in the Tribuna. The stage kings of Ethiopia and of Egypt in the opera were a fearful man-trap for the censor. Clearly no "king" could be tolerated in countries which had once owned the yoke of the Caliph. The censor, good easy man, thought he had triumphed when he replaced the word "king" wherever it occurred by "duke." But after the opera had been performed in public, and the chief of police came to point out with a scowl that the words "by my crown" had been uttered a time or two, he almost committed suicide. "Helm" was written in for "crown," and then the Ottoman Empire once more settled placidly on as much as may be left of its foundations.—The Era.

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In an English musical weekly, a Mr. Winn attempts to tell young men "How to become a great pianist." Mr. Winn suggests serious study as a good beginning. Young man, we can advise an easier, and a more effective method. With a sharp knife, slit the bottoms of your trousers, so that they resemble plenteous fringe. Throw away your cuffs, and with a moistened forefinger write your autograph on your collar. Let your hair grow until you can tread on it with your heels. Make a cravat of your sister's waist-sash. Wear one yellow, and one black shoe; the yellow must be a laced shoe; the black, a button-shoe. Cut off the buttons. In place of suspenders, wear a string and a rusty nail. Tear the crown and the brim from your hat. Put your elbows in the soup-dish. Dive into the cinder-box.—The German Times (Berlin).

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Prof. Joachim announces, in his capacity of President of the Mendelssohn Stipends, that two prizes will be awarded in Berlin next October. One of them is for a composer, the other for a performer, and the amount of each is 1500 marks ($360). At the same time there will be a distribution of the interest on the sum of 30,000 marks, donated by relatives of Mendelssohn on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of his death. The prizes will be awarded regardless of nationality, sex, age or religion, the only condition being that applicants must have studied at least half a year at some State-supported institution in Germany.

During the past season Hans Richter gave a concert at Manchester, Eng., made up entirely of overtures—nine in number. They were intended to illustrate the development of that form of art from Handel to Wagner.

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Speaking in a general way, we may group the hands of pianists in two classes—(a) the broad hand with short fingers; (b) the narrow hand with long fingers. Von Bülow's and Tausig's hands would come under the first heading. In fact, Tausig's hands were so small that he was unable to play octaves correctly. The higher note usually followed the lower, instead of both being struck simultaneously. The hands of Liszt and Mark Hambourg belong to the second class. Those who are acquainted with Liszt's arrangements of Beethoven's and Berlioz's symphonies know that he extended the chords to dimensions which for the majority of players are absolutely impossible, yet Liszt could play them with ease.—The German Times (Berlin).

Miss Aurélie Révy, who gave a recital July 1 in London, is at least versatile. "This was the lady, it will be remembered, who, at a very short notice the other day, took Mlle. Scheff's place as Nedda in 'Pagliacci' at Covent Garden. She sang a variety of songs, ranging through Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, Gounod, Tosti, Landon Ronald and others, including Aurélie Révy herself. Her concert was evidently planned to show what an accomplished lady she is, for not only did she sing, but she played her own violin obligato, and it was announced that she would accompany herself in her own song on the piano. She has an excellent ear for tone, and in this small hall at least her voice seemed powerful and strong; but she lacks flexibility and that indefinable charm which is most difficult to describe, but which is the essence of what is poetical in music. The same kind of charm was also absent from her violin playing in her accompaniment to Gounod's Serenade. That she is clever we make no manner of doubt, and if we have hinted at certain drawbacks in her musical expression, that is not to say that we do not readily acknowledge that she has musical accomplishments of which she is able to make profitable use. It would be a matter of no interest to go through the names of the various songs she sang, for she was in each of them on practically the same artistic level, and that she has an equable temperament may be accounted to her as a virtue of no mean quality."

July 26 1902

Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt decrees a "palatial summer camp" in the Adirondacks or the Adriondacks ("Ad" as "aid"), as the "mountings" are called by many of the dwellers among them. A palatial camp is a monstrosity as well as an absurdity. Where is the fitness of "rooms finished in hard wood," with each room provided with a private bath, hot and cold water, luxurious furniture? The pleasure of a camp—if there be any pleasure in one—is in the escape from the conventionalities in the freedom of roughing it. The bed is of boughs; the covering, a blanket. Hot water for bathing? No self-respecting person in the woods, well, or in search of health, takes a bath. Hot water for shaving? Only the effeminate and the self-conscious shave when in the woods. "A gas plant is installed." And thus the air is poisoned. It is a pleasure, even in a village, to read by lamplight, to go to bed by a candle. We share the opinion of Mortimer Collins that life is endurable only in a village where there is no public or private supply of gas. The light of a camp fire is more glorious than that which comes from a forest of wax tapers in royal hall. Gas leads to reading late, which brings with it mental confusion and strained eyeballs, superfluous attention to toilet, insincerity of speech, lazy rising. After a day of fishing, hunting or mere trudging, the simple supper of trout, pork, corn cake, the light of the camp fire, the pipe, the talk of tomorrow's deeds which is punctuated with yawns, the sleep in the night air. There is nothing more singular than the misuse of money by rich men. The sons of the rich go to college. Sometimes they receive diplomas; sometimes they are plucked. It would be more to the purpose if they should attend a course of lectures on the art of spending money. A palace camp is as incongruous a thing as a hymn book in a billiard room.

Doctors were talking together at the Porphyry. One described the eminent success of an operation he had performed that day. Another told at length how he had finally compelled the relatives of a dead patient to pay him a large fee. Another ridiculed the use of kangaroo sutures in surgery. And still another proved to the satisfaction of all his colleagues that there was no help or healing outside of the Harvard Medical Faculty. Old Chimes had listened patiently, philosophically, as though he were the understudy of the Earnest Student of Sociology. When they were all through, he asked: "Did it ever occur to you that yellow fever was a popular disease in hot countries, because the inhabitants of the tropics are fond of bright colors?"

The average shedder of blood is a hysterist, often understatured and ill-nurtured, and always lacking in nervous stability. He is often enough a harmless-minded creature to whom the idea of an act of bloodthirsty violence would seem impossible in his sane imaginings, and who, having once been betrayed into crime, might be trusted with a whole arsenal of lethal weapons for the rest of his natural life.

This reminds us of the fact that there is dispute in England over the question should the Victoria Cross be awarded when the man who would have received it is dead. Lieutenant Roberts "survived his wounds, though he died of them afterward, and, ostensibly, the Cross was granted before he died." But should the relatives of a soldier receive the Cross if the man who would have won it dies?

The latest murder in New York—no doubt as we write there is one still later—is not devoid of sensational interest. The body doubled in a sack—the finding by boys bent on swimming—the circumstances of removal—the soft white hands of the corpse—the well-cut clothes of excellent material. There are features that may well excite discussion. But the head of the murdered man was in the sack; we are told that the face resembles that of a well-known police captain; and as a thumb and finger had been long missing from one hand, identification seems possible, if not inevitable. In the famous Guldensuppe case, the body was found in sections, and at intervals, and the headless trunk at once deepened the mystery and accentuated the note of horror. It may here be noted that there is something peculiarly terrible in the thought of a dead body in a sack, whether the corpse be thrown by order of Marguerite of Burgundy from the Tower of Nesle, or the sack be opened by Rigoletto while the Duke sings gayly in the distance his flippant ditty. A corpse in a trunk, a box, a barrel, or knocking against a slimy pier is not so ghastly. Confined within some hard material or loose in water or air, it startles, it terrifies; but the inert within that which of itself is yielding, the thought of lifeless flesh that is susceptible to pressure without and yields as though willing to oblige—this thought is indescribably hideous. And yet how many smooth-skinned, perfumed, indolent beauties have thus made ripples in the Bosphorus!

We all read lately of a woman in New England who was found dead with a hatpin stuck in or near her heart, and the physician wondered at other pins that had made their way through her skin. And yet not many years ago Barbey d'Aurevilly was held up to laughter because one of his heroines sought death in like manner, and drove pins all about her heart as though she were a cushion with pins arranged according to a certain pattern.

The Evening Post (New York) characterizes the "catchpenny" Bernhardt-Adams "Romeo and Juliet" as "a combination which promises only the degradation of a great talent and the renewed exposure of an incapacity."

A timely book is John Pointer's "A Rational Account of the Weather."

There is in Boston an amusing band of rising young Jacobites, who observe anniversaries, such as the execution of Charles I., urge Sir Henry Irving when he is in town to produce W. G. Wills's play in which the "Martyr" and a burlesque Cromwell are introduced, and refuse allegiance to Edward VI. The report that they were instrumental in putting off the coronation is not credible, for we know some of them, and, as individuals, they are of amiable disposition, far from being bloody men. It is true that they publish circulars, in which they swear that they will never, no never, forsake the Stuarts, and they even have published one number of a magazine; but on the other hand, although they do not approve the American Revolution, they tolerate kindly the Constitution of the United States and pursue inocuous trades. Are there any Naundorffs among us? A pamphlet has just appeared in Paris, which advocates the claim to the throne of France of the last of the Naundorffs. You should know that the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette was changed a few days before his supposed death by conspirators, among them Barras, Pichegru and the future Empress Josephine, for an idiotic, dying, deaf-mute child. The heir was brought up as a girl in Brittany, and then set up in Prussia as a clockmaker named Naundorff. The Prussian police persecuted him; he twice escaped assassination; he was at last poisoned by order of Louis Philippe in 1845. The saddest feature of the case is that the grandson of Naundorff is quietly enjoying himself on his vineyard at Hérault, and has not the slightest wish to oust President Loubet.

July 22 1902

Mrs. Max Nezold of Glendale, L. I., is applying for a separation, and she alleges cruel treatment and non-support. Her husband answers that she is "a hysterical victim of trashy novels."

"At night," he says in his answer, "she disturbs my sleep by dreaming of a former lover, who wanted to marry, and she cries out, 'Joe, Joe, kiss me if you love me. I know you love me better than Max does.'"

Such night thoughts and cries must be disconcerting to any sensitive husband. The climax of d'Annunzio's ro-

mance. "The Child of Pleasure," is the account of Marie's flight from André, when in a moment of confidence he murmurs the name of Lady Helen Mount Edgcumbe, from force of habit. But Mr. Nezold should remember that Joe is an easier name to pronounce than Max. André had not this excuse.

We learn that "pretty Addie Murphy" and John C. Breckinridge, who were married at San José against the wishes of Murphy père, will be obliged to live for a time on the paltry sum of $400 a month. For Mr. Murphy is melodramatically cruel: "Yesterday I had my daughter; today she is dead to me." The destitution of the young couple may be the better appreciated if you remember that Referee William J. A. McKim decided lately that Rosalie Poe Campbell, a miss of 18 years, requires an income of at least $9000 a year to maintain her properly "in her station in life." And Miss Campbell is living at Bar Harbor, where the most prominent summer residents are drinking American champagne with economical intent; where they have formed a trust to purchase their supplies and prevent the local "tradespeople" from overcharging.

Summer cottagers in certain Cape Cod villages are paying 40 cents a pound for beefsteak; at least they are eating the steak and promising to pay that price.

We saw some letter paper yesterday "made expressly for polite correspondence." What kind of paper should be bought for impolite correspondence? Red ink is used by the most peaceable of men—bookkeepers, makers of catalogues and indexes, annotators. There is no distinction or symbolism in pen or ink. Should jealousy be expressed on green paper? Fashionable note paper is often a medium of snobbery and insolence.

A Canadian is vexed because whenever Canadian scenes are represented on the Biograph in London, they are invariably scenes of snowclad desolation or rocky solitude. He said: "Good heavens! the untraveled Englishman must think all Canada an unhappy combination of Siberia and the Rocky Mountains. It is nothing of the sort."

They say that the roads from Paris to Vienna are hard for automobilists, harder even than the roads from Boston to Yarmouth. There are frequently stretches of country with no hedges to guide the automobilist; dust rises in clouds; some of the competitors rushed into ponds; and one went at 100 kilometres an hour into a corn field. The hearth at home has its pleasures.

An Indian arrived in London for the Coronation. He was provided with water from the holy Ganges as well as with food for the whole stay. Eastern Kings and Princes for centuries have preferred the water of a certain river or fountain, and there is one striking instance recorded of precautions against bacilli, which were surely known to the ancients. Herodotus told the story: "When the great King Cyrus leads his army in person he carries with him from home provisions well prepared, and cattle; and he takes with him water from the river Choaspes, which flows past Susa; of which alone, and no other, the King drinks. A great number of four-wheeled carriages, drawn by mules, carry the water of this river, after it has been boiled, in silver vessels, and follow him from place to place wherever he marches."

There is, by the way, a work on ancient Indian literature that contains drawings concerning bacilli.

The Earnest Student of Sociology writes: "I am well aware of the fact that Washington Irving told a story about 'The Devil and Tom Walker,' for I was brought up on Irving; but where did Irving get the story?"

There is a pleasure in seeing a book collector taken in. Mr. Andrew Lang reminds us that the first edition of Swinburne's "Song of Italy" brought large sums until some one found a large "remainder" and put it in the market. Kipling's "Schoolboy Lyrics," which has been knocked down at £155 at auction, was sold lately for £3 5s.

This reminds us that the Referee comments somewhat sourly on the "elevation" of Mr. Charles Wyndham, play-actor, to knighthood. "It would be placing the mission of the light comedian too high to say that Wyndham has rendered great services to his country, even as the country may be served, and has been served, by others who have done more in our way for the elevation of the stage." The Referee further says: "To think that Herbert Spencer, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, and even the neglected Poet Laureate himself should now have to yield place on going in to dinner, to the cheery comedian!"

This question of precedence at dinner is absurd even when it arises in the houses of our own untitled aristocracy. The guest of honor! Whether he be a lion or a monkey, let him scramble with the other guests, let him join in the mad rush for seats, as at the American dinners described by Dickens. A formal dinner is at its best a hideous thing. Why should a man be compelled through courtesy, as it is taught, to sit next some chattering or boresome woman for two hours or two hours and a half? It is bad enough to waste that amount of time at a stag dinner.

We read the other day in a French newspaper of a bold attempt to break the inconsiderate formality of dinner. The Comtesse de Blanzay, "a society lady," gave a dinner to 20 young girls and 20 young men. (It is needless to remark that the guests were too many.) Each young lady was asked to name the man whose dancing pleased her most during the season. French rules were for once broken and several of the young women attended the dinner without their mothers, who, however, arrived to escort their daughters home at the end of the evening. There was a dinner where for once a woman sat next the man of her choice.

Shorthand was invented by Cicero—old Ciss as he was called impertinently by Catline and his co-mates in wassail and debauchery.

July 23, 1902

We read the other day a long-winded attack on modern Italy, its railways, railway stations, inns, etc., etc. Genoa the Superb was flouted, and the old musty proverb of "sea without fish," etc., was taken from the top-shelf and put into the sunlight. See Naples and you will surely die, was the version of another ancient saw. The letter of this correspondent was narrow, superficial, sour. There was much argument from the particular to the general.

Take Genoa, for instance. There was not one word about the model dwellings established by the Duchess Ferrari di Galliera some 20 years ago; and how many travelers who climb Vesuvius to find there's nothing in the crater, who are sorely disappointed by the Coliseum, know anything about these dwellings.

The Galliera dwellings are built in blocks. The tenant must be a genuine working-man and he must have a good character. Five large and high-studded rooms are his: a sitting-room, three bed-rooms, and a kitchen provided with an excellent range. There is ample cupboard room and there is a larder. The floors are all tiled, the walls are painted. There is monthly inspection, and any damage is repaired at once. There is a large court-yard in the centre of each block, and in this court-yard is a big public washhouse at one end, while at the other end are hot and cold baths. There is also a bakehouse in which the tenants can make and bake bread, and, if they are so disposed, do their cooking.

And what is the rent asked for the rooms and the privileges of the court? A sum that is equivalent to about one dollar and sixty-six cents a month.

Nor did the charity of this remarkable woman stop here. She provided the poor children of Genoa with a free college. There is a free breakfast as well as a free noon-meal for all that attend. Boys whose conduct is satisfactory can choose a trade or profession and be specially educated for it until they are 17 years old.

And how about the advantages given the dwellers in the North End of the cultured city of Boston by leading philanthropists, amateur or professional? Have you ever visited a tenement house owned by a Bostonian and inhabited by hard-working Italians?

How the old lies come up periodically and provoke copy of a smugly moral nature. Here is the case of Baudelaire. There is talk of raising a statue to him in Paris, and at the mere mention of his name, whites of foreign eyes are rolled skyward. A writer says in the New York Times: "Baudelaire, although a poet and prose writer of delicate charm and color, was never sufficiently conscious of his duty toward humanity to make the best use of his God-given gifts." But the artist in words, music, painting, has no duty toward humanity. Art itself is neither moral nor immoral. Humanity at large cares not for the great artists, otherwise nine-tenths of the books that have enormous sales would be a loss to the publishers. You talk loudly of Shakespeare: Do you think for a moment that he wrote solely to elevate humanity and with a profound sense of moral obligation? He wrote for the playhouse, to make money; he also wrote because he could not help writing. As soon as Charles Reade was obsessed with the deliberate purpose of righting a wrong, he ceased to be an artist. Compare, for instance, his "Peg Woffington" or his "Cloister and the Hearth" with his later novels. Neither Thomas Hardy nor George Meredith has thought of the "good of the public." Take the poets: Catullus, Shelley, Keats, Rossetti, Verlaine, Heine, Poe, Swinburne—we name a few of the true poets—were they "conscious of their duty toward humanity"? Does the wood-thrush sing with the express purpose of making mankind better?

Furthermore, Baudelaire did not die in direct consequence of dissipation. His mother died of the disease that killed him in miserable fashion, and the disease was plainly inherited and inevitable.

A short time ago a novel by Louis Dumur was published in the Mercure de France. The story was strange and amusing. A young villager of limited education was a somnambulist, who in his sleep-walking found access to books thrown carelessly into a garret. In his somnambulistic state, he thus read poems, plays, essays. When awake he was moved to write poems and plays, and his progress in a work was marked by his reading of the preceding night. In the village he was hailed by some as a genius, and by others he was regarded as a good-for-nothing. A Parisian visited relatives in this little town and heard one night the poet read, as his own, verses entitled "The Boer Child." He was conscious that he had heard them before, and at last rummaging in the garret he found a volume of Hugo's poems which contained verses descriptive of a Greek child. In like manner the poet was rewriting a classic drama, as well as "Hamlet." The Parisian wondered whether it were his duty to expose the poet as a plagiarist. He became acquainted with him, sounded him, and at first thought him a brazen impostor; but at last he discovered the secret. Some time after, the garret was burned, and the poet had no inclination to write. There is a charming love-story that gives relief and additional interest.

The story is an ingenious one, but the most surprising feature of it is this: there is not a page that might not be read by the traditional "jeune fille," and Dumur is not by trade a provider of milk for babes. Furthermore, the story is widely read and praised now that it has been published in book form. Is it possible that the French public is at last weary of the endless variations on the thematic trio—husband, wife, lover? We do not refer now to the nasty trash written deliberately for exportation, and which is asked for in our foreign book shops by some elderly Bostonians of acknowledged respectability. We refer to novels written seriously by men and women of genuine talent.

Marcel Prévost sees a change in the French novel. He finds that the theory of art for art's sake, preached and followed by Flaubert, is more and more abandoned. The novelist of today is preoccupied with social and religious questions. "There will be less harping in the future on the breaches of the Seventh Commandment. The love interest in general is destined to fall into the background; the more serious interests of women will come to the front. The French novel will be longer, in consequence of the difficulty of treating serious topics in brief." Let us hope that in any event the French will not bring into fashion the three-volume novel which is disappearing in England. And let not the French novelist be too serious. When a Frenchman is dull, he surpasses the English or American, although he can never hope to rival the German, who has the overwhelming advantage of his language.

July 27 1902 check off page

## VISION.

In the equivocal Forest of the Hours I met a woman with hair like unto an almond tree in bloom.

Her rosy cheeks gave this woman the appearance of childhood as known to Puvis de Chavannes, but to nearer view the face seemed cracked with wrinkles, as though it were a Durer.

"Young and pretty old woman, whence come you?"

"From the East."

"Young and pretty old woman, whither are you going?"

"Toward the West."

Her voice had the withered tone of a clavecin.

"Phantom, what is your name?"

"The name makes you weep each time you drink in the hollow of your memory."

My heart began to beat as the balance of the far-off clock of my nurse.

Then, the Woman enribboned me with the collar of her two ghostly arms, in the passing shadow of a lofty flight of swallows, and told her name:

"Your Youth,"

She said.

The sky was the color of our human ashes.

SAINT-POL-ROUX.

Here is an extract from a diary found in Nantucket:

"March 7, 1783. Elisha Clark, 14 years old, son of Simon, drowned in swimming over a pond to the westward of William Ellis's. And his Mother Cried about it a length of Time at a most enormous and Ridiculous Rate."

The dramatic critic of the London Times writes that the Maeterlinck Society of that city seems to consist chiefly of fashionable ladies wearing hats admirably calculated to hide all view of the stage.

"Merlin" in the Referee (London) is disgusted with the pedantic terminology of science, and asks: "Is it pretended anywhere that the English language is not copious enough to furnish compounds as descriptive as any mixture of the Greek and Latin?"

He gives examples of technical obscurity in books written for laymen. "The force of gravitation is the first morphogenetic factor of the ontogenesis of animals." And here is Professor Jaeger, a deep thinker, who wishes to say that a given matter has shifted from the end of an egg to the middle. "The gastral plorus which was originally located at the centripetal pole of the geocentric axis is now situated at the end of a horizontal axis."

Why is not "large-headed" as good a word as "macrocephalic" or "small-headed" as "microcephalic"? "Keratogeny" confounds the reader, who is nevertheless acquainted with the meaning of "horn-growth." And did not John Ruskin sin when in an attack on Mr. Frederic Harrison for use of obscure words, he himself described Mr. Harrison as a "holothurian pediculus"?

Mr. Richard Mansfield has been complaining about the "decadence" of the art of acting, although some claim that acting is not an "art." Now, what does Mr. Stuart Robson mean by replying, after a reference to Irving's prophecy that the future of the stage in the United States will be great: "Isn't that a good deal nicer and more life-like than saying that the art of acting is diminishing every day, and bids fair to disappear entirely, as Mr. Mansfield does?" Is Mr. Mansfield beginning to disappear?

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Can you or any of your readers inform me where a copy of a humorous pamphlet, entitled "Milgenwater," (evidently a parody on "Hiawatha"), which was published about the year 1850 in Boston, Mass., or Portland, Me., I think, can be procured, or give me a history of that quaint and remarkable work? Yours,

MISS L. BAYLISS.

1458 Dean Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

We believe that two or perhaps three parodies, with a reference in the title to milk and water, were published. One was by a Western clergyman. We are at present far from any library. Probably Mr. P. K. Foley of Boston can give the desired information.

Boston, July 18, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Your notes on "a per se-a" seem to clear up also the uncouth and unintelligible "ampersand," which puzzles school children. "And per se and.—&.—

I have just looked in the Century dictionary and find this corroborated, with an astonishing set of variants, which see. It also says that & is "made by combining the letters of the Latin et." I doubt it. The letters do not so combine. I have always supposed it was a cross for plus, written quickly, as for instance —|—And then comes the type-cutter and elaborates till he gets as far from the starting point as when he writes = as 2.

A SYMPATHETIC READER.

Causabon supposes "and" to be derived from the Greek "eita;" Lye from the Greek "eti." Horne Tooke in his "Diversions of Purley" insists that "and" is not necessarily a conjunction, a connecter of sentences; that it is the imperative of an Anglo-Saxon verb—"an-ad." He says: "I shall only remark here how easily men take upon trust, how willingly they are satisfied

ith, and how confiden ly they repeat fter others false explanations of what hey do not understand." He quotes he statement, "the conjunction conects or joins sentences; so as out of wo to make one sentence. Thus—'You nd I and Peter rode to London' is ne sentence made up of three." Tooke hen ingeniously gives other instances, s "Two and two are four;" "A B and B C and C A form a triangle;" "John nd Jane are a handsome couple;" and e asks: "Does A B form a triangle, B C form a triangle? Is John a couple? s Jane a couple? Are two four?"

Mrs. James Brown Potter not long go in London recited "The Charge of he Light Brigade" in the presence of he veterans of Balaclava, who, drawn p in line, wept copiously. Only 13 of hese veterans were able to be present. n the United States two or three of he survivors of the charge die each nonth. The original Brigade must ave numbered 6000 at least.

Miss Duparc, a Parisian playactress, aid 325,000 francs for dresses, and she aid the bill, but let us be accurate—he bill was paid without a murmur on er part. But when the dressmaker harged her 80 franc for altering a buton, she made a stand. The dressmaker as brought the matter into court, and xperts have been summoned.

July 24 1902

"Tis elegantly said by Arcesilaus that death which is called an evil, hath this peculiarly distinct from all that are thought so, that when 'tis present it gives us no disturbance, but when remote and in expectation only, 'tis then that it afflicts us; and indeed many out of the poorness of their Spirit, and having entertained most injurious Opinions of it, have died even to prevent death.

In the city a thunderstorm is an impersonal affair. The blocks of houses give comfort to the timid, and there is the thought of distributed electricity and the beneficient influence of countless wires. No matter how terrible the storm, the dweller in the top-story watches the lightning and hears the cracking and the rolling and the pounding with well-bred composure, and even with the admiration of one in a prominent seat of the orchestra. Like the Lightning-Rod Man in Herman Melville's fantastic tale, he may speak rhetorically of "Himalayas of Concussions."

But in a lonely mountain or seaside cottage a thunderstorm is as a deliberately planned attack against a particular family or an individual. The storm is fond of operating at dead of night or during the hour before daybreak. The thunder enters into your dream, and the storm is well under way before you fully realize its presence. You say to yourself, "Robinson's house is higher than mine," "Ferguson has a flagpole," "There are those tall willows near Captain Hodge's," and thus you try to calm yourself; but you recollect stories about the capriciousness of lightning, how it passes by the palace to strike the cottage, prefers a fat, squat chimney to a lofty pole, amuses itself with a bridge rather than with a tree. Never was there such roaring in the menagerie of the sky. You light a candle that you may not notice the lightning flashes. You peer fearfully into the night. The air is livid. The rain stops for a moment; and you have read that when the rain does not fall, the lightning is more dangerous. You leave your bed, for it is of brass. The windows are shut, but what would prevent a bolt coming down the chimney and finding you in your nightshirt with mussed hair and aching eyeballs Suppose a bolt kindled a fire and spared your life? Where could you find shelter? Ferguson's house, huge as it is, is crowded, and that is the nearest. You would be soaked if you should run to a neighbor's; you are no longer young; the result would be pneumonia, and your kidneys are weak with a tendency to preserve the name of Bright. Hark! What a crash! The house shakes. Why did you read that story by Melville? "Think of being a heap of charred offal, like a haltered horse burnt in his stall; and all in one flash!" If you were only in the city. The storm is passing. The thunder is now a sullen, distant growl. You get into your bed.

At breakfast Miss Johnson, who was invited to spend Sunday and appeared with a Saratoga trunk, and after a week shows no signs of leaving, chirps: "Did you hear the storm?" You answer, "Wasn't it glorious! There's sublimity about a thunderstorm in the country. In the city they are tame affairs. I hope you were not frightened."

Sayid Ali, who is now Sultan of Zanzibar—the title seems distinctly comic-opera—is said to have played football of "a ferocious character," when he was at Harrow. It is a pity that he did not pursue his studies at an American college, where he could have further qualified himself for his high station and found admirable timber for officers of state.

The account of Col. Fitzsimmons's triumphal procession from Skaggs Springs to San Francisco warms the heart of every admirer of true manhood. Mr. J. P. Morgan is welcomed by trembling potentates who cringe before him or dance at the chinking of his money bags. Mr. Morgan compels avaricious envy and base fear. Col. Fitzsimmons touches the heart of the people. The great man was unmoved by the pomp of brass band and a four-horse barouche, but when twenty beautiful women, who all move in the highest circle of society, met him at Skaggs Springs and "buried him and his devoted wife with flowers," tears came into the eyes of the hero. The crowd that stared at Mr. Morgan in any European city was silent; but "all along the line of march from the ferry to the California Hotel, Fitz was cheered by crowds who lined the streets." And he received these honors modestly; nor did he do aught that was common or mean when he received the freedom of the Olympic Club, "an unusual honor." There was a time when Boston gave officially belts to illustrious heroes; there was a time when King Edward, then the Prince of Wales, begged eagerly an introduction to Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan, the foremost citizen of Boston, the first of New Englanders, the crowning glory of the Great Republic. The East is now a slave to gross, spirit-killing materialism. Only in the far West is there worship of the Ideal.

We read about the 3200 seed lobsters with the 45,000,000 eggs on the coast of Maine, and also about the 30,0 0,000 eggs hatched at Gloucester; and we sang with a loud noise a psalm of thanksgiving. He that planteth a tree will be hailed by generations to come as a benefactor. How much more glorious the name of him that hatches out lobsters! There should be a Lobster Day, when every man along the coast, from the bent and weak-hammed to him that is feeling the first flush of manhood, every woman, venerable or coquettish, every child that has passed crawling, should plant prayerfully a lobster.

In a country of Central America—Nicaragua, we believe—the man that cuts down a tree is required to plant another. Why should not he that eats a lobster be required to plant two?

It is a pity that no biography of John W. Mackay will ever be written in the spirit of Suetonius or John Aubrey. No doubt there will be an authorized life in which there will be more than due glorification, but the early and the more interesting years of this remarkable man will not be described lovingly and with a wealth of anecdotical detail. A chapter might easily be given to an account of Mr. Mackay's experiences as bar-keeper, in which calling he learned to size up men and acquired the faculty of cool discrimination, which was so valuable to him in his later and more prosaic years. Mr. Mackay as art-critic, family-man, Croesus, was only one of many; but John Mackay selling newspapers, behind a bar, with pick and shovel, a target for soured, ruined speculators, the defender of his wife against snobbish taunts, the patient builder of his colossal fortune—here is a man for picturesque biography. He should be drawn to the life, undisguised, undraped.

Another heroic figure for a true biographer is May Yohee, whose life, as well as that of Mr. Mackay, would furnish rich material for "American and European Nights," with annotations by another Burton. May might even now forgive the gallant Captain Strong if he had left her in a more spectacular manner. Nothing became the Captain less than the way in which he removed his clothes for future use in campaigns of Mars or Venus. "He arranged his collars and ties so neatly in the top drawer, his underclothes in the second drawer, and his trousers in the closet. Oh but it was all so sneaky." A woman will forgive a tumultuous person, buccaneer, or Algerine pirate, who throws his clothes on the floor, or whose wardrobe is comparatively empty; but she will never pardon a sneak, even when he has a sense of order.

July 25 1902

It is a pleasure to learn that the policy of the Public Ledger of Philadelphia will not be changed under the rule of Mr. Ochs. Mr. L. Clarke Davis will continue to be the editor, and the epitaphs will be, as before, the leading feature of the journal. They will be conceived and framed after the laws approved of by Wordsworth in his essay, which present "a most attractive subject to the philosopher, and the man of taste in conjunction." Each epitaph which will pass under the editorial notice of Mr. Davis will express the most absolute synthesis of the generic with the individual—that is, it will refer to what a man has in common with all his species, "the most general affections of frail humanity," and it will then distinguish the talents, fortunes and the other "incommunicable circumstances of his life" as the ground for challenging "a separate and peculiar attention." There will be nothing in any epitaph to enlarge the grief of a mourner, nothing to awaken doubt or provoke despair concerning his or her future. The keynote will be peace, brooding calm, the "galene" of the Greeks. If there is any allusion to past sufferings, the reference will be solely to idealize the modulation that resolves into the full cadence of resignation. Nor will the editorial articles on "Pepper-pot and Paresis," "The Strenuousness of Scrapple," "Rittenhouseiana" be omitted even during an election season.

A Chicago journal informs the world that Mr. James is an ideal golf champion. "Modesty is his chief characteristic, and he is well liked by men and women alike." Yet there is a school of philosophers who assure us that women are not inclined to like a man of marked modesty, but are well disposed toward a man that can "do something," and they are more impressed by what a man says of himself than by what others say of him. The blowhard is always surrounded by female worshipers. We merely state the opinion of these philosophers; our own observation leads us to believe that women love without reason, and often against reason; that they are often passionately devoted to the weak, the cowardly, the depraved; that they are sometimes most sublime in self-sacrifice and magnificent in disregard of their own interests when the men for whom they wreck themselves are wholly unworthy. They believe with pathetic confidence the braggart, and see no virtue in the quietly brave and honest.

To go back to Mr. James, as described by the same newspaper. "Nothing in his manner denotes the fact that he is beating his opponent. When he is in the lead he hangs his head and trails along with downcast eyes, which gives those who do not know him the impression that he is losing." But how does the victorious golfer in Chicago behave himself when he is in the lead? Does he prance and dance when following his ball? Does he shoot skyward yells of exultation? Or does he turn toward his opponent, and with thumbs applied to his nose spread his fingers in a form of symbolism which was known to thousands of ancients before the dawn of the Christian era, and has exercised the ingenuity of countless archaeologists, anthropologists and folklorists in explanation?

According to the Medical Press and Circular woman is still fighting against the "line of beauty." It might well be said that beauty, with its lines, is a matter of chronology and geography. The Hottentot prefers the Venus Callipyge to the Venus of Milo. The ideal woman of the Arabian Nights is far different from the ideal of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Nevertheless, as we believe that the line of beauty is the line of least resistance, we join in the opinion of the Medical Press and Circular that the ultra-modern corset is "an outrage upon common sense, and at the same time a wanton damage to female health."

London may well view with alarm the preparations of "a strong American syndicate" to give the city "an adequate horse and automobile service." The new busses will weigh a ton less than the present ones; they will have cushion tires, bicycle wheels and ball-bearings on the hubs, the speed will be greater, and advertising signs will not be allowed. But the London bus, heavy, uncomfortable and slow, is distinctly a British institution, like 'arf-and-'arf, the music-hall, the poet laureate, cricket, turbot with shrimp-sauce. It should not go at a high rate of speed. Punch once drew a fearful picture of horses flogged by a wild bus-man, who had dashed down a beaker of new milk and rum before he mounted the box. The surly reticence that characterizes the Londoner came no doubt from long acquaintance with the bus, in which conversation was impossible. The extreme discomfort of the journey hardened the English against exposure and danger in Antarctic circle or beneath the Afric sun. Cushion tires, bicycle wheels, etc., will prove to be Capuan luxuries, just as the substitution of the straw hat for the chimney-pot in hot weather has already softened the sturdiness of English manhood. To take away the advertising signs would be positive cruelty; the passengers will be obliged to stare at each other. De Quincey once said: "Seldom, indeed, does a second sun shine upon fellow-travelers in modern England." By this he does not necessarily mean that the sun does not shine in England for two consecutive days, as the illiberal might suggest. With the constant change in the faces of passengers enters the element of surprise which increases the passion of the starers.

Extract from the letter of a Bostonian who is known in business and at his club as a "genial, whole-souled" person: "I shall float down into Maine and bring up God He knows where. The fact is, I hate a vacation, having only a very imperfect idea as to what to do with it. Some men—of whom I am one—ought not to be trusted with any leisure; they are so cock-sure to waste it. Believe me, I go in pursuit of pleasure with a heavy heart and languid energy; under such circumstances it can easily elude me."

It appears that Mr. Santos-Dumont purposes to "scar" somewhere in our beloved country. This reminds us of an old school-day gag which may be found, unless we are grievously deceived, in the complete works of Mr. A. Ward. In substance it is as follows: "Soar like the eagle, who the higher he soars the sorer he is."

A correspondent of the New York Sun insists that high-ball should be spelled "high-bawl" and says that the origin of the term was in the slang of the bar-rooms in and about Wall Street some years ago: "It's my bawl" instead of "It's my shout." This derivation is ingenious, worthy of any dictionary-maker, but we do not accept it, for it is too ingenious. At the same time "ball" often leads to "bawl."

July 27, 1902

BENJAMIN BILSE, whose death was reported by cable last Monday, would have been 86 years old Aug. 17. Students of the few last years in Berlin knew him only as a tradition, for he withdrew from public duties in 1894. Born at Liegnitz, he organized there an orchestra and made concert tours; but his fame was established at Berlin, where, as orchestral conductor at the Concerthaus in the Leipsic Street, he led his band from 1864 to 1884, or after. About 1894 he went back to his birthplace a Royal Prussian Court Director of Music, with decorations, and he was remembered gratefully by many young musicians whom he had encouraged and helped.

Bilse was as striking a character as his hall was interesting and peculiar. He was well along in years when I used to see him—from 1882 to 1884—and his hair and beard were of an artificial black; at least suddenly without any apparent reason, he appeared one night with white hair, and as he had heard much music and was well disposed toward even the ultra-modern composers, no score presented to him by the maddest radical could have worked the transformation. He led with his face toward the public and his back toward the orchestra; he led rigidly, almost automatically. He was never graceful, never outwardly emotional; his players were under military control and their performances, almost always highly respectable, were occasionally brilliant. For Bilse was a keen judge of a player's muscial equipment, nor was he ashamed in the selection of his players to consult the opinions of others. César Thomson, Ysaye, Kneisel, Prill, Parent, Johann Smitt, have sat at the first desk of violinists; Molé, the famous flute player, made his début in Germany as a member of Bilse's orchestra; Liegeois, the admirable 'cellist, and Henri Chausseur, the distinguished hornist, were in the orchestra of '82-'83. Even when many of his players seceded and formed the Philharmonie, the old man was not disconcerted. He took prize-men from the conservatories of Paris, Brussels and German cities, and in a short time he had stamped the orchestra with his seal and made it his own.

The Concerthaus in which these concerts were given was one of the sights of Berlin. The hall was crowded with the bourgeoisie of the city, with mothers anxious to give their daughters in marriage to desirable young men of "solid" character, with music students. Officers were seldom seen, only perhaps on some festival night. Certain evenings were devoted to the works of one composer, as Beethoven, Mozart, or Wagner; there were "classical nights"; and there were times when a wandering composer, as Saint-Saëns, or Rubinstein, would appear to lead his own compositions or play the piano. Bilse was generously disposed toward the virtuosos of his orchestra, and more than ordinary opportunity was given them for solo-display. Whatever the nature of the concert, the poorly ventilated hall was crowded. The women knitted solemnly while the band played; during the intermissions there was gossip, and orders were given for food. A vast quantity of veal in various forms was consumed; there was a fearful play of knives; cheese and sausage comforted hundreds; beer and light wines were poured down as into rat-holes; and the smoke of countless vile cigars was thick and mephitic. When the women were not eating, they were knitting. Lovers sighed and ogled

ever a Viennese "schnitzel" or "butterbrot" with cheese, or raw ham. And the band played on.

* * *

Heinrich Hofmann, who died July 18 in Berlin his birthplace, was at one time well known in this country through his piano duets, which were melodious, simply sensuous, and not difficult. He was in his 60th year when he died, a musically ambitious man, who had gained popular favor rather than the approval of the critical. He began his career as a boy singer in the Dom choir, and before he died he had gained the title of Professor. A pupil of Grell, Dehn, Wueerst, he worked indefatigably, but who knows today his "Frithjof" symphony, "Hungarian" suite, the oratorio "Prometheus," and operas "Aennchen von Tharau" and "Armin," or even the cantatas that once gave pleasure through their amiability?

* * *

The cable was hot with the reports about young Mr. McMillen of Chicago, "who won the Grand Prix at the Brussels Conservatory for violin playing." And there was much talk about his "marked supremacy over the other contestants." Of course the young man "has completed" his studies and will give concerts in this country.

Now as a matter of fact Mr. McMillen did not take the only first prize. The Guide Musical of Brussels (June 22 and 29) gives the list of prizes awarded at the Conservatory of that city.

For the violin prizes there were 19 competitors. The piece played was an excerpt from Vieutemps's 4th concerto. The "first prize with the greatest distinction" was divided between Mr. Dethier, a pupil of Cornélis, and Mr. McMillen, a pupil of César Thomson.

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An Englishman has been studying women in connection with their favorite composers. According to him the passionate admirer of Beethoven is loyal, firm, conscientious, capable of inspiring absolute confidence in the breast of her suitor. The admirer of Mendelssohn is affectionate and inclined toward melancholy. She that is fond of Bach is practical, methodical, an excellent housewife. Worshipers of Chopin are sentimental, dreamy, romantic. The love of old songs characterizes the narrow and old maidish, while she that delights in popular music, "emphatic" songs, parade pieces, is a doll without head or heart.

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Miss Smythe has evidently a pull. Her opera, "The Forest," was produced at Berlin in spite of the opposition of conductor and singers. Although it failed dismally, it was produced afterward at Covent Garden. It is said the composer has friends at court.

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"THE STORY OF THE ART OF MUSIC." By Frederic J. Crowest. 16mo. Pp. 190. Illustrated. New York. D. Appleton & Co.

This is a cheap book, both in price and contents. It is well printed on good paper, and it is of most convenient size; but it is full of misinformation. Mr. Crowest tells gravely the old stories, which were exploded long ago: about Hucbald being the first to write parallel fourths and fifths; about Gregory forming scales from the Greek tetrachords, when Gregory did nothing of the kind; about Franco of Cologne formulating the system of measured music; and he repeats even the old yarns about Palestrina, which now appear only on programs edited by young ladies. If many of Mr. Crowest's facts are not facts, his opinions are lamentable. Thus he regards W. S. Bennett as "a native genius," the greatest English composer "since Purcell"; Brahms "at moments is barbarously noisy"; it appears "improbable and impossible" that Wagner will prove to be an epoch-maker. Mr. Crowest says in his preface: "I have purposely avoided detailed reference to living composers of every school—save perhaps the Russian, because, in my opinion, the last word in Music worth hearing has been spoken for many a long period—and this by the masters dealt with in my very small space." This will account for the absence of any reference to Richard Strauss. The author's intimate acquaintance with modern Russian music is shown by his statement on page 177: "Tschaikowsky still lives." A worthless little book.

* * *

Songs (op. 49) by Richard Strauss have excited much attention in Germany. Dr. Leopold Schmidt of the Berlin Tageblatt says that Strauss's aim is a "subtle and free absorption of the words in tones without any reference to the rules regarding keys or measure," and among these songs are some that may be called "social-democratic."——The Bayreuth management complains that expenditures are increasing there on account of the high salaries paid by American and English opera managers. It paid for the last season of six weeks $24,000 to the soloists and $15,000 to the chorus and orchestra. The "Ring" was restaged and the profits were almost nothing, while in past seasons the net profits amounted usually to about $12,500.——"Lancelot" of the Era (London) heard—and saw—Mr. Nikisch's interpretations of Beethoven's 7th symphony and a symphony by Schubert and then went home and wrote: "I have come to the conclusion that we possess men capable of securing just as fine performances; indeed, I much prefer the readings of Beethoven by our home-made conductors."——The Meyerbeer prize of about $1375 has been awarded unanimously to Felix Nowiecki of Wartenberg.——Nicolas Maréchal, the young brother of the first tenor of the Opéra-Comique, has made his début at the same theatre. His voice is described as "sympathetic and vibrant."——A Russian soprano, Lucette Korsoff, will sing at Béziers next month the chief part in Saint-Saëns's new work, "Parisatis," and appear in September at the Opéra-Comique.——Massenet's "Marie Magdeleine" will be sung in operatic form at Nice next winter.——Seventeen thousand were in the audience at Orange when Massenet's "Hérodiade" was performed in the hemicycle of the Roman theatre.——The Prix de Rome of 1902 was taken by Aimé Kunc, pupil of Lenepveu.——Toni Raab, born Schinhan, one of the best pupils of Liszt, died lately at Weidlingau near Vienna. Liszt dedicated his "Alda" fantasia to her, and it was with her that he played his "Dante" symphony arranged for two pianos, the first time the work was played in any form at Vienna.——"Vera," a ballet for children, by Vincenzo d'Aloz, was produced at Macerata.——A new opera, "Khryse," founded on Pierre Louys's novel, "Aphrodite," music by Arthur Berutti, was produced at Buenos Ayres.——During the last season at the Berlin Royal Opera House—it ended June 21—"Carmen" was given 18 times, "Faust" 7, "Samson and Delilah" 7, "Mignon" 7, "Marriage of Figaro" 6, "Lohengrin" 6, "Tannhaeuser" 5.——The baritone Bertram, well known in Boston, has been engaged for three years at the Berlin Royal Opera.——The full score of Brahms's "German Requiem" is now published in miniature form by Rieter-Biedermann, Leipsic, for six marks.

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Maurice Béringer's libretto, founded on a tale by Anthony Hope, with music by Herbert Bunning, and the title "La Princesse Osra," may thus be put in a nutshell: "In the first act Henry's projected elopement with the Countess Hilda has been discovered by the King, his father, and at the suggestion of his daughter, Princess Osra, he has decided as a punishment that the Countess Hilda shall be married to Stephen the silversmith. In the next act, Stephen declines the honor which the King proposes and gives as his reason that he has sworn never to marry until she whom he loves shall have refused him three times. The King admits this plea, and promises that if the lady does not refuse Stephen thrice he shall no longer be compelled to marry Countess Hilda. The smith, thus forced to give the lady's name, declares her to be Princess Osra. The King takes this humorously, but Osra has been touched by the silversmith's description of his devotion, and declines to reject his offer more than twice in one day, so matters have to be postponed. In the third act there is a great deal of bustle. Prince Henry and his Countess effect their escape by hiding in the silversmith's house, but Osra, who has assisted at their elopement, is unable to leave unperceived. The King's guards come to search for the fugitives, Stephen defends his domicile until he is mortally wounded. The Princess appears; he once more declares his love, and dies in her arms." Although there is an English translation by Mrs. R. H. Elkin, the opera was sung in French. No wonder that the Referee remarked: "It may seem a little odd to the uninitiated in the mysteries of operatic management that it should be necessary for an English composer to write his music to a French libretto based on a tale by an English novelist, and, further, that the work should be sung in French in England when an English adaptation is at hand; but the speediest way to arrive at Covent Garden is via the Continent, and Mr. Bunning's apparently roundabout way is justified by the arrival of his work at the destination he desired."

* * *

In Edward Elgar's new song, "Land of Hope and Glory," which was sung for the first time by Clara Butt at Albani's Coronation Concert June 21, the refrain is the trio of his military march in D.——Antoinette Sterling, who has been singing "The Three Fishers," will make a farewell tour through the British provinces next winter and then retire from the stage. She sang first in London in 1873.——The festival performances at Munich will begin on Aug. 9 and continue until Sept. 12. There will be seven performances of "Die Meistersinger," five of "Tristan und Isolde," three of "Tannhaeuser," four of "Lohengrin." The chief sopranos are Ternina, Nordica, Bettaque, Plaichinger, Koboth, von Meldenburg.——New pieces performed at a Philharmonic concert, London, July 2: Violin concerto by A. Randegger, Jr., played by Kubelik—"music full of illusion"—five poems for baritone and orchestra by Percy Pitt and sung by our old friend Ffrangcon-Davies; Nocturne for contralto (Clara Butt) and orchestra by Herbert Bedford. Mr. Pitt's music is described as free from "pulling sentimentality." "Mr. Bedford's Nocturne is somewhat contradictorily entitled 'Summer Dawn' and the lines by William Morris are rather enigmatical. Some unknown lady 'up in the stars is requested to pray with 'closed lips'; she is also asked to 'speak over the corn' and 'the roses are dun'; but the composer seems to have plumbed the mystery of the lines, inasmuch as he has been inspired to write a decidedly effective song."

* * *

The New York Sun says:

"The Kneisel Quartet has abandoned its afternoon concerts and will during the next season here confine itself to five evening concerts. They will, as usual, be given in Mendelssohn Hall.

"This announcement proves in a measure the falsity of the familiar statement that women support the serious musical enterprises of this city. The audiences at these concerts were at one time so largely made up of women that it was found advisable to give them in the afternoons.

"But the real supporters of the quartet were men, who found it impossible to attend the afternoon perfomances, and the number of women who came to them was not large enough to make it worth while to continue them."

* * *

From the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Junior," by Wallace Irwin (San Francisco: Elder & Shepard) is taken the following version of a famous quatrain:

A Grand Piano underneath the Bough,
A Gramophone, a Chinese Gong, and Thou
Trying to sing an Anthem off the Key—
Oh, Paradise were Wilderness enow!

* * *

The morality of gags is a very debatable question. Of course, when the musical comedy is really a work of art—and musical comedies have been so at the Savoy—it is obvious that to insert a "gag," however amusing, would destroy the unity which the author had aimed at, and which in a successful libretto he occasionally attains. But it is also common knowledge that not infrequently the gags of an amusing and popular artist are the most successful part of the play, and that they may even succeed in redeeming from dullness an otherwise boring performance. Certainly the average musical farce does not suffer from such treatment. So far as we can judge from the evidence in court, the actor who obtained £400 for wrongful dismissal had good cause for complaint. He had been playing in the provinces in a well-known piece, and on his tour had used certain gags of his own; these gags he naturally found it difficult to forget when playing the same part in town. Thence followed a quarrel between him and his manager—who disapproved of the gags—and the actor was summarily dismissed. This was certainly severe treatment, and we congratulate him on the compensation he received.——Pall Mall Gazette.

* * *

The final scene from an opera, "Grettir the Strong," by Paul Corder, son of Frederick Corder, was performed at a concert of the Royal Academy students on June 20. Grettir is a hero of Iceland, who brings home on his ship, Thorvor, his bride. His friend Thorbion falls in love with Thorvor, who returns his love. The sailors are persuaded to mutiny; but Grettir does wonders with his sword and is about to stick the traitor when Thorvor runs between them and is killed. Grettir is exceedingly mortified, and that she may have a glorious funeral he farewells her, sets fire to the ship, jumps overboard and swims to his island home. The Era assures us that "the young composer has grappled successfully with the dramatic incidents"—although he is "somewhat indebted" to Wagner.——Nahan Franks will conduct in German cities this summer concerts of pieces by American composers.——Thomas Chappell, the London publisher, who died lately, bought "The Bohemian Girl" of Balfe for about $2500. He was also shrewd enough to buy the rights of "Faust" from Gounod.——Bianca Bianchi, the widow of Polini, will teach singing at the Munich Conservatory. She was born at Heidelberg in 1858, studied under Pauline Viardot at Paris, and appeared successfully as a coloratursinger at Carlsruhe, London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Budapest. Her last engagement wat at Hamburg.——Sophie Menter, the pianist, sold her estate in the Tyrol for $125,000.——Dvorák has finished a new opera, "Armida," which will be produced at Pilsen. Gambrinus would seem to be a better subject for that town.——They say that Jeanne Raunay will take the part of Pélléas in Debussy's opera when it is revived next season at the Opéra-Comique. The part was created by a man, Jean Périer.——

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In the July Etude William Armstrong notes some characteristic traits of Edward MacDowell, beginning with his uncompromising honesty, in which he resembles Theodore Thomas. His dislike of show, push, and parade is strongly developed. The Directors of the London Philharmonic requested him to compose a work within a given time for presentation in their concerts. Mr. MacDowell's reply was that no man could do his best work to order, and within a given time, inspiration, and not opportunity for performance, being the true incentive to write. Wishing to be of help to certain people in whom he was interested, and seeing no other way clear to fulfilling his wishes, he composed a set of pianoforte pieces decidedly more in the popular vein than his own style would allow, published them under an assumed name, and had the royalties sent to the beneficiaries, who were left in ignorance of the source. The pieces had a large sale. Among strangers MacDowell is shy, but in the circle of his friends he has generally ready some apt story or quaint conceit that recalls the fanciful wit of Oliver Hereford. He has written many of the verses which he has set to music. These, with others that he has written, will before long be printed in a volume for limited circulation. The minor poets will be glad to hear that Prof. MacDowell thinks that the fugitive poems to be found floating in the newspapers often prove excellent material for song-setting.——New York Evening Post.

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Verdi's "Il Trovatore" has been revived at the Scala in Milan, where it had not been produced in 19 years. Its resurrection brought to mind that interesting fiasco of 1883. At that time the French baritone Berger suffered so much with gout that on the stage he could move neither hands nor feet; while Pascalie (Azucena) was so fat that she could not regain her feet after she had thrown herself at those of the Count of Luna. She was hoisted to a standing posture by two pages. At the famous Cabaletta 'Di quella pira,' Marin stormed so and threatened with his dagger that the prompter missed his footing and fell through a trap."——Musical Courier (New York).

* * *

"The negro composer is having an inning in the musical world just now," said a music publisher.

"You can count on your fingers the negro composers who have won fame in the past, but now it is a different story. The public is beginning to recognize the talents of the colored man in song composition. There is hardly a music publisher in the business at present who does not employ at least one negro musician who can compose music, write songs or make himself useful as a singer. Some firms employ two or three, for, since the advent of the coon song, the negro has become a factor in producing popular ditties or evolving new ideas in musical composition.

"In the old days when minstrelsy was at its height, the black man figured prominently in entertainments. He had a place in the chorus, if not prominently featured. But not for long, and till recently the negro has had no easy task of it trying to win recognition as a composer.

"Jim Bland, an old negro minstrel, led the way in securing recognition for his race by composing such songs as 'In the Evening by de Moonlight,' a classic in its way; 'Dem Golden Slippers,' and other popular songs. Billy McLain, another negro composer and comedian in the early '80s, also gained some fame and a small fortune by song composing.

"Sam Lucas, another composer, who appeared on the stage up to a few years ago, was also one of merit. Another popular song, 'The Upper Ten and the Lower Five,' is credited to two negroes, Dan McCabe and Billy Young, who were well known on the vaudeville stage years ago. This song is still profitable to them.

"But about the best negro composer developed so far was probably Gussie L. Davis. He died at Whitestone, L. I., about three years ago in poverty, although he composed more than 300 songs, many of which were extremely popular. Davis was born in the West and was an accomplished musician. He studied in Cincinnati and besides composing and arranging his own music wrote the words for his ballads. His first hit was 'The Lighthouse by the Sea.' He also composed 'In the Baggage Coach Ahead,' 'Down in Poverty Row,' 'Bring Back the Picture and the Wedding Ring,' 'The Fatal Wedding,' 'The Midway in the Moon,' and a host of others, besides a number of instrumental pieces and sacred songs.

"Since 'rag-time' music became the rage a number of negro composers have come forward and most of the popular songs and dances with the plantation swing were the product of negro composers. Ernest Hogan, who wrote 'All Coons Look Alike to Me,' Williams and Walker, Rosamond Johnson and Bob Cole and many others have all won dollars and fame."——New York Sun.

July 28 1902

Every time I went into the City through the triumphal gate, I noticed a beggar, swept there like an excrement of Fate, tragic in his rags. The passers-by glanced at him, but his stretched-out hand did not receive a penny, except on the few and naive days of fair or pilgrimage.

They said to me: "A figure of desolation, he has groaned there for winters."

And on a certain holiday, no beggar there.

He has gone under, I said to myself—may our Lady of Death be less

arsh to him than our Lady of Life! My surprise was great when I found im in the chief square of the town. And how changed!

Fine moustaches like bird's wings, onocle in an eye, fashionable over-at, rings on his fingers, his hair per-med; such was the resuscitated.

And he laughed, laughed, so that his llow teeth became Pandean pipes.

Once the symbol of sorrow, now that joy.

They ran to crowd about him and rust upon him pieces of gold with hich he filled a glazed pouch.

Puzzled, I questioned him.

"Finally," answered the unforeseen ntleman, "having observed that my ighbor was gay in the presence of y unhappiness, I resolved to provoke s grief in the presence of my joy. For an is thus made: weep, he will laugh er you; but laugh, and he will weep er you. From egoism? Jealousy? ackguardism? Sadism? Who knows? t thus it is. Hence my metamorpho-s, my last money spent in gay cloth-g. Formerly the wretched being whom u knew had the utmost difficulty in awing pity into his wooden bowl; e baker refused him even moldy usts, and if he went to shiver under e flowery balcony of a courtesan, she nptied her slops on the importunate ish of creeping things; but now, mind ied with the gambols of a clown, soul variegated as a toy shop, I ask alms a man of the world, and gold o'er-ls my hands, and, indeed, overflows y pockets and silk hat. From all arters there is toward me the im-ense gesture of the sower. Just now ey signed checks to my order at reet corners. It is not yet noon, and e I am more heavily burdened than Spanish Madonna. Soon I shall ubtless need a valet to carry off my ins; perhaps I shall need a chariot."

At the end of the year the receipts the strange beggar were so consid-able that he could indulge himself in e luxury of discharging the national bt.

SAINT-POL-ROUX.

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t was May Yohe, then Miss May hc, Lady Hope, again May Yohe, w the Yohe woman, probably never rs. Strong, and possibly, before the rtain falls, Lady Despair.

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Ten thousand gallons of cider and 0 gallons of wine were destroyed in e burning of the monastery of the appist fathers at Oka, 40 miles or from Montreal. It is hard to asso-te so much cider with the Trappists, hose habitual phrase is "Brother, we ust die" and never an invitation to tificial stimulation. Monasteries are metimes associated with chartreuse, nedictine, cordials for sale and not r use; but there is a story that vinish King John of England died m eating preserved pears and drink-g vast quantities of cider handed m by monks who were accused of asoning with poison, as though the ess itself might not have been lethal. . Huysmans, who has written much out the Trappists and even lived hong them as a sort of parlor boarder d amateur monk, has not alluded to y detail of cider. The Grande Char-use, by the way, has decided to ve with the famous library and the rdial-plant to Switzerland, where ere is a heavy spirits tax. American urists may yet be seen breakfasting view of lake or mountain on coffee, ead, eggs, and as a substitute for e traditional honey, chartreuse. The es in Switzerland will not then be quired to work overtime.

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Boston is indeed a conservative city. s far back as 1853 women did not ank men who gave them their seats public conveyances. We quote from at admirable and realistic study of e and manners, "Marco Paul's Ad-ntures in Boston," by Jacob Abbott, book that will be a most valuable cument to the future historian of e city. Marco and Forester had ken seats at the Providence Station the "Marlboro Hotel" coach, and e driver had promised to take them a boarding house in Franklin Place. n elderly woman—"lady," to use the ore refined term of the author—"ad-nced through the crowd toward the oach, accompanied by a boy, who was pparently her son." There was no om for them, but Forester and Marco ve up their seats and walked. "The dy, however, did not thank Forester r giving up the seat, but took it at ce as if it were a matter of course." orester and Marco did not write a tter of complaint to the Transcript; ey philosophized while they walked.

"'I don't think that was much of a dy,' said Marco.

"'Why not?' said Forester.

"'Why, she did not even thank us r giving her our seats. I don't think shall ever trouble myself to give her seat again. Shall you, Cousin For-ter?'

"'Why, that depends upon circum-stances,' replied Forester.

"'What circumstances?' said Marco.

"'It depends upon what sort of be-nevolence we have,' said Forester.

"'How?' asked Marco.

"'Why, it depends upon whether our object in showing a kindness is to do good, or to be thanked for it. If our motive in giving up our seats was the hope of being thanked for it, we have certainly failed. But if it was to do good, we have certainly succeeded; for we have relieved the lady from a very unpleasant situation. The best way is to act in all such cases for the sake of doing the good, and then we shall not be very much troubled if we don't get credit for it, so long as the good is done.'"

Forester also said: "She may have been grateful, though she did not ex-press her gratitude."

Thus is 1853 there was an attempt to solve a social problem that still per-plexes hundreds. Forester, it will be observed, was not intimately acquaint-ed with the character of the true Bos-tonian. The elderly lady could not thank him and Marco; they had never been presented to her; they brought no letters to her; she had never even seen them at a lecture.

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Coronation reminiscences are still pertinent and interesting. We learn from a contemporaneous account that the anointing of Anne with Richard III. of England was performed in this manner: "Then the Kyng and the quene put of their robes, and ther (at the high altar) stode all nakyd from the medele upwards, and anone the Bieshope anoynted bothe the Kyng and the queyne." It is said that a similar custom existed in the time of Henry VII. and Charles I. was anointed on his naked shoulders, arms, hands and head.

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July 29 1902

The New York Sun reports progress on the great Dictionary of Profanity and Curse Lore. Keen investigators with note books and phonographs are now at work from the Golden Gate, aye, even from Manila, to Eastport, Me. Their labor is a labor of delight, not the perfunctory toil of a horse in a brickyard, who expects the reward of mouldy oats and hay. To them the work is not drudgery, nor will the prolegomena be written in the gloomy spirit of Dr. Johnson.

And yet the purpose and the plan of this gigantic work are not yet fully grasped, even by the experimentally profane, even by the coiners of oaths. Witness this letter from an honest in-quirer:

Prout's Neck, July 26, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I write you with diffidence, as one who has only practised the noble cult of cursing as an amateur, under an oc-casional stress of circumstances, and has thus acquired nothing that can be regarded as a technic. A certain ner-vous strength of inspiration may be born of such combinations as a sudden shower and a new silk hat, or a falla-cious watch and a punctilious last train, but the sustained power developed from daily and hourly profanity, thought-fully varied and combined to suit the place, the occasion and the mood, and chastened by the severities of practice and criticism into an absolute style, is still to me an envied possibility.

May such an humble but ambitious student of the venerable art of anathema inquire as to the scope and the aims of the great Encyclopaedia of Profanity that I understand to be projected? Is it designed to traverse only the trunk lines of malediction, to score only the great fundamental notes of expressed emotion, or will it trace out the obscure branches of ob-jurgation and stop obligingly at the flag stations of individual invective? If the soul-crisis of Higgins should formulate itself in the bold figure of "Hell and Scissors," will the great work take cognizance of this mere variation, or will Higgins's individu-alism be submerged in a multitudinous sea of generality?

Will welcome be given and a definite place assigned to the timid and evasive blasphemies of the large class that fails to meet the verbal issue fairly, but dilutes its thought into such craven phrases as "By ginger," "By hokey," "By Jiminetti," "By crimcy," or "By cripps?"

Will such forms as "By Christmas," and "By Christopher Columbus," which start with intrepid promise and pres-ently deliquesce into a lame harmless-ness, be regarded as profanity at all, or merely be swept into the category of such chips of the true block of cursing as Pish, Tush, Fudge, Pshaw, and Sugar?

Will "Pig's Wrist," employed as an expletive, be regarded as competent swearing, and will "Holy Smoke" or such even more abstruse figures as "By the Great Horn Spoon" be held suffi-ciently daring to reserve record? Is the work to be, in a word, a true thesaurus of all orgasmic utterances, a worthy text-book for the student and a competent work of consultation for the adept? Or is it intended to serve as a kind of Ollendorf of objugation—to enable the casual foreigner to curse a cabman or a waiter with address and fluency, and to permit a man who has missed a ferryboat or dropped his last presentable collar into the washbowl to meet the situation without dramatic hesitation?

ABEL SEAMAN.

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Mr. Seaman, we described at length some time ago the scope and the aims of this colossal work. The proofs of the prospectus are now at the edito-rial office of the New York Sun, where they are undergoing final revision. We have noted your address and as soon as the prospectus is ready for circu-lation, you will receive a copy.

We may here state that the work is intended to be all-embracing. It will include "Sugar" as well as the historic oath of Cambronne; "Rats" as well as the superb oath of William the Con-queror: you will not look vainly for the long hidden and mysterious name of ancient Rome, you will find the precise form of the oath uttered by the Em-peror who swore by himself. Profane metaphors and in fact no figure of speech will be passed by, and the as-sertion of John Bellenden Ker, Esq., that the phrase "he has no more chance than a cat in hell without claws," is an adaptation of the Dutch "Dan er guit in heel wijst uit klaars"—"than a thorough rogue should tell of his own accord all he knows"—will be consider-ed in modern scientific spirit. There will even be a separate volume on Oriental Profanity, for the Arabians, Persians, Turks are rich in sonorous and picturesque oaths and imprecations; witness a curse recorded by Sir Richard F. Burton in the tenth volume of his edition of "The Arabian Nights."

The dictionary will be a vast store-house of curses, maledictions, impreca-tions, execrations, that have popped, sizzled and reverberated from the stam-mering infancy of mankind to the flower of civilization as revealed in the person of the accomplished and habitual criminal.

What a mine of information! Did James I. give sound advice against the habit? "And especially beware to of-fend your conscience with use of swear-ing or lying, suppose but in jest, for oath oaths are but an use and a sinne cloathed with no delighte nor gaine." Other monarchs were not so prim-mouthed. The oath of Louis XI. was "Pasque Dieu," that of Charles VIII. "Par le jour Dieu;" Louis XII. delighted in "Le Diable m'emporte," Francis I. in "Foi de Gentilhomme;" Charles IX., it is said, swore blasphemously and horri-bly at every third word. Michaelis in his commentaries on the Laws of Moses observes that the great leader made no laws against idle swearing. The Commentator censures the English law against profanity, and adds "And yet there is perhaps no country in the world in which one hears so much curs-ing as in England." Michaelis wrote this in 1814; but Brantome years before him gave the palm to the Spaniards for varied profanity and named 55 of the most common and ancient oaths, many of which are singularly ingenious and hair-raising. See Brantome's "Sermens et Juremens Espaignols"—Appendice au Troisièsme Discours (Paris, 1838, Vol. II., pp. 59-67). Do you know, Mr. Seaman, why the inhabitants of Crete swore by the goose? Is the term "Marry"—as in "Marry come up"—a phrase dear to the veteran comedian Mr. Hank C. Barnabee—an oath in which the name of the Virgin is thinly disguised? Was the Rev. Adam Clarke, LL. D., F. A. S., justified in writing in his diary: "Sept. 17, 1781: Came back full of heaviness, owing, I believe, to my not reproving sin; for I heard —— swear 'faith!' on Sunday night. Resolved to speak concerning this the first opportunity."

These and countless notes are already corded and securely preserved in a fire-proof building with hose ready for immediate application.

The list of contributors is steadily growing. The Hon. Mr. Devery of New York, Prof. Triggs of Chicago, and Dr. Prof. Saumund of Tubingen, have entered their names and already sent in rich material.

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The cable informs us that the in-habitants of Ormuz are suffering on account of the abnormal heat. Ancient travelers tell us that it was the custom of the dwellers at Ormuz to stand in the hot months while the sun was up in water to their chins. But this is an irreverent age, and no doubt old traditions are flouted.

July 30 1902

Some time ago a man was proposed for membership at a club in Boston. His sponsors urged his election on the ground that he was a man of established originality, and, as a proof, they cited the fact that he had once given a din-ner in which the dishes were served backward; thus coffee was the first dish and oysters the last. The com-mittee on elections admitted the jus-tice of the argument, and the original was elected without a dissenting voice, probably because the committee hoped that he would give a remarkable din-ner of gratitude at which they would sit as guests.

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We were talking with Old Chimes last Saturday and the talk turned on the advantages and disadvantages of life after a man is—say 55 years old. (It was not so long ago that we should have said 50 or even 40.) We mentioned as a warning to cumberers of the earth and superfluous veterans the melancholy case of the Struldbrugs described by Swift. Old Chimes sighed, and said: "We should be born at an old age and live backward. I thought of this when I heard of young Breeze's dinner, that famous dinner which took him into the Porphyry." And then Old Chimes talked so shrewdly concerning the joys of such a life that we begged him to elaborate his views and put them in a form by which they might gain wide publicity—at least for a day. Yester-day we received his copy. Nor were we surprised, for although he pooh-poohed the worth of his theory of life and spoke of his aversion to writing, he nevertheless seemed pleased and said he would consult Miss Eustacia, who is here for a few days after her re-turn from Europe. And thus does Old Chimes reason:

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The threshold of middle life is in-conveniently high, and one inevitably stumbles over it, unless the path has been set with the hurdles and ditches of illness. Otherwise this first obstacle to the heedless pace of youth oversets us. Sometimes it is only a little tumble from which we rise jauntily and walk on in more cautious fashion. Oftener it is a grave mishap, the consequences of which burden the rest of the way. Once in a while this faux pas is the last step on a journey of which we may be conveniently weary. They that run fall hardest; they that walk dis-creetly fare better; here and there may be one that passes the danger point without observing the change of level, but to nearly all it is abrupt and pre-cipitous.

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If only the thing could be lived back-ward. To be born a toothless and in-firm graybeard is not to be at first more troublesome and helpless than an equally bald and incompetent infant. But how much more satisfactory the progress! Life is begun with every dis-advantage—with physical weakness, rheumatism, an impaired digestion, jaded appetites, tired energies, blunted am-bitions—without teeth or hair—perhaps even with the weary burdens of re-spectability, family ties, public honors. Coming into the world at eighty-five with these grave disadvantages one is still comforted by the reflection that they are transitory. If the mind is not clear on other points, this hope at least is constant. Thus one endures with equanimity the tedious celebration of one's eightieth birthday, goes through the ceremonial with even a jaunty air, for he knows full well that youth and congenial obscurity lie be-fore him.

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At sixty-five comes the plunge into active business or professional life, a sad grind, which looks forward, how-ever, to decreased labors and responsi-bilities from year to year and a gradu-ally increasing energy. Besides this boon, the births now and then of elder-ly bores, who under normal conditions of life might have died at about this time to universal satisfaction, pass un-noticed.

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At fifty-five the hair begins to blacken, the teeth to grow, one's whole being to be invigorated, and gout, rheumatism and the results of a slug-gish liver to disappear. Women begin to take a long-anticipated interest in the rejuvenescent who feels a calm and up-lifting sense of deserving such atten-tion. Alcohol, long a tyrant, begins to change his mien and to assume the milder aspect of an occasional and sub-servient minister to pleasure. The mus-cles cry out for employment and the tools of golf, tennis and baseball are progressively exercised. Soon the age of eligibility for the Presidency is passed, and in exchange for this awful responsibility is received complete im-munity from rheumatism and full ignorance of the possession of digestive organs.

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Thereafter blessings come thick and fast. Money and its cares pass slowly away, and give place to a small, well-earned income and zest to enjoy every penny. Inconvenient and superfluous knowledge and obstructive experience, gradually fade into blissful ignorance, and the painful results of early indis-cretions tend to disappear and be for-gotten. One's faults become undone, one's mistakes repaired, one's crimes uncommitted. The daughter that had married unwisely and was indiscreet in the matter of children becomes single again, without the aid of the law, and

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by a natural process. The alcoholic dog, who had gone to the dogs, returns from his canine destination, and resumes his more popular impersonation of household joy.

By and by the wife, with whom lifelong differences of opinion had been faithfully maintained, resumes her maiden state, and the jocund condition of bachelorhood lies before one. In the prime of life, at the very tip-top of physical vigor and mental buoyancy, with a background of trouble passed, difficulties overcome, the memory of an uninterrupted progress from bad to good, from evil to innocence, one's conscience smiles permissively upon an impulse, and youth, fortified by the experience of years and safeguarded by a knowledge that has not brought satiety, may be enjoyed to the utmost.

Flirtation has an added piquancy, since, begun at the finish, its maddest extravagances can have no untoward result, and must necessarily end through natural causes. College annuals have no terrors, since they are no longer the condition of a degree, but merely serve as a convenient measure of how much one has succeeded in forgetting. The tobacco habit, long vainly resisted, presently terminates by natural limitation, and cocktails are pleasantly filed away in the memory, without carking regrets, alongside placid recollections of Edwin Forrest's performance of Spartacus, which one does not in the least desire to see again.

William J. Bryan, Rudyard Kipling and Chauncey M. Depew may then be thoroughly enjoyed as fellow-participants in a friendly game of tag or marbles, since the worst is known of them, and the possibilities of a later acquaintance with them need not be considered. Ambitions are mere matters of the past; money, beyond the modest sum required to keep one in tops, "mibbles" and other luxuries of boyhood, is as dross; there has been nothing to gain from one's fellow man for many years hence there has been no occasion to exercise such traits as selfishness, snobbery, mendacity, or to assert an arrogant physical control in personal combat. The only clouds on the horizon of self-unconsciousness in which all must finally end are such short and unterrifying ordeals as inverted measles, retrograde mumps, and the relatively painless subsidence of teeth.

To an infancy thus achieved the hottle will offer no difficulties; for long experience of this article in other uses will have provided an adequate technic. And to a baby with such a past, the reckless and extravagant attentions of women will afford a keen reminiscent pleasure that will go far to soothe and comfort his way to inevitable oblivion.

The list of "Wet Words" published in the New York Sun of July 29 is of deep and abiding interest to all thoughtful citizens, among whom prohibitionists, of course, should be included, for the most stalwart should be conversant with the vocabulary of that arch enemy, the Demon Rum.

The Sun mentions a "mysterious wet word, 'o-ro-i-ded,' with accent on the penult," a word that describes an advanced state of drunkenness. We prefer the variation—is it not the originial form?—"ory-ide" or "orey-ide." Herman of Hamilton Place, the well known adept in slang and its analogues, gives "ory-ide" the first place, and there is no higher authority.

We fail to find in this list the word "ossified," a most picturesque term that was born naturally and by no Cæsarian operation in the dime museum. Is not "stiff" worthy of attention.

The Sun says that to be pretty well "slugged up" is "distinctly gentler and of feebler alcoholic connotation" than to have a "jag." But one jag differeth from another jag in glory. A "jag" in the dictionary that knows not the terminology of strong drink is a load of hay. In the dialect of Craven in the West-Riding in the County of York, it is a large load; in Cheshire, England, according to Mr. Wilbraham, it means a parcel, a small load of hay or corn; in Norfolk "bargain" is the more common word. In this country "jag" is of an accordeon nature, easily modified; for we have often heard the phrases, "He had a terrible jag," "Jones had a light working jag," "He was fearfully jagged." Nor is the phrase "He had a jag on" wholly unfamiliar.

At Bridgton, Me., a man that has palpably trampled on the State law is described as "hotter than a cannon." In Albany, N. Y. (1876-1889), a statesman who was intoxicated with something more than the exuberance of his own rhetoric "had a dog." This dog ranged from a King Charles to a bloodhound, or brandy-bearing, philanthropic St. Bernard, and thus there was a graduated scale for precise determination.

The Sun does not mention "muzzy," which, after all, is a nuance and not a color, but with Verlaine we insist on the supreme value of the nuance. Nor do we find the phrase "he had a still on." Mr. William Hazlitt Macdonald, the Bostonian baritone who habitually eulogizes his song—not necessarily in practice—brown October ale—describes with evident admiration an alcoholic hero as "a good two-handed drinker."

This verbal irrigation is enough for a summer day when all nature is dripping with moisture. Yet how many additions might be made to the long list compiled by Messrs. Henley and Farmer.

Nor should any nice person object to such foot-pads of speech. Slang is language in the making. The most grotesque term, the most outrageous phrase, is preferable to the snobbishly genteel cant of society. Some weeks ago we passed a church where a wedding had just been celebrated. Women stood on the sidewalk discussing the performance. And a girl said in the peculiarly metallic voice that is now reckoned as characteristic of those that had fathers and grandfathers: "Helen, what did you think of the technic of the groom?"

We have received a letter from Mr. Chillingworth Field. "Why do you waste so much space in the consideration of profane words and phrases? Profanity is never literature." Profanity never literature? Shades of Plato, the Elizabethans, Fielding, Sterne, Hugo! Was Thomas de Quincey a master of style? We opened one of his volumes at random; the page is the fourth of the essay on "Dinner: Real and Reputed" or "The Casuistry of Roman Meals"; and we find this sentence: "Many a wild fellow in Rome, your Gracchi, Syllas, Catilines, would not have played hell and Tommy in the way they did if they could have soothed their angry stomachs with a cigar."

While there are all manner of rumors concerning the originality of Mr. Marconi, and in the face of the fact that the lightning struck the pole of a house where Mr. John Stone Stone is conducting experiments near Riverbank Court, Mr. Tesla sits undisturbed, with a wet towel about his head, with ice on his spine, perfecting his scheme of Tireless Legraphy, for the use and advantage of pedestrians.

At least so Old Chimes informs us; but should we trust implicitly a man who asked us yesterday and apparently in good faith whether members of the Salivation Army sang spittoons?

And he said that he could not subscribe to the Mercure de France, because the price must necessarily go up and down.

Miss Odette Dulac, whose repertory was shortened in London by the Censor, is singing her "spiciest" songs at "smart society homes." The aristocracy has always been the encourager and fosterer of true art.

Mr. Jean Rodes publishes in the Revue Blanche (Paris) a collection of opinions on education. Mr. Francis Jammes is quoted as saying: "I should like to see children educated by poets who would teach them love, which is at the bottom of everything. A boy of six should be encouraged in his liking for his rocking horse, and a girl of the same age in her attachment to her doll. When they are older they should be sent to smile in the woods. As for unemployed teachers, they should become mechanics or deputies, so that there would never be a lack of railways or government."

Zola wrote: "My father died when I was a little child, and as my mother was exceedingly and weakly kind toward me I grew up at liberty. When I was seven or eight, I did not know how to read. I can say that I shaped myself, and this, I think, is the best system. I do not believe in education."

The case of Mr. Abraham Slimmer of Waverly, Ia., who has given his luxurious house to Sisters of Mercy for a hospital, and now lives in a woodshed, should not excite surprise. He is 73 years old, and as he had lived in his house for 35 years, he now realizes the vanity of many things after which so many toil. In childhood the woodshed is a favorite playground. The smell of it haunts a man in after life—it o'ercrows the odor of musk, tobacco, rum and even bank notes. And as a man returns after satiety to simple things, the woodshed is again the one desirable place for sport. Spoon food can be easily prepared on a small and comparatively harmless kerosene stove, and admirable ventilation insures sound sleep. Mr. Slimmer may be justly put in the list headed by the Seven Wise Men of Greece.

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Father Ducey of St. Leo's Church, New York, has complained of the violent singing lessons given by Mr. Emilio Agramonte to his pupils. "The singing from the studio almost drowns out the best efforts of the choir." The pupils are evidently learning the old and only true Italian method, of which we have read so much in circulars.

Mr. J. C. Tarver attempts to prove in his life of Tiberius that the "monster of iniquity" was in reality the noblest Roman of them all. Tacitus was deliberately partial and false; Suetonius was a loul-mouthed chatterer; Caprac, the alleged scene of horrid orgies and incredible cruelties, was merely an agreeable summer retreat where children were sent to school. But Mr. Tarver has committed the greatest outrage on the memory of Tiberius; he has made him dull and boresome. We still prefer the tyrant of our schooldays who took delight in the performance of one Novellius Torquatus, for the latter drank three gallons of wine at one draught in his presence and thence obtained the name "Tricongius" and the quaestorship. Suetonius speaks of a "nine gallon" draught, but we here side with Pliny.

Mr. Tarver is not alone in the task of whitewashing. Mr. Umberto Silvagni is the author of a book just published: "L'Imperio e le donne dei Cesari." If these wives of the Emperors were not always "perfect ladies," Mr. Silvagni insists that they were often as good as they should have been. We are also assured that the Nero known to us in history (so-called) fiction, painting, opera is a legendary character, no more real than John Silver or Count Fosco. Nero, however, as a professional musician, a virtuoso, must have been an egoist. We are surprised that Mr. Silvagni says nothing about the extraordinary resemblance between the bust of Nero and the face and head of Mr. Harry Persons Taber, who founded the Roycroft Press and is now of the Springfield Union.

We regret the disappearance, one by one, of these hearty old rulers and noble dames. Tiberius, Nero, Lucrezia Borgia, Richard III. now are pale and washed-out figures. Judas Iscariot was vindicated long ago as a mere instrument of the Divine Plan. Aaron Burr, we are told, was shy in the presence of ladies; Napoleon was not addicted passionately to mutton; the fiery glow of Tom Paine's nose was due to indigestion, not to rum; Emerson ate pie at breakfast only when he had to go without thin slices of salt pork fried in cream, which should have been accompanied with fried apples. And yet the present age is characterized as strenuous!

Remy de Gourmont wrote with reference to the Martinique performances: "The earth is not finished, whether it be not wholly born or not wholly dead. It is impossible to know whether it is young or old, nearer its birth than its end."

And so we find the Opium-Eater writing in 1839: "In man the sixtieth part of 6000 years is a very venerable age. But, as to the planet, as to our little earth, instead of arguing dotage, 6000 years may have scarcely carried her beyond babyhood. Some people think she is cutting her first teeth; some think her in her teens. But, seriously, it is a very interesting problem. Do the 60 centuries of our earth imply youth, maturity or dotage?"

Mr. Henry Bronner of New York is sued by his wife Cora for a separation. In his reply he says that she is "a large buyer of a variety of perfumes and expensive dyes, and has dyed her hair an improper shade of red." He further states that she is a victim of the hack habit, the terrible disease that rages among Aldermen and Common Councilmen.

Mr. Bronner should read "The Blondes of Venice," which is written entertainingly in French, and he will there learn that the most learned and decorous brunettes in France and Italy were during a period of years so envious of red and golden-haired beauties that they put chemistry into practice. It is true that in northern countries the red-haired male and female were held to be treacherous by nature, so that Judas was always represented as red-headed; it is also true that in the East red hair is considered a sign of leprosy; and Roederer was of the opinion that for this reason henna was used for painting the hair and beard that the red color might be universal; but the color of the hair is hardly indicated in the old Spanish thirty points of female beauty. The three black requisites are eyes, eyebrows, eyelashes. The three red points are lips, cheeks, nails. Now black eyes, brows and lashes are irresistible with golden or reddish hair, while red eyebrows and eyelashes with black hair would provoke astonishment rather than a sonnet. But what is the "improper" shade of red? How can hair be improper, even if it be green or blue? A chemical blonde is not necessarily a frivolous person. We regret that Justice Hall did not listen to the evidence of experts, but contented himself with requiring Mr. Bronner to pay Cora $60 a month alimony and a counsel fee of $100, pending trial; and thus curiosity must wait.

Menelik of Abyssinia has instructed his frontier guards to shoot anyone that attempts to import alcoholic drinks into his dominion. Successful marksmen will be decorated with the order of the Blue Ribbon. Menelik, himself, requires no stimulant, for he is a direct descendant of Solomon the Wise and Balkis, Queen of Sheba, and is therefore himself hot stuff. The Abyssinians have always detested pork and regarded the hare as an unclean animal. The traveler Bruce saw a whole army of Ayssinians made deacons. Many interesting enecdotes could be told illustrative of their observance of Christianity for years. Truly a wonderful people; but are there no stimulants found among them? Have they nothing that corresponds to opium, haschich, kif, morphine, cocaine, ether? We have heard of Europeans that intoxicate themselves by the use of petroleum and even red ink. Then there are the Indians of Mexico and New Mexico who know too well that the cactus, mescal, is an intoxicant of the visual faculty. Mr. Havelock Ellis experimented with this plant and dreamed strange dreams. His friend saw still stranger sights on a veranda near the ocean. The sea turned purple, advanced to the edge of the veranda, and then went back. The water turned into a flower garden, and one of these flowers was so beautiful that he walked toward it. The flower vanished. The head of a cat, vague, but smiling, appeared between sky and earth. The body and paws were joined to it, and lo, the animal was a lynx; but, after all, it had no paws; its eyes were opals; it danced solemnly in a circle. A friend tried to kick the lynx. It vanished, but another beast came, with pointed nose and ears; it feared the fate of the lynx and stayed in a corner behind a door, and it kept putting out its snout and then it, too, disappeared, but of its own accord. There was an Oriental city on the beach; a walled town with mosques and minarets and citadels and houses, snow white and baking in the sun. A metal covered tortoise came up, shattered the town and bore it away with him. And then an immense horde of little black woolly quadrapeds, something like guinea pigs, clad in astrakan and with glistening worms in their eyes, came out of the sea. They sported on the beach. Their swarming and crawling reminded one of the sight of a body, long dead and abandoned, which has just been turned over in the woods. And these things also vanished. This was the last vision The dreamer awoke with a fierce appetite, swallowed with difficulty a few mouthfuls and then went to bed. For two days his heart was weak, and he was much depressed. Two mescal cocktails, dry!

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It appears that business men of Lexington, Ky., are trying to settle the Hargis-Cockrill feud. The President of the Chamber of Commerce proposes to appoint six prominent merchants and lawyers, who will have the pleasant duty of going to Jackson "and persuading the factions to lay down their arms." Aesthetics may wonder why the feud is not encouraged, for it gives color to the locality, but they should remember that the neighborhood is picus, and some of the timid may be deterred from going to church, for it is the practice to plunk anyone connected with the family troubles who is wending his way to the sanctuary—witness the case of "old Bill Strong," shot from his horse while going to church with his daughter and grandchild.

Why would it not be a good plan to bring together all the participants in this feud, from the white-haired grandsire to the little boy who is just able to tote a gun, put them in the market place and compel them to shoot at each other and carve each other until they are all exterminated. Many "prominent" citizens would undoubtedly be thus removed; but there would then be opportunity for a fresh and amicable start, and there are no doubt a hundred or two "rising young" lawyers, horse raisers, distillers and other thing-umbobs, who, nourished on the wine of the country, would quickly become "prominent." And think of the number of "prominents" in any county of any State. What is Death against these "prominents"? As one of the most remarkable men of this country eloquently remarked: "The leaf falls; but the forest remains."

The Corsican vendetta has an advantage over the Kentuckian in this the costumes are far more picturesque The hat alone is a proof of this assertion. And for this reason, no doubt the Corsican brand is preferred by librettists of opera, serious or serio comic. Gerlach's opera, "Matteo Falcone," was a failure the other night at Berlin on account of the quality of the music, but the story, known to readers of Chamisso and Merimée, is romantically blood-curdling. Then there are those splendid fellows, the Corsican Brothers; but have you ever seen a play in which a Kentucky brother rises through a trap to the accompaniment of a wild and beautiful melody? Mr. W. J. Henderson and Mr. Walter Damrosch were at work on an opera founded on the story of Cyrano de Bergerac. Perhaps the success of Mr. Samuel Eberle Gross in a Chicago court has disquieted them with the fear of paying royalties to Gross and not to the

unblushing though detected Rostand. Why should not Mr. Henderson throw aside Cyrano as a hero and use the Hargis-Cockrill feud as a subject? Or if he is disinclined to treat an American subject of contemporaneous interest, Mr. Harry B. Smith of rabbit-like productiveness might be persuaded to throw off another masterpiece. Mr. Damrosch would not be obliged in this case to change his music; it would fit one book as well as another; one of the Kentucky gunners might wear a false nose on the stage, so that the Nose-motiv might be preserved; and there is plenty of fighting-music in "Cyrano." If Mr. Damrosch is not wholly satisfied with his music—a supposition that is palpably absurd—he might substitute the score of his "Scarlet Letter." The latter opera was given only once or twice, and no one remembers it. The church scene with the shooting of "Old Bill Strong"—a deep bass with whiskers, a sort of Kentucky Tarcel—would make a thrilling finale to, say, the second act.

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Ross Coghlan has renounced allegiance to King Edward. We hope this news is kept from the monarch now convalescent.

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Mr. Julian Ralph says that polo is the "piece de résistance" at Saratoga. He does not say that the resistance, especially when it is a player's head, sometimes gives way to a mallet.

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Mr. Ralph is surprised to find that the most conspicuous visitors at this "cure resort" stay up late, get up late, and do not begin the enjoyment of the day until afternoon. The polo games begin at 4.30 P. M. "Everybody is almost certain to be out of bed and dressed by that time, which is 10 hours later than they would be up were they in Carlsbad, Homburg, Aix-les-Bains, or Bad Manheim."

When we used to visit Saratoga—it was in the seventies—for the purpose of taking the waters freely, we rose early and often.

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It is a singular fact that many of the townsfolk when they are at their summer cottages or at fashionable inns among mountains or by the sea insist on keeping city hours. We know a family that goes for rest and recreation to its "cottage" in New Hampshire. This cottage is practically a city house furnished with all the luxuries that electricity, sanitary plumbing and express companies can offer. Breakfast in this house is between 10 and 10.30; luncheon is at 2.15 or 2.30; dinner is anywhere between 8.30 and 9. Now what advantage of air and exercise is possible? A walk at noon is under the blazing sun. By sunset the air is chilly. The guests soon fall into the habit of stuffing at meals and taking only piazza or carriage exercise. Biliousness is the inevitable result. The mountains become stage mountains, admired at a matinée or at an evening performance.

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Minister Wu is to be envied. He has had the pleasure of reading his obituary notices.

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"Nothing is so altogether delightful as the way of a cribbage board as one made entirely of ivory." But such a card would have added nothing to the enjoyment of Dick and the Marchioness. The equipage of chess cannot be too curiously carved or adorned; but cribbage and checkers are inherently plain and common games, games without frill or state, undress games which admit of a familiarity that is almost vulgar.

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Lord Acton's library, which has been given by Mr. Andrew Carnegie to Mr. John Morley, is in one respect at least extraordinary if not unique: "Every book that Lord Acton bought was bought because he desired to read it. The fact that a very large proportion of his books were extremely rare was only incidental."

It is not given to everyone to form and read a library of 70,000 volumes; but nearly everyone can secure for his own a few favorite volumes. No collection can be drearier than one formed on the principle of Sir John Lubbock's 100 best books—a priggish library for prigs, either in full flower or in embryo. Our heart sinks when we see complete sets of Prescott, Macaulay, Longfellow, Emerson, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, the British Essayists and Poets, etc., in their best clothes behind the glass doors of a sombre bookcase. The Public Library contains the highly respectable books, and they are always open to the public. The wise man wishes to own only books that are "not for general use," a few volumes by some poet or essayist who is a companion closer than a brother, or a shabby little book of grotesque purpose or invention. Suppose you should today form a library of historical and problem novels now in fashion. How gladly two years from now you would swap the lot for two or three of Dumas' best stories or an old volume of Montaigne or Hazlitt! The latest book is generally the quickest to be stale.

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COLOR-AUDITION and color-music have been often discussed in the Journal during the last 10 years. The names of Newton, Hoffmann (not the teller of strange tales), Lady Campbell, Huysmans, Père Castel, the French and German investigators, are not unfamiliar to the readers of this column. And some are well aware that to certain hearers the music of Wagner seems scarlet or purple, Meyerbeer ecclesiastical violet, Massenet now pale red and now orange, Lecocq cherry, Offenbach apple-green, etc., etc.

Then there was about 1895 a color-music machine invented by an Englishman, A. W. Rimington, just as in the 18th century Castel invented a color-clavecin. An organ or harmonium attempted to present music in visible colors; there was a combination of electric lights, and various successive or simultaneous notes of chords painted themselves on a luminous screen in suggestive juxtapositions, in harmonious blendings. "The performer was thus enabled to obtain the dominant tonality of each composer, and the eye to accustom itself insensibly to perceiving the purple of Wagner, the sky-blue of Mozart, the brownish gold and the blood-ruby from the palette of Saint-Saëns."

And now we learn from Mr. Raymond Bouyer's article in Le Ménestrel of July 13 about the Singing Rainbow of Duddell. They that wish to investigate the formulas in true scientific spirit should consult the letters written by Mr. Paul Janet Feb. 24 and April 14 of this year to the Académie des Sciences. The experiment is an application of the theory of electric oscillations. Artificial music will replace the music made by performers. There will be an "orchestre-eléctrode." Notes, octaves, chords will issue from the vibrations of luminous rays. By "orchestre-eléctrode," I suppose Mr. Bouyer means an electrical orchestra.

He kindly assures performers that they need not at present seek other and abhorrent employments. The machine is only rudimentary; not all the notes of the scale are produced. "If honest horses are seriously threatened by automobiles, musicians may still look forward to some seasons of concerts; the phonograph itself, a nasal and simple register, has not yet said its last word; and the vibrant virtuoso conductors of Germany may still insure excellent receipts at Sunday concerts, provided their gestures be graceful or striking."

Mr. Bouyer goes still farther. He recalls Debussy, the composer of Nocturnes, "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," "Pélléas et Mélisande," and says: "Debussysme, which, by the way, is most finely inspired by the archaic masters of the Italian Renaissance, will seem to be music wholly of the past, when this luminous orchestra will express electrically and unaided the sonorous clearness of the nine Muses of Beethoven."

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A Paris correspondent writes: "It does not surprise me to hear that Gallhard has formally refused to allow the straw hat in the coulisses of the Opéra. It was a long time before the smoking jacket was permitted, and colored ties with evening dress have always been rigorously taboo since the days when President Carnot refused to admit to the Elysée any eccentric young men with this insignia of a superior intelligence."

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Richard Strauss wrote to a friend in this city last week that it was an error to suppose that Emil Paur was to act as his impressario if he came to this country during the coming season to conduct a series of orchestral concerts. "The mistake probably arose," the composer and conductor writes, "from the fact that we discussed the matter a great deal while together in Vienna. I have two offers to go to the United States next spring. Which of the two I shall accept, or whether I shall have the time to accept either, I do not know as yet."—N. Y. Sun.

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Theodor Reichmann sang Amfortas at Bayreuth and, according to a cabled report, his performance was "artistically magnificent," but his voice "begins to show signs of age." Reichmann created this part in 1882 and I heard him at Bayreuth in August of that year. Scaria was the "Gunnybags," Materna the Kundry, Winkelmann the hero. Wagner and his Cosima sat with Liszt in a box. Reichmann then, as was indeed his wont, sang persistently below the pitch, but there was something in the part of Amfortas that appealed peculiarly to him and he played with true distinction. The sad-eyed man who had been wounded sorely through weakness of the flesh. I first saw Reichmann at Munich in "The King of Lahore," when he was the first walking gentleman with a celebrated aria. His Vanderdecken was an intelligent impersonation, and his Don Giovanni was a stupid masher, although my friend, Mr. William [illegible], admitted that it was characterized by a certain "South Cove elegance." Reichmann is now 53 years old. When he sang here at a Symphony concert his coat was embellished with many decorations, for German rulers, like Symphony orchestra audiences in Boston, do not mind false intonation—they are hardened hearers.

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Mrs. Zippora Monteith, a soprano who sang some years ago in this country, is now giving "entertainments" with her own company in the Isle of Wight.——Foeldesy, the son of a musician in the Budapest orchestra, plays violin music on the 'cello and appeared in London at St. James Hall. His tone was praised, and the Referee spoke of his "interpretations of passages of tender sentiment" as "charmingly refined and engaging."——To the Referee critic, Popper's "Tarantella" seemed to be "one of those wiggley, giggley, kickery pieces in which violoncellists seem to take special delight."——Hegedues, violinist, gave a recital in London July 18. "His style is finished and refined, but he has not yet acquired any great depth of expression."——Mantelli, the passionate contralto, will be a member of the Mascagni Opera Company.——The Californian contralto, Alta Yolo, who sang lately in New York at the Circle Auditorium and at the St. Nicholas Garden, will go to Paris to study for grand opera.——Mascagni will be his own stage manager in this country.——Lillian Blauvelt will sing in the fall and early winter in England.——Nordica has been resting in the Black Forest.——"Jean de Reszke refused to sing at the abandoned Coronation performance at Covent Garden because he was not allowed to appear at that performance and no other during the season. He was willing to sing at the special performance, but the committee declined his co-operation on those terms."——Hugo Heormann, violinist, will make a tour of the United States this next season. He was born at Heilbronn on March 3, 1844; he studied at the Brussels Conservatory and since 1865 has lived at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where he has been busy as soloist, leader of chamber concerts, and teacher. He has appeared as a virtuoso in France and England as well as in German cities.——Richard Eckhold, who led for a time opera in English at New York, will be the chief conductor of the Moody-Manners Opera Company at Covent Garden this fall.——The givers of the Music Festival at Cologne lost about $825.——The monument of Heinrich Marschner in a graveyard at Hanover has been injured by vandals who threw down the bust from the pedestal and broke it into fragments.——The publishers Ricordi & Co. at Milan have opened a reading-room for employes in their new factory.——Siegfried Wagner is at work on his third opera, which will be produced next season at Leipsic.——An opera, "The Countess of Egmont," by Raffaele Lazzari, was produced at Trent, June 24.——Two new operas will be produced at the Russian Opera House, St. Petersburg, next winter: "Servilia," by Rimsky-Korsakoff, and "Nikita Dobrinicz," by Gretchaninoff.——Paolo Martucci, an 18-year-old son of Giuseppe Martucci, who is composer, pianist and director of the Naples Conservatory, played lately at Bologna with great success Tschaikowsky's piano concerto in B flat minor.——The grandson of Herold, the composer of "Zampa," has given all his grandfather's manuscripts to the National Library at Paris. The Ménestrel comments on the fact that in Paris, where "Le Pré aux Clercs" has been performed 1500 times, no statue has been raised in honor of the composer, who was born and who died in the city.——Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers" will be revived at the Variétés next season. Léon Prus, a well-known music publisher at Paris, was buried July 12.——"Notre Dame de Lourdes," an oratorio-legend for solo voices, chorus and orchestra by Lucien Comire, was produced at Lourdes on July 20. The different parts are entitled: Lourdes—Picturesque scenes; the Apparitions; the First Miracles; the Triumphs.

* * *

There was little interest shown in operas by Wagner during the late season at Covent Garden. Some give as a reason the fact that Mr. Jean de Reszke, the eminent Polish tenor, did not sing in them; but do the Wagnerian music-dramas, works of plenary inspiration, depend on the voice and legs of any one man? The Italian operas, even some of the old stand-bys, were in high favor. Mr. Vernon Blackburn, a man of catholic taste, recognized the fact and did not indulge himself in vain and tiresome screams of disapproval; indeed, he wrote as follows:

"It has for a long time been reckoned that Italian opera is dead and done with. We have been lectured without cessation to the effect that the world is thoroughly tired of an art that is so obvious and so ready-made. Tune, we have been told, is no longer a matter of consideration. Wagner, we were also informed, destroyed all that, and accustomed the world to a graver and more responsible outlook upon art. And, indeed, the coming of Wagnerism was temporarily identical with the outgoing of Italian opera pur et simple. The present writer can even recall a conversation some years ago in which a zealous opera-goer informed him that Mozart hos in these days naturally 'fallen out of the running.' If Mozart, then, was thus excluded from consideration, what was to be thought of the Donizetti, the Bellini, of the time? They were naturally the first sweepings of the new broom, and in theory, at all events, had taken their flight into space.

"Nevertheless, the fact undoubtedly remains that Italian opera is with us once more, and once more seems to win its way through avenues of sheer high spirits and brilliant tune. Innocent as it is of elaborate orchestration, carefully appealing to the most superficial sense of hearing, this body of work at its best (represented, let us say, by the Donizetti to whom we have already referred) has a charm and a fascination all its own. For too long a time have we stood it like a naughty child in a corner with a dunce's cap upon its head. It surely, after so long a period of disgrace, needs some petting. * * * Donizetti's music has so much of the single quality, so much of inspiration, that we rejoice to note its more modern popularity. That such a popularity should be more periodic than persistent is a matter which seems to us, for the explicit reasons given, quite accountable. Just at the present moment his periodicity seems to have turned full circle."

* * *

An acrobatic exhibition with Wagner's "Tannhaeuser" as a musical accompaniment made a number in the new vaudeville bill at Paradise Garden last night that stirred an audience so that it arose and cheered. The principal performer was an Italian named Creatore, leader of a military band of 60. The music was incidental. An auditor who loudly declared he had Sousa "skinned to death" expressed a regret that none of the selections was in ragtime. The curtain rose to reveal the 60 men. Then the lights were lowered and a white calcium flittered about a doorway in the rear. The musicians arose and saluted.

Creatore appeared.

He is very tall, dark, with long, black, shaggy hair. He stood as only geniuses stand, a languid, tired, poetic look extending from his eyes down through his entire form to his gracefully bent knees. He strolled to the footlights, which were unused, so that the greenish white calcium made his face more conspicuous. To describe the harlequinade that he danced to the sextet from "Lucia" would be impossible. It must be seen. Occasionally he swept his hand over his loose, waving hair. As the selection progressed he became more excited, mopping his hair more frequently. At times his body tumbled all over, and his gestures were supremely comical. With mad rushes he ran at his musicians. With sudden violence he once or twice dived at the second trombone. But that vitally important player didn't mind a bit. Indeed, all of the musicians were self-possessed men and took no heed of Creatore. They didn't mind a bit when he dramatically urged them on to a climax that they had reached four or five bars before. But Creatore kept faithfully to the part as he had rehearsed it. Mopping of the hair and dives among his musicians finally reached the great climax at the end of the selection, when, with arms held high and trembling, he leaned far back as though rapt in intense insanity.——N. Y. Sun, July 29.

* * *

Signor Lago was the impresario of an Italian opera season in London just after Jean de Reszke retired for a year to train himself to sing tenor instead of baritone roles. De Reszke had sung in London in the early 70s as a baritone and made little impression, and Signor Lago was not anxious to have him among the tenors of his troupe. So he declined De Reszke's offer to sing for him for a very moderate sum.

It seems that Mme. Melba had a similar experience when she went to London. In 1886 the soprano, who then was known as Mrs. Nellie Armstrong, sang in London and had an opportunity of meeting Carl Rosa. She has always had trouble with her French and Italian accent and for that reason she had gone to London with the idea of singing in English opera.

Mr. Rosa agreed to engage Mme. Melba on the recommendation of a friend who had heard her, at a sliding salary for a certain number of years. But the contract was not to be signed until Mr. Rosa himself had heard her sing. He was to call on a certain day, at an appointed hour.

He quite forgot the engagement, and, after waiting for three hours for him to appear, Mme. Melba refused to continue the negotiations, which was the most fortunate conclusion of the incident for her. She then went to Paris, and after a year with Mme. Marchesi, made her first appearance at the Theatre de la Monnale, fifteen years ago. Mr. Rosa would have been able to secure her services for five years for a very small sum if he only had not forgotten the appointment.——New York Sun.

* * *

MM. Jean Ricard and Emile Fabre, taking lunch at the Cafe Voltaire, espied the composer, Saint-Saëns, at an-

other table. Going to him, Rieard, recalling that they had not met for thirty years, made himself known. Said Saint-Saëns: "After thirty years you should have gained sufficient fame to secure a hearing for my music." "What music?" The composer then reminded Rieard that in 1873 they had worked together on a one-act piece. The name of it Saint-Saëns could not remember, neither could Rieard.—The Era (London).

* * *

Refereaders who may feel curious about the duties of the "Master of the King's Musick" may be referred to the current number of the Musical Times, wherein is an interesting article on Sir Walter Parratt and his predecessors who have filled the honorable position. The office is 350 years old, and was first occupied by John Marbeck. The orchestra in the time of Charles I. consisted of eight hautboys and sackbuts, six flutes, six recorders, 11 violins, six lutes, four viols, one harp, and 15 "musicians for the lute and voice," in addition to "trumpeters, drummers and fifers." It would be a strain on modern imagination to conceive the balance of tone of this combination. At the accession of Queen Victoria the royal private band consisted of five clarinets, two flutes, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, a trumpet, trombone, serpent, and drums; but in 1840, when Queen Victoria married, the Prince Consort changed the band into a full orchestra, and today it consists of a body of picked players. Its conductor, Sir Walter Parratt, is not only a gifted musician, but a fine chess player, and his abilities in both capacities may be judged from the following extract from Dr. F. G. Shinn's valuable little book on "Musical Memory": "In one of the lodgings attached to St. Michael's College, Tenbury, some eight or ten men were assembled. Von Holst and Sir Walter played on the piano in turn such music as was asked for, and always from memory. This went on for some time, when the chess-board was brought out, and Sir Walter proposed to play two men in consultation while he remained at the piano, still playing anything asked for, either from Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn or Chopin. He never looked at the chess-board, but continued to converse with those around, who did all they could to distract him, although without success. His memory never failed him for at least an hour, when the game was won by him, and he told us how he had been watching the chances of a poor fly which had become entagled in a spider's web."—The Referee (London).

Aug 4 1902

O, passers by, have you perchance met my laughter?

Invisible flower of music, it has stolen away from my face, and I search for it in my flat, in all houses, in the street, at cross-roads, above, below, on the right hand and on the left, everywhere.

Whither has it fled?

Was it tired of the monotonous balcony and restraint of my teeth?

Did it seek adventure?

Did it prefer the lips of her, the lover in the alley? Or still other lips? If laughter has wings, the mouth is, then, the cage from which this nightingale of being longs at times to be free.

And now I spy out scattered gayety, rosy school children, clowns in their booths, evenings of pay-days, happy billboards, winners at lottery, those leaving prison, all the faces of joy.

But my laughter is not among them. Unless the wily thing has exchanged its fate for that of another and disguised its escapade—and this is why I look for it in bizarre metamorphoses.

And how would it prefer to be crystallized or volatilized?

Has it become: the mouse that sneaks over my prayer rug? This goldfinch over the way? This sapphire worn by the woman that passes? The brass knob on my door? The eyes of the cat in the shadow? This old Japanese cup of the rose family? This essence of vervain? This cheek of a young girl? The street lamp? This jeweler's window? The clockmaker's sign? The knife of this workman cutting bread? The cockade in this festival harness? The trumpet of the harracks? This earring? The refrain of a song? The arpeggio of a mandolin? The breast of a nurse? The drawn stocking? The octave of a piano? This bunch of grapes? This cluster of cherries? This looking glass? This star?

Or if it were changed to gold pieces in my empty purse?

O, if it were the cry of the huckster! O, if it were hidden in the flute played by the beggar in a court!

Alas, I do not find my laughter in this carnival of shapes.

Come back to me, come back, O, laughter! Now I am uglier than if I had lost all my teeth, because, you far away, there is only the grimace of the soul, and I am shunned on account of my tearful face. Come back, my good laughter! If anyone has stolen you from me, cursed be the rogue if he appears before me with you between his lips!

Someone—I cannot see him clearly for weeping—says:

"Your laughter is still with you. It has not forsaken you; it has only changed its appearance, and sought refuge among your tears. Yet it is the same thing in this Land of Sorrows where happiness is always mourning displayed in rose, not black. Your laugh was a burlesque tear; your weeping is masked laughter. One lives on sorrow, and joy is only sorrow goaded to hysteria."

And I found this so plausible that now I laugh in weeping.

SAINT-POL-ROUX.

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There was a report that the Campanile tumbled down the moment Professor Arlo Bates touched Italian soil at Naples. The report was unfounded and probably malicious. We learn from Professor Bates's letter published in the Transcript—a wastepipe for intellectual overflow—that the tower had the decency to wait until the eminent Professor stood before it. Then it knew that the purpose of its builders was fulfilled, that its mission was accomplished. It bowed its head in recognition, sighed, and fell.

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Boston, Aug. 1, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I was much interested in your remarks about "wet words," and I took occasion to read the article, published in the New York Sun, to which you referred.

An Englishman by birth and education, I heard in my younger years spent in various counties queer terms and phrases which farmers or factory men used in describing the condition of an intoxicated person. These terms are by no means slang, and few have found their way by mistake into any slang-dictionary. They might be called colloquially dialect.

"Bezzle," to drink immoderately; "fox," to make drunk; "your eye looks narrow"; "a little on" denotes a pleasing approach to drunkenness. If a man was unexpectedly intoxicated by a small amount he would say: "I was quite over-seen." "To pint" was to drink a pint. A "spooncy" was a man that was silly-drunk. "He's been in the sun" signified that a person was alcoholically cheerful, but not the worse for wear. So "market-peart" was only half-intoxicated. I have heard "fow-drunk," which is not a perversion of "scw-drunk," for "fow" in Cheshire meant "ugly," and to have "a fow life to do anything" was to have a great difficulty in doing it.

Lincolnshire, especially in and about Boston, was especially rich in terms of this class. "Binger" and "blocker"—as in "He has got a blocker on today"—characterized an advanced stage. "Corned," of course, is found in literature. He that was "fresh" was just beginning to feel the effects of strong drink, and a synonym was "gamawdled." "Geezer" was then a far different word from that now current in costermonger slang; a "geezer" was a light "jag." A drunkard was called a "humble-bee," and any specific attack was a case of "mithers." A "randy" was a conspicuous spree, and a man was "roily" or he had "the scum over his eyes." "Slewed" is familiar in New England, but I have never heard "soodling" in this country. If a man had a "stopper" he was of little use. These were delicate distinctions: "I should not say that he was tight; he was sharp-fresh." To "wet both eyes" was to take two drinks.

In Maine they have an expression, full of local color, for the state of mind and body the morning after, the "Katzenjammer" of the Germans: "He's carrying out slabs." The phrase smells of the saw mill; for the slabs are removed, as a rule, toward evening, when the body is exhausted and desire fails.

A Memphis man who suffered from rheumatism described himself to me as "a shut-down sport."

I remember seeing a toss-pot at Netherton (England) pour a horn of cider on the ground after he had said: "Give a drap to the oawd mon." Was this a survival of a votive offering to some heathen deity?

It was also at Netherton that I heard this curse, which I contribute to the great Dictionary: "Baggar-nation-sazeit!"

A. F. B.

Aug 5, 1902

Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew is dissatisfied with the "social conditions obtaining in Washington." She expects to live in Paris. "The social life is simpler there," she says, "for there are only two sets: those in the swim and those not." Mrs. Depew's sociological observations are superficial and erroneous. In every city there are three sets: of those in the swim, of those who are not and of those who think they are. This third set is by far the largest. It is this set that maintains sassiety journals and contribute, postage prepaid, copy for the sassiety editors. It increases the earnings of caterers, waiters and performers on string and wind instruments, and thus satisfies others as well as itself.

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We like to think of Dr. Depew in Paris. We see him discussing niceties of language with the members of the Académie, furnishing the comedians in a revue with gags, working off some of his best and oldest stories on Le Rire, yawning at the Jockey Club, holding buttonholes as well as the floor at American banquets.

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"The Chairman of the German Tariff Commission has decided that toothbrushes are a luxury, and as such should be heavily taxed."

White teeth have not always been fashionable, and there are countries today where they are not considered indispensable to full dress. The inhabitants of Java and Cochin China prefer black teeth because monkeys have white ones. The Spanish compiler of the points of female beauty insists that skin, teeth and hands should be white and teeth, ears and feet short; on the other hand, the Ceylonese stain their teeth black by chewing betel and areca nut, "for they look upon white teeth as only fit for dogs, and a disgrace to the human species." Did not the Japanese for years blacken the teeth of brides to show thereafter that a woman was wife or widow? The women of Bokhara, where tea and ice are to be had in abundance, blackened their teeth. The Malagasy, Hottentots, Kaffirs, Mahees, all inferior races, are particular in the care of their teeth, which are described by travelers as "beautifully white."

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We are not surprised at the declaration by the German Chairman, for German teeth show that his decision is based on the long established practice among the people: to let teeth alone. We do not say this after a hasty glance from a car window at some German railway station, but from observation during three years spent in various parts of the Fatherland. And yet the Germans were never weary of insisting that Americans had the worst teeth of any nation in the world. As a proof, they brought forward the well known superiority of American dentists. This feat in logic is more surprising than the old instances of "The Bargain of Protagoras," "The Crocodile," "Achilles and the Tortoise," or De Quincey's argument concerning spilth and titubation, which "once puzzled a man in a wig," but amused Gov. Greenhalge, who used the word "titubate" to the consternation of his Council. The only logical parallel worthy the name is that framed by Old Chimes. A boy in search of flagroot dug industriously at the foot of a flagpole. When he was rebuked for stupidity, he replied: "The flag is the fruit of the flagpole; there is a flag; there is a flagpole, and this one is of wood; there must, then, be flag root, and roots are in the ground."

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Many grandfathers of men and women now exquisitely careful in their toilet defied with their unbrushed teeth time and corruption. You often hear some one boast: "My grandfather Isaac never knew a toothbrush, but his teeth were as white as ivory; he never lost one, he never had the toothache, and at the age of 96 he could crack nuts with them." There are various attempts to explain this phenomenon. "Grandfather ate more wholesome food, better bread, less sweets; he did not drink coffee; he never used tobacco, etc., etc." But tobacco is a preservative, a germ-killer, and no less an authority than Mr. John Hay, author of "Little Breeches," and also Secretary of State, declares that chewing tobacco keeps the milk teeth of a boy white. We all have seen in the city, as well as in the country, old men whose teeth excite envy and who have never used a brush.

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There was a time, and not long ago, when dentists were held only a little higher than corn doctors. Many were regarded as experimental quacks. A patient went to one as a last resort and was surprised when he found the dentist to be a man of any intelligence or breeding. The dentist was thought to be hardly better than the wandering tooth-drawers of the 16th century who showed trophies of their art: "teeth sometimes carved in banners and sometimes made up in garlands, and when human teeth were deficient they supplied themselves with those of horses." Southey wrote from Lisbon late in the 18th century: "I met a tooth drawer yesterday who wore a small brass chain across his shoulders, ornamented with rotten teeth at equal distances; perhaps his professional full dress." Resurrectionists did not raise the standing of dentists for they sold teeth drawn from dead bodies. In the palmy days of burking a wretch named Murphy cleared from teeth alone in one night about $300. There was a resurrectionist who followed the English army to Spain. He confined his attentions to the wounded and gained at least about $1500. The dentist, even in a democratic community, was seldom regarded as a man and a brother. How different his position in Berlin during the eighties when American society in that city was led by two rival tooth-pluggers. In New England towns dentistry was often considered as a perhaps necessary but surely pitiable calling, and it was not dignified by the term "profession."

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Now it is all different. Perhaps Dr. Evans of Paris, the friend and adviser of the Empress, did indirectly much to raise the "social position" of his colleagues. At any rate, the dentist of today is a far more reputable and respected person. He is often a physician with a degree, a college graduate, a man of marked general intelligence and polished manners. A woman is inclined to tell him the secrets of her life, to seek his advice in money matters or domestic complications. The mere fact that he does not hurt her as much as she expected, when just outside his door, makes her grateful, inspires her to confidential disclosures. A man of such gentle touch, such soothing voice must be a sage adviser. And he knows the secrets of the mouth. It is as though he had prepared her and adorned her for her triumphs, masked a defect, armed her against a rival, made her more seductive. The largeness of his bill also impresses her favorably, for though she may groan when she opens the envelope, and though she may be late in payment, she is able to say that her dentist is Dr. Tushmaker, and this at once gives her a certain prestige.

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We know a man here who talks knowingly about art from Japan to Boston, has a pretty taste in pottery, rugs, women, books, cookery, but he has never been to a dentist, and he made a heroic struggle against such visits by his daughter when she was a young girl. He is honest in his prejudice; but he is one of a few. Dentistry is now recognized by all reasonably intelligent persons as an honorable and most useful profession. There are quack dentists as there are quack specialists in medicine, but there are hundreds of competent and many ingenious dental surgeons who by preserving and repairing teeth make men and women more agreeable physically to each other and restore calm to their souls. An honest, capable dentist is a benefactor, and it is his opinion that a toothbrush is a necessity, not a luxury.

Aug 6. 1902

Even rogues, swindlers, hangmen, are essential to the proper mounting of a great metropolis: a murderer or two, perhaps, in the complete subdivision of employments, would not be amiss in casting the parts for a full performance of social life.

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The passionate press agent is working overtime, but his imagination is still strong-winged, his readiness a marvel even to them that have known him of old. So Mr. Hall Caine slapped a Paris cabman who was rude to an American play actress. What need was there of slapping? If Mr. Caine had taken off his hat and merely looked the cabman steadily in the face, the cabman would have fallen off the box.

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Dr. Martin W. Barr, chief physician of a school for feeble-minded children, has been discussing the case of an American who is suffering from "nervousness" and a fortune of $10,000,000. The sufferer is "rich, handsome, cultured and of aesthetic taste," instead of which, as Judge Boompointer would say, he has outdone the extravagances of the maddest Roman Emperor. "His excesses could not be endured at home." Did he try Newport? Anything goes at that watering place, once so dear to Col. T. W. Higginson. Dr. Barr's allusions to "excesses" are for the most part vague. He does say, however, that the nervous man had his body tattooed, and that in Japan he bought boys, trained them in military tactics, and then set them to fighting monkeys who were dressed as Chinese soldiers. We know that some deep thinkers hold tattooing to be a symptom of degeneracy, but we do not agree to their opinion. Tattooing has long been a practice with fresh and primitive races, as the Kaffirs, Yambas, Bornonese, Tibbos, Otehcitans, New Zealanders. The Greek captain, who not many years ago was admired at circuses and dime museums, was anything but a degenerate. How many sailors, adorned with pricked flags, eagles, stars, anchors, ships, names of sweethearts—and some from Southern Europe with a representation of the Crucifixion—would laugh at the accusation of degeneracy! We know two or three charming women who have been tattooed discreetly. Not that we should encourage all women to such ornamentation, nor can we see how a sensitive man, an egotist, could brook the idea of marrying a woman, maiden or widow, who bore on her fair body the name, however romantic it might be, of sweetheart or husband, with or without an appropriate motto.

apan has a singular effect on some
nericans. We know a Bostonian who
s so infatuated by features of Ja-
nese religious life that he was eager
become a Buddhist and serve in a
nple for the rest of his life. We
ow another Bostonian who prefers
live there in voluptuous idleness
her than serve on committees or
end Symphony concerts and Lowell
tures in the town of his birth. Oth-
become more Japanese than the
panese themselves; witness the case
Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, who, according
certain natives, has developed from
inner consciousness a Japan that
wholly mystic, wonderful.

You may have read lately of Jennie
hkins of Olympia. She weighed 300
inds, and was thereby distressed.
er a fast of 41 days, she weighed
pounds and felt better, although no
al Waller could conscientiously im-
rtalize the slender waist encircled
her girdle. But Waller did not mar-
the woman to whom he addressed the
nous poem, and possibly the poem it-
is an instance of poetic license; he
k as wife a woman who bore him
children. As Dr. Johnson sourly
d: "He doubtless praised some
en he would have been afraid to
rry and perhaps married one whom
would have been ashamed to
ise." Waller met Sacharissa again
en both were old. The meeting was
a sentimental one. "When, Mr.
ller, will you write such fine verses
me again?" "When your ladyship
as young again." But we wander,
ch, as the poet tells us, is the
ler's joy.

o go back to the Olympian. She
ted 41 days and thus attracted wide-
ead attention. As though Dr. Tan-
Dr. Immanuel Pfeiffer, and the
ous Italian gentleman had lived
fasted in vain. Nor were they
any means the first. There was
John Ferguson—accent on the first
able—Mr. Ferguson of Killmelford
Argyleshire, who, "about the age of
having overheated himself in Pur-
of Cattle on the Mountains, in that
dition drank excessively of cold
er from a Rivulet, near which he
asleep." He awoke in a high
r and from that time his stomach
hed food. For 18 years he lived
h little other sustenance than
er, "and yet he was of a fair fresh
nplexion and a healthy Counte-
ce." A member of the Royal So-
y experimented with him and pro-
nced him no impostor.

ne John Scot in 1539 was "over-
own in a law suit." Unable to pay
at was adjudged him, he took
ctuary in the Abbey of Holyrood
use, where out of discontent he ab-
ined from all food and drink for
days. He exhibited this ability to
t before Pope Clement VII., and
in at Venice, where he excited won-
, although the Campanile did not
l.

German girl born in a village near
res, fasted rigidly for over three
rs. Maximilian, King of the
mans, was interested in the case and
er testing her sent her back to her
nds with handsome presents. (See
henkius, Horstius in Donatum,
kewell.)

etharine Binder, born in the Palati-
e, was put under the inspection of
livine and two physicians. She lived
more than nine years without food.
till more surprising is the instance
orded by Fabritius. In 1595 a girl
about 13 years of age was brought
of the Duchy of Juliers to Co-
ne and there shown at a public
ise. She lived for three years with-
any kind of sustenance. "She was
a melancholy Countenance, and
Belly was so compressed that it
med to cleave to her Back-bone;
she had no Difficulty of Speech
Breathing. She had such an Ab-
rrence of Food, that one who came
see her having put a little Sugar
her Mouth, she immediately fell
o a Swoon."

There was Eve Fleigen who took no
d of aliment for 14 years together.
ere was Mr. Petra-Underus, a
iss who died in 1470, after he had
ed full 15 years (or 20 according to
cchias) without any manner of food
drink; he was very much emaciated,
d of a frightful aspect. There was
priest at Rome who lived upon air
ne for 40 years and continued all
at time in perfect health—Hermolaus
rbarus tells the story. There was
ut other memorable instances and
losophical observations must await
more convenient season.

Aug 7. 1902

A book, "New York, the Metropolis,"
ich is designed to be of aid to busi-
ss visitors to that city, has just been
blished. This is welcome news to
ominent Bostonians, who are sur-
ised when they are let loose in the
ntral Station to find that no one is
parently acquainted with their social
or business worth; who are as strangers in a strange land. The book may also be heartily recommended to any Amateur New Yorker.

The Grand Duke Constantine played Hamlet lately in a performance at the Russian court. Furthermore he stood for a "magnificent full-length" photograph, which he forwarded to a collector in New Jersey. This shows that jukes are mortal, and it confirms the old saying: There is no man who does not firmly believe that he can play Hamlet or run a newspaper.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling did not like life in Brattleboro, and he only tolerated summer boarding at Gloucester; but as he seems to be restless and unhappy in England, we urge him to settle in some Kentucky village where a feud is religiously cultivated. Only last Saturday Mr Kipling said in a public speech: "Recent experience has taught us that we must not allow a whole population to grow up in ignorance of shooting. Rifle shooting should be taught the same as are the A B C's. Everything must be subordinated to shooting quickly."

How would the neighborhood of Cattlettsburg, Ky., suit the eminent political and mechanical poet? There was worship at the Oakland Church the day after Mr. Kipling spoke; there was prayer; there was the song of praise; and Mr. Sylvester Copley placed a pistol against the breast of Mr. John White and shot him through the heart. As a rule the true Southern gentleman does not shoot on Sunday until after the collection has been taken and the benediction pronounced; then he plunks his man on the church steps or going down the aisle.

On week days, in town streets, in shops, on farms and race tracks, there is constant popping; and the gunning in the mountains is reported to be excellent. The "pleasant skreek" of the victim is music by day and night. Even if Mr. Kipling was shot through a window in the very act of writing a poem for the London Times he should not seriously object. The tragedy would be the beginning of another feud.

Mr. Bliss Perry, in his excellent article on the "Short Story," which was published in the Atlantic of August, shows a most catholic taste. It is therefore the more surprising that he does not mention two or three masterpieces by Fitz James O'Brien, especially as "The Diamond Lens" and at least one other story were originally published in the highly respectable magazine to which Mr. Perry has given a new life. Nor does he mention short stories by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; nor is there any allusion to Herman Melville's "Bartleby," "Benito Cereno," "The Town-Ho's Story," "The Bell Tower." Mr. Perry refers to Thackeray as "the indisputable master of the long story;" but some prefer, and with a show of reason, the tales grouped under the title "Men's Wives," and such storter novels as "The Great Hoggarty Diamond" and "A Shabby Genteel Story" to the long-winded satires. Mr. Perry says "Mr. Kipling is indubitably the most gifted story teller of our time;" but has Mr. Kipling written such calm and flawless works of art as "A Group of Noble Dames," "Life's Little Ironies" and the first series of "Wessex Tales" by one Thomas Hardy? It seems to us that of more modern tellers of short stories Hardy's only rival is Turgenieff, whose genius never blazed with clearer light than in his "Tales of a Hunter," or "Recollections of a Russian Landowner," as the title has been translated.

The celebrated Mr. Bayle, in his "Various thoughts occasioned by the Comet that appeared in December, 1680," devoted three chapters to fatality in names. Thus the Romans took care that the first soldier to be enrolled in a levy should bear a name of good omen; glaziers and lantern makers of France chose St. Clair for their patron saint; when Ambassadors of a French King went to the court of Alphonso IX. to arrange for a marriage between their ruler and a daughter of the Spanish monarch they chose Blanche, the less beautiful, and passed by the radiantly handsome sister, because her name, Urraca, shocked them. Mr. Bayle poohpoohed such superstition. There are virtuous Helens and Lucretias, and there are Helens and Lucretias who are not virtuous. Yet he admitted that a name gave rise throughout the world to all manner of divination.

Since this is so, why should there be dispute concerning the successor of Ambassador White? Mr. Charlemagne Tower is the man, especially since he is 'dissatisfied with St. Petersburg," which city, therefore, has no excuse for existence on the map. Charlemagne Tower, a wondrously beautiful and georgeous name. There is none like it in the annals of diplomacy. It would impress even the Emperor William.

Aug 8. 1902

A sad story ended at Bayville, L. I. It appears that Ada Sweetser, an old woman, who died of starvation and in squalor, began the downward path as a child by drinking whisky. She sank lower and lower, until at the age of 20 she sang in concerts.

The New York Sun philosophizes on centenarians who "have never been afraid to moisten and smoke their clay," and thus "disappoint the dicters and irritate the dry." The man that lives according to weight, measure, and time-table, disappears at 50 or 60; "and easy Dick sits in the shade and puffs his church-warden or nose burner and takes his little swig and is a hearty cock at 100."

But it the man that lives according to rule had not taken this extreme care of his clockwork, he would have stopped at a still earlier age. It was not intended that he should live as long as he did. Many old soaks who now refuse to point a moral or serve as a shocking example, are all wrong inside, but their brains are so muddled, their sensibilities so blunted, they do not know they are nothing but sepulchres painted red and adorned with buttons. Furthermore, a lump of butter in hot rum serves as a healthful lubricant. The Countess of Desmond, Francis Bacon tells us, recovered her teeth after shedding them three several times. It is a wonder that Bacon did not make her the heroine of one of his admired plays. But after all the Countess has nothing to do with the case. We lug her in only from a wild desire to be instructive as well as entertaining. Is Joh. Buttadaeus, otherwise known as the Wandering Jew, a total abstainer? Mr. Henry Jenkins, who lived to the amazing age of 169 and frequently swam rivers after he was past the age of a hundred, preferred a coarse diet, and on his tombstone at Ellerton on Swale you may read that the patriarch's health and length of days were "entailed on Temperance, a Life of Labor, and a Mind at Ease." 'Twas the unanimous opinion of the Stoics that those persons in whom heat abounds live the longer. Plutarch, discussing the duties of a host in pressing wine upon his guests, observes that "an Old-man will be sooner overtaken than a Youth, one that leaps about, or talks, than he that is silent or sits still." Therefore the practice of walking around the block after the absorption of a pint or two was undoubtedly known to the ancients. (See also the chapter entitled "Why Women are hardly, Old men easily, foxt" Symposiacs, III. iii.) The learned Hakewell attributed the most general causes of the brevity of human life to hasty marriages, high sauces, strong liquors, and the longevity of the ancients to temperance, anointing the body, the use of saffron and honey, less physic, more exercise, warm clothes, lesser doors and windows.

Few of us drink enough water between meals The same Plutarch who believed wine to be the most beneficial of all drinks nevertheless wrote: "We should accustom ourselves in our daily Diet to drink two or three Glasses of Water, that so in a case of Necessity, it may not be look'd on as a stranger, and we be offended at it. It so falls out that some have then the greatest inclination for Wine when there is most need they should drink Water."

Here is "Guinevere's" idea of a simple dinner for a hot day: Melon, cold consommé in cups, cold salmon trout, grilled ham and peas, chicken cutlets "chaudfroid" in aspic, a salad, iced strawberries, iced coffee. "Cider cup, with not too much cider or liqueurs, serves excellently." This dinner, according to "Guinevere," is "so simple that any cook would find little trouble in serving it to your satisfaction." Why, of course! And now that beef is so high and the price of fish is rising steadily, this dinner may be commended to any family in humble circumstances.

"Guinevere" adds: "I wonder why one does not see American green corn served as a vegetable this side of the Atlantic. You can get it canned and ready cooked at any grocer's, and it can be prepared for the table in a few minutes." This reminds us of the question: what is the true proportion of beans and corn in succotash? We do not refer to the dish served at Plymouth, on Dec. 22; the dish taught our forefathers by the Indians, who thus showed their inherently malignant nature. The recipe of Mrs. Barnabas Churchill is as follows: One quart of large white beans; six quarts of hulled corn; six to eight pounds of corned beef from the second cut of the rattle rand; one pound of salt pork, fat and lean; chicken weighing from four to six pounds; one large white French turnip, eight or ten medium sized potatoes. We refer to plain, ordinary, garden succotash. Are writers of cook books correct in advising equal proportions of beans and corn? Should the dish be prepared after the manner of Dr. Swazey's favorite mess: most all pork with a good many beans?—that is to say, mostly beans, with a great deal of corn?

Let us now praise famous men. There is a pickpocket in Paris whose deeds recall the most glorious days of thievery before promoters entered into competition, made the profession less honorable, tarnished its brilliance. Alas, America cannot claim him; he is a jewel in the English crown. At the St. Lazare Station he called up the chief official and pointed out an old man who had accused him of picking his pocket; but he did not wish to have him arrested, for the old man was evidently crazy and the railway company would be responsible for anything that might happen during the journey. Later this ingenious gentleman was caught in the very act. He made a dash into a public bath. As there was only one exit the police smiled and rubbed their hands. A finely dressed man came out, bowed politely, and asked for some information. A few minutes later out rushed a man in the thief's clothes, and his oaths chilled the blood of even the hardened.

Not long ago some one wished in print that all novels should be provided with an index, so that the reader could turn readily to some emotion of the heroine, some lush description of physical charms or landscape, some pseudo-historical fact.

Richardson indexed his "History of Sir Charles Grandison." (We refer to the first edition, that of 1754.) There is first an "Index Historical and Characteristical," of 112 pages, with this prefatory note: "A few only of the Sentiments with which this Work abounds, are inserted in this Index." Then there is an Index of "Similes and Alluslons in the foregoing seven volumes." This is of only four pages, but it is a delight, as these excerpts show:

Bachelors, old, and old maids, compared to haunted houses, II., 203.

Brides adorned for the nuptial ceremony, to heifers decked out for sacrifice, VI., 344; VII., 146.

Curiosity diverted, to a whale playing with a tub, II., 252. To a nail, that fastens to the ground the foot of an inquisitive person, VII., 226.

Grandison, Sir Charles, by Clementina, to the spouse in the Canticles, III., 359. His look, to a sunbeam, VI., 310. His friends in the nuptial procession, to the Satellites attending a primary planet, VI., 327.

Husbands, by the lively Lady G., to the male blackbirds and sparrows; with a preference to the birds, VI., 171.

Lovers, to spaniels, III., 232. Bashful lovers, to two parallel lines, VI., 95. To dunghill cocks, VI., 95. Trembling Lovers, to people in an ague fit, VI., 96.

O'Hara, Mrs., her fall to a withering John-apple, III., 30.

Vice, to the Jerusalem artichoke, VI., 165.

Women out of character, to Bats, I., 53. And to excentric planets, VI., 366. But containing themselves within their proper bounds, to doves, ibid. Those boundaries, to the prohibited tree in Paradise, ibid.

Aug 9. 1902

But such is our Folly, that we accustom ourselves rather to live for other Mens sakes than our own; and our Dispositions are so prone to Upbraidings, and be tainted with Envy that the Grief we conceive at others Prosperity lessens the Joy we ought to take in our own. But to cure thee of this extravagant Emulation, look not upon the Outside of these applauded Men, which is so gay and brilliant, but draw the gawdy Curtain, and carry thy Eyes inward, and thou shalt find most gnawing Disquiets to be dissembled under these false Appearances. The renouned Pittacus, who got him so great a Name for his Fortitude, Wisdom and Justice, when he was entertaining his Friends at a noble Banquet, his Spouse in an angry Humor came and overturned the Table; his Guest being extreamly disordered at it, he told them, Every one of you hath his particular Plague, and my Wife is mine, and he is very happy who hath this only.

One of the easiest positions ever held by a man in the history of the race was that of tooth drawer to King Pyrrhus, who had only two teeth in his head.

The widow Cosima Wagner does not intend to produce opera at Bayreuth in 1903. Because Ernst von Possart proposes to hold a Wagner festival at Munich in the summer of 1903, she has brought suit against him. Cosima reminds us of the man who, after he had eaten a large piece, spat on the rest of the pie that he might be sure of it for his next meal.

"Mr. Lee Shubert has bought for the Casino, New York, the American

rights in a comic-opera by Audran, 'L'Enlèvement de la Toledad.'" Let not the stranger in New York be deceived. The operetta is no sparkling novelty; it was produced in Paris in 1891, and there is one good tune in it.

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The newspapers are flooded just now with reports of plays, actors, singers and performers on all manner of musical instruments to be imported for an American holiday. A Parisian says that the small output of celebrated playwrights during the past two or three years is due to the fact that they are tired of "this conversion of the Paris stage into an Anglo-American mart; and they declare that however successful their play before a Parisian audience, they are put aside if no bid is made by an Englishman or an American."

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Why does not some American manager of truly artistic enterprise bring over La Goulue and, incidentally, her husband? We gave an account some months ago of the marriage ceremony and scenes in which the once famous and athletic dancer took the leading part. The life of the couple since the law smiled upon them has been checkered but never dull. Only the other day there was animated conversation over money matters. The husband's final argument was a chair thrown deftly at the joy of his life and liver. She did not accept it as conclusive; she drew a syllogistic revolver and put three bullets into him. Mr. La Goulue does not mind one bullet; he has accustomed himself to it; three seemed to him an excess of spousal attention; nevertheless, he showed a fine, chivalric spirit and refused to prosecute. That night the business—as Herr Stengel-Sembrich says whenever Marcella is on the stage—was "enorm." For while La Goulue thumped frantically the drum and barked the attractions, Mr. La Goulue sat, with his bandages and a resigned expression, in the sight of the people.

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The lawyer for the defendant in a divorce suit says that both plaintiff and defendant are "fine people and it is unfortunate that anything of the sort should occur." A purist might reasonably object to this use of the word "people," and it might also be said that any divorce suit is unfortunate. In the present instance the defendant is reckoned by some as one of America's most prominent citizens; for, not content with the introduction of "squash tennis" at Newport, he boldly started the "hatless fad" at the same watering-place, where he was "almost never seen with any description of head covering," plug, Panama, Derby, Alpine, Tyrol, dinky, Scotch, automobile or any other brand of cap or hat. It does not seem possible that a woman would be willing to separate herself from such a dauntless pioneer, whose statue will ultimately be one of the most striking features in the Newport Walhalla.

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But does this lawyer really think that divorces are rare among "fine people"? For centuries divorce was a prerogative of the "best" and the "smartest." There is a passage in Strype's "Ecclesiastical Memorials" that refers to the reign of Edward VI., and it is singularly appropriate to the time in which we live:

"The nation now became scandalous also for the frequency of divorces, especially among the richer sort. Men would be divorced from their wives with whom they had lived many years, and by whom they had children, that they might satisfy their lusts with other women, whom they began to like better than their own present wives. That which gave occasion also to these divorces was the covetousness of the nobility and gentry, who used often to marry their children when they were young boys and girls, that they might join land to land, possession to possession: neither learning, nor virtuous education, nor suitableness of tempers and dispositions regarded."

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In France we find Saint-Evremont writing of fashionable life in Paris: "Marriages, which were formerly for life, are now only for a season, and voluntary divorce is easily found in the finest families. After the divorce, the husband lives quietly in the country and the wife enjoys herself at Paris."

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Not long ago in London, some woman who writes for newspapers, some "lady journalist," quoted the case of "a bachelor with sufficient income to prevent him from being selfish." "I asked him why he did not get married, and he replied that it is almost impossible for a young man in America to marry, if he is desirous of marrying into the set to which he belongs, unless he be a millionaire. Quite young girls have dress allowances which run into four figures of English money—that is to say, pounds. And they have no conception of the value of money. Consequently a young man who has about £3000 a year feels out of it." Then the "lady journalist" makes these dismal remarks: "Some day a new form of Socialism is bound to arise in America, and then there may be a very unpleasant awakening for the Trust multi-millionaire and their daintily-dressed wives and daughters. And perhaps this is why those who are farseeing are gradually buying up the stately homes of England."

A young man with an independent fortune of only $15,000 a year is indeed to be pitied for his enforced celibacy. Mr. Carnegie should forget his library buildings and provide these unfortunates with an irresistible dot.

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Professor Marshall states that the degradation of the working classes varies almost uniformly with the amount of rough work done by women.

My comparison between the manners of boys on the Worcester and of boys at public schools has brought me the following anecdote from an esteemed correspondent. A lady staying at Oxford for "commemoration" arrived late at a college concert, and failing to obtain a seat, besought the aid of the stewards, one of whom had been educated at Eton, one at Winchester, and one at Rugby. The Etonian made a thousand apologies, was immensely distressed by the contretemps, had never dreamed that the room would be so full, was sure that if only the lady would wait a minute a vacant place would be found, and so on and so forth. The Wykehamist said never a word, but went out and got a chair, and the Rugbeian sat down on the chair when the Wykehamist brought it.—Manchester Guardian.

Aug 10 1902

MR. THEODORE DUBOIS is a punctilliously respectable person who will be 65 years old the 24th of this month. He was a church organist, he taught harmony, and in 1896 after the death of Ambroise Thomas, he was made Director of the Paris Conservatory. He was a prix de Rome (1861) and he has written much music: music for the stage—among these works "Aben-Hamet," in which Calvé and Maurel appeared (1884); oratorios and cantatas, pieces for orchestra, chamber music, organ music, piano music, songs, music for the church. He is, indeed, a fertile composer, but little of his music has the vitality or the originality that promises even a life of moderate length. He writes; the thing is played or sung; it is praised by his colleagues; it is speedily forgotten.

This of course saddens him, and as though the suspicion of native mediocrity which cannot triumph through industry or make its way ex-officio were not enough, there are ungrateful and inconsiderate musicians and singers in Paris who do not hesitate to put sharp thorns in the seat of the Director of the Conservatory. Each competition excites protests against the very existence of the institution as it is managed by him. The prize singers that appear in opera are often lost sight of although opportunity is given them for display. We are told that one of the first prize winners in comedy a few years ago was last summer the clown of a circus, and a woman that won a first prize in tragedy was a figurante at a recent music hall spectacle.

Furthermore, graduates of long standing are sourly disposed. Our old friend Victor Maurel, who took a first prize in 1867, goes about Paris breathing out threatenings and slaughter, because his voice failed when he was comparatively young; he says that it took him 10 years to forget what he had learned at the Conservatory. Not long ago he had a violent discussion with Mr. Dubois in the foyer of the Opéra-Comique and he made most unpleasant remarks, which deeply pained the respectable Director. Mr. Saléza, the tenor, is another graduate that never loses an opportunity of sneering at the vocal department of the Conservatory.

But perhaps the sorest tribulation of Mr. Théodore Dubois is the knowledge of the increased influence of the Scola, "the music school that responds to modern needs" the school conducted by Vincent d'Indy which tries to make musicians and not merely virtuosos. At this school one can hear in addition to the music of ultra-radicals, cantatas by Bach, all the string quartets of Beethoven, entire acts of operas by Rameau and Lully and Gluck, unfamiliar organ and clavecin pieces of the 17th and 18th centuries; much music and only good music, as Jean Marnold bears witness. Mr. Dubois watches the growth and the influence of this school with ill-concealed anxiety, and he was lately guilty of petty meanness in his treatment of it; for he forbade an organist, who was a pupil of Guilmant, a teacher at both schools, to take part in a concert at La Scola under penalty of dismissal from the Conservatory. Now this pupil had already taken the first prize for the organ at the Conservatory but was studying composition at the same institution. Mr. Marnold reminds Mr. Dubois that the Conservatory is not an affair of his own pocket; it is the National Conservatory of France, supported by the State, and such petty personal prejudice is intolerable. But Mr. Dubois was never noted for tolerance. When he was simply a teacher of harmony, one of his pupils on the way to the Conservatory bought the score of "Parsifal" for voice and piano. It had just been published. The pupil put it on a table and there was a natural curiosity to look it over. When Mr. Dubois saw the stir and learned the cause, he turned as red as a beet and thundered at the guilty one: "I forbid you, understand? forbid you to bring such things into the room." Mr. Marnold recalls the incident and adds: "He formerly forbade his pupils to bring 'Parsifal' to the Conservatory because he did not like 'Parsifal.' He forbids them today to play Bach or Beethoven, to sing Gluck or Rameau at La Scola because La Scola displeases him." And then Mr. Marnold makes biting remarks about the elementary equipment of Mr. Dubois as a pedagogue and cites as a proof his "Treatise on Counterpoint and Fugue." Mr. Marnold closes his article in the Mercure de France as follows: "The nomination of Mr. Théodore Dubois to the high office he holds seemed at first only funny; the caprice of 'son bon plaisir' appears gradually as dangerous to the future of our musical art. Let him teach his pupils that which he insists they should know, that is to say, what he himself knows; but is there not on his part a certain excess of anxiety if not of impudence when he wishes them to learn only that, when he wishes to deprive them of any other light? Should not his dream be to shape at the Conservatory only little Duboises? It is never necessary to abuse the best things."

Yet in spite of pedagogic opposition d'Indy, Debussy and the other radicals will surely make their way, just as time has avenged the great master César Franck, just as Richard Strauss is coming into his kingdom.

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A Hamburg journal, "Der Lotse," published a fierce attack last season on our old friend Mr. Arthur Nikisch, the eminent Hungarian conductor. It was unsigned, but the Musikalisches Wochenblatt (Leipsic) of July 24 alleges that the composer, Paul Geisler, is named as the author.——Emil Paré, who was a concertmaster for Theodore Thomas at Chicago, after he had pursued his calling at Cologne and Mainz, will serve as first concertmaster at Essen after Oct. 1.——Von Heinisch of Hamburg has been chosen first harper of the Vienna Opera orchestra.——Curt Herold, who was for eight and a half years teacher of theory and advanced piano playing at Sondershausen, has joined the Faculty of the Carlsruhe Conservatory.——At the Paris Conservatory competitions no man took a first or second prize for opéra-comique, but Miss Van Gelder, Miss Ruper and Miss Cortez took first prizes. Miss Billa, who was awarded a second prize last year, was unnoticed last July, although she sang well and the audience took loudly her part.——The scoundrel of a blood-curdling melodrama, "The Spiritualist," produced at the Surrey, is named Slivinski.——Van Dyck, the tenor, will not visit us this next season. He will sing at the Opéra, Paris, in October and November, in St. Petersburg during January and February, and afterward in Brussels and Germany, and then at Covent Garden.——Melba received a bouquet when she was singing Violetta at Covent Garden from some of the Australian troops who were present, and various regimental badges were attached to it.

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At a concert of the Royal Academy Dramatic Students, London, July 22, these pieces were produced: "A Gentleman of the Road," operetta in one act, written by Eleanor Farjeon, music by Harry Farjeon; "The Moon Slave," a terpsichorean fantasy in one scene, by Paul Corder, founded on a tale by Barry Pain. Maeterlinck's "Death of Tintagiles," with "musical accompaniments and interludes" by A. von Ahn Carse, was also performed. The Era published this philistine notice: "This is not a very brilliant example of the much overrated 'Belgian Shakespeare,' as he is called by his admirers, who have endeavored to force his works upon the English stage. * * * It is an extremely painful subject, only redeemed by the excellence of the music, which M. Carse himself conducted. He has occasionally taken a hint from Wagner, but generally his ideas are his own, and they are always creditable to the composer."——Robert Newman, the manager of the Queen's Hall concerts (London), has gone into bankruptcy, with liabilities of about £18,000.——The Sun (New York), says: 'Alma Webster Powell, who has been engaged for the past year in the more or less grateful task of introducing the compositions of Eugenio di Pirani to a somewhat indifferent world, is to return next season to this country. Signor di Pirani will also come, and their concerts will be devoted exclusively to his music." This Pirani, pianist, composer, critic, was born at Bologna Sept. 8, 1852. He studied in Bologna and Berlin, and in the latter town he taught from 1870 to 1880. He went on concert tours, lived at Heidelberg a while, and then made Berlin his home. His compositions include an opera, orchestral ballad, chamber music, songs, sacred music.——Emil Paur will stay in Europe next season, and he may be one of the conductors under Richard Strauss at the Berlin opera.——The Prince Regent of Bavaria has given to the Nuremberg Museum the autograph score of "Die Meistersinger."——Ludwig Karpath has written a life of Siegfried Wagner—Wagner the Little—and the publisher, Hermann Seemann Nachfolger, asks for it only a little mark.——A melody from a Greek opera by Lambelet was sung at the concert given by Victoria and Helene Dorini in London, July 17.——Thea Dorre, or Doré, a Louisville singer who has been in Europe for some years, has engaged a company to produce in Germany operas that are unfamiliar in that country.——Joachim will play in November for the benefit of the American Church at Berlin. Let us hope that he will fiddle in tune.——The German Musical Union hopes to exclude musical bands which appear in Berlin in the military uniforms of other nations. This is aimed against Max Gabriel, at one time leader at Koster and Bial's in New York. His band is playing in the Exhibition Park in American uniforms, and the announcements of the band appear on the billboards on posters of American flags.——the Mascagni Opera Company chorus has begun rehearsals at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Negocias is looking after the preliminary training. Mascagni will arrive early in October.——Mark Hambourg, the pianist, will play for the first time next season with the Philadelphia Orchestra at Carnegie Hall, New York.——Federer, a Parisian journalist, will translate for Sarah Bernhardt Comyns Carr's "King Arthur," which she will produce in Paris with Sullivan's music. She will play the King.——Paderewski will be in England during October, November and the greater part of December.——Myron W. Whitney, Jr., will make his operatic début at Nantes in the fall.——The first violin prize of the Paris Conservatory this year was awarded to Miss Stubenrach, who came to the United States with the Banda Rossa.

* * *

The London critic, "Lancelot," writes as follows concerning gesture:

"Some of my readers may think that gesture has little to do with music. I doubt even if the majority of musicians ever give the subject a second thought, but, as a matter of fact, it is one of the most important elements in musical art, for it is the basis of rhythm. Gesture as an indicative movement has dictated various dance forms, and the regard paid to it by Wagner is obvious to anyone familiar with the scores of his music dramas. The musical figure which accompanies Isolde's waving of her scarf as she signals to Tristan is a striking instance of the inspiration Wagner found in gesture. Well-bred English people rarely have any gesture. As children they are told it is vulgar to point at anything, and as they grow up their movements are more and more suppressed by precept and example, until the consonance between brain and finger-tip seems destroyed, and reflective spontaneity of movement is lost. This 'repose' is really a mannerism as opposite to nature as the stolidity of the North American Indians, and its dulling effects are seen when ordinary well-brought-up English persons appear in a dramatic performance, or sing at a concert, for at such times they seem to become suddenly and uncomfortably aware that they have arms and hands, and the question what to do with them is manifestly embarrassing. In our social intercourse we have deteriorated rather than advanced in significance of movement. The graciousness of demeanor of our grandfathers has apparently been dispelled by the rush and hurry of modern times. The recently fashionable aerial handshake is an elegant abomination, the acme of exaggerated artificiality. While it is true that intellectual control checks gesture to a large extent, the person who apes impassiveness should remember that it is also indicative of a dull and often vacuous brain.

"The importance of this subject to vocalists is of far greater moment than is commonly supposed. This will be manifest to anyone who has heard, and in this instance I may add seen, Mr. Santley sing 'Here's a Health Unto His Majesty.' His gestures are very slight, but they are wonderfully suggestive, and give remarkable dramatic point to the words. The mistake of singing from music is being perceived, but the absence of a well-thumbed sheet of music paper brings into greater prominence the helplessness of many vocalists with regard to the use of his or her hands. The basis of appropriate gesture is the mental picture, but even with vocalists possessing a lively imagination and dramatic intuition it is difficult to establish the natural and perfect concordance of gesture with the passing thoughts when all such movements have been suppressed from childhood."

Aug 11 1902

## THE RELIGION OF THE SUNFLOWER.

Clad in sumptuous stuffs, as those
cut in the dream of a starving poet,
an adamantine cluster in each ear,
joints stiff with rings, high priest of

e idea under the tiara, or prince or atter under the diadem, I paraded pont the flower my bravery of a hu-an wasp.

The Sunflower never looked at me.

For a long time I strove to perfect strength as well as my beauty, con-ating the race track, the bath, ights; struggling with hoof, mane, the master achievement; and once ceedingly strong and beautiful, I ent, followed by a swarm of virgins vooning by my side, to show to the corruptible and inexorable idol the chard of my body.

The Sunflower never looked at me.

Judging it necessary to join the ar-ument of soul to that of body, I wash-l in my billows of repentance the ven captive in me, and then I was en parading, with the cooing of the ve on my lips, before the speculative ing.

The Sunflower never looked at me.

Shot through with the odd supposi-on that this eye was only an extraor-nary ear of curiosity, I surround d yself with harps, and viols, and umpets, and I advanced to salute the flexible with a divine song.

The Sunflower never looked at me.

I drank so deep of all the springs of cience that pygmalions copied my me and aediles voted massive pedes-ls of granite for statues of me gged by forums.

The Sunflower never looked at me.

I put my hope in patriotism: I rushed on the foreign host, overthrew its ws, broke its symbols, burned its oraries, and at last sat on the throne the conquered King, whose custom-ily ambrosial tongue licked my toes apotheosis.

The Sunflower never looked at me.

Now if this flower were only some range unwholesomeness? I plotted, e day of exasperated weariness, and ddenly, to murder an old woman who as about to pull carrots.

The Sunflower never looked at me.

Discouraged, in a rage I imagined mbinations, utterly useless in ad-ance—when three Beggars passed ong the road.

I stepped forward, like an evangelist. The first, with earthen limbs and ir of the dunghill, said:

"I am Toil."

I kissed his scars, from which burst th a cry an April rainbow.

"I am Grief," said the second, draped dead leaves.

I enchanted him with hope, until his eenish mouth gaped liked a pome-ranate and showed grains of laughter.

"I am Old Age," said the third, the lor of frost and weakness.

I threw my cloak over his shoulders, it for him a sceptre of holly-oak, ve him choice fruits from my wallet d red blood from my gourd, so that stepped off with gay legs and flush-cheeks.

Then, taking me no doubt for the n, the Sunflower turned its admira-on toward me, and in its eye I saw yself, all radiant and glorified.

SAINT-POL-ROUX.

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What a pity it is that Mr. Swinburne Algernon Charles—screams so in ose when he discusses the merits and ults of Charles Dickens. If Mr. winburne had only died after "Chaste-rd," "Atalanta in Calydon," and e two volumes of "Poems and Bal-ds"! Yet it is the fashion to scream. andor, whose style has been likened nto dull gold and sleeping marble, ould doubtless seek in vain today for publisher. The screamer and the older have their few hours, and men first rush to hear their say; but the mortals are calm and serene, even irony and righteous indignation.

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In the most sumptuously furnished om there is some object, however re or costly, that suggests a coffin.

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"In the town of Haschmann, Ger-any, prizes are offered yearly for the en who will marry the ugliest or ost crippled women." The ugliest oman often has a figure of surprising eauty; and Montaigne, a man of the eenest observation and liberal expe-ence, long ago sounded the praise of ipples.

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A New York architect was talking the ther day at the Porphyry. Talking? hat is to say, he was telling the orphyrians things, some of which were, erhaps, true. And he gave it as his pinion that sky-scrapers, buildings of om 12 to 20 or more stories, are likely defeat the purpose of erection, be-ause they are now put so near each ther that the lower stories are dark, od therefore have comparatively small ental value.

Someone then quoted an English jour-l as saying that sky-scrapers were possible in London on account of the g and smoke, and that they would ve no architectural significance in ch an atmosphere.

This reminded us of a paragraph in istave Kahn's "L'Esthétique de la e," a fascinating book in which the inent poet, critic and novelist re-establishes the streets of Pompeii and of the Arabian Nights, the old Venetian streets that move, the ancient streets, bridges, market places, and processions of the Middle Ages, as well as the streets of Utopia, the street made poly-chromatic by facades, signs, lights, the picturesque modern street. Toward the end of the book Kahn says: "This art which is not beautiful, or rather this construction which is solely material, has given us railway stations abomi-nable desolate and buildings for admin-istrative purposes which seem con-trived solely for echoes. Architects must surely produce another style. Will it tend toward the enormous, after the fashion of American buildings? In certain towns, not all. These immense structures, these inhabited towers al-lowed in the centre of a New York, a Chicago, a London, are opposed in Paris to our city manners and customs. In America these towers answer, no doubt, to a necessity, but also to the boasting of towns that have sprung up suddenly from the ground, to the wish to emboss it with sky-scraping build-ings. Now all this is unknown in the Old World. Yet Paris would probably have known these lofty buildings sooner if two new factors had not come into play. At first the ideas of disarmament which will no doubt soon relieve Paris of its girdle of ditches and ramparts (or at least there will be new theories of fortification which will make the present defences useless); then the im-provements in trains, underground rail-ways, automobiles, bicycles which will induce the inhabitants to desert the centre and visit it only for business and to go still further out. As the town expands, there will be no need of raising it skyward. On the contrary, Paris will be somewhat similar to the cities that have a centre of high build-ings, encompassed by cottage districts, as London, or to take a smaller ex-ample, Brussels, or any large country town."

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Aug 12, 1902

But let every one exhort himself that though he does not encrease his Meal be-yond a Lentle, and though he pass by Cresses and Olives, yet falling upon Pud-ding and Fish, that by his over eating, he does not bring his Body into Tumults and Disturbances.

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Neighbors of Mr. Emil Guden of New-ark complained of the 80 ducks which he kept in his yard. Mr. Guden told the Board of Health that he and his family were eating them up as fast as he could, but they could not dis-pose of more than five or six a week. He was allowed three months to finish them all.

Now no one would like to eat a duck a day. Partridge proverbially palls; and even the simple swordfish is a burden after two days of attention to it. But it is not alone the eating. What man of you would like to carve a duck each day?

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What should we do without Mr. W. L. Alden, the London correspondent of the New York Times Saturday Review of Books and Art? He is a constant delight, a very wellspring of pleasure. Thus, in his last letter, he mentioned his personal loss at the fall of the Campanile. "It is a great grief to me, who have known and loved it for more years than I care to mention." (The grief of Professor Arlo Bates was more sub-dued, but he had been on speaking terms with the Campanile for only a few days.) And then Mr. Alden dashed the tears from his eyes, and in a characteristically humorous burst sent Borrow's "Lavengro" to limbo, al-though he admitted that there are per-sons who admire the book, "and fail to see that it is a tedious collection of rubbish, with here and there something of real genius in it." Even the fall of the Campanile does not prevent Mr. Alden from showing himself a mad wag —especially when he discusses litera-ture.

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Nor did Mr. Alfred Austin sulk in his tent because he was not knighted for his poetical prowess. He came up smiling with his poem, "The Crowning of Kingship," and showed his custom-ary industry, screaming loyalty, and smug readiness to do his little job.

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A little child in New York was scalded to death by hot apple-sauce. There are also other reasons why cold apple-sauce is preferred by the judicious.

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At Adele, Georgia, Mrs. Ella Hall, daughter of a murdered Marshal, wrote to Sheriff Swindell—the name should be Swingwell—and asked the privilege of springing the trap at the execution of the murderer. The Sheriff had been looking forward, like a boy, to the pleasure, but like a true Southern gen-tleman he "will waive his own inclina-tions and comply with her request." A pleasant glimpse of country life in the sunny South! We hear the Marshal murmuring in his grave: "Bless you, my child, my true daughter."

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We remember a German story of the daughter of an executioner, who suc-ceeded to her father, rather than let the business go out of the family; and there was a young man who was in love with her, and also in ignorance of her professional duties. Queen Mary of England made Lady Berkeley a justice of the peace and appointed Lady Rous of the quorum for Suffolk, "who did usually sit on the Bench at sizes and sessions among the other justices, 'cincta gladio,' girt with the sword"; but we do not recollect just now the case of any English speaking woman who divided in public the hon-ors with the condemned. No doubt there are such instances, but our "En-cyclopaedia of Famous Women" is not at hand.

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The ancient Romans used to pickle in brine or vinegar cabbage leaves, ruc, capers, smallage, fennel, parsnips, asparagus, the flowers of digitalis, pennyroyal and a few other plants.

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President Eliot of Cambridge thinks with Mr. G. R. Sims of London that every city garden and square should be thoroughly lighted, "for this is the best police." Mr. Sims recalls the old saying "A good lamp is a good police-man," and insists that "crimes of law-less violence in the streets of Lon-don have invariably diminished when better lighting arrangements have been made in the districts in which they were prevalent. "When the Mohocks ran wildly in London streets and their mildest amusement was slitting the noses of estimable citizens, the lamps were lighted in the winter from six until midnight, when they were put out, and on moonlight nights they were not lighted at all. Mr. Sims believes that lighting of London today is all in favor of the criminal, and he relates this personal experience: "There are streets in the neighborhood of one of our great railway termini which are lighted as badly as a country lane. Through these streets in the hours of darkness cabs laden with valuable luggage pass constantly. It was com-ing through one of these streets after midnight that a gentleman got up on the back of my cab and helped himself to my dressing bag. The cabman told me afterwards he thought he heard a noise and looked round, but it was so dark he didn't notice that a piece of luggage was gone from the roof of his cab." It appears that some of these dark streets, "so dimly illumi-nated that when there is no moon you can scarcely see your hand held up in front of your face," are not safe for a policeman alone. The streets and squares of Boston are insufi-ciently lighted. Even the trolley cars at night are not so furnished that one can read ordinary print with comfort. In the early days of Rome, "in Athens, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, every-where, the ancients went to bed, like good boys, from seven to nine o'clock." If cut-purses, sandbaggers, lead-pipe men, and other disagreeably industrious persons would only look after their health and go to bed early, we might, as lovers of the picturesque, go back to the few lanterns hauled into place, suspended, or carried by the belated. The lamp or the candle is the light of privacy, the student, the evening meal, courtship, the home. Gas is dis-tinctly a business light, and electricity gives the staidest matron a dissipated air. And yet children, poor things, are now taught at shows to believe that fairy-land is chiefly a matter of electrical illumination, which is in-deed a light that never was on land or sea.

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The German Animal Protective As-sociation proposes to introduce a law that will put a tax on cats. "Cats will be treated better by their owners when they have to pay for them." There has been a singular shrinkage in the value of cats throughout the world. It is not necessary to begin with Egypt. In an old code of Welsh laws a cat was estimated at the same price as a young calf or a pig just weaned. Had the fact that the cat is not mentioned in the Bible any-thing to do with the animal falling into disrepute? The omission is singu-lar, especially in the books which have more or less to do with the adventures of the Hebrews in Egypt. Yet the cat was known among the Hebrews, for the Talmud mentions a mode of seeing the devil by burning a black one. This incantation, however, must have been practised in comparatively later days, for the existence of the devil was probably not known to the early Hebrews.

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They that have lived in Brittany any length of time will read with pain, if not with indignation, about the com-pulsory closing of religious schools and troops "escorting" the evicted Sisters. The Breton is a simple soul, still loyal to old ideals. He believes in kingly rule and in all sorts of inhabi-tants of the air, earth and water. Brittany is one of the few remaining patches of land where materialism of the grossest kind has not corrupted body and soul.

Aug 13. 1902

Mr. L. B. Galbraith, "a college student," who is summering at At-lantic City, N. J., "deliberately kicked Count Eugene Metrosem of St. Peters-burg on the board walk." Those inter-ested in the anatomy of the human frame may be acquainted with the precise location of "the board walk," but to us, absorbed in the study of sociology, the character of the injury is vague, unless "board walk" be here a euphemism.

"The assault was committed without provocation"; yet the reporter adds, "Count Metrosem wor a very large Panama hat with a velvet band and pronounced summer clothing." The statements are contradictory.

We do not forget some are so con-stituted that, as patriotic Americans, they wish to humiliate in some public manner any foreigner of title. The bargeman in Thackeray's "Codlingsby" was intensely human when he ex-claimed: "I likes wapping a lord!" "Mr. Galbraith was fortunate in find-ing a Russian Count; the majority of Russians we have met were Princes, at least so their visiting-cards stated. And how did Mr. Galbraith discover the rank of the kick e?

When Redburn in Herman Melville's story saw Lord Lovely in Liverpool, the noble Lord threw himself into an interesting posture, "with the sole of one boot vertically exposed, so as to show the stamp on it—a coronet." Per-haps Metrosem wore his coronet on his shirt tag, just above his sash.

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Englishmen complain because Ameri-can millionaires did not buy pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy show. But American millionaires, ever when they come, like young Lochinvar, out of the West, are not to be gulled for-ever. At first they buy any old or new thing—castle, island, picture, gem, horse, dog—anything that is offered. They are dead easy. Little by little they learn to be shrewd in art bar-gains; they no longer depend on the judgment of certain American painters in Europe, who act as middle-men, and thus gain respectful consideration from foreign painters, and juries at exhibi-tions. Some years ago there was an American painter in Paris, who per-suaded rich men beyond the Mississippi to buy pictures by Parisian artists. These grateful artists not only assist-ed the broker in the painting of his own canvases—they looked after his interests at the Salon; they saw to it that he was duly honored.

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Here is Mr. Abbey, an able draughts-man and illustrator, who now takes himself seriously as a painter. There are many who consider him a mural decorator of the first rank, whereas his pictures in the Boston Public Library show conclusively that he has not the remotest idea of what true mural deco-ration is, however excellent he may be in other branches of art. We are told that he has been much disappoint-ed in the preparations for his Corona-tion picture and that he does not ex-pect to finish it for fully 18 months af-ter he begins to block it out. This will seem incredible to some of our most prominent patrons of art who think lit-tle of the painter that cannot hustle a picture through in at least two months.

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The Chicago Housewife's Associa-tion, which is organized as a guard against the possibilities of a maid-servant strike, has decided in set and solemn meeting upon a blacklist for obstinate girls; summary dismissal from the society of unkind mistresses; diplomas and prizes for faithful maids. The medal-prize "may be a tiny silver frying-pan, flatiron, broom, or other domestic symbol." What self-respect-ing girl would wear such a medal, even if it were set in precious stones? Who would wish to wear at balls or picnics, in street or at church, the badge of her profession? When she is at leisure, why should she be reminded of the shop? Or why should she thus run the risk of identification when she might otherwise be taken for a rich Chicago matron or a young lady who has attended an Eastern female college? We learn that instead of medals, $10 gold pieces may be bestowed "at dis-creet intervals." Such rewards for good behavior are more to the pur-pose, but "discreet" is here a vague adjective; discretion may be stinginess, the better part of housekeeping.

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Swampscott, Mass.

The Editor of Talk of the Day:

A Swampscott man tells me that years ago I wrote something about a street here, an old Indian path, trod by John Winthrop when he first came here and looked for a place to settle in, and that you printed the piece, which suggested that the ancient way might be called the Puritan Road. My friend kept the item, others noticed it, and opinion round here now favors the idea of marking the Swampscott celebration by changing the name of Orient Street to Puritan Road. With a little hasty pride they have put up signs marked "Puritan Road, A. D. 1629," which is well enough, as the Endicott Puritans were here in 1629, and with them some Plymouth Pilgrims, Francis Ingalls among them, whose descendants are now with us. You may like the story, which illustrates

the power of the press, when the power is held by men of light and sense. If they call it the Puritan Road, the responsibility will rest, in good part, with you, if I may trust the information given me. The road is surely the oldest country highway not only in New England, but in the United States, unless Porto Rico or the Philippines have an older road to show, which is not likely. There were earlier ways in Virginia, but these are wiped out and long forgotten. Your Puritan Road became a matter of record as of 1628. It was then what Indians from far and near had made it—a great peace road from Cape Ann to the head of Boston Bay, whence the old Bay Path led to the Connecticut River and the land of the Mohawks. Indians came here to fish and trade; the white man kept the road, which served as the principal highway between Boston and Salem to the Revolution. The royal mail passed over this historic path, as we know from the same High Finlay whom the crown sent here to displace our own Ben Franklin. We thank you for the interest you have taken in our Puritan Road, and we are not certain that you can readily point out a more historic country way in all this fair land, fair by nature, fairer by the history of all true Americans.

YANKEE.

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Boston, Aug. 10, 1902.

The Editor of Talk of the Day:

In the old town of Kittery in Maine, which I visit frequently, I often hear these words used by the older inhabitants of the town: "Balding," meaning a kind of apple, and "blowth," referring to the great mass of blossoms on the apple and pear trees. I have also heard the word "suently" used in place of the word "smoothly"—for example, "Pile the wood suently." I am unable to find this word in any dictionary. Can you give me any information in regard to it?

DOC FERNALD.

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Is not "Balding" a familiar form of "Baldwin?" "Blowth" is a good old English word, which means "blowing," "blossoming," "blossom," "bloom." A more common form was "blooth." Sir Walter Raleigh wrote: "The seeds and effects were as yet but potential, and in the blowth and bud." Nor is the word obsolete in English literature of recent years. The poets use it occasionally. "Suent" is still heard in Westmoreland dialect; it means "smooth," "even," "regular," "quiet," "easy," as well as "insinuating," "placid."

Aug 14 1902

Today let us hear from correspondents.

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Boston, Aug. 9, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I protest. Here they have expended millions to establish parks for the proper exercise of horses, and now comes the learned gentleman from Bar Harbor to spoil it all. He wants the people to visit parks. Very likely he means the plain people. It is earnestly hoped that all park commissions will continue the established policy of reserving parks for the health and recreation of horses. The park commissions, heaven bless them, are surely right, and the gentleman from Bar Harbor is wrong. Nature has implanted in man the instinct of building commodious parks and parkways for the health and amusement of horses; nature has withheld from human beings the desire to visit our parks, as the Bar Harbor man correctly perceives. Horses prefer parks to Portland Street and Atlantic Avenue. Nature, moreover, has given man the capacity to assist horses in their proper exercise. Every horse expects that the natural order of things, duly appreciated by park boards, be sustained. Horseless vehicles are justly excluded from all well regulated parks, although a few bicycles are admitted, but only because the riders act like horses and keep in the way expressly built for horses. I suspect that the orator from Bar Harbor has no span, or does not appreciate what is due to horses. Our confidence in park managers is not shaken, and we trust that they will continue to maintain proper roads and paths and exits for the gratification of honest horsefish.

TROTTER

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Boston, Aug. 12, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Mr. Elihu L. Robinson, who wished to know "why a coffee-pot has a wide and bulging nozzle, like a yawning horn pout, while a tea-pot has one that is round and slender," need not have signed his name. The very question suggests a man, and a bachelor at that.

Even his boarding house mistress could have solved his awful "mystery." Tea is thin and flows readily. Coffee, especially if made with eggs, is thick and sticky. Even with that "wide and bulging nozzle," the modern housekeeper has to keep a sharp watch on the average cook to have her coffee-pot spout lean and wholesome.

After nearly 40 years of married life, I am trying to invent a spout that has no tea leaves at the bottom to be dug out every few days with a wooden skewer.

Perhaps Elihu can help me by hunting up a good cook for our kitchens. Let him spend "as many hours of anxious and fruitless thought" on that subject, as he has on a coffee-pot spout, and I will extend my heartfelt sympathy.

SARAH SMITH.

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Boston, Aug. 11, 1902.

To the Editor of Talk of the Day:

Your correspondent, Miss L. Bayless, evidently has in mind "The Song of Milgrow tr. transl'ted from the Original Fejee," by Mark Anthony Headleson, Cincinnati, 1856. The author was Rev. George A. Strong, professor in Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio. Soon after the appearance of a second edition, with altered title, Longfellow's expressed disapproval of such levity caused the suppression of the publication.

Other "versions" of "Hiawatha" appeared about the same time, the most notable being "Hi-a-wa-tho; or, Ardent Spirits and Laughing Water" by Charles M. Walcot, New York, 1855; "Po-ca-hont-tas, or, the Gentle Savage," by John Brougham, New York, 1856; "Anglo Ab-original Sleighing Song, in Five Canters. Written after Longfellow. Air—Highwaythere," New Haven, 1856. Even the serious Mary Cowden Clarke contributed her little joke, "The Song of Drop o' Water, by H. W. Shortfellow.' London, 1856, and, borrowing the phrase of our day, there are others.

P. K. FOLEY.

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Boston, Aug. 9, 1902.

The Editor of the Cyclopedia of Classwords:

Does "National Participles" come under the head of diaconal oaths? See Mrs. Lirripa's Lodgings by one Charles Dickens.

F. A. H.

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Cambridge, Aug. 10, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

The New English Dictionary, which is the joy of all up-to-date students in English, has broken continuity of publication by issuing a part in O, while the body of the work has not gone beyond the word Lief. Of course, it is better not to print than to give imperfect work, but the part in O, just issued, shows no hurry, and is one of the best in this monumental work. Only the American part of our language is neglected, as if our scholars did not care to report what our people have evolved. American scholars are sometimes partial to foreign tonics, as college catalogues show. So, in reporting that ancient Americanism oat, meaning to give oats to a horse, Doctor Murray begins with 1751. Earlier illustrations occur in the Sewall diary, and Chief Justice Lynde, 1720-50, was famous for using nouns as verbs. He mated frequently, he coached home, he calashed, at the end of the week he sabbathed, and beside oating his horse he hayed him. Why cannot a few of our scholars leave Chaucer and Scottish ballads alone and trace American words from the start? The records are complete, they are accessible and they tell an interesting tale, while an American is always at a disadvantage in dealing with foreign topics, or with topics the records of which are not here. The hope that names might be inserted in our dictionaries, seeing that we talk of Tom and Cochituate as we talk of water and cousins, must be abandoned. Precedent does not favor the improvement, and American onomatology is one of those sciences that are yet to be born. It will come when plain people shall insist upon asking, Why do you call it Cochituate, and what is the meaning of Cochituate? Does it mean a tumbling stream? And does Massachusetts mean the people about the great Blue Hills? And did they call it Water Street, where the new Journal Building goes up, because, when named, the lower end of the street was flanked by docks and the water from Spring Lane was ever running down that same Water Street? An American dictionary of the English language might tell us the meaning of Columbia and its many applications, and should include in one alphabet whatever forms part of daily speech.

AMERICAN.

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For the past 30 years the Comédie-Francaise has looked after the washing of the wearing apparel belonging to members of the company. The members have been shameless of late; they included in their list sheets, tablecloths, bedroom curtains, etc.; and the result of the abuse is an enactment that henceforth the Comédie will not take in washing. Why do not the members follow the example of certain eminent musicians and do their own washing? Clementi, the pianist, and Tamagno, the tenor, washed at least their own stockings, and as men, their economy was the more surprising and, perhaps, the more praiseworthy. More than one play-actress or singer strengthened her body and purse by the use of a practical washtub before she was famous on the stage, and several of the fat ladies of the Comédie would now find the exercise beneficial.

Aug 15 1902

THE CENTENARY OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

(From the Nineteenth Century and After.)

Sound of the trumpets blowing down the merriest winds of morn,
Flash of hurtless lightnings, laugh of thunders loud and glad,
Here should hail the summer day whereon a light was born
Whence the sun grew brighter, seeing the world less dark and sad.
Man of men by right divine of boyhood everlasting,
France incarnate, France immortal in her deathless boy,
Brighter birthday never shone than thine on earth forecasting
More of strenuous mirth in manhood, more in manful joy.
Child of warriors, friend of warriors, Garibaldi's friend,
Even thy name is as the splendor of a sunbright sword;
While the boy's heart beats in man thy fame shall find not end;
Time and dark oblivion bow before thee as their lord.
Youth acclaims the gladdest of the gods that gild his days;
Age gives thanks for thee, and death lacks heart to quench thy praise.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

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The Era (London) announces solemnly that Miss May Yohe "claims to trace descent maternally from the brave Nagarasette tribe of Indians." The report that she belongs by descent to an inferior tribe, viz.: the Narroprats, is evidently malicious, inspired no doubt by the press agent of a rival. What wonder that many scalps hang from Miss Yohe's girdle!

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Swampscott, Aug. 11, 1902.

The Editor of Talk of the Day:

The history of words, as given in the New English Dictionary, is precious. Let us not forget that only a beginning is made, and that America is neglected, thanks to our own scholars who write books about Spain and other remote topics. The article Omnibus in the latest part of the New English Dictionary illustrates all this. It intimates that the word originated at Paris about 1828. Maxime Du Camp, the historian of Paris, says the omnibus originated at Nantes in 1826, which is probable, as large cities originate very little in such matters. Bordeaux adopted the omnibus in 1827, London in 1829, Boston in 1833. But the omnibus bill, being a name for bills intended to please all sorts of interests, is an Americanism of 1850, when President Taylor so dubbed a measure proposed by Henry Clay. Our great scholars insist that in the matter of English, good, bad, and indifferent, we have originated little or nothing. Let them gather what there is, and we shall see. And we shall never be true to foreign studies until we are first true to our own. How can we be just to foreign nations when we are unjust to our own? The poetry and romance of our language and history are a gold mine yet to be worked.

X. X. X.

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George Bastard in his "Paris qui boule" (Paris 1889) says that the omnibus appeared in Paris for the first time on Jan. 20, 1828, after it had become popular at Nantes in 1826. Henry Charles Moore in his "Omnibuses and Cabs" asserts that it was the invention of Jacques Laffitte, the Paris banker, although Pascal long before had advocated "Coches à cinq sous" and "a fashionable syndicate made a fashionable fad" of these coaches.

These Parisian omnibuses were at first exceedingly clumsy; there were 14 seats, and each cost the equivalent of five cents. The coachman, by a pedal, blew several trumpets to sound the terrible approach. Changes were made from time to time; two horses were used, instead of three; the fare was raised a cent; three seats were added, one of them a folding seat; the box was made longer, but smaller. The omnibus were of different forms and names; tricycles, favorites, béarnaises, dames-blanches, dames-réunies, constantines, hatignollaises, gazelles, hirondelles, écossaises, excellentes, parisiennes, citadines, etc. The "correspondance" ticket came into use in 1836; the "impériale," with a fare of three cents, in 1853, and it was known in slang as "the monkey cage." The favorite horses have always been percherons, originally a cross between Arabian and those of Poitou.

Laffitte's omnibuses were built by George Shilliheer, a midshipman R. N., who turned carriage builder, and he introduced the omnibus in London. The purists objected to the word itself. They asked him what the plural would be; he answered, "omnibuses, of course." They were known as "omnis," but the general term was "shillibeers."

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The early conductors resented a crude detective register; they smashed the tell-tales with sledge hammers, and half murdered the proud inventor, who attempted to show in person the efficiency of his machine. The shillibeers at first had three horses. (The automotor in the form of a steam carriage was seen in London as early as 1833, and the first steam omnibus was called the "Autopsy.")

The word "omnibus" is used variously in Parisian slang. It designates the liquor spilled on the bar. Thrifty landlords save this and sell it at a low price to the least fastidious of their customers. Delvau tells us this in his Slang-dictionary; but according to De Quincey, there was the same profitable waste in England over 50 years ago. "Somebody had told me of a dealer in gin, who, having had his attention roused to the enormous waste of liquor caused by the unsteady hands of drunkards, invented a counter, which, through a simple set of contrivances, gathered into a common reservoir all the spillings that previously had run to waste. St. Monday, as it was then called in English manufacturing towns, formed the jubilee day in each week for the drunkards; and it was now ascertained (i. e., subsequently to the epoch of the artificial counter) that oftentimes the mere 'spilth' of St. Monday supplied the entire demand of Tuesday." On this fact De Quincey founded his logical paradox of titubation, to which we referred lately.

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"Omnibus" in French slang also means a glass that holds the quarter of a litre; a waiter that helps on a festival occasion; a card-telegram that is sent through a tube—this card is more familiarly known as the petit-bleue. An "omnibus de coni" is a hearse; and one of the many slang names for a public woman is "omnibus."

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So, too, there are several ingenious slang terms for the omnibus; the sardine-box, the aïe-aïe, the thieves' candy-box, the "face-à-face," the public-oven, the "omnicroche," the "boulotte à trêpe."

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The omnibus or stage-driver of New York had his own slang: "Headway," "pet stock," "man before," "first-out," etc. He had his poet; for Walt Whitman was never weary of praising him in poetry as well as prose: Sometimes in a line, as: "The heavy omnibus, the driver with his interrogating thumb;" and again a long description or carefully worded reminiscence, as the account of the funeral in "To Think of Time."

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Mr. Arnold White declares that the food served in the German navy is better or at least better cooked than that served to the British Tar, and that the B. T. is compelled to spend most of his money on drink and extra food, because his rations are unpalatable. This leads Mr. G. R. Sims to pronounce a withering curse on English cookery. "We all suffer more or less in our homes, and our tempers, and our digestions, from the plague of ill-prepared food, from watery and flavorless soups, from sodden vegetables, from meat spoiled in the roasting or boiling, from the milk pudding which is a quagmire, and the pie crust which is a coffin lid. Eighty per cent. of our English cooks cannot make a cup of coffee; 60 per cent. cannot serve an egg out of its shell." But Mr. Sims speaks of Germany as a land in which "the cooking of meat and vegetables and the preparation of cheap and appetizing dishes are the gifts of the humblest housewife, the meanest Maedchen." Has Mr. Sims lived any length of time in Germany? Or does he know German cookery only from meals at large taverns? Meats are sadly abused in the Fatherland, boiled or fried beyond recognition; vegetables are a mess. "Cheap and appetizing dishes." Cheap and nasty.

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When he was only 19 years old he devote himself with pitiless rigor to the defence o taste and truth.

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They were talking at the Porphyry about the force of habit, and Mr. Johnson, who was in the city for a few days, told this story:

"I met last week at Monpult a man whom I knew 20 years ago as a private detective. He had been employed in certain famous cases; the Duchess Bank robbery, the recovery of the Slawtonlager diamonds, the disappearance of the enormously rich Don Antonio Guzman. Birdseye was known in St. Petersburg as well as San Francisco for his shrewdness, daring, and imagination, and imagination is the rarest of qualities among detectives who are,

rub, mere creatures of routi
rdseye invited me to spend a day
wo at his summer house near Seven
Pond. When I arrived at the
on where he was to meet me, I
d a coachman waiting. There was
iderly man with him, a man with
tiful silvery whiskers. He in-
uced himself, said he was a fellow-
t, who had come to the little vil-
that afternoon on a matter of busi-
and he would be happy to point
any objects of interest on the drive
I found him a delightful com-
on and the way through the odor-
pines was all too short. When we
hed Birdseye's cottage, my new
aintance jumped from the wagon,
w off his whiskers, eyebrows and
head, laughed wildly, and said:
see. I can still deceive even a man
you.' The coachman never turned
ir. He was accustomed to Birds-

sat on the veranda before dinner,
wondered why Birdseye said noth-
about a cocktail, for he had al-
been appreciative of the wants
hers, although he himself was ex-
ingly temperate. It was nearly
past six when he put the end of
ing in my hand and said: 'A clue!
worth following.' I followed the
g through living room, den,
hen, wood shed, round the house,
g the veranda, back through the
g room, upstairs, through sleep-
rooms, and finally I entered a lit-
oom in the windmill tower. There
table were three cocktails: Mar-
opal, Holland gin.
ut I should tire you if I told all
strange pranks of the ex-detective
ng my stay of three days. He
tled or amused me by at least
sguises. Made up as a tramp, golf
er, burglar, Episcopal clergyman,
er, a collegian in search of sub-
ptions for a dictionary, a cornet
er in the village Silver Band, blue-
y peddler, hand organ grinder,
sors grinder, etc., etc. The first
he said 'Good night!' he sank
ugh a trap. He awoke me by com-
down the chimney, feet first. He
ld appear, masked, at a window.
I confess my heart would thump.
second night he suddenly set off
d-fire torch in front of the house
surprise them.' I asked him who
m' were. He answered: 'Any sus-
us characters.'
he night before I left ice-cream
served as a dessert. Would you
ve it? He insisted on putting the
box out on the pine needle road.
wrapped the box in an army
ket and then broke it open by
oding a small charge of dynamite,
r which the cake was served at
.
e said good-by at breakfast, and
excused himself from going to
station. I was not sorry to leave,
his house is no place for a nervous
. When the train came along I
d only one vacant seat in the
My neighbor was a coarse, red-
d fellow, with a dirty coat and
ght working jag. He was dis-
ingly familiar, slapped me on the
, asked where I had been, called
'Old Sport!' and kept pressing a
sy plug on me after he had bitten
piece at least two inches square.
n we got to Sagamore he banged
e, said 'Good-by, Johnson! Come
n,' and took off his moustache.
sed if it wasn't Birdseye. And
not sure if he isn't here now dis-
ed as a waiter. I see there are
e new ones."

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is all very well to sneer at the
arian Diet for not granting an ap-
riation to the Minister of Fine
, but it is also a good thing to
ember that Bavaria has suffered
erially from a devotion to art.
wig II., with his castles of
wanstein, Linderhof and Herren-
emsee, with his opera schemes and
patronage of one Richard Wagner,
by himself an expensive luxury.
soldier who sounded the bugle
ng Ludwig's dinner received for
short performance 1000 marks.

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e New York Times published early
week an entertaining and sensible
orial article on the fear excited
thunder and lightning. The writer
es from a bulletin of the Weather
eau, based on observations of 11
s. "The statistical average is 2.53
hs for each area unit of 10,000
are miles. Probably no other cause
eath admitting of statistical classi-
ion would show so low a mortality
rd." He admits that the reasoning
ers play a small part in determin-
the sensations during a thunder
m. "If comfort is found in dark-
and on a bed which would be im-
ible elsewhere, by all means let
e who are timid in such circum-
ces do what they can to modify
r mental and physical discomforts.
y are often entitled to the sincere
pathy of those less sensitive. A
t many brave men who would face
h without a tremor if duty demand-
[illegible] dread of thunder and lightning, and all the statistics which could be compiled would not change their apprehension to a feeling of indifference."

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The writer gave no instances of this abject fear, yet grotesque examples have been recorded. There was Mr. Le Reynière, the father of the famous epicure, Grimod de La Reynière. He was so afraid of a thunderstorm that he had in his cellar a room covered thickly with taffeta. When a storm arose he sought refuge in this room and obliged one of his servants to beat a big drum as long as there was any thunder.

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And what did the lightning-rod man say to the sitter on a Berkshire veranda, who asked what precautions should be taken by a traveler during a thunder storm? "I avoid pine trees, high houses, lonely barns, upland pastures, running water, flocks of cattle and sheep, a crowd of men. If travel on foot—as today—I do not walk fast; if in my buggy, I touch not its back or sides; if on horseback, I dismount and lead the horse. But of all things, I avoid tall men."

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Automobilists may be interested in the invention of "the Counter Skid" by an Englishman, Mr. Trevor Williams; for motor cars may skid either when roads are greasy or when the car is going down hill. This "Counter" is fitted to the back axle of the car and runs on a plain bearing. When they experimented with it, a corner of a public square had been profusely greased with soap, but the car again and again took the corner safely. Perhaps you think that we are interested in mechanical devices. As we would not willingly deceive even a blind man, we hasten to add that we have not the remotest idea concerning the nature of skidding, or "a plain bearing." We do not understand even now how a trolley car is propelled. But it is our constant aim to supply information, even when we ourselves are invincibly ignorant.

Aug 17 1902

MR. HENRY WOLFSOHN, manager, has returned from Europe, and no sooner did he touch American soil than he poured out his soul to a reporter of the New York Sun. Some managers would have insisted that the singers and players engaged by them were the only real things; that the other men and women of the profession were incompetent, of only local reputation, not good enough for the "cultivated Americans," but Mr. Wolfsohn spoke as an impartial listener and critic; he discussed things as well as "artists"; thus he described the first movement of Gustav Mahler's third Symphony, which he heard at Crefeld, as "positive chaos"; it lasted an hour and there is evidently not a dollar in it; I say this boldly, for Mr. Wolfsohn is an expert box-office judge. At the same time Mr. Gericke should not be thus prejudiced by New York materialism against a performance of the Symphony next season.

Richard Strauss will not come to this country as an orchestral conductor, but he may come here in the spring with his wife, who is never so happy as when she sings his songs.

Felix Weingartner would like to come here with his Kaim orchestra of Munich. This condition of Weingartner's mind led Mr. Wolfsohn to philosophical reflection: "It is amazing the confidence that the Germans have in their ability to make a fortune here. They think that they have only to arrive here and give a concert when the gold will begin to flow in. They have no idea of the expense of travel or of the fact that Americans are not always anxious to hear artists of European reputation. The experience of some of their musicians who meet with disaster here appears to make no impression on them."

Clara Butt told Mr. Wolfson she was making too much money to think of leaving her beloved England. "She still continues 'Abide With Me' with an organ obligato, and sings the same flashy music that she did on her former visit here." It is a pity that she "still continues 'Abide With Me,'" for the song was long enough when she sang it with "great expression" in Association Hall. "She is the idol of the English public." Of course she is, for the English are exceedingly fond of guttural or shouted sentimentalism; witness the incredible, never-ending success of Antoinette Sterling in London. Miss Butt, or Mrs. Rumford as she is known in private life, has naturally a voice of rare qualities, and in certain songs, as in Schubert's "Doppelganger," she thrilled by simple yet artistic means, but her popularity was not won by any display of artistic methods. There is something strangely fascinating about the woman, and her height, sinuous figure, bold bar-maid beauty are undeniable factors in her success. Mr. Rumford, a baritone, is said to have a pretty taste and an artistic manner.

It is a pleasure to note that Raoul Pugno, the French pianist, will visit us again, and this time appear at a Symphony concert. Let us hope that he will play César Franck's Symphonic Variations, one of the most beautiful pieces in the literature of the piano. Mr. Wolfsohn will also bring over Kirby Lunn, a contralto of reputation, Elsa Ruegger, the 'cellist (her second visit), Hugo Heermann, violinist, and Maude McCarthy, "who appeared as a child violinist when she came to New York in short skirts and a pigtail five years ago." She may still wear a pigtail. Adele Aus der Ohe trailed one long after she had reached womanhood.

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The Pall Mall Gazette says, apropos of Melba's visit to Australia: "Sixteen years have passed sice Mme. Melba, then Mrs. Armstrong, left her native city to seek fame and fortune in the northern hemisphere. She had acquired some local reputation as the principal soprano of the Melbourne Roman Catholic Cathedral on Sundays, and as an occasional contributor to concerts on week nights, but nobody imagined that she was destined to become prima donna at Covent Garden, and to be applauded by British and Continental royalties. Beyond a parting gift and an address from the cathedral choir, no particular notice appears to have been taken of Mme. Melba's departure. It will be a vastly different state of things a few weeks hence. She once sang in Melbourne to an audience representing 30 shillings taken at the doors. Thirty hundred pounds will be the aggregate figure for her first concert in Melbourne in September."

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The Roman correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes: "Maestro Mascagni leaves Genoa in September for a concert tour, taking with him an orchestra of 100 picked musicians, 12 of whom are Maestri themselves, and he will personally conduct in 100 concerts. For this somewhat over three months' tour he will receive £12,000 for himself alone, quite outside the other musicians. It has been estimated that each concert will cost £800 before the management begin to make a penny. Maestro Mascagni has put a rather unusual clause in the contract. He reserves to himself the entire right of management, the choice of musicians, programs, and the making of all arrangements—in fact, he is to have an absolutely free hand. However, no rose is without its thorn, and the Directors of the Musical Academy of Pesaro, of which Mascagni is the head, very much and very decidedly object to the Maestro, besides his frequent and long visits to Rome, going to America, from whence he cannot return under four months, but as it would take him exactly 25 years at the academy to make £12,000, he is likely to let it 'go hang,' if they make too much trouble."

Mascagni with his company will give performances in Boston at the Colonial Theatre the latter part of October. There is talk of "William Ratcliff" and "Iris" as well as "Cavalleria Rusticana" for the operas, and Mascagni will conduct at least two miscellaneous concerts.

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Felix Berber has been engaged as concertmaster of the Philadelphia Orchestra Association. He was born at Jena in the seventies and studied the violin under Brodsky. As a virtuoso he traveled through Europe, and for five years was concertmaster and leader of a string quartet at Magdeburg. Since 1898 he has been first concertmaster of the Leipsic Gewandhaus and opera orchestra. —— Miss Winifred Smith, who will appear here as violinist with Miss Henschel under the management of Mrs. Sarah B. Field, has been highly praised by leading London journals. Thus one critic spoke of her performance of the adagio of Bruch's concerto in D minor as beautiful: "Her reading being most intelligent and sympathetic and her execution firm and reposeful."——Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, denies his betrothal to any woman, young or old, Russian or of any other nationality.——Carl Goldmark objects to the nudity of Beethoven as sculptured by Klinger. He asks how this undress can add to the personification of the composer, and says that a nude statue of Brahms or of any other composer whom he personally knew would strike him as bizarre. Nor should I like to see Brahms without his celebrated high-water trousers, although I never was so fortunate as to hear him make one of his disagreeable speeches.——Grell's mass for 16 voices was performed by a chorus of 700 at Strassburg July 27.——Massenet, Jan Blockx and Humperdinck will represent France, Belgium and Germany as judges in the Sonzogno prize opera (one act, tragic) competition. The prize is $10,000, and it is open to competitors of all nations.——The Prussian Government has forbidden the performance of Paderewski's "Manru" within its boundaries, because the composer sent $10,000 to the committee of the Polish Propaganda at Posen. At least this was the polite excuse.

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The Ménestrel speaks of the pecuniary difficulties of Materna as "the twilight of Bruennhilde."——The Paris correspondent of the Era wrote: "The contest in opera, which brought 'exhibition' week at the Conservatory to a close, was one of the most disappointing of the series. We heard some fine voices, it is true, but not one of the competitors belonging to either sex showed the faintest sign of dramatic taste or talent. One and all seemed unable to walk a stage, make an appropriate gesture, or strike an attitude of any kind, simply singing their respective airs as at a concert. The general inexperience in this respect was surprising, one of those things that under the circumstances 'no fellah could understand.' Fourteen pupils entered the lists, and the jury, composed of MM. Théodore Dubois (President), Saint Saëns, Paladilhe, Lenepveu, Joncières, Gailhard, Bernheim, d'Estournel, Delmas, and Escalaïs, was generous of its awards. M. Gilly, a promising baritone with a fine voice, obtained a first prize; first honors were also bestowed upon Mlle. Féart, who possesses an excellent organ, well adapted to the stage, and also upon Mlle. Dumougeot, a young lady of tall stature, who had previously obtained a first prize in the singing contest. She is rather stiff, but sang a poetic scene from 'Salammbô' in good style. M. Granier, a powerful tenor, obtained a second prize, as well as MM. Aumonier, Triadou and Mlle. Grll. The most attractive pupil of any was Mlle. Billa, winner of a second prize last year, who sang the role of Hermosa in the third act of 'Le Tribut de Zamora' in capital style, with more dramatic instinct than any of her rivals. Her voice, however, is not powerful, and as she could only obtain a first prize, the jurors did not consider her worthy of it, the consequence being that she was 'left out in the cold,' whereupon the public 'manifested' warmly in her favor. A precisely similar mishap befel this young lady in the comic opera competition, as I mentioned in my last, and the audience on that occasion also made a demonstration against the severity of the jury. My impression is that Mlle. Billa will take her revenge at one of our theatres. On the whole, in the vocal contests she deserves to be classed with M. Granier, Mlles. Dumougeot and Gril. I believe M. Granier and Mlle. Dúmougeot are already engaged at the Opéra." On the other hand Mr. Arthur Pougin says that Miss Billa sings too correctly; that she is lacking in heat, dash, emotion.——Jesse Williams, formerly conductor at the Casino, New York, has been appointed director of music at the Canterbury. He has been in London since 1899.——St. George's Hall, the home of the German Reeds, Corney Grain and George Grossmith, was put up at auction July 28, but the property was withdrawn at £14,500.——Theodore Thomas will not in future conduct any concerts of his orchestra outside of Chicago.——Buffalo will have a permanent orchestra next season with John Lund as conductor. The concerts will be given on Sunday afternoon.

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A momentous question has been fought out recently which, if it has made little outside stir, must be put down to the absorption of mere questions of politics, such as the closing of the Catholic schools. It concerns the wearing of top hats behind the scenes at the opera. Now M. Gaillard, the director, observed that the habit was growing up among those who have the entrée to the foyer, of coming in the hot weather to the opera in straw hats. After a comfortable little dinner in the Bois, at which his nether limbs were clothed in white and his head covered with a straw hat, the privileged abonné strolled off, in the cool of evening, to hear his favorite composer, and crossed the threshold of the foyer—that garden of delights ever hidden to profane eyes—in the same negligé attire. Now, M. Gaillard hesitated much longer than M. Combes did in issuing his edict. He resolved to have his authority supported first, and so he took a plebiscite of the subscribers as to whether the impious straw was to be allowed or not. The abonnés, or the majority of them, said "No," and consequently the straw is repressed, and another revolution has been nipped in the bud.

The opera being a subventioned institution, the exquisite privilege of penetrating to the foyer and interviewing the charming ladies of the corps de ballet belongs to Ministers, to chefs de Cabinet, to members of the Theatrical Committee, and to some others. And it is a privilege that never goes by default. But the foyer de la danse is not quite the place of unbridled wickedness that it is supposed to be by certain unworldly persons. Nowadays the foyer, where Senators and dancers find mutual entertainment in each other's views of life, and where the clubman and financier keep up a reputation for elegant gallantry, is properly on the stage of the Opera House itself, and not in the sumptuous and mirrored apartment that goes by the name. "Behind the scenes" has an immense attraction for the Parisian of all men, and it is said that many a man discovers his vocation to be a politician in watching, with envious

eyes, some happy mortal passing to the where beyond there are voices and laughter and sentimental colloquies. ——Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette.

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In a recent conversation with a Viennese journalist, Richard Strauss spoke of his way of composing. "I always need a year or two," he said, "to give shape to a composition. An idea —a theme—comes into my head. It remains dormant for months. I think of quite different things, busy myself with entirely different tasks; but the idea in my head works on, all by itself, as in a 'separate-camera.' Once in a while I examine it to see how far it has got, thinking it over, perhaps playing it on the piano. Finally, I set to work on it. You see, the art of creating consists in knowing just when an idea is ripe, when it can and must be elaborated. I am getting more and more convinced that we, as conscious persons, have no control over the creative principle within us. One evening I labored over a melody in which there was a point I could not tune to my satisfaction, though I tried with all my might and main. The next morning the difficulty was easily conquered. It seemed as if the creative impulse had worked on by itself all night, independently of me."

Strauss has probably been reading Eduard von Hartmann's book on the Metaphysics of the Unconscious, or some physiological treatise on unconscious cerebration. While there seems to be such a thing as unconscious finding of words, and partial working out of ideas, it must not be forgotten that another explanation of the incident mentioned by him is at hand; his brain was simply tired in the evening. During the night it did not work, as he supposed, but it rested and, in the morning it was fresh and vigorous, and had no difficulty in solving the problem. The moral is that composers, and brain-workers in general, should write in the morning, when the brain is at its best, under all normal circumstances.

The next work to be expected from the pen of Richard Strauss is a setting, for chorus, solo voices, and orchestra, of Uhland's ballad "Tailleifer." "I am surprised," he said, "that this fresh and splendid poem has never been set to music; at least so far as I know. Uhland, any way, is not as great a favorite as he ought to be. As a young man I, too, ignored him, but lately I have taken him up, and have found beauty after beauty. I also have the material for two symphonic poems, but do not know which of the two I shall write when the time comes. * * * Perhaps, too, I may soon set to work on an opera. A young Viennese poet has submitted to me a subject I have taken in hand myself." Strauss also spoke in defence of metaphysical subjects for musical treatment, and had a good word for Mahler's third symphony. Concerning librettos, he remarked that "the traditional iambic and trochaic metres, as well as rhymes, are entirely unsuitable for composing, since music has an entirely different rhythm, and must necessarily shatter the verse-form. The best thing for composition is, in my opinion, Wagner's Nibelung verse, or a rhythmic prose."——N. Y. Evening Post.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Symons protests in an article published in the Academy (London) against music written for plays:

"There is no real reason why music of the most casual kind, so long as it is good music, and there is a good orchestra to play it, should not be played during the intervals of a play to which a musical setting would be obviously absurd, like a farce, or a play of Mr. Pinero. But the intrusion of a single note of music, except when words are sung to that music, or when troops are represented silently marching to music, or when a guitar is supposed to be heard in the street, or for some similar reason, is an intrusion of the most useless, objectionable, and wholly inartistic kind.

"A musical critic of my acquaintance complained to me, at the first performance of 'Paola and Francesca' that he could not hear the music properly, because the people on the stage would talk while it was going on. His criticism was perfectly just. Either you go to hear the words, and then you do not want to be disturbed and annoyed by music which clashes with those words, the spoken rhythm and the musical rhythm being invariably contradictory or else you go to hear the music, and then you do not want to hear it in snaps and gasps with a great many unnecessary words inserted."

Mr. Symons alludes to the performances in Paris of Debussy's "Pélléas et Mélisande":

"It is an attempt to write music without either melody or rhythm, in an 'uninterrupted stream of harmony,' and to set this music murmuring in the orchestra while the actors or singers speak or sing their words to notes without sequence or connection. Of the voices, we are told by Mr. Raymond Bouyer in the Nouvelle Revue, 'Le chant des acteurs n'est pas qu'une déclamation des voix: cette déclamation n'est qu'une psaimodie sans forme et sans coleur, en une crépuscule.' (The singing of the actors is but ordinary declamation—this declamation is only droning, formless and colorless, in a twilight atmosphere). Of the orchestra, we are told by M. Camille Bellaigue in the Revue des Deux Mondes, 'Il fait peu de bruit, je l'accorde, mais un vilain petit bruit.' (It makes little noise, I admit, but a mean little noise).

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Mr. Ernest Newman asserts in the Monthly Musical Record (London) that Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony is program music, although no program was made public by the composer. He says: "It is a curious fact, however, that whereas the sixth symphony, admittedly based on a program, leaves us here and there with a sense that we are missing the connecting thread, the fifth symphony, though to the casual eye not at all program music, bears the strongest internal evidences of having been written to a program. The feeling that this is so is mainly due to the recurrence, in each movement, of the theme with which the symphony begins. This produces a feeling of unity that irresistibly suggests one central controlling purpose. The theme in question is peculiarly sombre and fateful. It recurs twice in the following andante, and again at the end of the waltz that constitutes the third movement. In the finale the treatment of it is especially remarkable. It serves, transposed into the major, to commence this movement; it makes more than one reappearance afterward. But this is not all the thematic filiation this symphony reveals. One of the themes of the second movement—the andante —also recurs in the finale, while the opening subject proper of the finale (following the introduction) is plainly based on the opening subject of the whole symphony. Lastly, the first subject of the allegro of the first movement reappears in the major, on the last page but two of the score, to the same accompaniment as in the allegro. So that—to sum the matter up concisely—the fourth movement contains two themes from the first and one from the second; the third and second movements each contain one theme from the first—a scheme that is certainly without a parallel in the history of the symphony. No one, I think, will venture to assert that so elaborate a system of thematic repetition as this is due to mere caprice; nor is it easy to see why Tschaikowsky should have indulged in it at all if his object had been merely to write a 'symphony in four movements.' Nothing can be clearer than that the work embodies an emotional sequence of some kind. It is a great pity that we have no definite clue to this; but even on the face of the matter as it now stands the general purport of the symphony is quite plain. The gloomy, mysterious opening theme suggests the leaden, deliberate tread of fate. The allegro, after experimenting in many moods, ends mournfully and almost wearily. The beauty of the andante is twice broken in upon by the first sombre theme. The third movement—the waltz—is never really gay; there is always the suggestion of impending fate in it; while at times the scale passages for the strings give it an eerie, ghostly character. At the end of this also there comes the heavy, muffled tread of the veiled figure that is suggested by the opening theme. Finally, the last movement shows us, as it were, the emotional transformation of this theme, evidently in harmony with a change in the part it now plays in the curious drama. It is in the major instead of the minor; it is no longer a symbol of weariness and foreboding, but bold, vigorous, emphatic, self-confident. What may be the precise significance of the beautiful theme from the second movement that reappears in the finale it is impossible to say; but it is quite clear that the transmutation the first subject of the allegro undergoes, just before the close of the symphony, is of the same psychological order as that of the 'fate' motive—a change from clouds to sunshine, from defeat to triumph."

* * *

The music critic of the Referee has been exercised of late over matters of tone production:

"I have been reading in Truth an article headed 'The Professional Voice Destroyer,' which seems to have been called forth by a paper entitled 'La Destruction des Voix et l'Enseignement du Chant,' which Dr. Pierre Bonnier has contributed to La Revue Scientifique. The French writer and his English commentator alike seem to think that the inevitable consequence of training a voice is loss of its freshness and most engaging quality of tone. Dr. Bonnier believes that 'endless pupils enter the Conservatoire and the mills of private professors with fine voices, but that few come out of them with unimpaired throats. The velvet is at once worn out, and the larynx becomes like the hammers of a pianoforte that require buffing.' Now I have a suspicion that a considerable number of non-musical people hold much the same opinion; and I admit it is justified in some degree owing to the prevalence of bad teaching. The hard tone and faulty intonation of the majority of German vocalists are attributable to a bad method of vocal production, and the French music masters deliberately instruct their pupils to produce a quavering tone, which ultimately result in their being unable to sing a single note with steadiness. The effect of this is so artificial that success in England is almost hopeless for any singer who has been so taught.

"A good story is told of a French vocalist who applied to an English operatic manager for an engagement. 'Have you a vibrato?' asked the manager. 'Oh, yes; I have made a special study of it for the past two years.' They parted to meet no more. On the other hand it should be remembered that the majority of French people regard this tremulo as a proof of vocal culture. Only a few nights ago at the opera I overheard a Frenchman remark, 'He is a fine singer, he shakes on every note.'

"Judging of the majority of Italian artists the art of singing has of late years greatly deteriorated in Italy. With the best artists who have appeared at Covent Garden recently, the unpleasant nasal quality of tone produced in forte passages is very noticeable. From the above consideration I have no hesitation in saying that the English method of voice production is the finest and most natural in the world, and that it is not only quite unnecessary, but a great mistake for our young vocalists to go abroad to study, except when finishing their studentship, to acquire correct pronunciation and appropriate style for the rendering of foreign songs.

"That proper voice training does not rob the voice of its natural sweetness, but, on the contrary, increases its expressive power and tends to its preservation, is easily shown. The first effort of the competent teacher is to make the pupil breathe in such a manner as to relieve the vocal cords of all unnecessary atmospheric pressure. The second step in the right direction is to teach the pupil to keep the tongue flat, so as to give him free use of the concavity of the mouth as a sounding-board, and the next procedure is to equalize the notes of the voice. These are the three fundamental rules of English voice production, and it will be seen that this method is inevitably conducive to the production of beauty of tone, the first and continuous endeavor of the competent teacher. Dr. Bonnier is surely mistaken when he says professors know nothing about the anatomy of the throat or the organs connected with it. It has been my duty to critically examine the majority of foreign and English singing 'Tutors,' and they nearly all, more or less, contain diagrams of the vocal organs, not pleasing to the eye, but distinctly helpful to the student. Of course, there is much faulty teaching in England, but this is being remedied by our big music schools granting certificates to those who are competent to give instruction in an art that requires peculiar sympathy and quickness of perception on the part of the teacher."

* * *

Mr. Algernon Ashton, who takes under his special protection dead composers and is anxious concerning tombstones and memorial tablets, is pleased because Mr. Balfour is musical. He wrote to the Era as follows:

"Sir—How long may it be, I wonder, since we have had a really musical Prime Minister? Mr. A. J. Balfour, who has just succeeded Lord Salisbury as Premier of Great Britain and Ireland, is, as most people know, not only an enthusiastic lover of high-class music, but is also himself a very proficient pianist. The same certainly cannot be said of the ex-Prime Minister, for never have I heard it even mooted that Lord Salisbury is in the least musical, or that he ever attended a classical concert. Lord Rosebery, too, despite his varied accomplishments, cannot be said to show any real interest in the most glorious of the fine arts. The late W. E. Gladstone, on the other hand, liked music to a certain extent, though an intimate friend of his once once told me that the great statesman hardly knew one note from another. It may be possible that Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Russell, Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby, and Sir Robert Peel were somewhat more musical than Mr. Gladstone, but, if such was the case, the world did not know it. Mr. Balfour, then, appears to be the first thoroughly musical Premier we have ever had, or, at least, for a very long time. It is an interesting point, and one which I do not think has been previously touched upon."

* * *

The French view of Wagner, in fact, ought to serve as a useful corrective to the Bayreuth view. I am so heartily sick of seeing this view constantly taken and expounded in the English newspapers that I cannot be annoyed even by the gentleman above quoted who prefers "Sigurd" to "Siegfried." We all know it—the "Ring" is far too long; there are far too many repetitions; and it is in "Siegfried" that Wagner has sinned most. Even under Bayreuth conditions it is too long. The "Dusk of the Gods," despite the two hours prologue and first act, is not too long: everything helps to drive the drama straight on to the inevitable conclusion. But to hear everyone eternally telling everyone else the story of the Ring is a mere weariness to the flesh. The Frenchman, loving lucidity and clearness of form above all things, goes straight to the mark in his criticism; he sees that Wagner has sought to get balance of form not by cutting away passages that were too long, but actually by lengthening passages that must in the beginning have been already long enough. Wagner did everything too much: he talked too much, he wrote too much prose, he made all his dramas save "Tristan" too long. He could never find a sufficient outlet for his enormous energy; he threw into his dramas everything that his riotous imagination suggested; he was never content to hint a thing, but must needs speak it out full, explain and explain and explain a hundredth time things he had made perfectly clear on their first statement. There never was a man with so wonderful a talent for explaining the obvious. Just as he presented his themes in a hundred different forms, so he presented his ideas from a hundred different points of view. When his ideas were his own he was always interesting; there is no one portion of the music-dramas that we would rather be without; but when we are compelled to hear all the portions in one evening the ordeal is often not a little fatiguing. He defeated his own object: on a first hearing the endless repetitions instead of making for clearness make for confusion. Balance of form on paper is not end: the end ought to be clearness when the music is sung; and clearness is not attained. And if the French critics are wrong on many points, on this one they are absolutely just.——John F. Runciman.

Aug 18 1902

"Timid phantom in the Spider's web, pray, who are you?"

The phantom must have made a signal to some adventurous breeze, for I read on the nape of lucernes: "I am the Refuge of bodies bruised by the toil of Life.

"Prudent phantom in the Spider's web, pray, who are you?"

The phantom must have made a signal to some moon-beam, for I read on the lake of water-maidens: "I am the Consolation of souls disappointed with the wages of Life.

"Strange phantom in the Spider's web, pray, who are you?"

The phantom must have made a signal to some bat, for I read on the sublime slate of sleep: "I am the excuse of Death: my name is Silence."

SAINT-POL-ROUX.

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Some time ago the New York Times Saturday Review handed down the opinion that Mr. Julian Ralph was a newspaper man and not a "literary feller." Mr. Ralph, who was inclined to dispute this opinion, is now at Saratoga and sends daily to the Times a letter in which he describes horse-racing, gambling, dress, food, at the celebrated health resort. The other day he discussed shoes, and we infer from his statements that he buys new shoes at least five times a year, and so the leather does not rot, for it is allowed time to dry after each using. Mr. Ralph waxes eloquent as he surveys his "footwear." "Better yet," he adds just before his signature, "if he buys six pairs and five pairs of trees to keep them in shape." "Six pairs?" "Five pairs of trees?" Then Mr. Ralph is surely not a newspaper man; and since the Times says he is not a "literary feller," he is indeed in parlous state. But perhaps some of the "racing gentlemen" give him tips. He certainly gives them widespread advertisement.

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Mr. Arbois de Subainville informs us that the stone from Scone above which King Edward was crowned went to Scotland from Tara, "the chief town of Ireland in the sixth century," but it is really the stone that served Jacob for a pillow, and it was carried by a daughter of the King of Egypt into Spain. It is a pity that the ingenious clergyman who proved in a sermon at Weymouth that Edward is descended from King David as well as from the cousin of the Virgin did not introduce this stone as foundation for some equally valuable conclusion, but possibly he had not heard from Mr. de Subainville.

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They are tearing down Newgate jail, but the Newgate Calendar is imperishable; it will serve for centuries to come as a stimulus to nobly ambitious youth and a solace of querulous old age.

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Mr. Frederick Bilhoefer of New York told the Judge that he had not given his wife any cause for separation, but that he could not stand the constant singing of the chambermaid or the powerful headcheese which his father-in-law insisted on keeping in the refrigerator. There was a time when all handicraftsmen sang at their task; when milkmaids, carriers, and even beggars indulged themselves in light-hearted song. The world was younger then; it was less nervous, and irritable. Would Mr. Bilhoefer prefer a sour and sullen chambermaid?

Let us not argue that he is himself of a morose or vindictive nature because he does not enjoy song. Let no one quote the famous passage of Shakespeare. For Richard III. was extremely partial to music, and he impressed most arbitrarily singing men and children, even from cathedrals, colleges, chapels, houses of religion, to furnish him amusement. Saul, a ruler who was often in doleful dumps, was notoriously fond of music. We like to think of this chambermaid, blithe, fresh, going about the rooms, singing some ballad of her native land. "The lass that made the bed for me," or, perhaps, some rag-time ditty. The headcheese is a more serious matter, more serious than a headvoice, especially as the nose had no escape from it in the farthest nook and corner.

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Mr. Stephen Phillips, the dramatic poet, was witness against a burglar, who cross-examined him on the question of identity. Mr. Phillips stated in the course of examination that he "always wrote by a dim light." This is strengthening news to admirers of the dramatist. Your true poet always writes by a guttering candle, a candle that swales, a tallow-dip, a wretched rush-light, a fish-tail and flaring burner. If it should appear that Mr. Phillips seeks a cold garret and exchanges his coat and waistcoat for a ragged blanket or a greasy hedquilt, there could be no dispute concerning his proud poetical pre-eminence.

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The Era (London) mentions the proposal to place a tablet on the house, No. 6 Frith Street, Soho, in which Hazlitt died. The house is now a French boarding house. "At Winterslow Hut, where he lived for so long, the essayist, it seems, is without honor. We learn that the Hut, which is really the Pheasant Inn, standing on the old coaching road across Salisbury Plain, is in a somewhat ruinous condition. Hazlitt's room, however, can be readily surmised. As late as 1895 the old signboard was in an out-

...se,' and not a soul at Winterslow ...l heard of the man to whom the ...ge owes its fame."

...is reminds us that some one ...ontributed to the New York Times ...turday Review of July 19 a critical ...ice of Augustin Birrell's "William ...zlitt." The reviewer considers Mr. ...irrell's writing better than that of ...azlitt, "better for our day and gen...ration, it is more simple and sincere." ...ut has the reviewer read essays by ...azlitt except in quotations made by ...r. Birrell? "More simple and sin...re"! If ever there was a man sin...re to his own injury, fearlessly and ...prudently honest, that man was Wil...m Hazlitt. Or what essayist is more ...mple and direct in statement and ...nclusion or in digression? It is a ...ty that Robert L. Stevenson did not ...e to write the life of Hazlitt, a ...sk that he looked forward to with ...nging; but that charming essayist ...corded more than once his enthu...istic admiration of his great prede...ssor. Stevenson appreciated even the ...rk corners of Hazlitt's fantastical ...nius; and he would have treated the ...tensely human episode which in...ired the "Liber Amoris" with loving ...re as well as physiological and ...ychological interest. Fortunately ... W. E. Henley, by his preface to ... new complete edition, has done for ...zlitt what he did for Burns and ...at, in spite of the yelping of ...ishists, he did for Stevenson him...f. Well did Hazlitt exclaim in his ...icle on the Marquis of Stafford's ...llery: "Oh, thou then, whoever thou ..., that dost seek happiness in thy...f, independent of others, not sub...t to caprice, not mocked by in...t, not snatched away by ruthless ...nds, over which Time has no power, ...l that Death alone cancels, seek it ... thou art wise) in books, in ...tures, and the face of nature, for ...se alone we may count upon as ...nds for life! While we are true to ...selves, they will not be faithless ...us. While we remember anything, ... cannot forget them. As long as ... have a wish for pleasure, we may ...l it here; for it depends only on ... love for them, and not on theirs ...us." A man thus fortified can look ...ward intrepidly to reviewers and ...n biographers.

*Aug 19 1902*

## ...E BALLADE OF AN UNLUCKY MAN.

(According to Maeterlinck, a lucky man is ... who in a previous incarnation was a ...e, whose promptings he now uncon...ously obeys.)

...know some sage within me reigns;
What time I take up pen and ink,
...feel the wizard in my veins,
And oft I cannot sleep a wink!
Yet all I write seems doomed to sink,
...hilst other men's success I scan—
Why is it, Mr. Maeterlinck,
...m not a Lucky Man?

...have composed as rhythmic strains
As those of Balfe or Humperdinck;
...ve painted gems the world disdains,
So brilliant that they make you blink!
Yet Fortune's favors always shrink,
...nd I am just where I began—
Why is it, Mr. Maeterlinck,
...m not a Lucky Man?

...sought to bind in Hymen's chains
A charming maid, perfection's pink;
...w she is Mrs. Something Baines:
... introduced him at the Rink.
...hy is there some infernal kink
... everything I plot and plan—
...hy is it, Mr. Maeterlinck,
...n not a Lucky Man?

ENVOY.

...e converse must hold true, I think:
...nust be one of Folly's clan.
... that why, Mr. Maeterlinck,
...'m not a Lucky Man?

...e read the other day about a plausi... dead-beat who comes around at ...ed intervals like any well-behaved ...et. He is the son of a prominent ...nist in Glasgow, a newspaper man ...ard luck, a professor of English ...ture who found that the school ... not what he had good reason to ...ve it to be, etc., etc.; but he may ...ys be identified by his pathetic ...ing: "I am cut off as completely ... my friends as Alexander Selkirk ...on the island of Juan Fernandez." ...v many men and women of means ...espectability have their pet phrases ... formulas! One punctuates an ...minable story with "Yes, indeed"; ...her with "Don't you know" or "If ... please." One prefaces any an...ement of opinion or question with: ... my part, I wish to speak frank...or with "I know I have my fail... but ——". Another lugs in some ...d-bare saw or intolerable proverb. ..., the eccentric horn player, ... a book in which dialogues to ...ll possible occasions were com... of dreary and inevitable com...aces. It is a sad exhibition of the ...lity of daily conversation, yet the ...is a wholesome one to read and ...aber.

...there is nothing more tiresome ...a brilliant talker after 15 or 20 ...es of verbal rockets, Roman candles, pin-wheels and set pieces. Furthermore, his sincerity is soon doubted. It is safer to deal with the well-worn small-change of conversation. Shining and unusual coins are looked on with suspicion, except by collectors and amateurs. The honors of this world, substantial rewards, offices, statues with baggy trousers and thick boots, go, as a rule, to the prudent and safe in speech as well as in action. Dullness passes for goodness of heart. "He doesn't say much, but if you ever got into trouble," and then there is a portentous look, as though what the said Auger would then do for you were beyond the power of speech. The dull man is regarded as a deep thinker; he is never disconcerting; he does not allude lightly, as with the dip of a swallow, to something utterly unknown to you, and then pass from it to a firm resting place; he avoids any statement that is paradoxical, that might provoke argument, that runs counter to the established belief of the feeding herd in the superiority of a particular pasture, in which the feeding is from routine or necessity rather than from choice.

Portland, Me., Aug. 16, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

A man near here was operated on for appendicitis. He kept the appendix in a bottle until he was tired of looking at it, when he used it as bait and caught an immense fish. His wife refused to partake of the fish because she did not approve of cannibalism.

LORENZO HATCH.

We were under the impression that appendices after removal were usually set in gold and worn as watch-charms, especially with evening dress. Children would in after years value highly a double locket in which the appendices of their parents were placed with the date of removal.

Dover, Mass., Aug. 15, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

My eldest boy—a fine manly little fellow—is spending the summer here at a farm house. Someone quoted the phrase "to speak disrespectfully of the equator," and Georgie said: "I know what the equator is." "What is it, my lad?" asked a kindly old gentleman from Lacrosse. "The equator is a menagerie lion running round the earth between the north and south poles," answered Georgie. I think this is worthy of publication.

JOSEPH LEVERETT LEVERETT.

This reminds us of a remark made by Mr. S. L. Clemens, the eminent humorist and ostentatiously honest man, to Dr. C. M. Depew, after the latter had related three or four of his choicest anecdotes: "Better wait until we've had a few frosty nights, Chauncey; they'll open easier."

*Aug 20 1902*

A boy defined affability as the quality of being insane on any one subject. This definition is suggestive; indeed, an essay might be written on this text.

An English scientist refers to the cholera returns from Egypt and the westward march of the disease as the cause of the comparative absence of flies. "There never are any flies in a cholera year," he observes gayly. On the other hand, golf, which for many years has been popular in Brittany, is now spreading eastward in France.

The Boer generals were "stylishly attired in frock coats and silk hats" when they went to see King Edward. We do not like to think of Botha, De Wet and Delarey in such a costume. A rough jacket and a sinister slouch hat would have been more in keeping and would no doubt have impressed the King. One of the Generals, alas, is writing a book, and another is coming to America—to lecture? The horrors of war last long after peace is declared. These Generals may yet contribute illustrated articles to a hustling magazine.

Boston, Aug. 16, 1902.

The Editor of Talk of the Day:

There is no vanity so pernicious, so heart emasculating and heart hardening, as that of which the heart itself is the object. Better be vain of your brains, your figure, your dress, your face, your muscles, your purse, or your pedigree than of your heart. Persons enamored of their own goodness generally entertain a sneaking partiality for their bosom sins. "The pride that apes humility" produces far worse consequences than "cottages with double coach houses."

X. Y. Z.

For no one while alive is sure that his heart is really superior to other hearts. Zacutus Lusitanus, a learned Portuguese leech, tells of a man whose body was opened and they found a worm sticking to the right ventricle. The worm was black, dead and in shape like to those worms that are bred in wool. Trullus, an excellent anatomist, found in the body of Pope Urban VIII., as they were about to embalm it, a bone in the form of the letter T. The heart of Casmire, Marquis of Brandenburg, was shriveled and like unto a roasted pear. The heart of a thief executed at Venice was all hairy (Muret Varion, Lect. 1, 12, c. 10, p. 315), as was the heart of Aristomenes, the Messenian, a valiant person, and that of Leonidas, which was pulled out by Xerxes for the sake of revenge. Cranmer's organ resisted the roasting fire of martyrdom. Schenck, not the authority on poker, informs us that in the body of a noble Roman he found no heart at all, only the tunicle it was wrapt in. And does not Bacon say in his "History of Life and Death": "I remember I have seen the heart of one embowled (as suffering for high treason) which being cast into the fire, leaped at first a foot and a half in height and after by degrees lower and lower, for the space, as we remember, of seven or eight minutes." What is your plain, ordinary, "good-hearted" person in comparison with such heroes?

The honor of the army! The Emperor William has been severely criticized even by conservative German journals for pardoning a Lieutenant, who had been sentenced to imprisonment because he had killed his man in a peculiarly outrageous duel. Yet the dismissal of a Lieutenant from the Austrian Army is a more striking instance of the barbarity that is smoothly called honor. This Lieutenant was driving and he almost ran over a man; the man swore; the officer heard him and tried to hit him with his whip; and then the civilian snatched the whip and flogged the Lieutenant, who was called before a court of honor and dismissed from his regiment. And why was he dismissed? Because he drove arrogantly and recklessly? O, no. Because he struck at a civilian? Again, no. He was disgraced because he did not hew down the man with his sword.

Boston, Aug. 18, 1902.

The Editor of Talk of the Day:

The weather sharks in Washington may have some right to be wrong as to thunder and lightning; a New York paper might be right just for once. To talk of indifference to electrical disturbances is very much like talking of indifference to the roll of a ship, or pleasure in Limburg cheese. Because an electric disturbance does not affect me, it is hardly safe to infer that it should not affect anybody else. Because I am never seasick, does it follow that nobody else may be? If I like loud cheese, must others do likewise? An electrical storm will affect the nerves and digestive organs of many persons, who are told by the Weather Bureau and the New York paper that they ought not to be affected. To add insult to injustice, the wise men not affected by electricity add sage statistics about the few persons killed by lightning. As well might they tell the seasick to stop their misery, seeing that few persons were ever killed by that particular malady, or serve Limburg cheese at a ladies' luncheon on the ground that some men like the stuff. It is not fear that disturbs fine persons and very many animals in a thunderstorm, but the simple fact that their nerves, or some of their nerves, are affected. An electrical storm may easily upset the whole digestive apparatus of a person. One need not think such a fact a species of fear, any more than seasickness is cowardice. Horses are peculiarly affected by electricity, and suffer greatly in consequence. So do many cattle and certain dogs. Bravery and wisdom have little to do with the facts.

A. B. C.

We spoke the other day of de la Reynière's fear of a thunderstorm. He was a man of sudden wealth and one of the people; but purpled Emperors have turned pale at the crash and dazzle. The sniggering gossip Suetonius tells us of Caligula: "Hee that set so light by the Gods and despised them as hee did, yet at the least thunder and lightning, used to winke close with both eyes, to enwrap also and cover his whole head; but if the same were greater and somewhat extraordinarie, to start out of his bed, to creepe and hide himselfe under the bedstede." Do you say Caligula had good cause to tremble? Think of that more serene figure, Octavius Caesar Augustus; "Thunder and Lightning hee was much affraide of: in so much as alwaies and in every place, hee carried about him for a preservative remedie a Seales skinne; yea, and whensoever he suspected there would be any extraordinarie storme or tempest, he would retire himselfe into a close secret roome under ground, and vaulted above head." And Philippus Vicecomes would tremble and shake with fear, and as a person in distraction run up and down to seek out some subterranean hiding place. Yet they say that the lightning blasteth not the laurel tree, the seal or sea-calf, and of all flying fowls, the eagle.

*Aug 21. 1902*

If Nature were a prude,
  As some fair ladies be,
What lovely sounds would be subdued,
  What sights we should not see.
Lily and flaunting rose
  Would blush and turn away
If we should spy a bud too close
  Or mark a leaf astray.

The nightingale that pours
  To all the world his love,
The lark that hovers o'er the moors,
  The cuckoo, and the dove,
Yea, all the feathered throngs
  Would bate their amorous fire,
And whisper secretly the songs
  That we so much admire.

The flower that bares its breast
  To lingering honey-bees,
The bright-eyed swallow on her nest,
  The pollen-bearing breeze
All would feel coy and rude,
  And hide away, and flee,
If Mother Nature were a prude
  As some fair ladies be.

Implacable must the hurricane be that forces him to demand peace for his soul at the mouth of the pistol. Thus wrote Balzac of a strong character. Suicide is common in these days, when human life is on the whole the cheapest of commodities, when you sum up the wealth of the world. Yet when romance enters into the story of a suicide, there is a thrill even in the commercial breast. Miss Van Alen is said to be much distressed. This is not surprising, whether she returned Mr. Remington's love, looked on him as a friend, or endured a suit which she did not favor. Her lover by his last act did her a grievous injury, and, indeed, there are few cases of suicide into which egoism does not enter. Now egoism is a peculiarly disagreeable form of selfishness. The egoist, as Charles Reade said, is one that burns down his neighbor's house to cook himself an egg.

But how many that kill themselves are indisputably in their right mind? There have been instances of brutes, dogs, horses, rams, who have apparently put an end to life by deliberate means, as rushing over a precipice, drowning themselves, or putting themselves in the way of a railway train. These instances have been disputed by those who hold the theory that brutes are cut off from "the vast world of moral and imaginative sufferings entailed upon man"; and that this immunity presupposes another immunity, "a cool suspense from pleasure and from pain" in the "far coarser and less irritable animal organization which must be the basis of an insulated physical sensibility." Hence inasmuch as "the brutes do not suffer from intellectual passions, complex derangements of the nervous system, the motives to suicide are prodigiously diminished."

Unfortunately snobbery enters into this tragedy. All this talk about the lofty position of the Van Alens; how Mr. Remington was related to certain families of Philadelphia—a pompous list of names is recited; how he had been invited to this ball, but not to that dinner; how he was seen "on the west side of the avenue, the side never used by society people"; all this is disgusting twaddle. And if you sought relief in the newspaper that day, you read of supposed and wealthy heirs of Mr. Charles L. Fair breaking into a safe deposit box in the hope of finding a satisfactory will, before the bodies of the reckless automobilists were cold.

The Pacific Commercial Advertiser told lately a story about Capt. James Earle, a New Bedford whaler, who in 1882 found a 780-pound piece of ambergris in a sperm whale and sold it in chunks for about $125,000. The story was hung on the fact that Capt. Earle was visiting Honolulu at the time of publication. The writer stated that ambergris is "a concretion formed only in the intestines of the sperm whale"; that it was formerly used in medicine, but is now dissolved in alcohol and used as a base in perfumes; and that Capt. Earle, who has taken more than 1000 whales since, has never found another piece of ambergris.

We remember that Capt. Benjamin Higgins of the whaling schooner Adelia Chase, of New Bedford, captured early in July, 1884, a large whale that yielded 128 pounds of ambergris, which was valued at $38,000. And it was then stated in a dispatch from Provincetown: "This is the largest take of ambergris ever made from this port, and the second largest ever taken."

Now ambergris is supposed by some to be the cause and by others the effect of dyspepsia in the whale. "In vain it was to rake for Ambergriese in the paunch of this Leviathan, insufferable fetor denying not inquiry." How this same ambergris looks like "ripe Windsor soap or rich mottled old cheese"; how small squid bones which resemble sailors' trowser-buttons are found in it; how Capt. Coffin of Nantucket in 1791 was examined concerning ambergris at the bar of the English House of Commons; how ambergris was used in cookery, carried to Mecca, dropped as a flavoring in claret: for these and other matters consult the book of all books about whales—Herman Melville's "Moby Dick"; nor does the author forget the moral. "Now that the incorruption of this most fragrant ambergris should be found in the heart of such decay; is this nothing? Bethink thee of that saying of St. Paul in Corinthians, about corruption and incorruption; how that we are sown in dishonor but raised in glory."

Mr. Edgar Fawcett reviews in the Conservator Mr. William Watson's "Ode on the Coronation:" "Here we have heterogeneity springing with radiant efflorescence from homogeneity—the richly complex from the inchoately simple." But even this sentence does not stun Mr. Traubel, the editor who writes in staccato. Mr. Traubel

comes up smiling: "Fawcett, you have not proved Watson. But you have proved yourself. Here is my hand."

It was De Quincey who declared: "Men of the most sense are apt upon two subjects—viz., poetry and style—to talk most like blockheads."

Judge French, who died a few days ago at Wimbledon, England, was of a suspicious nature, which was fed by suits brought before him. It was he that said: "If the litigation in business is due to persons trusting to what does not exist." "And that?" asked counsel. "Is the other fellow's honesty," replied Judge French.

"Walk over crossing" is a sign displayed by municipal decree in Melbourne, and the bye-law is obeyed. Such signs might well be displayed in Boston, but would John heed them? The time may come when pedestrians will insist on tunnels for their sole use, where they at last can walk in safety.

Boston, Aug. 17, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Indeed, they had automobile lines, as we call them, in 1833. In 1831 a committee of Parliament reported the thing quite practicable and useful, and Congress reprinted the report in 1832. The committee reported that "carriages can be propelled by steam on common roads at an average rate of ten miles per hour," and recommended "the substitution of inanimate for animate power." Sir R. Phillips published an illustrated account of Walter Hancock's "road steam carriage" in 1832, the vehicle being marked "Paddington to the Bank." The business was killed, so they say, when an ordinance required a man several yards in front of an automobile to warn horse carriages. Yet we have the assurance of the aforesaid committee of 1831 that automobiles propelled by steam "will become a speedier and cheaper mode of conveyance than carriages drawn by horses," which is as true now as it was 70 years ago. Perhaps the story of motor carriages should begin with Cugnot's in 1769. Meantime the art of building them has well advanced, and only language has failed to keep up. As yet we have no word really fit for what we call an automobile. Perhaps it is worth while to notice that the word automobile originated in Paris about 1876. JOHN POST.

Aug 22 1902

Now that we are a power as a nation in the isles of the South and the far East we should welcome Southern and Eastern customs, or there should be at least a certain reciprocity in manners. One of the choicest blessings of the East is the practice known as running amuck, and although it was introduced by a steamship fireman here in Richmond Street Wednesday night, who is necessarily an amateur, for he is not a Malay, the effort must be considered by all fair-minded persons as praiseworthy. If the fastidious might object to a certain absence of true local color, yet they must grant the spirit of the deed, the consequent sensation, and a splash of scarlet in the prevailing drab of daily life in Boston.

Some may spell the Malayan word "amock" or "amok," but we prefer "amuck," the form that is familiar and at the same time forcible. Mr. Charles Payson Gurley Scott informs us that the corresponding word in Malagasi, "hamu," means "drunk"; "a recognition of the fact which it took no Solomon to discover: 'Luxuriosa res, vinum, et tumultuosa ebrietas'; 'wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging'; or, as in the revised version, 'strong drink is a brawler.' One who runs amuck is all these. The Malay version is mild. Amok is reserved for stronger occasions." As old Purchas has it: 'There are also certain people called 'Amouchi,' otherwise 'Chiavi,' which, going forth, kill every man they meet with, till some body by killing them make an end of their killing." Macassar is famous for these exhibitions of passion.

The practice is useful in many ways. It opens the runner, the "amuco," and provokes perspiration: It keeps the street clear and loungers a-moving; it engenders alertness and is a check to over-population. Furthermore, this desperate spirit of amuck may be utilized as "a social hint." Mr. Forbes suggests in "A Naturalist's Wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago"—he is speaking of the master of ceremonies at a dance in Sumatra: "His office is both a delicate and a difficult one. He must himself be of good position in the community, and be more or less a general favorite, for the parents or the relatives of the higher ranked of the dancers, feeling themselves insulted, have suddenly revenged themselves by amuck—that mode of retribution which is to them the swiftest and most gratifying."

And who has not felt this spirit come over him at some solemn meeting, at a lecture, at a symphony concert devoted to the works of Johannes Brahms? The desire to awaken the smugly respectable from well-bred lethargy, from omphalic contemplation, is almost irresistible. It is not necessary to fire the mind with rum or opium, the thought of upsetting the conventional, of making certain persons sit up and think, of exciting the pompous to grotesque fear and flight is a sufficient stimulant. If we were younger we should like to burst from the apartment clad in a bath robe or a night shirt, belted tightly about the waist, barefooted, with a stove-pipe hat of an old vintage—to add horror to the scene, and then, armed with a carving-knife and shrieking terribly, we should like to run the length of some approved street, say Marlborough, here and there sticking a victim, but not wholly at random. Alas, such deeds are for the young. We now must suffer in silence or dream of the impossible.

"The Flight of the Duchess" for lyric sweep and swing does not approach the dithyrambic charm of "The Return of the Duchess" as sung by New York reporters. "The joy of the nurse was touching." Tears streamed down her cheeks, and she threw kisses and flowers at the steamer. Mr. Barnum's celebrated nurse of General Washington did not show such emotion when the General died. On the steamer the conduct of the Duchess was irreproachable. To this Mrs. C. D. Gibson bears testimony. The Duchess is "charming and perfectly unchanged. She is as simple and unaffected as a child, mingling freely with all those on board that she knew." And yet the Duchess drew the line, although she wore "white kid gloves and no jewelry." Although she played bridge whist, she refused to meet two young men who held four aces four times in five rubbers, and she was distinctly distant toward a breezy and emancipated young woman in league with them, who "whistled when she dressed, smoked cigarettes in bed, and kept her pocketbook in her stocking," if her stateroom companion, a surprised young lady from Pittsburg, be worthy of confidence. How the Duchess kissed and was kissed by her old friends in the sight of the public; how young Harold Vanderbilt, "a precocious youth," pertly addressed his sister; the precise nature of her clothing; all this is chanted in Pindaric strains.

Lady Raglan wore her coronation robes and coronet on August 20 and was shown for six cents a head for the benefit of a hospital. Why should not the Duchess of Marlborough sit on exhibition for some New York charity, price of admission one dollar or cold bone? Women would go from Cohoes, N. Y., Berlin, N. H., from the South and from the West, from Dallas and from Los Angeles to see a living American Duchess. Nor would the exposure be more public and trying than it has been already to a shy and sensitive person who is in constant dread of photographers.

Tell me, pretty maiden,
Are there any more at home like you?
There are a few, kind sir,
But simple girls, and proper, too.
Then tell me pretty maiden,
What these very simple girlies do.
Kind, sir, their manners are perfection.

These lines rushed into the memory when we read that a man of Providence, R. I., got out a warrant for Dessa Gibson, or Stevens, of the Florodora Sextet, "on the charge of larceny of three diamond rings."

We have received the following letter:

Lawrence, Mass., Aug. 19, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Can you give me any information in regard to the Parmelee Library? About seven weeks ago one of its messengers informed the people who were subscribers in this city that the Library would not send out any books for one or two weeks, while some changes would be made in the management. Since that time nothing has been heard from them, and letters of inquiry addressed to the headquarters of the Library in Boston (14 Beacon Street) are of no avail. Any information which you can furnish in regard to the matter will be gratefully received by a number of subscribers in Lawrence, among whom is

A JOURNAL READER.

Far back beyond Aden there was once an Arab ruler who had a Vizier known to the world at large as Rabd-al-Houssi. A British envoy once bore credentials to this Vizier, and among them was a bottle of whisky. The interview was long and pleasant, and toward the shank of the evening Rabd-al-Houssi became Rab Dalhousie.

Aug 23 1902

Publick shewes and solemnities with much [illegible] and vanity, stage playes, flocks and [illegible] and conventions: a bone [illegible] to a companie of hungry currs; a [illegible] for greedy fishes: the painefulnesse and continuall burden-bearing of wretched ants, the running to and fro of terrified myce: like puppets drawne up and downe with wyres and nerves: these bee the objects of the World.

Mr. Calvin Bird, a negro of Pearson, Ga., has been known to thousands as the "Wild Man of Borneo." A physician in Central America took him long ago to a hospital, gave him an anesthetic, inserted a silver plate under his scalp, and when Mr. Bird awoke he found two horns protruded from this plate. At Syracuse he called at a hospital on Aug. 20 to have the horns removed, for he was tired of curious persons who paid money to see them and hear him bark.

There have been men from whose forehead horns grew to the wonder of onlookers. There was the son of a rich man in Villa Amaena, who was born with a broad and hard knot on his forehead and the knot grew in spite of frequent purgations; it grew into a pyramidical horn "of the length of a span; broad at the root of it and at the point the thickness of a man's thumb." When the boy reached man's estate he would not part with the ornament, although surgeons said the operation would be without danger. He addicted himself to his studies and made singular progress therein.

There is the man seen and mentioned by Hildanus. This man came into the world with a horn in the midst of his forehead; it was inverted like that of a ram, and turned upward to the top of his head.

The widow of Henry Davies of Shortwick, near Chester, had horns growing upon the hinder part of her head. At first she suffered from a soreness, which, as it was thought, was occasioned by wearing a straight hat. This soreness lasted 25 years, when it turned into a wen of the size of a large hen egg, and after the space of five years the wen by a strange operation of nature changed into horns like unto those of a ram, solid and wrinkled, and they sadly grieved the old woman, especially upon the change of weather. She cast her horns at least three times. The third time she grew two, which were knocked off by a fall backward. One of them was obtained by an English Lord, and it is reported he presented it to the French King, for the greatest rarity in nature, and it was received by the King with no less admiration. The other was nine inches long and was much valued for its novelty. Sir Willoughby Ashton had one of the earlier ones, and could not be persuaded to part with it.

Mr. Ward, a peruke maker in the Strand, had a horn several inches long; it came from the head of a woman, and he used it as a snuff box.

Mrs. Bumby, who died at Ekring, April 7, 1812, was a school mistress till the age of 50, at which time she married, "and on the day of her marriage, immediately after coming from church, a mental derangement took place, from which she never fully recovered." A horn sprang from one side of her forehead and grew in a crooked form to the length of nearly six inches; another made its appearance; "but owing, as it is supposed, to her frequently rubbing it, its growth was stopped."

Mrs. Elizabeth Love had a horn that grew three inches above an ear. It is now in the University Library at Edinburgh. Then there was Mrs. Allen, and there was Mrs. Margaret Vergh Gryffith, about whom a book was written in 1588: "A myraculous and monstrous, but yet most true and certayne discourse of a woman (now to be seen in London) of the age of three score years or thereabouts, in the middle of whose forehead, by the wonderful work of God, there groweth out a crooked horne of foure ynches long." There was Elizabeth Westly of Macroom, Cork. There was Francis Trouille. In other respects he was well-shaped, tall, strong, and he lived almost always in the woods, where he was found at the age of 35, clad in the skin of a wolf. "As he would not take off his hat, lest the horn should be seen, it was pulled by force from his head, and the spectators were not a little astonished at the extraordinary appearance."

It will thus be clearly seen that Mr. Bird had illustrious predecessors who had not been cast into a deep sleep for the insertion of a plate. No wonder that he felt himself to be an inferior article and was a-weary of imposture. Furthermore, the true Wild Man of Borneo has no horns. Hair, a ferocious expression, and blood-curdling shrieks, moans and howls are distinguishing characteristics. He also has the singular power of running nimbly and fleetly up a tree and then disappearing and taking the tree with him.

Mr. Landon in the Nineteenth Century gives an example of the camp gossip that is considered seriously by some and even serves as material for profound historians. After complete inaction for six weeks at Modder River, two men were overheard talking as they were taking an after-dinner smoke in the sun. "'Ave you written 'ome, Bill?" Bill had written 'ome. "An' 'ave you told 'em the truth, Bill? 'Av you told 'em that we're up to our knees in blood?" Bill had.

An Englishman, a Mr. Holmes, insists that female inebriety can be cured. "When he is dealing with a drunkard he is not anxious that his patient should sign the pledge, but he endeavors to get at the trouble which causes the woman to drink, and by treating this he has often been successful in redeeming the woman from vice." This reminds us of the female descendant of a long line of Kings who was asked if she would have water in her gin: "No, thank you, Mrs. Hooligan; God knows I have had trouble enough."

"There are only two classes comparatively hopeless—women who are mentally afflicted, such as Jane Cakebread and Tottie Fay, with whom drink is merely one of the manifestations of their lunacy, and women who are sensually possessed, to whom drink is but an incident in the indulgence of grosser passions. Outside these two classes is 'an army of drink-smitten women' who are, by no means, hopeless." Here is food for the thought of Miss Floretta Vining. There may yet be balm in Hull.

Aug 24. 1902

THE old cry has been raised against Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande." The music is "untuneful;" there is no "melody." Let us not be frightened by such cries. When Gounod's "Faust" was first performed, the opera was condemned by many for its "dryness;" The Soldiers chorus was the only number that met with popular approval; Gounod was accused of "Germanism," which was then a synonym of "lack of melody." Let us also remember that "Carmen" was considered a dry and pedantic work; that Del Puente at first threw up his part; and that Campanini, in London, refused for a long time to take the part of Don José, because the soldier "had no tune."

Mr. André Hallays contributed a lively article to the Revue de Paris, in which he defends Debussy against the accusation of a barren, cryptic score. He admits the novelty of Debussy's methods; he defends him against objectors, who formulate their charges in the name of theory and principle. He asks that the hearer should abandon himself to the charm of the work. "If this be the downfall of pedantry, so much the better."

But some one says: "This music is not melodious, and what is music without melody?"

Mr. Hallays answers: "Ah, if one could only define melody! There is not a composer for the last two centuries that has not been accused of having cut its throat. The followers of Lulli accused Rameau of the crime, the Piccinists accused Gluck, the partisans of Grétry, Mozart; the lovers of Bellini, Berlioz, and the worshipers of Halévy, Adam, Meyerbeer. Wagner brought in turn the same accusation against Gounod, Bizet, Wagner, and now Debussy. Let us shake off illusions: the Debussyites will soon accuse some other composer of the crime. But since the time that one sacrificed innocent melody, how is it that there is still someone found to invoke his memory and weep over his death? Or is it possible that melody in itself does not exist, and to say of a musician 'He is wanting in melody' really means: 'I do not like his music'? It is perhaps the wisest course to call melody any musical form that charms, touches, moves us, and—if there is talk of an opera—communicates a higher and more intense vitality to the creation of the poet. The definition is a little vague and uncertain, but it is the only one that is admissible, unless esthetic asceticism be pushed so far that it deprives us benevolently of the greatest joy which the immense treasure-house of music can give."

Mr. Hallays goes still further. "Theorists will always be wrong." He asserts that painters, sculptors, poets, musicians, artists of all kinds have never produced anything great which did not give the lie to their doctrines.

* * *

Mr. August Spanuth of New York contributes an interesting article on characteristics of musical life in that city to the Signale of Leipsic. He finds that New York has been outstripped by certain other American cities in the matter of a permanent orchestra, and he gives the Philharmonic Society a well-merited rebuke for dismissing Emil Pauer because he introduced so many works by Richard Strauss.

"As you know, we have here no Princes, no courts, to play the part of Maecenas, as an indispensable part of their princely duty. Rich individuals have assumed the position of Princes." He mentions Maj. Higginson, "who founded with extraordinary personal sacrifice the now celebrated Boston Symphony Orchestra, which has only few equals in the world; in tone quality, and in certainty and nobility of technic it is surpassed by none. * * * The regular concerts of the Boston orchestra do not allow us to be conscious of any lack of the best orchestral music. Mark well that this is not stated as an excuse, but as an explanation."

* * *

The program of the Worcester Festival, Sept. 29—Oct. 3, will be as follows: Choral works: Chadwick's "Judith," with Gertrude Stein, Theodore Van Yorx, Campanari, Herbert Witherspoon; Bach's Christmas oratorio, parts I. and II., Marie Zimmerman, Janet Spencer, Theodore Van Yorx, Frederic Martin; Parker's "Hora Novissima," Suzanne Adams, Janet Spencer, George

...ahn, Herbert Witherspoon, Gabriel ...ré's "Birth of Venus" will be sung ...the first time at a miscellaneous ...ert, in which Mrs. Adams, Mrs ...n, Messrs. Hamlin and Campanari take part. Mr. Wallace Goodrich be the conductor. The orchestral ...ks, conducted by Mr. Franz Kneisel, will include César Franck's Symphony, Saint-Saëns's Symphony with ...n, Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony, overtures by Beethoven, Berlioz, ...y, Mendelssohn, Wagner; Ballet ...ic, "The Vine," Rubinstein; Chausson's "Viviane," Love Scene from Richard Strauss's "Feuersnoth"; Bach's ...erts for trumpet, flute, oboe, violin, ...; Converse's "Festival of Pan," and ...les Martin Loeffler's symphonic ...n, "Avant que tu ne t'en ailles." ...ill be seen that this orchestral pro...m is one of unusual interest and ...that will be especially welcome to ...overs of modern and progressive ...c. The sale of season tickets will ...at Washburn Hall, Worcester, ...A. M. Sept. 17. The price will be exclusive of premiums. Single ...ts will be sold at Mechanics' Hall ...ng the week of Sept. 22-27 at prices ...ng from $1 to $2 50.

* * *

...mediately after the summer holi...s the Dresden Opera Royal will ...r August Bungert's "Death of ...ses." Later the whole cycle, of ...h this work is a portion, will be ...v on four successive evenings.——...r P. A. Tirindelli, who once fiddled ...oston, and then moved to Cincinnati, has been offered the directorship ...e Venice Conservatory of Music. ...my Castles, the Australian so...a, will be heard in concert in this ...ry next season.——The Musical ...uer (N. Y.) alludes to Alois Burg...r, who will sing for Mr. Grau in ...s by Wagner as "a specimen ...ct of the Neo-Bayreuth School ...displaced Vocal Accents and ...rty Vowelizing."——A monument ...unod will be unveiled this fall in ...ark Monceau, Paris.——The Berlin ...rd Wagner monument will be ...ed probably by Oct. 1, 1903. The ...tal figures will represent Wol...n von Eschenbach, Brünnhilde, the ...a of Siegfried and the scene be...n Alberich and the Rhine maidens. ...cein has almost finished a statue ...agner, who will sit in a Roman ...a

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...T Roman correspondent of the ...al Mail Gazette wrote Aug. 5 as follows about Mascagni:

...F some time Maestro Mascagni has ...e in hot water with the Rossini ...ical Institute, of which he is the ...a which has just closed its doors ...cise of the quarrel.

...Mascagni is much liked out of Italy, ...that he makes frequent concert ...u abroad, of course leaving the ...stute under what he considers com...tat management. This is much re...d by the administrators of the ...olini bequest, who complain that he ...only goes himself, but carries off ...orofessors with him, while all the ...s are solid for the recalcitrant ...er. His latest scheme, that of ...g to the United States for over ...months, has brought matters to ...ad.

...e administrators and their adher...t declare that the statutes of the ...ini fund provide that the director ...not absent himself for more than ...days without permission, while ...agni disappears for months at a ...The followers of the Maestro ...end that he is not a mere routine ...cian who must be held to the let...of the law, that he confers an ...r on the institute by directing it, ...that its laws and regulations ...ld be stretched to accommodate ...Matters might have been ar...ed, but Mascagni is quick-tem...d and the administrators pigheaded ...so that the affair is now at a dead...e, the Institute being closed be...e of the demonstrations, little be...ing, of the pupils.

...e real truth seems to be that Mas...ni, being financially independent of ...position, has presumed on his repu...n to go his own way, making the ...ests of the institute somewhat ...ndary to his own, and that the ...inistrators are jealous of him, and ...ld like to force him to resign. This ...probably be the result.

* * *

...non Ainger calls attention to an ...esting musical incident as bearing ...e musical education of the people. ...e was passing through Lincoln's ...fields when he heard a tune ...ed by one of the bands en...d by the London County Council. The score was a well-known ...o impromptu of Schubert's The ...n joined the crowd listening to the ...—the London Temperance Prize ...l—and heard a pot pourri of varied ...cts from Schubert's compositions. ...Ainger is delighted at this sign of ...nproving musical taste among the ...le, or at least of a really artistic ...tion on the part of those who are ...ing for such taste, and he ex...es the hope that such experiments ...be persevered in with care and ...ment. "It is melody," he adds, ...t the undeveloped taste cries out ...and let it have the best and purest ...most refined." "There is abundant ...rial for band conductors in the lighter works of Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Weber, Schumann and Schubert, and also in the Volkslieder of Germany and the standard Old English songs."

* * *

What "Lancelot" writes concerning concert programs in London may be applied to programs in Boston. I quote from the Referee:

"It is early to talk about the autumn season, but there is one matter which executants might well consider during the present vacation. Those who attend many concerts cannot fail to notice the similarity of the programs. Some improvement has been observable in the selections by several leading artists, but the endeavor of the majority would seem to be to choose music which is most familiar, or pieces or songs which celebrated executants have presented with notable success. Presumably their procedure is dictated by an idea that it will increase the sale of tickets, but, although the attractive power of certain orchestral works can be relied upon, the rule holds good in far less degree with instrumental pieces and songs, the reason being that, while an adequate performance of an orchestral work may reasonably be expected under a well-known conductor, there is no like guarantee afforded that a solo will be interpreted in an enjoyable manner unless the performer be an acknowledged artist of the first rank. There is another drawback to what may be termed the imitative system.

"The performance by debutants or artists of ordinary ability of pieces or songs in which the great instrumentalists or singers are heard at their best inevitably excites comparison, with the risk of odious results. Moreover, there are certain compositions to which none but the exceptionally gifted can possibly give interpretations likely to meet the requirements of audiences in the principal London halls. I use the word 'interpretation' advisedly, and in its fullest meaning. Executively, the requirements may be met by the ordinary conscientious student, thanks to modern 'methods,' but it is by the ability to impart significance to the music consistent with its character and accepted purpose that an executant is judged nowadays and definitely placed in the temple of fame.

"There are certain works in which composers would seem to have been inspired by the realization of the tragedy of life, to have had a glimpse, as by a lightning flash on a hill-top, of the infinite consequences of life's littleness, to have perceived the necessity of the opposition of forces for the attainment of the supernal. It is the suggestiveness of these things that makes music great, but such music is meaningless unless the exponent feels them, knows them, and is convinced of their truth. If executants would only sing and play what they really understand, we should not hear so much about classical music being dry, and executants would not so often disclose their limitations.

"Instead of endeavoring to discover music that is popular or likely to attract, artists would do more justice to themselves, and be far more likely to gain favor, if they built up their programs with pieces in which they feel most at home and are heard to most advantage. To this end they should never cease to search for music old and new. The supply is practically inexhaustible, and the search would not be fruitless if pursued in an artistic spirit. The advantages would be great. From always being heard in works which are within their capabilities and which they aesthetically understand, they would insensibly become identified with pleasant associations in the minds of their auditors, and a reputation for pleasure-giving, I need scarcely say, has considerable commercial value to the rising musician.

"It may seem a hard thing to say, but I believe the artist who can only 'fetch' his audience with commonplace music is himself mediocre. The more uncultured his listeners the clearer will this be shown, and when an artist complains to me that he can only succeed by singing or playing poor music, it had been wiser, in my estimation, had he been more reticent. The fact is this; poor music well rendered is more stimulating to the imagination than good music badly performed. Tell me in what works an artist most pleases his listeners and you give me an epitome of his abilities. This sounds almost like a truism, but will artists who fail to please in noble music apply the lesson to themselves?"

* * *

Mr. Vernon Blackburn writes:

"In holiday time the mind, as far as music is concerned in England, turns naturally to the military band. The military band is the comfort of the seaside, the bird-call to the pier, the attraction for the multitude. And the multitude is content to accept its band as a matter of course; to its more or less deaf ears the distinction of a single instrument means, in the cant phrase, a 'solo,' and nothing more. The trouble and the care given over to particular effects are almost unrecognized—and, if recognized, are acknowledged in a dull sort of way, as though such musical effects were naturally a matter of course.

"Yet who shall say how much patient labor has gone to build up the results that one may hear any day upon a seaside pier where a military band has been engaged? It is possible to smile at the programs, and, indeed, the London musical critic, who conceives that, in the words of Job, 'wisdom shall die with him,' naturally sets no great store by selections from popular musical comedies and things of that particular class. But a man would be hypercritical if he demanded from a musical combination, the popularity of which is identified with that of the army, interpretations of work which should take rank with that separate class of musical thought which is reserved for those to whom music has become an art, rather than a mere titillating pleasure.

"And here comes in a curious consideration. The connoisseur of music, quite outside any journalistic matter, is supposed to permit any sort of musical vulgarity to attract his attention, and is expected to give a serious opinion upon it, comparing, sifting, carefully balancing, just because the matter in hand happens to be music. One asks why this thing should be? And the answer is based upon the universal practice in relation to music and to literature. Every man is taught his letters, his grammar, his syntax—in a word his pathway to the life of decent culture is opened out for him at the beginning of things. But music is disregarded to a ridiculous extent: if a youngsh is musically inclined, he may, and it please you, strive onwards (if he have enough initiative) to make himself acquainted with the art that most of all appeals to him. Only by degree, and amid much buffeting of criticism, does such a one come finally into his kingdom. It is true that when he has arrived thereat he will, more than likely, be flattered and appreciated even beyond his deserts; but very few are they who will sacrifice time and pains to reach that goal.

"To return from such considerations to the 'military band' of seaside resorts, one is impelled to a particular admiration of players who do their best to fulfill their aspirations toward an artistic aim, even if they do not fulfill it from the higher critical point of view. It is certain that the crowds full of music that in London has received exceptional interpretation, does occasionally feel inclined to severity, where severity is, under the circumstances, far from due. But we are more than inclined to cease from all severity, even from all minor fault-finding, and to give it as a general verdict that the military band is, as a rule, a combination to be taken au grand serieux. It is most of all interesting to note how energetic and how careful are all the bandmasters of these military bands. They have the honor of their regimental music at heart; they take keen interest in every endeavor of their men, and they at all times seem to make a personal point of the successes of the forces under their control. The military band, in a word, is a thing which musicians of another stamp should reckon with: men who cannot speak through the avenues of the classics and of the higher education may possibly touch the mind through a passing emotion of musical utterance."

* * *

Mr. Daniel G. Mason of Boston compares Dvorák and Grieg in the Outlook:

"Dvorák's childlike spontaneity is in no way better exemplified than by his attitude toward folk-music, and here again he may profitably be contrasted with Grieg. Both devotees of local color have enriched art with unfamiliar lineaments and unused resources, yet their modes of procedure have been quite different. Grieg, traversing the usual mill of German musical education, turned consciously to Norwegian folk-song to find a note of individuality. Struck with the freshness of the native dances, he transplanted them bodily into his academic flower-pots. His courtship of the national muse was conscious, sophisticated, and his style is in a sense the result of excogitation. Dvorák, on the contrary, growing up in his small Bohemian village, unable to get classic scores, assiduously fiddling throughout his youth at village fêtes where the peasants must have a scrap of tune to dance by, became thoroughly saturated with the rude music. It moved in his veins like blood; it was his other language. Thus the two men were at quite polar standpoints in relation to nationalism. With Dvorák it was a point of departure; with Grieg it was a goal of pilgrimage. And so, while the Norwegian has tended to immure himself in idiosyncrasy, the Bohemian has rubbed off provincialisms without losing his inheritance. His music, while retaining the sensuous plentitude, the individual flavor, the florid coloring, with which his peasant youth endowed it, has acquired, with years and experience, a scope of expression, a maturity of style and a universality of appeal that makes it as justly admired as it is instinctively enjoyed."

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We two are alone in the room, my dog and I. There is a terrible storm howling outside. My dog is sitting in front of me, and he looks straight into my eyes.

And I look into his eyes.

It seems as though he wishes to say something; but he is speechless; he does not understand himself, but I understand him.

I know that this very minute we have the same thoughts; that there is no difference between us. We are identical in being; the same little trembling flame flickers in each one of us.

Death will come and strike us with the wind of his huge, cold wing.

Who will then recognize any difference in the little flames?

No, they are not a beast and a man exchanging looks; they are two pairs of identical eyes fixed on each other.

And in each of these pairs of eyes, in the beast as in the man, the same life, presses in terror close to the other.

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Miss Catherine Neilson is now "the constant companion" of Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt, therefore she will not go to the ball given by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, it appears, is chummy with the Sloanes, the Twomblys, the Webbs and all the brothers and sisters of the late Cornelius. Inasmuch as we must all take sides sooner or later in this family row, the relationships and connections of Neelie and Billy and Fredly and Al should be taught in the primary schools to our little ones.

'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter
A-washing praties forenent the door,
With Roger Cleary, and Father Healy,
All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.

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"The daughter of a wealthy resident of Union Hill, N. J.," swallowed two ounces of carbolic acid because her betrothed did not make his evening call as long as usual. No information is given concerning the length of the ordinary call of this particular betrothed. We have been in certain villages of New England—as Sunderland, Mass.—where it was the flower of courtesy to call on the well-beloved about 9 o'clock Saturday evening and to break away on Sunday anywhere between 4 and 6.30 A. M. Mr. Howells alludes to the practice in his "Modern Instance." This "sitting up" was not only countenanced; it was encouraged; and it furnished the material for paternal joking at the breakfast table. In our romantic years well-bred parents left the parlor floor and fled up stairs when they heard the shuffling of feet on sidewalk or veranda steps. Louisa herself answered the bell, and regulated the lamp or gas jets until there was a soft, congenial light. Occasionally there were faint sounds from above as of things moving, or in cold weather a father might be heard in the cellar doing something to the furnace, and at times he apparently put ice into it, for although the strong chair was directly over the register, there was little or no artificial heat. Seldom were there any hints by sarcastic cough, boot thrown down the stairs, or a reminder to speak to the milkman. We are told that the old simplicity of New England life has vanished as completely as Mr. Burke's Age of Chivalry: that not long ago in civilized Lynn a thoughtful father shouted from above: "Jenny, it's time to call the cats in." The boldest lover has no repartee for such a thunderbolt.

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It is doubtful whether Hegesias himself, who went up and down painting the miseries of life and the advantages of death with such force that they who heard him resolved immediately to destroy themselves, would entertain the reason that moved "the daughter of a wealthy resident" to carbolic acid. If he were now with us he might question her to her annoyance. Perhaps she was dull that evening; perhaps she had a touch of hay fever; there may have been a discordant note of color in her costume; or Henry, her betrothed, may have wearied suddenly of reading aloud Macaulay's History of England after a fatiguing day at the office or on the track. The younger generation of today has not the staying-power of the lovers of the sixties, although nerves are sharper and wit may be more nimble.

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The wife of Mr. Juillerat, New York, is suing him for a separation. He is a Frenchman, 5 feet 2 in height; she is a German, 5 feet 9. He says: "The real difficulty between the plaintiff and me is because of the ridiculous appearance which the plaintiff says we make when together." He also says that she is "a hot tempered woman of great pride," who refuses to walk in the street with him, and frequently hides her wedding ring. We knew a woman in Boston—she was a superbly moulded creature—who laughed whenever her husband, much the shorter, was in a state of peppery rage. The laugh, indolently contemptuous, aggravated her spouse, and they were at last divorced for good and abundant cause. Many women, however, prefer a small husband. The maternal instinct is here directed toward the man, who is petted, shielded. On the other hand, Mr. DeWolf Hopper, whenever he marries, chooses a comparatively short woman for his companion in life and on the stage. Thus is shown again the law of selection: The short seeks the tall, the fat the lean, the lymphatic the nervous, and so on. Whenever you hear the remark, "I wonder why she married him," it is safe to infer that the marriage is a happy one. The qualities objected to by the superficial outsider completed and rounded that woman's life. Her beauty found a foil in his ugliness; or his good-natured dullness served as background for her glittering wit.

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Lord Avebury explains in a magazine how he taught his poodle dog "Van" to read. But "Van" was by no means the first. A pamphlet was published in 1817 which gave a description of the character and the acquirements of "Munito, or the Learned Dog," who was exhibited in London. The trainer was the author, and he, Signor Costelli, affirmed that Munito understood the alphabet, could read, copy words, cast accounts, tell the difference between playing cards. "He will select out of a pack the cards which any of the spectators may be pleased to ask for.

He plays at dominoes; is acquainted with the principles of botany and geography * * * This matchless dog understands equaly well the English, French, and Italian languages. He works out problems (asked by the audience) of arithmetic, addition, subtraction, and multiplication, and if asked (by a spectator) to point out any town (named) on a large map of Europe spread out before him, he puts a paw on it."

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Pezelius tells of a dog exhibited by a tinker at Constantinople. Many put their rings in a heap confusedly before this dog, who at the command of his master would restore to every particular man his own ring without a mistake. And when the tinker asked him in the presence of a crowd which of the company was a Captain, a poor man, a wife, a widow, and the like, "he would discover all this without error, by taking the garment of the party inquired after in his mouth."

Aug 26 1902

Within a while the Earth shall cover us all, and then shee her selfe shall have her change. And then the course will be, from one period of eternitie unto another, and so a perpetuall eternitie. Now can any man that shall consider with himselfe in his mind the severall rollings, or successions, of so many changes and alterations, and the swiftness of all these rollings; can he otherwise but contemne in his heart and despise all worldly things?

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Mr. Richard Mansfield was never in finer form. He and Dr. C. M. Depew landed about the same time and each talked with his customary volubility and authority, but Mr. Mansfield was by far the more amusing. The eminent play-actor rubbed shoulders if not noses with the aristocracy; he has decided views on government and seems to prefer a King to the hydra-headed mob, although the latter is welcome at the box office.

Aug. 22, 1902, should be a memorable date in the history of the theatre, for on that day Mr. Mansfield said in a clear, bell-like voice: "Do you know that I almost dislike to talk about the stage just now?"

Yet the reporter succeeded in wringing from his shaggy breast the fact that he will play both Julius Caesar and Brutus in Shakespeare's drama this coming season. "It has generally been conceded that Brutus is the leading part of the play. If I played that part alone, however, the audience might say that Mr. Mansfield had very little to do in the play. So I am playing Julius Caesar as well." We remember an actor named E. L. Davenport who played Brutus in such admirable fashion that no one complained of the smallness of the part; the impersonation or account of its beauty, strength, dignity, philosophic calmness still haunts the memory; but Mr. Davenport was an actor of the old school who was not given to chatter. Would it not be advantageous to Mr. Mansfield if he should deliver the speech of Mark Antony? To add the parts of Portia and the Ghost, even with the aid of ventriloquism, might be a too arduous task.

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At the great University of Sociology there should be a course of lectures with practical illustrations on the Art of Introduction. You meet Hubberston whom you barely know and warmly dislike. He is with an unprepossessing person, but he stops you. "Johnson, shake hands with my friend Mr. McGue." Your impulse is to swat Hubberston and kick McGue; but you are a coward and you press McGue's clammy hand and make some feeble remark about the weather or the price of coal. And for the rest of your natural life you feel obliged to bow to Mr. McGue, although your wife asks you, "where did you meet that extraordinary person? I suppose he is one of your bar-room or club acquaintances." Or Hubberston, who has the mania of introducing strangers to each other, uses the disgusting formula: "Two good fellows like you ought to know each other"; or he may be guilty of saying: "This is Mr. Sniper; he's one of God's own," and you are tempted to say: "He do sn't look it," or "What a rotten makeup!" Hubberston is still more objectionable when he is descriptively verbose, when he runs on in this manner: "Mr. Sneckendorf, I want you to know Mr. Johnson; you know him by reputation, and you have seen his name in the magazine. He had an article in the last Atlantic, on 'The Poetry of Advertising,' and it's a corker, worthy of Thomas Bailey Aldrich at his best. Mr. Sneckendorf, Johnson, owns the largest milk farm in New York, and he's your kind. Well, what shall we have? This is a large day."

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Boston, Aug. 23, 1902.

The Editor of Talk of the Day:

Washery? What is a washery? How do Americans like words such as hatchery, creamery, bindery, tannery? How about printery, bookery, dinery? A washery, in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania, seems to be a place where they wash small sizes of coal from the culm, or from what remains after the better sizes of coal are separated from the mine output. What the mine produces goes into the breaker, it seems, and the refuse from the breaker is culm, consisting of earth, stone and particles of coal. The larger of these are saved in the washery.

The washeries are O. K., even though they are involved in the big strike. They remind one of the briquette, the fuel that keeps Paris and Berlin clean. These briquettes are coal-brick, made of culm, coal dust, peat, etc., are clean to handle, burn well, make no smoke, and are cheap. Why cannot we have briquettes? They have been in use for a hundred years and used to be known in London as patent coal. Under the Chabannes patent, coal dust was mixed with sweepings from the London streets. The French, always ingenious and averse to waste, did better, and called their fuel briquettes. We need briquettes instead of bituminous coal dust for fuel. They will keep Boston clean, will save waste, will delight everybody, and will make a fortune for the manufacturer.

Those washeries we hear of in the coal strike are near Wilkesbarre, in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania. Everybody knows that Wilkesbarre was named in 1769 from Wilkes and Barre, and that it is pronounced in three syllables. They quarrel out there about the spelling. The great world writes Wilkesbarre, but the know-it-alls insist upon Wilkes-Barre. These amusing folk could consistently write Luzern County, unless they wish to remind us that the Swiss town had its name from lucerna, meaning lighthouse.

A. REES.

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They know Pierpont Morgan, though, all over the Alps. His fame has penetrated the remotest valleys and ascended the highest mountains. The other day, in an inn on a mountain pass, I fell into conversation with a local farmer.

He took me for a Yankee for presently he said, "From what part of America do you come, sir?" To which I replied "From that part of America which is known as England." Then he smiled, and drawing a card from his pocket presented it to me. On the card was printed, "Permit the bearer to walk about the Earth.—By order, Pierpont Morgan."—G. R. Simms in the Referee.

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Here is a pleasant glimpse at the condition of the drama in London. "'Liza Johnson wears such loud dresses you can't hear the 'busses go by,' is spoken by the seedy masher so finely portrayed by Fred Fyne in the popular song-play."

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A Frenchman asserts that golf is the oldest of French games—le jeu de mail—which was popular before the Norman conquest, and that the Scotch have no just claim to the invention of it. He admits that the game has been somewhat changed, but asks any Englishman or Scot when he is in the Midi to witness a village contest and then with hand on heart still stand up for Scotland. Football and shooting arrows at butts were the chief diversion of Scottish gentlemen in the open air before golf supplanted football; and one brave Scot derives the name of the game from golf, isl. pavimentum—"because it is played in the level fields, or orginally played in paved areas." We shall soon be told that haggis was invented at Tours, oatmeal at Marseilles, and glenlivit at Rheims.

Aug 27, 1902

This, likewise, greatly obstructs the Tranquility of the Mind, that our Desires are immoderate, and not suited to our Abilities of Attainment, which, like sails beyond the proportion of the Vessel, help only to overset it; so that being blown up with extravagant expectations, if ill success frustrates our Attempts, we presently curse our Stars, and accuse Fortune, when we ought rather to lay the blame upon our enterprising Folly. For we do not reckon him unfortunate who will shoot with a Plowshare and let slip an Ox at a Hare; nor is he born under an lucky influence, who cann't catch a Buck with a Sling or Drag-Net; for it was the weakness and perverseness of his Mind which enflam'd him on to impossible Things.

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The ink microbe has been discovered in Germany, and it is said to be most dangerous. Rats and guinea pigs die immediately after the microbic ink is injected into them. This will encourage the practice of cleaning pens by wiping them on a trouser-leg instead of on the tongue. We do not believe that the news of the discovery will lessen the output of historical, "By Gosh," and other strictly commercial novels, but perhaps we are unduly sceptical.

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Mr. Bulger, at the Porphyry, found fault with a dinner which Johnson gave to a few friends at his summer cottage. Mr. Bulger said: "You'll never catch me spending Sunday in the wilds again. Johnson apologized for the dinner, but what is an apology to an empty or tantalized stomach? The clams were good, and why not? There they were in East Bay just in front of his house; the soup would do; but the fish was off, and the only substantial thing that would pass was the broiled chicken. The corn was small; there was an attempt at a salad, tomato skins were stuffed with chopped green apples; the ice cream was watery—no wonder Johnson apologized." They all agreed with Mr. Bulger and they told in turn amusing stories of privations endured at the cottages of friends, and as soon as Bulger had left the room they looked at each other and were unanimous in the opinion that Bulger was a cad.

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The Earnest Student of Sociology was not of the group; but he could not help hearing the cocktail underlined talk, and he was moved to tell of a club formed late in the 18th century at Paris and named the "Jury dégustateur." The members were bound by certain by-laws, and one of them, formulated by Mr. Aze, was this: It was forbidden to curse the man who gave the dinner, and this time of truce was in proportion to the importance of the feast. If the meal was only ordinary, the bitterest tongue was compelled to silence for a week. The most sumptuous repast brought with it immunity for six months. "It was always in the power of the host to extend the truce by another invitation; and all will admit that this is not the least agreeable method of keeping oneself clear from malignant tongues."

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The self-expatriated Mr. W. W. Astor will soon have congenial company. Major Alexander Henry Davis, late of Syracuse, N. Y., is now a sworn subject of Edward VII., and Mr. J. J. Van Alen is said to be taking steps for the renunciation of his American citizenship. Major Davis is a pompous person who made his money in American street railways. Nevertheless, the smell of it has always been to him as a sweet savor. He had political hopes, and he so far unbent himself as to run for public office; but for some reason or other he was not appreciated by the necessary majority or plurality of his fellow-citizens. He has worn a monocle for many years, and therefore he carries it today with comparative grace and ease. Furthermore, he has practised the speech of an Englishman until he gives a pretty imitation of it. Syracuse on the whole can spare him. But what will Newport do without Mr. J. J. Van Alen? This melo-dramatically stern parti-cent declares that England is "the only fit place for a gentleman to live in." But this only endears him to Newport. There is Mr. Harry Lehr, with his friend Jocko; but he is only an ordinary jester. Mr. Van Alen is alone, far removed, of heroic proportions, wildly amusing when most stately and tragic. We like to think of another chamber at Madame Tussaud's, the chamber of expatriated Americans. It should contain a bust, at least, if not a full length statue of Mr. Henry James.

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How dim the prophetic vision of the ancients! Sixty years ago one Thomas De Quincey wrote: "But our secret opinion is that in all countries alike the only absolute safeguard against highway robbery is—a railway; for then the tables are turned; not he who is stopped incurs the risk, but he who stops; we question whether Samson himself could have pulled up his namesake on the Liverpool Railway." How faintly he foresaw the splendor of American civilization, with its glorious incidents of a hold-up, engine disconnected, express messenger bound and gagged, or shot, passengers pressing watches, purses, jewelry upon masked and attentive intruders.

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There is dispute concerning the origin and the meaning of "shank of the evening." One asserts that it marks the high-tide of enjoyment; another that it refers to the early part of the night. There is an old story that may be used in illustration. A stranger was going by a tavern long after midnight when he heard yells and sounds as of stamping horses and shrieks of a drunken fiddle. He opened the door, the scene was one of indescribable revelry. The landlord came forward and invited him to join in. "But isn't it a little late?" 'Stranger, it's a little late for night before last, but for tonight it's just the shank of the evening."

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And see how doctors disagree. J. Eliott Bregden, the compiler of "Provincial Words and Expressions Current in Lincolnshire," defines the phrase as "the latter part of the evening, approaching the 'wee small hours'"; while in Northamptonshire "shank of the day" means toward evening, and in more than one English county "shank" means dusk or twilight.

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The correspondent at Oporto of the London Times says that the Portuguese have just discovered that they have been living on bread adulterated with ground rice husks, china clay, sawdust, etc; and that the public is "rather amused than indignant." This reminds us of the old sea captain's description of the Portuguese: "A frivolous people, easily amused." Yet they are frivolous only in their own country. On Cape Cod they are most frugal and industrious.

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A man has passed out for the present who, if he had only tempered force with reason, might have solved the matinee hat question and died President of a Playgoers' Reform Club. His name is Henri Coupry, and his domicile was up till recently in Belleville. The local theatre announced "Les Etrangleurs de Paris," and he paid five sous for a place in the amphitheatre. For three long hours he feasted in one procession of crime on crime.

He took a technical interest in every detail, which experience with the police entitled him to do. His heart was set on the final act in the Assize Courts, where the most gory scene was laid, but at the psychological moment the man in front of him stood up, and all was a blank. They settled the difference outside, and the other was taken away to the Morgue. Coupry, when he found himself in possession of an entire Assize Court, argued that his action was justified. He emphasized the five sous, which were utterly lost. He wanted to draw the Judges into a discussion as to what action they would take if their evening was ruined by obstacles between themselves and the stage. He did not deny that he might have used a shorter-bladed knife; but he was an enthusiastic playgoer, and his blood was hot in his veins. He startled the robes rouges by winsomely suggesting that in his place they would have acted as he had done. For twenty long years theatres will not come in his way.—The Referee.

Aug 28 1902

King Edward struck his crown against the roof of his coach and damaged his head-covering. We had a similar accident in a hack when our plug-hat was new.

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Mr. William H. Jackson, a Congressman from Delaware, reminds us of the existence of many singular men who are classed loosely under the head of humorists. He struck an acquaintance "a playful blow" last December, and the man thus jocosely treated died in consequence on last Saturday. Mr. Jackson is "much wrought up" and he said: "I don't remember of ever hitting him, but if I did, it was only in fun. I have a habit of tapping my friends this way," and he then struck the reporter "a stinging blow on the leg." The reporter did not say whether he laughed uproariously at this exquisite fooling or whether he swatted the mad wag between the eyes, a familiar thump in the guise of repartee.

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The man that is given to practical joking is an uneducated, dimly conscious Sadist. He thrills with delight when he knows he has given another physical pain. He is an orgasmic humorist. De Quincey believed that tours in search of the picturesque are particularly apt to break up in quarrels—"perhaps on the same principle which has caused a fact generally noticed, viz., that conchologists, butterfly fanciers, etc., are unusually prone to commit felonies, because too little of a human interest circulates through their arid pursuits. The morbid irritation accumulates until the amateur rushes out with a knife, lets blood in some quarter, and so restores his own connection with the vitalities of human nature." (The villain in "The Hound of the Baskervilles" is a butterfly fancier, and we saw the hound himself last Sunday at Cotult; he is already the terror of the Mashpee settlement, and if phosphorus were skillfully applied to his face and he were let loose on a dark night, with or without the Sarsar wind that has blown steadily on Cape Cod in the face of all tradition, the hound would soon make Hannah Screechum to be forgotten and he would rule alone in the phantasmal night. Congressman Jackson should have such a dog, to force home his wit.) No doubt the honorable gentleman is, in his milder moments, an agreeable companion, genial, whole-souled, with merry jests at the expense of his fellow-members. But the fury of jesting—and the professional jester is seldom humane—soon possesses him; he begins to see red; the element of mental surprise awakened in the brain of the listener is not enough; there must be physical surprise; and so he whacks one on the back, bashes another in the tummy, strikes a third a stinging blow with a cane. Then he wonders why the assaulted man does not give way to uncontrollable laughter.

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"Laugh and the world laughs with you." And now Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the paroxysmal poetess of purple passion, challenges Col. John A. Joyce; as any strong woman, as any Mrs. Fitzsimmons, challenges him to prove that she didn't and he did write the poem, "Solitude," which begins with the line we have quoted. But the thought itself is an old one. An obscure satirist named Thackeray brought into the light of popular attention some years ago by that dauntless discoverer, Mr. W. D. Howells, wrote in substance that the

ld is a looking glass, if you smile it, it will smile on you, if you frown it, it will reflect your frown. And ve men made like observations long ore Thackeray lost his fortune.

nd yet there is one man that laughs stantly without the answering ghter of the world. His name is pew, Dr. C. M. Depew.

his may be added to the description Major Alexander Henry Davis, who o longer a citizen of pent-up Syrac, but a sworn and loyal subject of ward VII. A few years ago he owed symptoms of discontent with erican and democratic institutions inserting a hyphen between Henry l Davis. O hyphen! hyphenee! He wned gloomily when he was adssed as Major Davis, and smiled a my smile of alcoholic invitation when heard "Major Henry-Davis." Now, hyphen between Bradley and Marris purely the invention of the sasly reporter. Mr. Martin himself is isfied with his unhyphenized Christn name. But Major Davis chose his phen with great care in London; he y to its proper mounting and decoran; nor did he think it too good for ly use: he inserted it with his own nds; there was a flourish of trumts; the voice of the gallant Major s heard: "And there let it remain ever!"

here is rejoicing at the almshouse Blackwell's Island, for prunes have n added to the Sunday bill of fare. e inmates may well rejoice, for mes are a health and a joy to the tions. The glory of this fruit was secured for a time by the dark cloudrase, "prunes and prisms," and it s forgotten that in the glorious years Elizabeth a dish of stewed prunes ways stood on the table in the more urious houses frequented by Poins, lstaff, and the wild Prince. Patriotm must be put in the pocket by the cure, for prunes of California are worms and corruption to the prunes France. Nor should prunes be eaten rely as a sauce to pig or some other eat. Nor does prune-whip, a favorite edish movement, reveal the true inardness of the fruit. Eat prunes idly at your night meal, as a separe dish; eat prunes that are thick in eir own juice, not appearing like the lads of swimmers here and there, w, washed-out and wan; your palate ll sing praises, your stomach will be othed, and the next day you will d forth a morning psalm of thanksing.

Aug 29 1902

e sea draws down the little bay ve upon wave and ebbs away, long sea-laces stranded lie ne sea-girl's finery put by.

se to the cliff-edge leans the sky— are alone, the noon and I; irless the gray sea-swallows fly, ey take me for some flotsam strewn, ne women carved of wood or stone.

at once went seawards bird-alone d in deep waters moved along, ling the sea-wind like a song d her sails, and joyed to be hild and creature of the sea.

yet, alas! for human me! n of an inland-dwelling kin, man without, mermaid within, o knows not more of love or hate n knows the sea of streams in spate.

sea gives only as man's fate ees of life and death, nor knows pleasure beside sorrow goes, rs to lose nothing, never yet med beauty she could not forget.

ck upon my heart I'll set, will not love since I must die, will not hate since by-and-by red and love are reaped in one f with all sweetness 'neath the sun.

n lies on all; even on the sea looked and said "Thou shalt not be ever"; but I could not bear w world with no sea-waves there.

d Chimes told us yesterday that he hinking of renting or building a ge for the pleasure of himself Miss Eustacia next summer. "I st visiting, and at my age I will subject myself to the hours, diet, gions, caprices of others. But t sort of a cottage shall I build, think of building in spite of the Arabian proverb that fools build es for wise men to live in. I own w acres on Cape Cod, and the lot natural advantages. A narrow, te road, which is my property and merely a right-of-way, leads from highway, crosses a salt-creek that s the rise and fall of the tide. creek is never dry, and it almost cles my lot. I have observed in ng my friends that they are frtly victims to veranda bores. One, arly riser, fond of exercise, will in on you while you are at breakwill shout in a hearty voice gh the screen door, 'What! Not gh breakfast? Or are you having arly luncheon? Never mind me. lt out here on the veranda until are through.' He will sit there, very now and then he will throw conversational phrases at the breakfasters, as from a mortar. He sits there, impervious to hint or disappearance of the inmates one by one, until it is mail time on high tide, until it suits his convenience to move. There are many who argue that because you are in a summer cottage and they have nothing to do, therefore you have nothing better to do than to listen to their chatter.

Now I propose to have the creek for 100 or 200 feet each side of the bridge covered with cork dust painted green. The appearance will be that of inviting grass; the surprise will be disconcerting and discouraging, especially as broken glass, man traps and spring guns will be hidden in the lush eel grass my side of the water. The bridge will be fashioned so that I from my conning tower—and I easily command the approach—by means of an arrangement of wire and weights can dump an intruder when he is directly over the middle of the creek. If he still persists—and a sign halfway up the path will inform him of the presence of some contagious disease at the house—I shall by no means be helpless. The ground floor will be without door or windows—like Rath Krespel's house in Hoffmann's story. The only access will be by a ladder to the second floor, which will be built overhanging, so that boiling water, stones, crossbows, slings may be used to my great advantage. Messrs. Mansard and McSkim are now at work on plans, and I had hoped to be able to show them to you; but they said this morning that they had not yet determined the most convenient place for the kettle and the culverin. I do not mind the extra expense, for I propose to have a quiet, restful summer."

It was announced some time ago that Coquelin had raised money for a home of retreat for old and unfortunate or improvident actors, where they may end peacefully; and that he himself had contributed largely. We now learn from a French journal that he refused to buy any building that might be mistaken for a poorhouse, a hospital or a jail. He searched diligently, and at last he saw at Pont de Dames the château made famous by wild performances of Mme. du Barry; but the owner was reluctant to sell. Coquelin employed all his powers of persuasion, made an excellent bargain, and even induced the proprietor to leave 4000 bottles of wine that were in the cellars. The home is described as a paradise. "There is a gorgeously wooded park centuries old, orchards, gardens and rippling streams. The house itself is splendidly equipped with oak-paneled dining rooms, a vast salon and a billiard room with four tables." A theatre will be built on the grounds, where the pensioners will play again their famous parts to an audience of the neighborhood. Actors of the younger school will occasionally visit the château and give performances. "One can well imagine the criticisms of the old professionals: 'Ah! You should have seen So-and-So in that part.'" There will be room for 60 comedians, who are now drawing the pensions of the Society of Dramatic Artists, of when Coquelin is the President.

"Superfluous women" are advised to try South Africa, where they are wanted for "domestic service (which is highly paid), for clerkships, for situations as stenographers, and—as wives. There must be many thousands of women who lead here a dreary existence who would gain health and happiness by emigrating to a fuller and freer atmosphere." And there are diamonds in South Africa.

Aug 30 1902

The Grand Duke Boris viewed Niagara and was "well pleased with the spectacle." Noblesse oblige! His conduct was eminently ducal. Even if Boris thought the cataract was not doing its best or that it was not worthy of its reputation, he paid tribute to traditional fame.

The night of that same day the Grand Duke saw another wonder of America, the Rogers Brothers. He was so overcome that when a man of the theatre hustled him into the street for smoking in the lobby, he did not even put his ducal hand on his sword. But Boris is not arrogant nor is he distinguished by an air of glacial reserve. "After the performance the Grand Duke hurried to chat with two young women of the audience whom he had never seen before." This was at Buffalo, a station at which many have been thrown off.

Mr. Reginald De Koven will be at the head of the American School of Opera. The course of instruction will therefore be eclectic.

The Most Reverend Thomas Rodriguez, head of the Augustinians, is an ideal traveler. He was on the Liguria when the Peconic rammed her in New York harbor. Some one asked him if he was scared by the collision. "Not at all. I have never seen so many ships in my life, and I had already made up my mind that collisions were the usual things here."

A young woman, employed as a press feeder in the Government Printing Office at Washington, was told that she must either change her style of hairdressing or give up her job. She preferred to leave the office.

Mr. Ricketts, who in the absence of the Public Printer is at the head of the printing establishment, said to her: "I would not attempt to suggest to you how to wear your hair, which, I am sure, is most attractive as it is now; but the complaint is that your hair interferes with the feeding of the presses and causes the spoiling of many sheets of paper."

How did she wear her hair? We are not told; but there are two stories in explanation of the complaint: (1) That her hair was blown about and got on the paper; (2) "that her style of hairdressing was so unique and attractive that her fellow-employes were unable to keep their eyes off her and hence their work, not hers, deteriorated."

We are inclined to think that she is a non-conformist, that she dresses individually and not gregariously, that she arranges her hair to suit best the shape of her head and her general style of architecture. There are many men who wear only the hat that is in fashion, without consideration of personal effect. Ludkins goes to the hatter. "What is the correct thing?" The hatter produces it, and Ludkins's only care is to feel that it is the right size. Ludkins is rather short and undeniably fat; his head is thick and bulbous, and there is a wide red streak where his neck climbs toward the crown. The fashionable hat at the time is a dinky Derby, with a ridiculous, narrow, curled-up brim. Ludkins thinks that by wearing the generally approved hat of the season he will not be conspicuous; but the moment he mounts it he is a figure in farce comedy. So with women in the matter of arranging the coiffure. The pumpkin-headed, the horse-headed, women with regular features, and women with misfit noses and ears, the low-browed and they with intellectual, porcelain-knob foreheads—they all are slaves to one inflexible style. When Lady Mary Wortley Montague was in Rotterdam, nearly 200 years ago, she wrote: "The common servants, and little-shop-women here are more nicely clean than most of our ladies; and the great variety of neat dresses (every woman dressing her head after her own fashion) is an additional pleasure in seeing the town." Were not these women far more attractive to the male than the noble dames of Vienna seen by Lady Mary the month after, who all built mirlifick structures on their heads, fabrics of gauze about a yard high, three or four stories, fortified with numberless yards of heavy ribbon, and mixed a great quantity of false hair with their own, and believed it "a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub"? This hair was prodigiously powdered, "and set out with three or four rows of bodkins (wonderfully large, that stick out two or three inches from their hair) made of diamonds, pearls, red, green and yellow stones, that it certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright as to dance upon May Day with the garland."

Ah, Lady Mary, would that you were alive today and writing essays and novels! Perhaps you were not fastidiously neat, perhaps, again, you were cruelly slandered in an age when soap was not held to be a necessity, but you had wit and understanding, you were a woman of shrewd observation and much experience, you were wholesomely free from cramping bands of conventionalism, although your stays made the beauties at Sophia wonder at the discipline of your husband, who, they believed, caused you to be locked up in that machine. We would not exchange a novel written by you today for all of the works by ingenious ladies which are "prime sellers" and are extolled by literary magazines controlled by publishers. Yes, we would throw aside for you even the latest and longest invitation of Mr. Henry James by Mrs. Edith Wharton.

We respect and admire the young woman who was employed as a press-feeder in the Government Printing Office at Washington. Her coiffure is the streaming flag of independence. Inasmuch as we have not just now the price of a railway ticket to Washington, and the distance between us is magnificent, we should like to exchange photographs. Our own is a sweet thing taken in 1876, when we paid considerable attention to dress and pleasing attitudes.

The international military ride from Brussels to Ostend, a distance of 82½ miles, for King Leopold's prize, was, indeed, a "brilliant" affair. Lieut. Bauzil, near Ostend, thoughtfully observed that his horse was dying and, a humane person, he blew out its brains. Lieut. Gibbon could not bear to shoot his horse; he dismounted and watched the animal "panting its life away." The scene when Lieut. Madamet came in first was one of "great enthusiasm." His horse died soon after. "Many horses fell exhausted."

Among our notes collected for "The History of the Theatre Angel"—we find the statement that in the latter half of the sixteenth century, in playhouses of London, the actors used to kneel down after the performance were over and pray solemnly for the patron of their theatre.

"H." wrote to the New York Evening Post:

"Most of us are under the impression that 'promoting' is a latter-day development of business life. But over three hundred years ago an anonymous but talented playwright drew this picture of the guild, in the play of 'Wily Beguiled.'"

Fortunatus—
But tell me, what's thy course of life,
And how thou shift'st for maintenance in the world?

Robin Goodfellow—
'Faith, sir, I am in a manner a promoter,
Or, more fitly termed, a promoting knave;
I creep into the presence of great men,
And, under colors of their friendships,
Effect such wonders in the world
That babes will curse me that are yet unborn.

THE list of orchestral works which will be performed at the Worcester (Mass.) Festival Sept. 29-Oct. 3, under the direction of Mr. Franz Kneisel is significant. Contrasted with lists of orchestral works performed 10 years ago it is incredible.

The older and more conservative composers represented—more conservative, as they are reckoned in these restless days of experiments and moods—are Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn: Bach, by a concerto in which there is opportunity for the display of solo proficiency; Beethoven, not by a symphony, but by the "Leonore" overture No. III., and Mendelssohn by his most beautiful and romantic orchestral composition—the overture to "The Hebrides."

Who are the other composers? Berlioz, with his brilliant "Roman Carnival" overture, Berlioz, the inventor of modern orchestration, who, by some of his works, is still in the front rank of daring colorists; Wagner, with the overtures to "Tannhäuser" and "Parsifal;" Chausson, a modern of the moderns, with his delicate pastelle "Viviane;" Loeffler, who is one of the most striking and individual tone-poets in the history of music. Nor is Richard Strauss neglected, though he appears with the Love Scene from his "Feuersnoth," and not with one of his defiant symphonic poems, which might well startle and perplex a miscellaneous Festival audience accustomed to perfunctory music. Young America is represented by Converse and Curry.

Who are the symphonists? Not Mozart, not Haydn, not Mendelssohn, not even Beethoven, but César Franck, Saint-Saëns with his organ-symphony, and Tschaikowsky with his "Pathetic." Franck's symphony is one of the most radical, perhaps the most radical in its tendencies of all modern compositions of the class. Tschaikowsy's "Pathetic" is unconventional in form and arrangement, and it is the supreme expression of pessimism in music. The symphony by Saint-Saëns, whatever may be thought considering the originality of thematic material, is, with the exception of the slow and more deliberately popular movement, a work of modern construction.

The orchestral program as a whole, then, is intensely modern. The only sop to the crowd is the music from Rubinstein's ballet, "The Vine," which is poor stuff, inferior to his ballet music from "The Demon," far below the level of his "Feramors" ballet, and not to be named in the same breath with any ballet-suite by Delibes. There is no important orchestral work at this Festival, that is, merely pedagogic and instructive. This program is an opening wedge, and the wedge is already driven far in. Such a program is more truly educational than a dozen sets of "historical series," or any list of highly respectable works arranged chronologically. The Festival audience will have an opportunity of hearing pieces by earnest men of modern thought and emotions; not one piece, but several pieces. This audience will renew its admiration for Mendelssohn by hearing one of his few masterpieces, not one of his numerous examples of smug and neatly-combed-and-brushed sentimentalism. Mr. Kneisel and the Managers of the Festival have boldly hoisted the flag of romanticism; alike to them are Frenchman, Russian, German, American. A Festival arranged in such a spirit and with such an aim cannot be neglected as an old threadbare tale; nor will it be attended with yawns and stretchings

of arms, as a duty to be discharged sleepily, and with the idle approval of stock phrases.

The vocal works chosen for performance are not of like interest, and yet there is a step forward. According to custom, Mr. Chadwick's "Judith," which was produced at Worcester at the last Festival, will be repeated. But why a third performance of Mr. Parker's "Hora Novissima"? The oratorio has pages of indisputable beauty and strength, but can it endure such familiarity? The portions of Bach's Christmas oratorio will be sung at Worcester for the first time, and the performance of Gabriel Faure's "The Birth of Venus" will be, it is said, the first in public in this country.

"Judith" will be performed on Tuesday evening, Sept. 30; the Christmas oratorio and the closing scene of the first act of "Parsifal," with Mr. Frederic Martin as Gurnemanz, on Wednesday evening; "Hora Novissima" on Thursday evening; and Faure's "Birth of Venus" on Friday evening. "Artists' Night, when Suzanne Adams, Gertrude Stein and Messrs. Hamlin and Campanari will also be heard in solos. Mr. Gabrilowitsch, the pianist, will play on Thursday afternoon.

Sembrich will open her short concert tour at Scranton on Oct. 20. Boston will be among the cities visited by her.——Suzanne Adams will sing in concert in this country from October till May.——Ovide Musin, now teacher of the violin at the Liége Conservatory, will be among the visitors this fall. So will Stefi Geyer, "a wonderful child violinist."——Arthur Bird's "Serenade" for wind instruments, which took the Paderewski prize and was played in Boston last season at a Longy concert, will be performed at Berlin next winter at a concert given by Emil Prill.——The Palermo Conservatory offered a prize of $200 for an oratorio. Salvatore Messina Averna took it with his "Judith." Another Italian, Giuseppe Righetti, has written a one-act opera, "La Figlia di Jefte" (Teramo, July 6), from which it would appear that the Bible and the Apocrypha are still known in Italy. Still another Italian, Carlo Cordara, has written a one-act opera "The Temptations of Jesus," a sort of fantastic sacred drama for two characters, the Saviour and Satan, and with invocations and apparitions. It will be produced at Turin.——Tamagno has been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor.——A new opera has been based on Alexandre Dumas's "Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr" and Auguste Charpuis has written the music for it.——Josephine Singer, once a popular singer, has been admitted into a poorhouse at Vienna.——Sigismund von Hausegger, whose "Barbarossa" pleased some and distressed the conservative and hidebound at a Symphony concert in Boston last season, has been chosen artistic director of the Museum Concerts at Frankfort, and he will begin his work there in 1903.——Lecocq's latest operetta, "Jetta," will be produced at Brussels. "La Fille de Mme. Angot" was produced in that city in 1872. Does Lecocq think that the place of production may change his luck, for his star has waned in Paris.——A German concert society has been founded at Shanghai for the cultivation of German music.——Spohr's opera, "Kreuzfahrer," was revived at Leipsic Aug. 8 and voted unfathomably dull. But why should anyone take interest in such a long-hurled corpse?——Prince Ferdinand Louis of Bavaria was a fiddler in the orchestra at a late performance of "Die Meistersinger" at Munich. He took his place like an ordinary musician and afterwards presented the manager with a wreath as large as a cartwheel."——The Princess Te Rangi Pai, otherwise known as Mrs. Howie, gave a concert in London, Aug. 5. She has "a genuine contralto voice and a fine presence," and her mother was the daughter of a Maori King.——The Era (London) says: "An extraordinary fiddle, a relic from the front, has been brought home by a Yarmouth gunner. The body of the instrument has been fashioned from a meat-tin, the finger board and neck from an axe handle; the bridge is a tent peg and the tail a tent ring. Curious as is its structure, the fiddle provided merry music at many a camp fire on the veldt."——

Gailhard will revive "Don Giovanni" at the Paris Opéra next season. Miss Féart will be the Donna Anna and Miss Demougeot, the Donna Elvira.

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Carré, the manager of the Opéra-Comique, Paris, who was bitterly disappointed with the results of the competition at the Conservatory this year, happened to hear a young tenor singing in the building. "He spoke to him, heard that he had studied, but had not cared to compete. Carré snapped him up for his theatre, and asserts that he has this time found a voice. The singer's name is Muratort." Yes, but the Ménestrel says his name is Muratore, and he will create an important part in Reynaldo Hahn's opera "La Carmélite."

Tom Maclagan, an old-time comic singer, died in a hospital at Edinburgh Aug. 7, at the age of 75. In the sixties and early seventies "the great Mackney and Maclagan" were shining stars. G. W. Hunt and George Ware wrote songs for them, such as "Jeems Bass's Bitter Beer," "Captain Jinks" and others. The Era tells us that Maclagan's imitation of Sims Reeves at the Alhambra drew all London. "The great tenor came to see his double, and a friend asked him what he thought of it. 'Well,' replied Reeves, 'it is painfullly realistic.'" Maclagan's greatest success was his engagement as Faust in Hervé's operetta, when Emily Soldene played Marguerite.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Evening Post alludes to "Camille d'Erlanger," the composer whose mother was a daughter of Slidell, an envoy of the Southern Confederacy.

Not the same, not the same. The son is Frederick d'Erlanger; the more celebrated composer is Camille Erlanger.

* * *

To T. B.—This Alois Burgstaller, who has been engaged by Mr. Grau to sing the leading tenor parts in Wagner's operas at the Metropolitan Opera House next winter, will then visit the United States for the first time. He was born Sept. 27, 1871, at Holzkirchen, in the Bavarian Highlands, and first studied singing with Bellwith at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Afterward he studied with Julius Knelse, who prepares—after the manner of Cosima—for Bayreuth. Burgstaller sang at Bayreuth in 1894, as a chorister. He afterward appeared as Froh in "Das Rheingold," and Walther in Tannhäuser;" in 1897 as Siegfried, in 1899 as Siegmund. As Siegfried he was so successful that he was invited to take parts in the "Ring" in German cities, Paris, Brussels, etc. He is now a member of the Frankfort company. Enthusiastic Germans say that he stands as the "purest exponent of the new Bayreuth school of vocal art" —which, being interpreted, means that he is a pure exponent of an impure school. He sang Froh and Siegmund at Bayreuth in July last.

* * *

Mr. Herbert L. Clarke and his American Band, of Providence, R. I., were most successful at Willow Grove, Philadelphia. Mr. Clarke, born at Woburn in 1867, a son of Prof. Wm. Horatio Clarke, was solo cornet with Gilmore, Herbert and Sousa before he became conductor of the well-known band. The Philadelphia critics were warm in praise. Mr. Sharpless wrote in the Item:

I was at Willow Grove and heard Mr. Clarke conduct his men through the entire range of musical composition, from ragtime to grand opera, and he demonstrated in this variety that he has the force of authority. He does not beat time; his personal magnetism and thorough musicianship dominates everything.

His band is better balanced than many other of the first-class organizations we have heard.

That is, perhaps, its chief charm. The basses and trombones are superb in their strength. There is a market resemblance to violins in the clarinets and the woodwinds were better than any heard here for some time.

The rhythmic precision, the phrasing and delicacy and delightful oneness of the 45 members of the band make up an effect that is worth hearing over and over again.

* * *

The N. Y. Sun published this editorial article on the deterioration of American whistling:

Some years ago there was what may be called a "kick" against whistling idiots. It did not reach, because it was aimed at fools, and they are notoriously lucky. After all, the poor mouth-puckering chaps were not entirely to blame. The trouble was in the material with which they had to deal and not with their ability as blowers.

Unfortunately, that material has not improved with time. The whistlers of today are bigger, better dressed and more blizzardesque in their notes than ever, but their tunes are as straight as telegraph poles and their sharps and flats, especially flats, seem to have been tinkered to torture the musical ear, that queer bunch of nerves fashioned and filed by the Prince of Darkness for the persecution of unfortunate people who love harmony and peace.

"Alice" is "under the stone;" so is Christy. The lay of his last minstrel is hushed; "wild weeds are gathering" on the banks of the "Suwanee River," and "Massa," sure enough, is "in the cold, cold ground." Our poor boys now have nothing better to whet their whistles than the rubbish of the London concert halls.

This is a melancholy condition of things musical in America. What the dickens can the fiddlers be thinking about? Are they all 'way down by the seaside? Perhaps; but they are bound to come back again. Then we shall have plenty of good native stock from which our whistlers can make their own selections. Meanwhile we must muffle the drums of our cars and pray for the early arrival of the man with the bow.

Sept 1 1902

In seventy or eighty years, a man may have a deep gust of the World; know what it is, what it can afford, and what 'tis to have been a man. Such a latitude of years may hold a considerable corner in the general Map of Time; and a man may have a curt Epitome of the whole course thereof in the days of his own life, may clearly see he hath but acted over his Forefathers; what it was to live in ages past, and what living will be in all ages to come.

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Tomorrow we go a-journeying. Our companion, the Earnest Student of Sociology, says that we shall make together a famous sociological tour, but we do not prescribe to ourselves so preposterously. There are many men whom we expect to study: Messrs. Peter Power and George Alfred Lamb; the gallant Capt. Stern with his "The man doesn't live who could degrade me, he wouldn't live; it would mean that man and myself alone in a room face to face," yes, Capt. Stern, who reminds us pleasantly of Ancient Pistol; there is the Grand Duke Boris Vladimirovitch, who, according to the New York Sun, is "Prince of the Order of All the Garters;" both Mr. Mitchell and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan wish to consult us concerning the coal strike; there is an important meeting of the consulting editors of the Great Dictionary of Profanity and Curse Lore; we have been invited to a wedding in the stokehole of the swift steamer Cascara; there is Mr. W. S. Devery's continual performance in New York; there are the lectures in Chicago on marriage, slang, and the proper chastisement of the young; we hope in San Francisco to learn the true inwardness of the late mysterious prize fight in which Col. Fitzsimmons, the wiliest of pugilists, was caught with a blank expression on his noble face and his maulers down; we really should visit Mr. Krueger to find out whether the story now told in England is true, viz.: it was pointed out to him that a pocket handkerchief was a useful article and one that might be worn with full dress or hand-me-down, so, although he grumbled at the expense, he finally purchased one, "to last him throughout his stay in Europe" —as you see, England is a generous foe; two or three months might be spent to great advantage at Newport alone, although it is hardly probable that Mr. J. J. Van Alen would sit in our sculptural lap and tell us all his troubles; we should like to see Carcassonne before we die; there are so many men, women and things—and yet all must be done in two weeks.

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We take this journey at no inconsiderable inconvenience; for we prefer our own bed and bathtub, and we are particular as to the preparation of our morning and evening gruel. Our daily rules must be broken; for a fortnight we cannot go to bed at 9 o'clock P. M.; we shall be tempted with rich and heating food and with strong liquors; we shall be excited by conversation with lords of finance, titled and untitled aristocrats, deep thinkers of the West, and lovely women; even large and regular doses of Sal Hepatica will not ward off all the evils; the Earnest Student of Sociology will be separated from Miss Eustacia, and his companions of Blossom Court; we shall return, benefactors and mentally benefited; but much harm can be done to the abdominal clock-work in two weeks; and benefactors are not cured of physical ills at civic expense. Public services encourage private ailments.

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The idea of witnessing a wedding in a stoke-hole is naturally repugnant to us. We much prefer to read of the wooing of the Countess of Cozelle by the Elector of Saxony: how on his first visit to her he brought in one hand a bag of 100,000 crowns and in the other a horse-shoe, which he snapped asunder before her face, to show her his enviable nature, characterized by liberality and strength. Duties must not be shirked even by elderly persons who prefer a peaceful to a strenuous life.

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During our absence this column will continue to be educational and uplifting, and, as always, it will be free from reckless personalities, from idle gossip, or from any appeal to the baser passions.

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The pastor of St. John's Catholic Church at Fishkill Landing, N. Y., said to the women of his congregation: "Everyone likes to see a woman becomingly attired, but the brims appear to be growing in size; why, some of them are so extended that the priest cannot see a woman's mouth in order to permit her to receive communion." When have not priests and prophets thundered against extravagance in female dress? Isaiah was never more hot in irony than when he foretold the humiliation of the daughters of Zion, and how the Lord would take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, etc.

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Mr. Moncure D. Conway once told us that when he was preparing the materials for his life of Hawthorne he read the singular preface by the analytical novelist to Delia Bacon's book, and then he did what few have had the courage to do; he read the book itself. To his amazement he did not find a line in that incoherent volume which referred in any manner whatever to the Baconian theory itself, although Hawthorne in the preface alluded to the daring aim of Miss Bacon, the attempt to strike the most glorious of stars from the literary firmament. The book was published through the generosity of a Mr. Bennoch, who was dead at the time Mr. Conway read it. The nephew and biographer of Miss Bacon was unable to furnish any explanation of the unaccountable omission. Is it possible that the publisher protested and made cuts in the manuscript? We give Mr. Conway's story as he told it; we have not read Miss Bacon's book. Is it not better to read the plays of Shakespeare than books about him, even when the commentator is a Mabie or a Mustbe?

Vacation 2 weeks
Sept 7 1902

Don José Avana, formerly a manager of bull-fights, is now manager of the Royal opera at Madrid. He whispered his plans to a reporter. "For 30 years I have managed bull-fights, and my first care was always to find good toreros; after they were secured I bought bulls. I shall apply the same principle in the choice of a repertory: I shall first try to find singers of the first rank, and then they will tell me in what operas they can sing."

Certain subscribers to the Imperial Theatre of Moscow gave up their boxes and refused to pay their subscriptions because two singers of whom they were exceedingly fond, the tenor Klementieff and the baritone Fuschim, were not re-engaged. The case is in the courts.

An English journal published lately this advertisement: "Young woman wanted as pianist and singer; can also help behind the bar."

M. Alvarez, the well-known Paris tenor, and his family had a narrow escape the other day at Eu. They were saying "Good-by" to some friends, who had descended from the car in the great square of Eu, when a traction team was seen bearing down on their motor. There was a collision, and the automobile was dashed on to the pathway. M. Alvarez's child having both legs badly crushed.——The Era.

Emil Paur has practically decided not to return to New York next winter and will in any case remain in Europe until January. Just where he will settle is not yet known. His return to New York depends on one contingency, or rather on two. If a permanent orchestra is formed here next winter and if Mr. Paur is invited to take its direction, he will come back to this city. Otherwise he will in all probability never return to the United States, where, during his residence of 10 years, he made many friends.—New York Sun.

* * *

A lively discussion is going on in Kansas over the real value of the great classic operas. An Emporia band, it seems, undertook to render selections from "Tannhäuser," and a writer in the Atchison Globe had the temerity to declare that he would give a dollar to anybody who could honestly say that he liked it. This precipitated the controversy. One party to the discussion says that he has heard the Tannhäuser overture rendered by some of the best orchestras in the country, and that it is not "so very good at the best." At the worst, which is probably represented by the Emporia band rendering, he considers it horrible. "There are places in 'Tannhäuser,'" he says, "that remind us of a quarrel in a saloon, and, finally, the saloon-keeper and his bouncer throw a lot of drunken men out of the window, taking the sash with them." A writer in the Emporia Gazette declares that while he is for good music as against ragtime, honesty compels him to admit that the overture as played by the Emporia band, was not good music, but simply noise, and "mighty uninteresting noise at that." The comment of the Topeka Capital is more moderate and careful. "Good music," this paper says, "grows on one gradually." The writer, moreover, earns title to the Emporia man's dollar by declaring that even the Emporia band's rendition has "grown on him," and now he likes it. He urges that the Emporia band be not discouraged in its strivings, and that the Emporia citizens possess their ears in patience, for the overture "must be heard frequently and studied to be appreciated." And all this, perhaps, is the beginning of musical criticism and appreciation in Kansas.——New York Evening Post.

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A story is told to prove that Donizetti was the inventor of the ulster. One day at Paris he sent for the tailor to measure him for an overcoat. The tailor found him at the piano surrendering himself to the rapture of composition. Nevertheless, he was persuaded to quit the beloved instrument and to deliver himself up to the man of tape and chalk. The tailor made the first measurements, and then, stooping,

an to take the length of the gar-
nt. "To the knee, sir?" he said,
idly. "Lower, lower," answered the
poser in a dreamy voice. The tail-
brought the measure half way
vn the leg and paused inquiringly.
ower, lower." The tailor reached
ankles. "Lower, lower." "But, sir,
won't be able to walk." "Walk,
k! Who wants to walk?" with an
atic lifting of the arms. "I never
k; I soar."—The Concert-Goer.

* * *

olf is a musical intimist. His hand-
ting is sometimes too fine to be
ily read by the footlights. His
e is a diminutive of the "Meister-
ger" style, somewhat Spanish in col-
ng but otherwise genuinely German,
original from the first note to the
. The world will marvel some day
the musical virility and the art a
poser has here lavished on a simple
y of love before and after mar-
ge.

* * *

e quite agree with the London
sical News regarding the attitude
the Germans toward Tschaikowsky.
took years before the genius of the
ssian composer was recognized in
many, and now at a recent
haikowsky festival held at Pyr-
nt Dr. Hugo Riemann said: "We
mans rightly count Tschaikowsky
one of ourselves despite his Rus-
n nationality and education." This
oo much. Why not claim Chopin
Liszt for Germany! Tschaikowsky
s in reality more French in his
s than German—and he is wholly
ssian in the final analysis.—Musi-
Courier (N. Y.)

Sept 16. 1902

Yet I do not assert we ought to confine
rselves only to one Friend; but among
e rest, there should be one Eminently so,
t casually pick'd up at a Tavern or Eat-
g-house, nor upon a promiscuous Meeting
a Public Horse-race, or a formal Salute
parting in the Streets, as is too common
wadays; but one chosen upon long and
ature Deliberation, confirmed by settled
nverse, and with whom (according to
at celebrated Proverb) we have eaten a
ushel of Salt.

Mr. Johnson enjoys his summer cot-
ge. The cover of the cesspool, an
asis in a sandy waste, is in full view
om the veranda; he is obliged to bring
rinking water from a distance, and in
pail when there is no wind to stir
e mill, for he cannot afford this year
put in a force pump; sometimes the
andering fish cart forgets to call at
e back door; dampness occasionally
ins flour; coal is a luxury, and the
ice of stove wood is rising steadily;
e tides seem to be arranged expressly
r his natatorial inconvenience; there
e other facts in nature and life that
ight annoy; but he finds delight in
s dull routine and remoteness from
e din and the strife of the town.

He is in bed by ten at night, and on
s feet by seven in the morning. To
eserve domestic peace he sweeps the
eranda and sifts the ashes, although
told a neighbor who surprised him
at he did these chores for the sake
exercise. He has books enough, and
oks of the right kind: Memoirs of
zy or disreputable men and women,
d-fashioned English novels, romances
ingenious Frenchmen; Plutarch's
Morals" in which philosophers discuss
whether midst our Cups 'tis fit to talk
earnedly and Philosophize," "Why in
utumn Men have better Stomacs
an in other Seasons of the Year,"
Whether or no Wrestling is the oldest
xercise"—the "Morals" in the edition
1694, with the quaintness and the
vor of garrulity that characterize
e original; odd numbers of the Mer-
re de France; books on vampires,
sters, bees, birds, insanity; yarns by
erman Melville. He sits on his ver-
da, watches the changing colors of
arsh-grass, sea, and sky; he hears
e notes and calls and songs of birds
thout any wish to distinguish be-
een cries of alarm, courtship, gre-
riousness—and there is no shooting-
n in the house; afar off sound the
of-beats on the Centreville road, and
e rumble of the bridge; the shrieks
1 the yells of the dear children at
e Monpuit Lodge and Scrub Cottage
e softened by the distance, and he
iles and rubs his hands as he thinks
the grown persons who are trying to
k together over there on the ver-
da or snatch an afternoon nap. Some
y he hopes to build a little summer-
use on the edge of the bluff, where
stormy weather, armed with spy-
ass, sou'wester and a case-bottle of
ne-apple rum, he may—what is the
e phrase?—yes, sweep the offing.

The store serves as his club. He
rinks from the excitement that at-
nds the distribution of the mail, but
is fond of dropping in at the hour
the afternoon when the files are
owsy. The storekeeper and two or
ree villagers who are constitutionally
ed welcome him without exagger-
ed joy, without feigned respect. He
ars how Mr. Merkins down by the
ach has not yet paid the bill of
43 that has been standing for two
ars; he learns the latest develop-
nt in the courtship of Abner and
Mollie—a courtship now in its seventh year; and then there is talk about Hannah Screechum, who was killed by Captain Kidd, or one of his merry men, on Grand Island, when the Captain buried a pot of money and jewels, and then sailed away. Hannah still screeches and she is loudest just before daybreak. There are sceptics who pretend that she is an owl or a loon. Mr. Johnson is asked his opinion concerning the performance of the newly organized band, and he says with a judicial air: "They play surprisingly well, when you remember how few months they have practised together. They wear handsome uniforms. Where did they get them?"

Thus Mr. Johnson, who prefers the exercise of the spade and hoe in puttering about his place to that of golf, leads a restful, blameless life. A man of modest income, he seems a pauper to the flamboyant palacers by the beach, whose hospitality suggests the continual presence of the village band. He delights in the visit of a well-tried friend of congenial tastes; he is courteous to some bosom-friend of Mrs. Johnson; but, with Horace, he hates the crowd and Persian feasts. And therefore he is regarded by the restless and the ostentatious as a singular person, a misanthrope, a crank. "Why did Mrs. Johnson ever marry him? She is quite presentable, and she must have been rather pretty some years ago. I hear that he is not at all well; he is not allowed to eat anything but some prepared bread and buttermilk. I wonder how he could afford to build that cottage."

Mr. Johnson does not wish to be entertained, and not merely because he cannot in turn entertain in the manner that many of his neighbors would expect and demand. He does not hesitate in town to sit at rich men's feasts, for he feels that he gives pleasure to his hosts. If he were vain and puffed-up, he would say that his presence lent distinction. He is not stingy; on the contrary, he is inclined toward extravagance in his money dealings. He realizes that there are men and women in the world who keep a set of books in hospitality, and at the end of the season balance them. Two luncheons given by Mrs. Ferguson are credited to her by Mrs. Merkins, and Mrs. Ferguson is indebted to Mrs. Merkins for one dinner and a tea. Thus Mrs. Ferguson is still in debt.

When Mr. Johnson is invited to dine he does not instinctively say, "If we go, we must have them to dinner later. Merkins expects champagne, and I can't afford to give it; and he would not be satisfied with our simple fare. I think we had better refuse. Say I have sciatica or any old thing; that I am here for my health this summer." He does not say this instinctively, but he has found out Merkins's habits of life and thought. He avoids men and women of this particular order in the city; why should he expose himself and his wife to their scorn or pity in the country? Even the informality of a Merkins is spectacular. Better a piece of sword fish, a cucumber, and spring water at home, with a friend to encourage disputation, with the good-night of the crows, with the lights appearing one by one on the headland across the bay, with Mrs. Johnson, never so young and desirable, as when, candle-stick in hand, she gives the last look about the room to be deserted till the morning.

Sept 17 1902

I have been often told that nobody now would read anything that was plain and true; that was accounted dull work, except one mixed something of the sublime, prodigious, monstrous, or incredible; and then they would read the one for the sake of the other. So rather than not be read, I have put in a proportionable little of the monstrous.

We have received a report of the Coronation as "personally observed" by a prominent "artist in fine tailoring" whose studio or atelier—perish the coarse word "shop"!—is in Boston, a city which, according to "Britannia," a geographical work published at London in 1673, is a "Metropolis, seated very commodious for Traffick on the Sea-shore; at present a very large and spacious Town, or rather City, composed of several well-ordered Streets, and graced with fair and beautiful Houses, which are well inhabited by Merchants and Trades-men who drive a considerable trade for such commodities as the Country affordeth"—a statement which proves conclusively that the First Families of today had not then arrived.

This sartorial report is of lively interest to us, for this fall sees the return of the seventh year, in which we are accustomed to shed our clothes. There are, and there have been more fortunate beings. Mr. William Wright of Saham Toney in Norfolk, used to cast his skin every year, sometimes once, sometimes twice. "It was an uneasy and distressing effort of nature, preceded by itching, red spots, and swellings; the fingers became stiff, hard, and painful at the ends, and about the nails the pain was exquisite. The whole process of changing was completed in from 10 to 12 days, but it was about six months before the nails were perfectly renewed. From the hands the skin came off whole like a glove." We are told that there are men who cast their clothes with each season and appear in fresh and brave apparel, and our informants are of good standing in the community.

This artist in tailoring has published his "fresh, personal, original impressions," with illustrations which "pourtray (sic) current London styles as witnessed by him." As he himself says in his prefatory address to his "clients":

"He does not suppose that his customers need education from him in matters of dress, but he does think they may be interested in a report on Styles from an independent and unofficial source."

"Among the impressions gathered during his eastern travel was—That amongst men in the foremost European Countries, there is a growing Interest in Dress. This is a sign not of decay or effeminacy, but of culture. It is not well that the American public should be behind in such a matter."

The sartorial artist, you observe, is a keen sociologist and a strenuous patriot.

As he saw the Coronation dress coat—and we have no reason to suspect a glazed eye or obliquity of vision—the coat is a "coat of curves." He did not accept it without rigid scientific investigation. "The reason alleged is: that a curve is more pleasing to the human eye, i. e., more artistic than an angle." The inference is unavoidable; we hear him saying to his clients: "Get on to my curves."

"There are functions when a dress garment of the Tuxedo, or Jacket class, may be correctly adopted—termed in England a Dress Lounge." This Lounge has apparently superseded the horsehair or the chintz. "The swagger coat" of this species has two outside pockets, which slant "30 degrees from the horizontal," and it is laid out by advanced students from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"Smart dressers often wear fancy elaborate buttons on their waistcoats—heirlooms, old family relics, etc. "Etc." is vague. Does it include firedogs, a blue china plate, or any old thing that belonged to grandpa, who at the age of 87 could leap nimbly into the air and crack his heels together thrice; who never knew the use of a tooth-brush?

The superficial thinker might argue that "the Coronation festivities had revived the wearing of Frocks in England." "Mr. —— was informed, however, that it was not so; this premier style has taken a foremost place throughout the entire season of 1902; its success is assured also for some time to come." As the style is "premier," Southern statemen will continue to wear it fearlessly and without a waistcoat. Shirts will be decorated as before, with tobacco-chin-drip.

Another triumph for our beloved country: "The American crease, it was noticed, had obtained a grip even in the inner sanctum of society." In other words, we hold proud England by the slack of the breeches.

Bath-house John is vindicated. "Young men of the 'Smart Set' class do not shrink from sporting vests in bright colors, such as crimson, blue, and violet."

But why "vest" and not "waistcoat"? An "authority" wrote to Mr. —— of Boston: "As you truly say, our dress terms are vague—indefinite. This very one you mention—Morning Coat—is a generic rather than a specific term. Changes take place in style, make, etc., but we do not differentiate by names as common sense demands. Originally a Morning Coat was so called to distinguish it from the Evening or Dress Coat." Who would have thought it? We also learn that there are such things as "simulated vests."

We regret to find that on page 5 Mr. —— uses the word "pants." Can it be that he has a hand-me-down department in the back of his studio?

"The Kennel Coat is one of the most popular and up-to-date selections in London today." It is worn by noble lords for evening-recreation that may end in the gutter.

The New Coverts are not narrower than last season. "He was distinctly informed (and his notes confirm the statement) that they are more copious than ever."

In Sporting Dress "the dead-hand of conventionalism presses lighter than in About-town attire: take the case of riding breeches."

Motoring in Europe is "mainly at present the luxury of the rich and the sport of Kings. In this more advanced democratic land every day brings it nearer to a common possession." "Gravures" in the margin of this report show examples of motor clothing. There are five requirements for a car coat: the fifth is "Pocketage." Here Mr. —— might say with Southey: "Of all the inventions of the tailor (who is of all artists the most inventive) I hold the pocket to be the most commodious and, saving the fig-leaf, the most indispensable." But neither Southey nor Whitaker of Manchester, who wrote whole quartos of "hypothetical history in the potential mood" to prove that pockets are coeval with clothing, invented the word "pocketage."

And now we leave this deep sartorial thinker with extreme reluctance, and place his report between Pater's life of the Epicurean, Marius and Taillhade's translation into French of the great romance by Petronius Arbiter. Yet it was in a daily journal, not in this report, we read a statement, unadorned by rhetoric, which brought balm to our soul: "There is no appreciable change in the style of overcoats and ulsters this coming season."

Sept 18. 1902

Fidus Cornelius in the Roman Senate burst into a passionate flood of tears, because Corbulo called him a plucked ostrich.

Mock not the Emperor William for his devotion to his moustache. Over 250 years ago the author of a treatise on the Elements of Education wrote: "I have a favorable opinion of that young gentleman who is curious in fine moustachios. The time he employs in adjusting, dressing, and curling them, is no lost time; for the more he contemplates his moustachios, the more his mind will cherish, and be animated by, masculine and courageous notions."

Mr. Figueiredo Pimentel introduces to our attention Mr. Graca Aranha, a Brazilian poet, novelist, essayist. Like the celebrated Mr. Macpherson, this Brazilian is an extraordinary person. "He has the apostolic grandeur of Tolstoi, the sweeping eloquence of the epical Zola, the courage of Sudermann, who destroys the false notion about honor, the subtle charm of Maeterlinck, and the delicate wit of Anatole France." Indeed, Mr. Aranha must be a wonder. We know of nothing exactly like him in the United States. But does he write as rapidly as Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady of Philadelphia, "America's fastest author," electric essayist, nimble novelist, blazing biographer and hurricane historian? For we accept the statement that Mr. Brady is the fastest author in America, although Lurana W. Sheldon of New York, the celebrated author of "Caught in the Whirlpool," (otherwise entitled as "Now you see Her and now you Don't") has friends who boast of her 600,000 words, "written, revised and re-written" in seven months. Mr. Brady may dictate to a half dozen stenographers at a time, or he may use synchronously two typewriters by an ingenious and self-devised combination of hands and feet; we still doubt if it can be truly said of him as of Mr. Aranha, "ho has known how to attain the maximum of artistic and social culture of his period." No wonder that Germany wants Brazil.

Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady would not have impressed the ancients, Horace with his file, or Lord Shaftesbury with his sober maxims, who compared the "just composer of a legitimate piece" to an able traveler who measures his journey and considers his ground. "He is not presently upon the spur, or in his full career, but walks his steed leisurely out of the stable, settles himself in his stirrups, and when fair road and season offer, puts on perhaps to a round trot, thence into a gallop, and after a while takes up. As down, or meadow, shady lane present themselves, he accordingly suits his pace, favors his palfrey, and is sure not to bring him puffing, and in a heat, into his last inn."

Mr. Nicholas Fish was easily landed.

The astrologer who reads cunningly the stelliscript assures us that Sept. 19, 20, 22, 24, 25, 29, 30 will be fine days; the 27th will be more or less wet. Since Mercury, god of merchants and thieves, is the lord of the ascendant, lively times in the stock markets may be expected. We shall go about our business just the same.

Messrs. Safford Waters and Rupert Hughes, authors of a musical comedy to be produced next month, will be able to say to the critics, "We told you so." They have named the piece "Tommy Rot."

read with much pleasure in the Evening Star Mr. N. A. Richardson's remarks on Mr. Edwin Ginn's "Lessons of War," which Mr. Richardson characterizes as "A masterpiece of popular literature."

"Physical triumph demands great energy; intellectual success is the reward of study and patience. Napoleon in crossing the Alps was awake and heroic in pressing his eagles upward. At the battle of Lodi, with gleaming sword, he led his columns into the blaze of death, his brow crimsoned with a baptism of blood. John Huss laughed at the burning stake. William Wallace held to his spear until Scotland saw liberty."

We learn from Mr. Richardson's "Observations" that Mr. Ginn is doing much for Rangeley.

"This cottage bower, once the home and pride of our late and honored citizen, D. N. Skillings, was showing the worst and crumbling clutch of time. Left behind in the march of modern advance, it needed the magic courage of Mr. Ginn to improve and restore it to its pristine grandeur. It adjoins his home estate, where the highest and most aesthetic taste has been developed in halls and chambers of finish and luxury, plots and lawns, decked with floral life, and radiant with art and the fingers of nature."

The Paris journals gave full accounts of the ending of Wanda de Boncza, a playactress at the Comédie-Francaise, who died last month of appendicitis, at the age of 30. At first she studied the piano at the Conservatory, then comedy at the same institution, and then mankind. She dazzled at the races. Her costumes there were photographed by dressmakers. Her brougham was upholstered in white satin; her mansion was "a dream of fountains and porphyry and gold." For three days and nights she wrestled with Death, "till her mouth was twisted and her face lined like an old woman's. Only when the end was approaching was there any respite, she looked at her hands and said: 'How white they are! That's death, and it's coming nearer!'" She was hardly cold before bills were presented. The Maison Paquin demanded 117,000 francs for dresses, Doucet followed with a bill for 154,000, Mme. Callot came with her bill of 20,000, and there was a long train of jewelers, milliners, and others.

Sept 19 1902

"What a gift had John Halsebach, Professor at Vienna, in tediousness, who being to expound the Prophet, Isaiah to his auditors, read twenty-one years on the first chapter, and yet finished it not."

And yet Rabbi Chananiah may contest the palm with the Vienna Professor. It is recorded of him that when he undertook to write a commentary upon part of the Prophet Ezekiel, he required the Jews to supply him with 300 tons of oil for the use of his lamps while he should be engaged in it.

Caesar was a man of such exquisite politeness that soon after he was born he apologized to his mother for the uncommon trouble he had caused her. "Thank you," said the noble matron, "I was a good deal cut up about it myself."

The Cape Cod cat is fond of green corn and delights to eat it on the cob. It is not necessary to butter and salt the ear. There has been a marked mortality among cats of the Cape during the last two months, and it may be said in general that the Cape cat, especially the double-pawed variety, is of delicate constitution. Perhaps there has been too much interbreeding.

In some of the Cape villages frequented by summer cottagers it is a habit of the city folk to borrow or buy kittens for the children. During July and August these pets lead a luxurious life, one that cats of Egypt might have envied when Bubastis was their necropolis. But when September comes and city schools force return, the kittens are too often abandoned, and they may then be seen wailing and starving along the beach. No wonder that villagers smile at the efforts of the Animal Rescue League to promote a humane sentiment. No wonder that they are tempted to poison cats during the summer months.

There is still dispute concerning the inventor of the postal card. When Emanuel Hermann of Vienna died last summer, he was named as the inventor, and it was stated that the first postal cards were issued Oct. 1, 1869, by the Austrian Government. Now, Dr. Adolphe Cohut, in an article published in the Berliner Tageblatt, names Heinrich von Stephan as the inventor, and says he submitted to the Fifth Postal Conference at Karlsruhe in 1865 a memorial in which he pleaded for the introduction of postal cards, and pointed out their advantages. This Stephan afterward became Postmaster General of Germany, but his plan was not adopted. Germany followed the example of Austria on June 25, 1870, and in Berlin alone 45,468 of the cards were sold on the first day.

No doubt postal cards have been a great convenience to many, and there is the memorable instance of Mr. Gladstone's passion for this method of correspondence; yet the publicity of the card is still distasteful to some. There are men as well as women who do not shrink from the parade of affection. They address a correspondent as "Dear Tom," or "Dear Susan," and assure the receiver that they are "truly" or "affectionately" or even "lovingly" disposed. Or a woman will ask in a minute handwriting advice concerning an intimate thing, an order for underclothing, an appeal to her doctor for a prescription for some disease; or she will discuss openly an affair of the heart. A good many years ago a band of scientific persons descended like locusts upon Northampton; they met in convention, and they were lodged and fed at private houses. We remember well, for we were young and of insatiable observation and curiosity, a black-bearded something-"ologist," who had a wolfish appetite and left grime on the towels. He wrote postal cards to his wife at least twice a day. We took one to the Post Office and of course read it on the way. He addressed his wife as "Dearest Helen." We wondered at the time whether there were other Helens "dear" or "dearer" to him, and in a foolish moment of priggish pride we commented on expressions of comparative and superlative endearment when we were again alone with our parents. Thus did we confess unconsciously our wanton breach of hospitality, and we narrowly escaped a flogging. Did we escape it? We were flogged so often in that town where Solomon was regarded as a greater educator than Horace Mann. Our impression is that our mother remembered the grimed towels and pleaded successfully in our behalf.

There are persons who value differentiation in address, who are hurt if a correspondent ends with "Yours truly" instead of "Yours sincerely," and are offended if on the envelope "Mr." is used instead of "Esq." It is true that the Comte Duc d'Olivarez received a letter from a Prince who signed himself "Yours very humbly and affectionately" and therefore the Duc d'Olivarez burst into anger and warred against the Prince and ruined his country because the latter did not declare himself to be "Yours very humbly and obediently." But we are not impressed by this historical fact. When a man writes "Yours very truly," we begin to distrust him; when he writes "Yours most sincerely," we already feel the prick of the knife in our back. "Yours cordially" is especially distasteful, were it only for its bronchial quality.

There is a belief firmly planted in the breasts of many that postal cards are delivered a mail or two later than letters dropped in a box at the same time. This deters some from the use of them. Others are prejudiced against them as instruments of scorn or insult. Justice O'Gorman the other day ruled it is necessary for recipients of objectionable postal cards to show that the cards have been read by others than the writer and the person to whom they have been sent, in order to enable the recipient to recover in an action for libel. The plaintiff in this instance had received cards of this nature:

"I suppose that this is another day for you to tell your usual lie."

"You are the most thorough going thief I know of."

No one would enjoy the receipt of such cards, even though he were assured that they had not been read. Suppose you should receive for four days in succession and twice a day this anonymous postal card: "Did you ever consider carefully what an ass you are?" Would you not be worried until you were intolerable at home and at the office? After the second day you would be as one awaiting execution. Of course you know you are not an ass; no lawyer, doctor or college professor could convince you that your ears are abnormal, that your voice is singularly discordant; at the same time an unwarrantable liberty has been taken with you, mind and person. You cannot prove that any third individual read the postal card. This, however, affords you no consolation. You feel like screaming with the Irishman at the bar in the familiar story: "But they might."

Sept 20, 1902

## SKULLS OF GLASS.

To me skulls are diaphanous.

I distinguish the ideas of a brain as I do the delicacies of a rare flower through a crystal bell, and, without the knowledge of my neighbor, I follow the evolution of his mind, which is generally contradictory to the speech that leaves his mouth. He says: "Yes"; but under his skull I surprise his "No." Hence nearly always some oblique act, false exteriority of a grounded vow, hypocritical symbol of intimate thought.

Truly during such hours of disgust, life seems to me a carnival in which effects are only the masks of causes, especially since it is enough for me to examine the spectacle of the individual to infer that his deed is the opposite of his dream, so that I am no longer obliged to look through skulls.

O human skulls!

For some rich in flowers or diamonds, how many analogies with swamps and bogs, with ravines bristling with ambushes, with airing-yards of prisons, with fields of carnage.

On the other hand what logic under the skull of a beast. No duplicity. The beasts are merciful or barbarous, good or bad. There is no thought of a wolf in the skull of a sheep, no thought of a sheep in the skull of a wolf.

The beast is more loyal than the man. This is why I often run away from humanity to live savagely among paws and wings.

SAINT-POL-ROUX.

Indolent reviewers are rubbing their eyes over the "Poe revival," and some of them are still mentioning casually Baltimore as his birthplace. But Poe, a Bostonian by birth, has never been dead, never been in need of a revival. The envious and narrow Cambridge clique could not kill him. He has been a mighty influence in French literature ever since Baudelaire translated his tales of wonder and horror. For Poe was something more than the author of "The Bells" and "The Raven," something more than a favorite of elocutionists. His most artistic verses, poems of unequaled melodic charm and incredible nuance, are still unknown to the vast herd of his countrymen; and for one who marvels at "Silence" and "Shadow," there are 100 who are familiar with "The Gold Bug" and "The Black Cat." Consider the versatility of the man; a poet who invented a new art; a story-teller who has had and still has disciples in various fields as well as lands; a critic who for acumen, originality, felicity of expression and the gift of prophecy is still the foremost name in American literature; an imperishable unique force.

The new Virginian edition shows how Poe was cruelly wronged by Griswold, who added to criticisms written by Poe spiteful and vulgar remarks of his own, so that the dead man might endure the consequent resentment of the living thus wantonly assailed.

There is a familiar story told about Abraham Lincoln when he was practising law; how a witness swore that he saw the client accused of murder in the moonlight and recognized him unmistakably; how Lincoln produced an almanac, which proved that there was no moon that night; how the accused was acquitted. And some pretended after the verdict had been pronounced that the almanac had been doctored for the occasion; a charge that was refuted.

Now read this story from Southey's "Doctor," which was published before the murder trial in which Lincoln figured.

"A fellow was tried (at the Old Bailey, if I remember rightly) for highway robbery, and the prosecutor swore positively to him, saying he had seen his face distinctly, for it was a bright moonlight night. The counsel for the prisoner cross-questioned the man, so as to make him repeat that assertion, and insist upon it. He then affirmed that this was a most important circumstance, and a most fortunate one for the prisoner at the bar; because the night on which the alleged robbery was said to have been committed was one in which there had been no moon; it was during the dark quarter! In proof of this he handed an almanac to the Bench—and the prisoner was acquitted accordingly. The prosecutor, however, had stated everything truly; and it was known afterward that the almanac with which the counsel came provided had been prepared and printed for the occasion."

Sept 21, 1902

MR. HENRY W. SAVAGE and his English opera company are welcome in Boston. There are opera-goers here who still remember with pleasure operas sung by English and American men and women in their native language, in a satisfactory manner, with some regard for ensemble. There was Caroline Richings, with the Seguins, Bishop, Mrs. John Gilbert—not to go still farther back—when the repertory embraced the comedies of Donizetti, Auber, and others, when Verdi's "Luisa Miller" was introduced (in 1852); there was Anna Bishop's troupe, there was the charming Anna Thillon; Louisa Pyne and Wm. Harrison are not wholly forgotten; there was the Drayton company, with Miss Milnor, Annie Kemp, Brookhouse Bowler, Aynsley Cooke; there was Parepa Rosa, with the Seguins, Castle, Laurence, Rose Hersee, Campbell; in 1872 Clara Doria, now Mrs. Henry M. Rogers of this city was singing in "Zampa," with Santley and Jennie Van Zant; then there was Clara Louise Kellogg, with Van Zant, the Seguins, Maas, Carleton, Peakes, Habelmann, Morgan, and then with Miss McCulloch (Brignoli's wife), Miss Beaumont, and in "The Talisman" a live camel. In those days even "The Star of the North" was heard in English. Nor let critics need of mentioning Emma Abbott, with her ambitious attempts and enormous popularity. Emma Abbott, who was then to opera what Miss Maude Adams is now to the dramatic stage—a personality, beloved by many none too critical.

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Opera in English languished and died was on its death-bed, so far as the United States was concerned, until Mr. Savage had the energy and the courage to shape the Castle Square idea. (I forget, there was English opera for several years in San Francisco, but that city is many miles even from St. Louis.) Mr. Savage believed that there were enough lovers of opera for itself and not merely ostentatious adorers of a blazing star, to support opera, sung with fair ensemble, well staged, and at reasonable prices. He also believed—he still believes that there are American singers who are worthy of a hearing in more important parts than that of Lola in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and the Page in "Romeo and Juliet." Nor has he hesitated to promote young women who have been faithful in chorus work. At first known in this city as a successful dealer in real estate, he has established farms for the production of sopranos, tenors, contraltos, basses; nor is he content with a single crop.

Opera, it is true, is a luxury; but need not be a luxury beyond the occasional enjoyment of the great public. Mr. Savage in more than one city in this country has given real pleasure to many. For a long time after opera left the Castle Square, the mourners went about the streets; they missed their accustomed weekly musical treat; their life was narrower; the loss was personal. And now Mr. Savage returns with a well-organized company according to all reports, not as one of a strange city and by way of experiment, but to his home in which he is known as a manager who studies the wants of the public, gratifies them in a legitimate manner, and keeps faith with a public that is ready to trust him. He returns to his home and to countless friends.

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Georg Henschel's "Requiem," composed in memory of his wife, will be produced here Dec. 1 by the Cecilia.—Kocian, the violinist, will make his début in this country at New York Nov. 22 with orchestra in Carnegie Hall.—Zelie de Lussan will sing in concert in this country this season. We learn that she is "a descendant of one of the oldest families of the French nobility."—Mr. Voy Turnhill says: "While dining with Grieg in Copenhagen I heard a friend say to the great composer that a certain young lady violinist, whom it was charitable to call a second-rate artist, would play his C minor sonata in public the following evening. Grieg mused a while and then, smiling, said, 'Well, if she will at least play it in C minor, I suppose I shall have to be satisfied.'"

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A letter was received in New York yesterday by George Tyler from A. Canby, manager last season of Mme. Patrick Campbell, and now at Brisbane, Australia, with Jean Gerard, the 'cellist, saying that there was little money to be made through amusements there just now because of hard times due to lack of rain and a disease which is killing off the sheep by millions. The people are saving like Chinese. Since the general prosperity depends on the sheep trade, naturally there is no money for amusements. Gerard has been an artistic success, and in good times this would mean a fortune.—New York Times.

Madame Patti (Baroness Cederstrom), assisted by Mr. Santley, the Misses Eissler and Mr. Trevor Evans, on Wednesday gave a morning concert, under the conductorship of Mr. Ganz, for the benefit of the Brecknock County and Borough Infirmary, at the Market Hall, Brecon. While she was singing a duet with Mr. Santley a wasp, which had been buzzing around her head, flew into her mouth. She went off the platform, and returning almost immediately, said: "I am very sorry, it was the wasp got into my mouth, and we could not go on." It is gratifying to learn that Madame Patti was not stung. The Chairman of the Infirmary Committee introduced to Madame Patti, on the concert platform, a little girl who had spent weeks of pain in the accident ward of the infirmary, for the benefit of which the concert was given. Madame Patti received a bouquet of flowers from the youthful convalescent, and kissed her. The concert realized £[illegible].—The Era (London), Sept. 6.

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Leoncavallo has sued a Milan journal, La Sera, for libel. The journal asserted that he had bought librettos and claimed them as his own, and that he had also bought music from compo-

his own use.——According to the ree, our old friend, Mr. Ffrangcon-es, "imparted Welsh intensity of ession to Rossini's 'Largo al facto-" at a concert in London.——The s to be played for the first time in ago at the first five concerts of the ago Orchestra in October and No-ber are: d'Albert's overture to "Der. ovisator," Humperdinck's "Tone ires from 'The Sleeping Beauty'"; t-Saëns's overture "Les Barbares"; Hausegger's "Barbarossa"; Sibe-s suite "Kocnig Kristian II."——The says: "A representation of nen' has been given in an arena at Bayonno under high-realistic conditions. Saléza, of Paris Opera, was the Don Mme. Charlotte Wyns, of Opera Comiquo, tho Carmen; and ueen Nathalie of Servia was among pectators, as, indeed, was almost body of note in the town. After n had been murdered in tho last e opera merged into a real bull-in which a Salamanca bull was l by Segurita."——Chadwick's pomene" overture and the part of H. W. Parker's Christopher" were performed at last Worcester (Eng.) Festival. of the most severe critics calls wick's overture a very fine piece ork, which shows a degree of dig-and self-restraint very rare with younger composers."——Paderewski aying in England.——"A deluge of marred on Aug. 31 the annual per-ance in the open air of 'Les Cloches orneville' at the Normandy village e the scene of the popular operetta lid. About a thousand spectators nbled, nevertheless, under an awn-on a lawn, the stage being erected nst a mill. The interpretation is to have been satisfactory, and at close the Marquis de Rochethulon ked the visitors for their attend-e in spite of the weather."——The

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e programs of the Worcester s.) Festival this year will be as ws:

esday, Sept. 30, 8 P. M.: Chad-'s "Judith;" Mrs. Stein, Messrs. Yorx, Campanari, Witherspoon.

dnesday, Oct. 1, 2.30 P. M.: César ck's symphony, Converse's "Fes-of Pan," Beethoven's "Leonore" III.: Mr. Frederic Martin, bass, lsings airs from "The Magic Flute" "Ernani."

dnesday, 8 P. M.: Portions of 's "Christmas Oratorio." Mrs. merman, Miss Spencer, Messrs. Van and Martin; Finale of first act of sifal," Mr. Martin, bass.

hursday, 2.30 P. M.: Saint-Saëns's phony in C minor No. 3; Curry's ure "Blomidon;" Chausson's "Viv-n" Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch will with orchestra Rubinstein's piano erto in D minor and a group of solo s.

hursday, 8 P. M.: Parker's "Hora ssima;" Suzanne Adams, Miss cer, Messrs. Hamlin and Wither-n. Concerto in F major for trum-flute, oboe, violin with accompani-t, Bach-Mottl.

iday, 2.30 P. M.: Tschaikowsky's hetic" symphony; Loeffler's "Avant tu ne t'en ailles"; Mendelssohn's ture, "The Hebrides." Mrs. Zim-nan will sing an aria.

iday, 8 P. M. Gabriel Fauré's th of Venus" (first public per-mance in the United States). Mrs. ns, Mrs. Stein, Messrs. Hamlin, panari and chorus; Berlioz's over-. "Roman Carnival"; excerpts from t "The Vine," Rubinstein-Gericke; ard Strauss's "Love-scene" from ersnoth"; overture to "Tannhaeu-" Mrs. Adams will sing two arias; Stein, the well-known air from aikowsky's "Joan of Arc"; Mr. lin an aria from Richard Strauss's ntram," and Mr. Campanari an from Puccini's "Le Villi."

gle tickets with reserved seats will ld in the lobby of Mechanics' Hall ng the week of Sept. 22-27, and also Sept. 29 to Oct. 3. Mail orders, ac-panied by check or money order, ld be addressed to the Worcester nty Musical Association. Price of le seat for Friday night, $2 50; sday afternoon, $2; Thursday even-$2 and $1 50; other concerts, $1 50 $1.

* * *

. Finck translates the criticism of unich critic on Nordica's perform-of Isolde, Aug. 18:

hile some of the German singers excelled her as actresses in the d style, she surpasses all that been heard here in technical fin-and purity of vocalism. She is the Isolde who has sung those pas-ate outcries in the highest soprano ster without distressing our ears. how much that implies! All the sters—medium, deep, high—sound lly full and rounded. It is as if an an were singing Isolde, and (apart some peculiarities of phrasing) it o doubt the Italian schooling to h our guest owes her enchanting and joyous vocal spontaneity gesfreudigkeit)—and to which she still owe it when other singers of age but of the 'Worttonsprache' will have lost their voices and sung their last.' The critic adds that 'if Nordica's voice suggests the sunny South, her colleague, Herr Forchhammer, appears to have learned to sing in Greenland. Imagine a Tristan without sensuous charm of voice!'"

* * *

We quite agree with the London Musical News regarding the attitude of the Germans toward Tschaikowsky. It took years before the genius of the Russian composer was recognized in Germany, and now at a recent Tschaikowsky festival held at Pyrmont, Dr. Hugo Riemann said: "We Germans rightly count Tschaikowsky as one of ourselves despite his Russian nationality and education." This is too much. Why not claim Chopin or Liszt for Germany! Tschaikowsky was in reality more French in his tastes than German—and he is wholly Russian in the final analysis.——Musical Courier (N. Y.)

* * *

In a recent number of the Outlook Daniel Gregory Mason speaks a good and timely word for Dvorák, but mars his article by an odious and uncalled for comparison of that composer with Grieg. Dvorák, he declares, became saturated with the rude music of Bohemian peasants as a boy, wherefore it "moved in his veins like blood;" wheréas Grieg, after receiving a German education, turned consciously to Norwegian folk-song, and "struck with the freshness of the native dances, transplanted them bodily into his academic flower-pots." A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. If Mr. Mason will delve a little deeper into the subject, after reading pages 198-217 of "Songs and Song Writers" (based on information received from Grieg himself), he will find that among his 70 works, besides two volumes of pianoforte arangements of popular songs, there are only three in which he has incorporated Norwegian melodies; all the others are his own. Solvejg's Lied is a conscious imitation of the national music, but it stands almost alone among his songs in this respect.

Nine-tenths of what most writers on music suppose to be national in the music of Grieg is individual, the product of his own marvelous genius. And suppose he did "consciously" study the Norwegian folk-music, why should that be anything to his discredit? Liszt did not write Magyar music till he was 30 years old; then he turned to it consciously and deliberately, as Schubert had done hofore him, and Brahms did after him.' Genius more does not absorb ideas as a plant does rain water; it thinks, it reflects, consciously, purposely, and studies the subject from all points of view. This is what Dvorák himself did when he came to America as Director of the National Conservatory. He appealed to every one he knew, including the writer of this paragraph, for all the negro and other American melodies that could be found. These he studied and turned over in his mind, and then wrote the best of all his works, the "New World" symphony.

As for Grieg, it is surely time to stop sneering at him as an imitator and transplanter, when he is in reality the most individual and original of living composers, the creator of the latest harmonic atmosphere in music. Such treatment is not only unjust, it is cruel, in view of Grieg's poor health, which prevents him from doing any work, and tho fact that he might have starved long ago had not the Norwegian Government given him a pension of $500 a year. His music has yielded him little, because in Germany, as in England and America, it has been mercilessly pirated by the publishors.——New York Evening Post.

One of last week's essayists in little found himself wondering why there were so few instructive and delightful books about music; why, as a rule, or even as an exception, there was so little instructive and delightful musical criticism. Now I think "M. M. B." exaggerates. "Why," he laments, "is there so much written that is interesting concerning books and writers, art and artists, science and scientists, and so little appealing to the music lover or helping him in his art?" Now it seems to me that, in spite of the fact that music is much more difficult to write about than any of the other arts, a great deal that is both interesting and valauable has been written about music, not only from a technical, but from a general point of view. Wagner's prose writings present us with a body of theory concerning his art such as few poets or painters have ever given us. Indeed, I think we can find a parallel only in the writings of Leonardo da Vinci and Sir Joshua Reynolds, on the one hand, and of Goethe and Coleridge on the other. Then, among musicians, there was Schumann, who edited musical papers and wrote the main part of them; who wrote indeed in only too literary a way, but always with an eager and watchful insight, which was rarely deceived, ready to discovor a new genius before that genius had really discovered himself. Liszt wrote with voluminous and flowing eloquence, as in his book on Chopin; Berlioz was a music critic for 30 years, besides writing one of the most delightful, and quite the most exhilarating of autobiographies: Saint-Saëns, Bruneau, Vincent d'Indy, most indeed of the contemporary French composers, have written musical criticism, always in an attractive, as well as a sound and serious way. Gluck, who anticipated Wagner in his music, anticipated him also in a theoretical preface, which sets forth very much the idea which Wagner was afterward to develop. Then, in regard to the musicians who have written nothing for the public, how much splendid incidental criticism do we not find in the letters which their biographers have printed after their death! For my part I know hardly any biographical literature so full, various and entertaining as the biographies of musicians. Few musicians have not had at least one good biographer. And, as a matter of interest, I contend that Grove's Dictionary of Musicians is as good a companion for a wet day in the country as any volume of Larousse or the Encyclopedia Britannica.

"The musical papers," says "M. M. B.," "fall far short of their possibilities, and few critics are capable of really illuminative articles." No doubt, but remember that while everybody, in a certain sense, can write about literature, only musicians or those who have made a special study of music can write about music, and a good musician is much better employed in writing music. Think of the ecstasy with which Berlioz, when at last he had made a little money by his "Troyens," gave up his post on the Débats! "At last," he cries in his autobiography, "after 30 years' bondage, I am free! No more feuilletons to write, no more commonplaces to excuse, no more mediocrities to praise, no more indignation to suppress; no more lies, no more comedies, no more mean compromises—I am free!" And he gravely writes down: "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis."

The reason why music is so much more difficult to write about than any other art is because music is the one absolutely disembodied art, when it is heard, and no more than a proposition of Euclid, when it is written. It is wholly useless to the student no less than to the general reader to write about music in the style of the programs for which we pay sixpence at the concerts. "Repeated by flute and oboe, with accompaniment for clarinet (in triplets) and strings pizzicato, and then worked up by the full orchestra, this melody is eventually allotted to the 'cellos, its accompaniment now taking the form of chromatic passages," and so forth. Not less useless is it to write a rhapsody which has nothing to do with the notes, and present this as an interpretation of what the notes have said in an unknown language. Yet, what method is there besides these two methods? None, indeed, that can ever be wholly satisfactory; at the best, no more than a compromise.

In writing about poetry, while precisely that quality which makes it poetry must always evade expression, there yet remains the whole definite meaning of the words, the whole easily explicable technic of the verse, which can be made clear to every reader. In painting, you have the subject of the picture, and you have the color, handling and the like, which can be expressed hardly less precisely in words. But music has no subject, outside itself; no meaning, outside its meaning as music. What subterfuges are required, in order to give the vaguest suggestion of what a piece of music is like, and how little has been said, after all, beyond generalization, which would apply equally to half a dozen different pieces! The composer himself, if you ask him, will tell you that you may be quite correct in what you say, but that he has no opinion in the matter.

Music has indeed a language, but it is a language in which birds and other angels may talk, but out of which we cannot translate their meaning. Emotion itself, how changed becomes even emotion when we transport it into a new world, in which only sound has feeling! But I am putting it as if it had died and been reborn there, whereas it was born in its own region, and is wholly ignorant of ours.

Now is there not some reason why musical criticism is not always "Illuminative," "instructive" or "delightful?" Is it not, on the other hand, surprising that so much valuable writing about music does exist? Of music as music, perhaps no one has really written; but theory and anecdote, these remain, and when Berlioz writes it, even a treatise on instrumentation can become as interesting as a fairy tale.——Arthur Symons in London Academy.

* * *

"Lancelot" in the Referee renews the fight: "My recent remarks on voice production have elicited an interesting letter from a Paris Refereader concerning the vibrato which prevents the acceptance in England of so many French singers. He says: 'Most French voices have a light natural or heating ring, or resonance, which is a national characteristic. Although it may not please, it cannot be called a defect in the technical sense so long as it does not mar purity or steadiness of tone. It attracts attention, adds dramatic effect, and produces singing which can never be called dull, whereas that adjective is applicable to the average German and English performance.' I quote this passage because it goes to the root of the whole question. My correspondent, judging by his or her signature, is French, manifestly knows a good deal about vocalization, consequently the above opinion may be taken as representative of the taste of cultured French music-lovers. To them the beating ring adds charm to the voice; to us it detracts from its beauty. To them it is not a defect; to us, it is. The apparent admiration for the beating ring, it may be noted, causes the writer to impart a relative meaning to the term steadiness of tone. To us any beating or pulsation is contradictory to steadiness. Further, the means which to the French attracts attention and adds dramatic effect engenders in us a feeling of monotony. All this points with curious significance to the difference of temperament of the two races. The basis of our admiration for the absolutely steady vocal tone is probably because it reflects the calmness of demeanor and cool-headedness in trying circumstances, on which we pride ourselves. This is confirmed by the English style of singing sacred music, in which we demand that phrases of the deepest sentiment should be sung with absolute steadiness of vocal production. This does not mean devoid of emotional expression, but with the significance of deep feeling controlled by intellectual strength. This is our ideal of fine singing. The manner in which operatic tenors habitually render Canio's lament over his wife's infidelity in 'Pagliacci' would excite derision were Canio understood to be an Englishman, but we accept the reading as consistent with Italian character, albeit we regard it as an exhibition of hysteria rather than of depth of emotion. We recognize the value of vocal vibrato as an appropriate means of expression under certain emotional phases, chiefly manifested in various stages of nervous apprehension or fright, but its habitual use appears to us irrational and meaningless, and consequently not seldom seems ludicrous. That there is artistic truth in our view receives confirmation from my correspondent, who says that the Schola Cantorum, Chanteurs de St Gervais, whose voices are conspicuous both for their purity and for their utter freedom from vibration, are daily becoming greater favorites with the French public, and are listened to with rapt admiration. So, as an insular Englishman, I take it that there is salvation for French singers."

* * *

The N. Y. Evening Post published this interesting article on Hugo Wolf, the composer who is now in a madhouse:

A Bavarian physician once wrote a pamphlet in which he tried to demonstrate that Richard Wagner was insane. He succeeded in proving once more that the eccentricities of men of genius often resemble those of madmen, which is an old story. Several eminent composers did, however, end their lives in asylums—Schumann, Donizetti, and Smetana. A more recent tragic instance is that of the song-composer Hugo Wolf, whose works have inspired so much enthusiasm in Germany and Austria that Hugo Wolf Societies have been formed in Berlin, Vienna, and other cities. Wolf was for a time a pupil at the Vienna Conservatory, but left it in consequence of a quarrel with his teachers. His father thereupon refused to support him any longer, and thenceforth he had to make his own living. He sang in choruses, conducted operettas, wrote musical criticisms for an insignificant Viennese journal, and during the years 1886 to 1891 devoted himself chiefly to composition. The proceeds of his great activity barely sufficed to keep body and soul together. Besides some orchestral works and an opera, he wrote about two hundred songs, which are contained in his "Spanish Song Book," "Italian Song Book," collections of fifty-one songs by Goethe, fifty-three by Morike, and other collections. Not till 1892, when he was thirty-two years old, did his music begin to attract public attention. In 1896 his opera "Der Corregidor" was performed at Mannheim, and well received. But the starved composer had worked so hard over it that his health began to fail, and in the following year, while he was writing another opera, "Manuel Vegas," he broke down and had to be taken to an asylum.

In 1898 Wolf's "Corregidor" was produced at Strassburg and at Prague. In Strassburg it was given only twice, but at Prague it has remained in the repertory ever since. Its latest performance was at Graz, some weeks ago, and there, too, it proved a genuine success. Dr. Ernst Decsey gives an entertaining account in the Munich Allgemeine Zeitung, of the circumstances under which it was produced at Graz. The management wanted to produce a new comic opera. It was to be by a German, wherefore Verdi's "Falstaff" and Smetana's "Bartered Bride" were excluded. Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew," Reznicek's "Donna Dianna," and Cornelius's "Barber of Bagdad" had been previously given. Among other novelties considered were Schillings's "Pfeifertag," Strauss's "Feuersnot," and Siegfried Wagner's "Herzog Wildfang," but none seemed to be just what was wanted. In this emergency a friend of Hugo Wolf suggested his "Corregidor." It was examined, and the experts at first shook their heads because the libretto, while poetic enough, seemed insufficiently theatric. But when the conductor began to study the score, he found such an abundance of healthy, original melody that his enthusiasm grew from hour to hour, and he finally concluded that such splendid music would float a much poorer libretto. His next task was to interest the singers in this music. At first they looked askance at it, for there were no long-drawn-out high notes, no serenades sure to win applause. But the more they studied it the greater was their interest and delight, and finally the whole company were as enthusiastic as the conductor. The battle was won, for under such circumstances it was a foregone conclusion that the opera would please the public.

FOR THE 22d time the musical public of Boston and vicinity is expectantly awaiting the announcement of the soloists to appear during the coming season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The true enthusiast finds ample satisfaction in the orchestra itself which, notably in an organization like the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is simply an ensemble of soloists merging their individualities into one composite whole. But, inasmuch as so many patrons enjoy the added feature of a solo performer, the management provides as strong and attractive a list as can be secured, and this season the list is in keeping, both with the orchestra and the record of past seasons.

The simple announcement of Madame Melba as easily the first in importance is all-sufficient. There is the added assurance that it will be her only appearance in Boston in concert. Madame Schumann-Heink is, like Madame Melba, too well known and too great a favorite to need extended exploiting.

A New Comer.

A new comer is Madame Kirby Lunn, the English contralto, fresh from a season's triumph at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, London. Of her remarkable success there the London Times says: "The phenomenal voice with which Mme. Kirby Lunn is gifted is truly a marvel, showing, as it does, a quality, volume and range that encompasses the profundity of Wagner's Ortrud with the same apparent ease and graceful indifference that justifies her in undertaking, and with such a large measure of success, the leading prima donna role in Bizet's 'Carmen.'" The Telegraph refers to her as having "long been the bright particular star of a large section of London concert-goers, who view her final 'arrival' with unmixed sympathy." Mme. Lunn was born at Manchester, and she made her début in Schumann's "Genovevа," performed by students of the Royal College of Music at Drury Lane. She afterward sang in "Le Roi l'a dit" in a student performance at the Prince of Wales Theatre. She studied under A. Visetti and created the part of Norah in Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien." She was then engaged for the Carl Rosa Company and sang Ortrud, Brangaene, Fricka, Carmen, Siebel, and she created the part of Eila in "Dermid" at Covent Garden. She was married to Mr. W. J. K. Pearson of London.

The return of Madame Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, after an absence of three years, will be most heartily welcomed by all in recollection of her splendid virtuosity as a pianist.

### Was a Child Wonder.

Another new comer is Miss Maud MacCarthy, the youthful Irish violinist, who visited this country as a child-wonder. That her artistic career abroad has been brilliant is evidenced by the following excerpts from the English press. The London Times says: "Miss Maud MacCarthy's place among the first violinists of the day is being rapidly established, and the time cannot now be long before she is universally recognized as one of the greatest and most thoroughly artistic players before the public." While Black and White adds the following: "Miss Maud MacCarthy can with more truth be described as an artist than nine-tenths of the musicians who are dignified by that title. At her concert on the 3d inst. she played two important works—a sonata in C minor by Beethoven and Brahms's sonata in A major. Both were distinguished by intense artistic feeling, thoroughly controlled, and as regards technic, the greatest facility." Mr. Fuller Maitland, musical critic of the London Times, published a book called "The Musician's Pilgrimage," in which he made allusion to the genius of Maud MacCarthy when he spoke of the change from the prodigy to the serious art stage, and said that some exceptional beings pass through it quite imperceptible, and gave the following instance in these words. "The musical world has lately known an Irish girl violinist who had attained by her ninth year all the earnestness, maturity of style, and intellectual balance which are the marks of the completely developed musician."

### German Emperor's Favorite.

Miss Elsa Ruegger, the Belgian violoncellist, who three years since made her debut in Boston with the orchestra, has since that time, although now but 23 years of age, won added reputation and a position among the greatest virtuosos of the age. She has had the honor of twice playing before the Emperor and Empress of Germany since her appearance here. She was born at Lucerne, Switzerland, Feb. 6, 1881. She studied with Jacobs of the Brussels Conservatory; played in a charity concert when she was 11 years old and made a concert tour when she was 15. She was awarded in June, 1896, the first cello prize of the Brussels Conservatory "with the legend of distinction." Her first appearance here was on Oct. 21, 1899, when she played Lalo's concerto.

Mr. Anton Van Rooy, whose singing as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company in music-dramas of Wagner is fresh in the memory, will make his first appearance in Boston with the Symphony Orchestra. This distinguished baritone was born at Rotterdam on Jan. 12, 1870. It was intended that he should follow a business career, but he studied singing with Julius Stockhausen of Frankfort and Miss Beck of Berlin. Yet at the age of seven he sang first soprano in a choir of his native city. He began singing in song recitals throughout Germany, and in 1897, after a concert at Heidelberg, he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Tod, a daughter of Cosima Wagner, who was so impressed with his performance of "Wotan's Abschied" that she invited him to Bayreuth, where Cosima engaged him for the Festival of that year. Did Van Rooy sang the Wotan music. After that he sang at Bayreuth Hans Sachs and the Flying Dutchman. He has appeared as a guest at the Berlin, London and other opera houses, and in concerts in the Netherlands, France, and at New York and London. His first appearance in America was at New York as Wotan Dec. 11, 1898. Other parts that have been impersonated by him are Kurnewal, Escamillo, Wolfram. His voice and his art are alike remarkable. Another favorite who will sing at a Symphony concert this season is the tenor Mr. Ben Davies, who is too well known to require extended notice.

Mr. Raoul Pugno, one of the most distinguished pianists of Europe, will make his first appearance at a Symphony concert in this city, although he visited this country in 1897-1898 and played with Ysaye at Music Hall, Boston, Feb. 17, 1898, and with Ysaye and Gerardy on the afternoon of the following day. Mr. Pugno was born at Montrouge, France, on June 23, 1852. He is the son of an Italian, and his mother was of Lorraine. The father kept a music shop, in the Latin Quarter, Paris, and Raoul began to play at a surprisingly early age. His first teacher was Josephine Martin, and later he entered the Conservatory, where he took the first piano prize in 1866, the first harmony prize in 1867, the first organ prize in 1869. He made his first appearance in public at the age of six at a charity concert in the Hotel de Ville. At the Conservatory he studied the piano under Mathias and Durand. As he was the son of an Italian he could not compete for the Prix de Rome. There has been an absurd report that during the Commune he was made director of the Conservatory, but this communal director was Salvador Daniel who wrote a book on music of the Arabs and was executed by the troops of Versailles in 1871. The report possibly originated from the fact that when he sought a passport, certain Communists who knew his talent insisted that he should remain in Paris and assist in a concert to be given at the Opera House for the benefit of the Widow Duval, at which his "Hymn to the Immortals" was to be played; but the concert never took place, for in the morning the Versailles soldiery entered Paris. In 1871 Pugno was appointed organist of Saint Eugene. He resigned the position in 1892. He has been Professor of Harmony and Professor of Piano Playing at the Conservatory. His fame as a virtuoso was firmly established in 1863 by his performance of Grieg's concerto at a Conservatory concert. Since then his fame as a soloist as well as a chamber player has extended throughout Europe. From London to St. Petersburg he is renowned for exquisite taste and style. As a composer he is favorably known by an oratorio, "The Resurrection of Lazarus" (1879), a dozen or so operettas and ballets, piano pieces, and songs. As a chamber player he has been intimately associated with Ysaye. There is a singular allusion to Pugno in the Journal of the Goncourts, "Aug. 2, 1891: The musician Pugno, who dined here this evening, spoke eloquently concerning the little dramas that diversify the life of performers. He declared that he had before each concert the anxious, sickly emotion that preceded his first concert, with the preoccupation or hinderances to execution—even to the final chord—palpitations of his heart, nervous contractions of his forearm, fear of the hall which might make the keys stick, a crack in the floor that might resolve a leg of his chair. And the expenditure of emotion is so great that after the performance he is seized with violent stomachic cramps. But in his concerts at London which lasted two hours, and where he was the soloist performer, his chief preoccupation was the thought of losing his memory." Mr. Pugno's latest appearances in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and London were a succession of triumphs, but entirely worthy, yet free from vulgar sensationalism.

### A New Pianist.

Frederic Lamond was born at Glasgow on Jan. 28, 1868. He studied the piano at an early age, so that at the age of nine he was familiar with the works of the great masters that were within the reach of his small hands. His head was far in advance of his fingers, says one of his biographers. At the age of ten he was appointed organist of a church, and he also studied the violin and the oboe. When he was 11 he went to Germany, where he studied at the Hoch Conservatory at Frankfort-on-the-Main, but sojourned at Berlin, Meiningen, Weimar and Rome. His teachers at Frankfort were Anton Urspruch and Max Schwartz, and he asserts that he owes much to the former. Later von Buelow became interested in him, and Liszt gave him valuable instruction. He made his first appearance in Berlin Nov. 17, 1886. In the winter of 1886 Lamond went to St. Petersburg, where Rubinstein heard him play and advised him to give a concert, which he did with marked success. In the spring of 1887, Lamond returned to Scotland and in the mountains composed a piano trio, a 'cello sonata and 12 piano pieces, which he introduced to the musical world at Dresden in February, 1888. In '89-'90 he gave concerts in England and Scotland, and a symphony in A was produced at Glasgow Dec. 23, 1889, and played at the Crystal Palace. A concert overture, "From the Scottish Highlands," has been played at Frankfort, Meiningen, London, New York, Chicago. In 1895 Lamond traveled as a virtuoso in Russia, Germany, France, etc., and he became especially celebrated as a player of Beethoven's music, although his performance of music by Bach, Schumann, Liszt, Chopin, Brahms, Tschaikowsky, showed that he was not a specialist. Mr. Otto Bacher wrote of him: "When the artist, whose exterior reminds one of the youthful Anton Rubinstein, steps on the platform, displaying a certain haste, a harsh earnestness, one might almost say anger, and when he without any mannerisms that seek the general interest strikes the keys, not unlike a lion, one feels instinctively that one has to deal with an uncommon personality. We listen breathless to playing that resembles an improvisation. We feel a spirit of revelation; an air of unaffected grandeur, of solemn heroic earnestness, enwraps us. Lamond not only obtains colossal tone effects from the piano, but also finds expression for the transcendental. At the same time his playing is absolutely sound, no mannerism, no seeking for mere effects; truth is inscribed on the escutcheon of his art."

In connection with the fact that Mr. Lamond is a native of Glasgow, it is interesting to note the extent and variety of countries from which the soloists are drawn. Australia, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Germany, France, Belgium, Poland and the United States all send their representatives to the musical Mecca of America.

Hugo Heermann, the violinist, will visit the United States for the first time. He was born of a most musical mother at Heilbronn on March 3, 1844, and was educated as a violinist at an early age. For five years he was at the Brussels Conservatory as a pupil of Meerts, de Bériot and Fétis, and then he studied for three years in Paris. After successful concert tours he was invited to be concert master at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where he has taught the violin at the Hoch Conservatory since its establishment in 1878. His string quartet, in which Hugo Becker is the 'cellist, has an enviable reputation.

Mr. Harold Randolph, director of the famous Peabody Conservatory of Music in Baltimore, who has already earned a place among leading pianists by his success with the orchestra elsewhere, will be heard early in the season. The deserved popularity of Messrs. Kneisel, Schroeder and Adamowski with Boston Symphony patrons is the best possible reason for strengthening an already imposing list by the addition of their names.

The sale of season tickets for the 21 Friday afternoon public rehearsals will be held at Symphony Hall on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 29 and 30, and for the 24 Saturday evening concerts on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 2 and 3. All sales will begin at 10 A. M. and continue through the day.

Septr 22 1902

I'm proud enough to wear the rose, I had
so dear a lover.
And yesterday was fair enough, but now my
beauty's over;
My lover has another love and I must wear
the willow,
And I must carry foolish toys and sell them
in the street
And hug my child close in my shawl to keep
her from the sleet,
Ah! dear black head upon my breast, you
have a restless pillow—
Husho!

Hard eyes at men and women they smile and
look me over,
But safe from all the hard eyes I keep my
child in cover.
For if they saw my little one I know that
she would wither,
Since none would say, "God bless her, the
child is sweet to see."
My lover stands afar off, my friend's forgotten me;
But the dear black head upon my breast
keeps God and me together.
Husho!

Under every faded shawl there lies some
guarded thing,
For one it is a little snake, or flower with
nettle-sting.
For one and for another it is no flower that
grows,
Every shawl its secret keeps, and we our
sad wares crying,
Shawled from the selling come, and shawled
go to the buying.
Lie still, black head, upon my breast, lie
soft, and warm, and close.
For I will not sell my willow lest I should
lose my rose.
Husho!

It seems that pent-up Utica has been afflicted with a pest of fleas. These insects were for many years regarded as a European and Oriental institution, which afforded, with inns, boarding houses, mountains, pictures, cathedrals, and lax morals an agreeable subject for free interchange of thought between American travelers. Flea bites were even compared, when the talkers were on terms of intimacy. It should be remembered that the flea figures in poetry, hagiology, history, demonology, art, and criminology. Satan in the shape of a flea appeared to St. Dominic, who used his adversary as a book-mark. The Three Hundred combed anxiously their golden long hair at the gate of Thermopylae. Blake pictured the ghost of a flea, and Gavarni drew delightful sketches of women in pursuit. Mephistopheles sang of one, and there was the famous flea that fed on the fair body of the Demoiselle des Roches and incited envious on-lookers to verse. And there were convent-dungeons into which Friars during warm days, shook fleas from their habits through a hole above, the only aperture, and where "whenever a frail brother was convicted of breaking the most fragile of his vows, he was let down, naked, and with his hands tied." This dungeon was called "la Pulciara," the Fleaery. Will the pest arouse Utica to intellectual activity?

According to that invaluable geographical work "Britannia" (London, 1673) Dorchester in the American Plantations, "situate near the sea, is an indifferent good town."

The St. James Gazette publishes some answers to examination papers. As a rule they are not amusing, but these will pass:

"The Black Prince extinguished himself at Crecy; he afterward returned home shaggered with health and debts."

"An angle is the exclamation made by two lines on meeting in a plain."

Can anyone give us information concerning a pamphlet published in Boston by Henry Jenkins in 1831? The title is as follows: "The Infernal Secret! or the Invulnerable Spaniard, who was for many years termed the Terror of Madrid! containing an account of the wonders of his withered arm, and his connexion with a horde of Desperate Banditti, whom he employed to imprison and Subjugate those who refused to swear obedience to his Will; also, of His Ubiquity! or Power of being in Two Places at once: His Hellish Compact with the Powers of Darkness! and His Awful Death at the termination of a Century." The final sentence of the pamphlet may give an idea of the style: "The face of nature became suddenly darkened—the moon refused her light, and a violent gust blew out every torch; when the grey glimmering of morning light appeared, no traces of the stranger were to be discovered, but the skeleton arm and hand grasping a poinard." This is the real stuff. How pale is any page of the modern approved dime-novel—say Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way"—in comparison!

A man said to us the other day that a firm belief in the Baconian theory had given him an abiding joy, a bliss beyond compare, a sense of soul-calm that he had not found in marriage, success in his profession, or in religious hope and conviction. No doubt other Baconians are like him; and since they are all happy who would be so cruel as to argue the question, or insist on the supreme folly of anyone that sees in Bacon the writer of dramas attributed to Shakespeare.

Let us now praise famous men. Dr. Gastaldy died on the field of honor. The doctor was dining at the table of the Cardinal de Belloy, Archbishop of Paris. Near him by chance was a noble salmon. Dr. Gastaldy attacked it bravely, and thrice in spite of the paternal warnings of his host, who at last ordered the dish to be removed. The order was too late; for the hero physician died two days after that of the dinner.

The Year Book of German Shakespeare Society tells us that 163 theatrical associations gave during 1901 not less than 879 performances of 25 dramas of Shakespeare, viz: "Othello," 134 times; "The Merchant of Venice," 115; "Romeo and Juliet," 83; "A Midsummer Night's Dream," 79; "Taming of the Shrew," 74; "Much Ado About Nothing," 46; "As You Like It," 44; "Winter's Tale," 41; "Macbeth," 40; "King Richard III.," 32; "King Lear," 28; "Comedy of Errors," 22; "Julius Caesar," 9; "King Henry VIII.," 9; "King Henry IV.," first part, 8; "King Richard II.," 7; "King Henry IV.," second part,

he Merry Wives of Windsor," 5; easure for Measure," 4; "Antony d Cleopatra," 3; "King John," 2; ing Henry V.," "Timon of Athens," ing Henry V.," 1; "Timon of hens," 1; and "Coriolanus," 1.

t is surprising that "Othello" leads the list, and they that attribute the pular neglect of Verdi's great opera the "unpleasantness" of the subject y well doubt the soundness of their w. Even "Timon of Athens" had e hearing. And remember the stages German-Austria are not included in is number of representations. It has g been the fashion to sneer at the rmans for their "discovery" of Shakesare. It looks at present as though ey of all people pay him the sinrest tribute of admiration; they perm his plays.

Sept 23, 1902

Mr. Henry W. Savage's Grand Engsh Opera Company began a season of our weeks at the Tremont Theatre st night, with a performance of 'erdi's "Il Trovatore." The conducor was Mr. N. B. Emanuel. The cast as as follows:

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|---|---|
| anrico | Joseph F. Sheehan |
| ount di Luna | Winfred Goff |
| errando | Francis J. Boyle |
| ulz | Charles Fulton |
| eonora | Adelaide Norwood |
| zucena | Marion Ivell |
| ez | Maud Ramey |

Mr. Savage chose wisely his opening pera, for "Il Trovatore" is a work hat is popular the world over, and as the elements that make for imortality. It has long been the fashion r Germans, native, half-breed, and l those that pretend to be enwrapped German operatic atmosphere, to neer at the book and the music, but e performances in Germany alone, uring a year, are numbered by undreds.

In spite of inherent absurdities in e libretto, in spite of undeniably vular pages of the music, there is much at is passionate and irresistible; there a wealth of tunes and there is at ast one unsurpassable melody, the easures sung by Manrico from the ower. Mr. Vernon Blackburn once fined a tune as a melody that is errlpe. There are tunes in "Il Trovare" that answers this definition; and gain there are spontaneous and haunt g melodies, and chief among them is e farewell of Manrico, which is the rfect flower of Italian song as unrstood in the 19th century. There is ore to this opera, which to the peantic and the bigoted and the cold-heart has been foolishness; there is fourth act—for Verdi's opera is in ur acts, not in five, as stated by the ogram—which is a masterpiece of amatic intensity and truth, not ualed in honesty and force by Wagr in his most laborious and complex oments. I refer to the final scene tween Manrico and Leonora, which the supreme feature of an act that lvers with emotion. Here is an era that does not depend on carefulcontrived scenery or gorgeous cosmes and imposing processions. Verdi ght have said of "Il Trovatore" as e elder Dumas once boasted: "Give e the boards, a man and a woman d a passion, and I will stir the hears."

he performance last night was on e whole spirited and effective. The rt of Leonora is one that demands e mixture of personal authority and oadly conceived art which enters so rgely into what is characterized as grand style. The part is not for a rbler of roulades, it is not for a inty and sympathetic young person o is a favorite in a genteel drawg room. Look over the singers in the ore pretentious companies that visit , and who are possible Leonoras? Not mma Eames, not Melba, not even mbrich; there are two who have the tural and the artistic requirements—rnina and Nordica. Miss Norwood ten sang with the requisite authority, d in the fourth act she displayed ore than ordinary dramatic force. r entrance aria in the garden might ve been more restful and more susined, but her aria at the beginning the fourth act was admirably deered, both in general conception and detail, and in the miserere and the llowing scenes, she sang and acted truly heroic vein. Her performance s one that deserved serious attention d justly aroused the enthusiasm of audience that crowded the theatre. Miss Ivell has a dramatic voice with wer and middle tones of full, agreele, imposing quality. The sombre es are the more effective. As is not usual with singers of this order, she inclined to be logy in passages that mand fire and speed. Thus her first ia suffered from the slowness of the ce, and from incongruous deliberaon. The part is dramatically difilt. That Miss Ivell did not make e most of it is not surprising, for it quires a woman of much experience d marked tragic force. It may be id that the singer showed herself e possessor of the stuff of which ore convincing Azucenas are made.

Mr. Goff has an excellent voice and good presence As a rule, he gave strong impersonation, and sang with ste. In his famous air he erred in ntimental extravagance, and he took e opening measures at so slow a ce that the back of the melody oke; the melody langulshed and died. Mr. Sheehan's tones are too often nly in his throat. It is a pity, and fault might be corrected to his eat advantage.

Mr. Boyle's enunciation was delightly clear, and the voice itself was ll and sonorous, almost pontifical. In t the impersonation was too pontifical. Ferrando should be more of a swash-buckler. I like to think of him with a diabolical squint and recking horribly of garlic.

The chorus was for the most part satisfactory, but of chorus and orchestra I purpose to speak later in the season, when their abilities have been more fairly tested.

A performance, then, full of vitality and dash at the more essential moments; one that was most heartily applauded; one that was of good omen for the season.

"Il Trovatore" will be sung on Thursday and Saturday nights and at the Wednesday matinee. The opera this evening will be "Faust," with Gertrude Rennyson, Ethel Dufre, Maud Ramey, Lloyd D'Aubigné, William Paull and Francis J. Boyle. "Faust" wil be sung on Wednesday and Friday nights and at the Saturday matinee.

*Philip Hale.*

No wonder that Mr. Schwab in Paris is still tired. He has "a retinue of servants" and his valet has "an august presence."

Mr. Devery asked: "If three lobsters couldn't run Tammany, how is one going to do it?" Perhaps the three were short.

Full accounts of the Kossuth centenary celebrations, but not a word about the Kossuth hat, which, we firmly believe, made him famous in this country and endeared him to thousands. However exemplary a patriot he may have been, however devoted to Hungary, passionately addicted to Hunyadi Janos, and opposed to Austrian oppression, he would not have looked the part in a beaver or a billy-cock. Kossuth covered with the board of the Myantses, or the head dress of Don Basilio? Kossuth with a rakish Ramllies cock to his hat? Perish the thought! The hat of Kossuth was a Hungarian rhapsody. The hat was the symbol of liberty as Gessler's was that of tyranny. Liberty with the madding csardas and the smoking gulasch. The hat was Kossuth, and Kossuth was Hungary. Where is that hat today? It is not to be seen in Budapest, but occasionally some conservative American person sports it with a yellow duster on a Mississippi steamboat or a Vermont stage.

Montpelier, Vt., Sept. 17, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Can you tell the meaning or origin of the word "gosh?" I am quite sure that some three or four years ago you told your readers the meaning of this word. W.

Patience, patience. Wait for the great "Dictionary of Profanity and Curse-Lore." There will be at least three pages devoted to "Gosh" and "B' gosh" in primitive, amplified, and distorted forms. The word will be in its proper place between "Golly" and "Gum." Not the least interesting feature of this particular article will be an inquiry into Mr. John S. Farmer's theory that "Gosh" is an expletive of negro origin. All the variations in spelling, gash, gorsh, goshen, goshle, goshens, guish, gwesshie, and gweeshtens, now in use in merry English provinces will be noted; and there will be entertaining paragraphs on "Goshcab," "gosh-dalled," and "gosh-trimmed." There are peculiar difficulties, we are told by a Yale professor, one of our most valued contributors, in the investigation of "Gosh all Hemlock," although professors of forestry are still devoting painful hours to the work.

Boston, Sept. 21, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Whither has fled that promising dispute as to King Edward's descent from King David and that exquisite reason that he was descended from David because his ancestor was twin brother of David's? It was too beautiful for early death, but here is an English story almost as good. It is that Roger D'Esbe, founder of the Guelphs, was descended from Saladin the Nazarene, and that Roger, although a follower of Mahound, was thus descendant of David.

Now O'Hart, the Irish genealogist, shows that Queen Victoria was directly descended from the Royal Stem of Ireland which can be traced back to Adam, as thus: the House of Hanover derives from the Stuarts; the Stuarts from the Yorks, the Yorks from the Plantagenets, who come from the Mortimers, and thence to Edward III. Thence through the English Normans, the line runs straight to Queen Matilda, daughter of Malcolm, son of Duncan, who was the son of Beatrix, daughter of Malcolm, and so on cheerfully to Neall of the None Hostages, through a long line of short-lived Irish monarchs to Milesus of Spain, who was descended from Gaedhal, ancestor of the Gaels and grandson of Phoenius or Fenuis, who invented letters, and was grandson of Magog, son of Japhet, and hence there is plain sailing to Adam. O'Hart adds, "Who (Genesis I.) was the first Man?" Now as King David and Abraham were descended from Shem this gives King Edward six ancestors in the ark, Noah, Shem, Japhet, and their wives, six out of a possible eight. He really seems to have almost all there are, but might it not be possible to trace him back to Ham by the way of Nimrod? One likes to see a story perfectly rounded.

ADELGETHA.

The Greeks derived the name "Nimrod" from a goat-skin with which Bacchus was clothed. Nimrod was the son of Cush; hence the Cushings; and, indeed, Bacchus has been derived by acute etymologists from Bar-chus, the son of Cush. It would thus seem reasonable that inasmuch as King Edward, like Nimrod, is a hunter and also has reduced men under his dominion—witness the Boers—that he is descended from Nimrod, Bacchus, and is of close kin to the Cushings, a highly respectable family, we are told.

There is talk about a Princess, an American by birth, who has been sued in Rome by a maid-servant, who alleges that the Princess beat her. There must be something in the imperial and papal air, for it has long been the habit of noble dames of Rome to handle their maid-servants roughly. In Charles Reade's great masterpiece a Roman Princess, a stately blonde, abused her maid so shamefully that Gerard could not forget the sight, even when the Princess stooped to woo him. Martial tells us that the cosmetae, or lady's-maids, of his time had no easy task. Whenever a mistress was out of temper, when she had been neglected at a function that corresponded to the modern afternoon tea, or when her hair refused to curl, the maid was often flogged. Lalage, because one of her tresses was out of place, beat her maid with the betraying looking-glass of steel; and Martial rebuked her for it. A golden hairpin was often diverted from its proper place and run into the body of a slave, for a lady's-maid, then, as now, was generally a slave.

Boston, Sept. 29, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Some time ago I sent you a paragraph concerning the washeries in Pennsylvania, and I stated in it that Luzerne County, Pa., is named from the Swiss city. Hannah P. Sands, the librarian of the Osterhout Free Library, Wilkesbarre, informs me that I was mistaken. The county was named from Luzerne, who was French Minister to this country in the Revolution.

A. REES.

This Comte de la Luzerne was noted for his prudence as Minister at the Bavarian Court before he was sent to the United States. After his return from this country he went, still in the diplomatic service, to London. He died in 1792.

A well known surgeon of the Melbourne Hospital was imparting some clinical instruction to half a dozen students who accompanied him in his rounds. Pausing at the bedside of a doubtful case he said: "Now, gentlemen, do you think this is, or is not, a case for operation?" One by one the students made their diagnosis, and all of them answered in the negative. "Well, gentlemen, you are all wrong," said the wielder of the free and flashing scapel, "and I shall operate tomorrow." "No, you won't," exclaimed the patient, as he rose in his bed. "Six to one is a good majority; gimme my clothes!"—Melbourne Punch.

Sept 24. 1902

## "FAUST."

### Gounod's Opera as Performed by Mr. Savage's Company at the Tremont Theatre—Miss Gertrude Rennyson as Marguerite.

"Faust" was the opera performed last night by Mr. Henry W. Savage's Grand English Opera Company at the Tremont Theatre. Mr. N. B. Emanuel was conductor. The cast was as follows:

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|---|---|
| Faust | Lloyd D'Aubigne |
| Mephistopheles | Francis J. Boyle |
| Valentine | William Paull |
| Wagner | Parker Coombs |
| Marguerite | Gertrude Rennyson |
| Siebel | Ethel Dufre |
| Martha | Maud Ramey |

"Faust" has been described as an opportunity for the soprano and a pitfall for the unwary tenor. This characterization is not adequate, for when Mephistopheles is played by a subtle or authoritative actor, the Fiend dominates the scene; but a criticism may be justly shaped in amplification of the epigram.

Miss Rennyson had her opportunity. There was special interest in her appearance, for it was in this city that she studied her vocal art under the instruction of Mr. Augusto Rotoli. She sang well when she left him; with freedom and in accordance with the best traditions of Italian song. Then she studied in Paris, I am informed; but if she learned anything there, it was chiefly in matters pertaining to the stage. Her voice is of beautiful and sympathetic quality; the tones are well placed; she sings with ease and with the apparent spontaneity that is the fruit of art. The voice is sufficiently flexible and brilliant to be effective in such music as that of the Jewel song; it is eminently agreeable in sustained passages; it tells a reasonably emotional story in the more passionate moments. As a play-actress, Miss Rennyson showed obedience to routine. It is no doubt safer for a young singer to move in the grooves of conventionalism; for it requires extraordinary temperament to broaden successfully the character, to turn the back on the librettists, to subordinate the moods of the composer, to create an individual Marguerite, one that excites lively discussion and violent opposition. Miss Rennyson's entrance scene was marred by over-elaboration. The simplicity which should distinguish was here deliberately and openly assumed. In the scenes that followed she was often pleasing in strictly conventional manner. She did not show originality of thought or action. There was not even the promising crudeness of a passion that while it o'ermasters at the time and is extravagant yet gives much promise for the future. Nor was there any burst of emotion that swept away the judgment of the spectator and revealed on the stage a woman of flesh and blood, a woman of primitive nature. In Miss Rennyson's impersonation, a pleasing singer rather than an actress of individual force won applause.

Mr. D'Aubigne has made marked progress since he was last heard in Boston. His voice has broadened, he sings and acts with more confidence. He had many happy moments last evening. Dramatically the part is a thankless one, for the Faust of opera is a sorry fellow at his best. What Faust ever seemed even a plausible hero?

Miss Dufre was evidently not in voice, but she sang with no little discrimination and her Siebel was neither a tomboy nor a sissy.

It is hard to make the part of Mephistopheles utterly uninteresting, for it is the most sharply characterized, and Satan in any form, in poetry, fiction, or on the stage, commands attention and often a respect not paid to the more deserving. Mr. Boyle was neither sinister nor jolly, neither subtle nor heroic. To say that a Mephistopheles was conscientious might seem as a striving after paradox. Mr. Boyle at first seemed painfully impressed by the importance of his mission, but he afterward relaxed and had his lighter moments. He was an industrious devil, who openly nagged his servant-master, and at the end of the garden scene took the centre of the stage so that Marguerite sang her tale of passion at him rather than to the stars. Vocally he was industrious and at times effective. His voice is naturally a noble organ.

Mr. Paull was a dashing Valentine who now sang with distinction and now with a tendency to caress his tones. He was at his best in the duel scene, although he was interesting throughout, even when he was most cocksure of himself.

The parts of Martha and Wagner were assigned to singers of voice and not, as is customary, to a woman and a man seasoned to dryness in routine. The chorus was uncommonly good. The voices sounded young and fresh; the women were not saddened by the flight of years, and the men had not been steeped in operatic crime until even their voices were callous. The chorus was, as a rule, under firm control. The Kermess scene was sung with great spirit; a false entrance did not mar seriously the accustomed effect of the Soldiers' Chorus; and the measures sung after the death of Valentine were given with exquisite quality of tone.

The performance was one of satisfactory ensemble rather than brilliant individual display. The stage management was smooth, and the wealth of electrical display in Marguerite's garden suggested the existence of an Electric Plant with service at panic prices in the old German town. There was a very large audience that was liberal with applause.

"Il Trovatore" will be given at the matinee this afternoon and on Thursday and Saturday evenings. "Faust" will be the opera this evening, Friday night and at the Saturday matinee.

*Philip Hale.*

Coal, we are informed, was invented during the Carboniferous Age of Paleozoic Time, and chiefly for the use of barons in Pennsylvania. Scorpions, spiders, centipedes, insects, amphibians and other reptiles had little use for it. Mayflies, locusts, cockroaches and beetles looked at it with indifferent eyes, and the enaliosaurs, or swimming reptiles with paddles like whales, found the water warm enough.

Old Chimes at the Porphyry did not join in the now-prevailing chorus of indignation and distress. "Even if the strike continues far into the winter, the poor may ultimately benefit by it. They will learn the use of soft coal, oil, and other fuels, which will cost them less money than anthracite at the normal price. I grant you that stove arrangements may have to be altered. And I smiled when I saw soft coal being put into an apartment-house where I happen to know neither heating apparatus nor chimney were designed for such fuel. The absurdly and criminally high price of beef has taught many that they are better without beef; their eyes are brighter, their legs and arms less rheumatic, their minds nimbler. Eggs, fish now and then, sensibly made bread, a few vegetables, fruit, nuts, furnish a far better diet. I have eaten beef only once since the first of June and then at the house of a friend where the guests arose and bowed respectfully when the roast was placed upon the table. I then ate a slice without real relish, only out of compliment to my host.

Y... I feel better, stronger, and at t... m time more sensitive to spiritual impressions. I have renewed my Youth like the b...gle—bugle?—or is it eagle?"

Old Chinese might have added that anthracite coal is of comparatively late use and of an enjoyment much restricted geographically. Wood was used for cookery and heating by nearly all of our estimable ancestors, and it is used today by thousands. De Coincy reckoned the five heads of human expenditure as food, shelter, clothing, fuel, light. What did the ancient Romans know about coal? And yet they ruled the world. What did Asia know about coal? And yet she is the venerable mother of lofty religious thought. Greece in her palmiest days knew not coal, and yet the Greeks would no doubt have found there poets of blazing eulogy, for she regarded piracy as a most honorable profession.

The absurd and injurious degree of heat maintained in American houses of all descriptions during winter has long been a source of reproach as well as wonder among visiting foreigners. The faces of women and children sizzle or crack with the furniture; headaches, colds, dried livers are inevitable. It might be well to substitute for the crowded furnace or the red-hot radiator the hearth of cheerful wood, of thoughtful peat, of prudent coke. Sweet are the uses of adversity.

Mr. Baer, for whose pocket nature worked diligently so many centuries ago, says that he will furnish coal for the relief of schools, hospitals, and charitable institutions along the lines of the Reading system "to a limited extent," that he is "forming plans" for the relief of the "really poor." But where do we all come in, if Mr. Baer is to be the judge of the really poor?

Mr. Alfred T. Robbins read a "clever and interesting paper" in London on "Shakespeare as a journalist." He founded his essay on the indisputable fact that as there were no newspapers in Shakespeare's time, William consequently could not have been a journalist. This reminds us of a remark made by Mr. Artemus Ward: "Shakspeer rote good plase, but he wouldn't hav succeeded as a Washington correspondent of a New York daily paper. He lackt the rekesit fancy and imagginashun."

So Melba's father, Mr. David Mitchell, the contractor, who had not seen his daughter for 16 years, burst a blood vessel in the excitement of return recognition. Fortunately the press agent, passionate and indefatigable, was standing by them, and he had the presence of mind to cable the reassuring news that the series of concerts would nevertheless be the most brilliant ever given in the Southern Hemisphere; that all the railways had been put at her disposal; that the Governors of the Colonies will act as her hosts.

Joy often kills, and if Mr. Mitchell recovers he will be luckier than many good men gone before him. Thus a natural son of King Edward IV. was arrested on suspicion of betraying Calais to the French; he was found innocent, and the King thereupon sent him a ring and a gracious message, whereat the said Viscount took so great joy that the night following of that very joy he died. "So deadly a thing is any passion, even joy itself, if it be extreme." When Sinani Cessutus Judaeus, a notable pirate, heard that his son had been redeemed from slavery, and made the Admiral of seven vessels, he immediately fainted, and at the arrival of his son died in his embrace. Diagoras, the Rhodian, expired when his three sons, victors at the Olympian games, placed their wreaths upon the head of the aged father. Ptolomaeus Philometor was presented by Zabdiel, the Arabian, with the head of his enemy, Alexander, King of Syria. He looked upon it with a great deal of joy and died. It is said that Leo X. fell into a fever and died of it from joy at hearing that Milan was recovered. Then there were Sophocles, the son of Theophilus, Mauringus, Earl of Brixia; Chilon, one of the seven wise men of Greece, Juventius Thalma; Polyerite, an honorable dame of the island of Maxos—the books are full of them. Even a comic poet, Philippides of Athens, fell down dead when, beyond his hope, the victory had been adjudged to him.

The fashionable straw hat for 1903 is already announced and described by Parisian hatters. It will be made of paper, and there will be two kinds: a cheaper one, to be sold for 10 cents in our money, and a more expensive one at 72 and a half cents. The latter cannot be distinguished from the genuine article; it is untearable and unaffected by rain. The hats are now making at Lyons.

A curious point of law has arisen in California owing to the motor accident resulting in the death of Mr. and Mrs. Fair. Both were killed outright, and as there were mutual wills in each other's favor the question of survivorship is the one element of importance. If the husband survived his wife by a second, he would take the property bequeathed to him in her will. If he died before his wife the property bequeathed to him in the event of his survivorship went to other persons. The contest between these other persons and the heirs of the husband turns on a question of fact upon which there is no proof. The case is one which is similar to Wing v. Angrave in our own courts, where a husband and wife were swept off the deck of a vessel by one wave, the husband being a strong man who could swim well, and the wife a weak woman who could not swim at all. The House of Lords held that there was no presumption of survivorship from age, sex or circumstances, and thus upheld the rule of English law, that in the absence of proof there is no presumption of survivorship, and the question must be treated as a thing unascertainable.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Sept 25, 902

Boston, Sept. 22, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I admired a drop-curtain in one of our theatres the other night and I learned from the playbill that the curtain was "painted by Juan Madrazo Pinx." I have often been pleased by works of the Messrs. Pinx, who belong to a widespread and ancient family, and I am glad to find that this particular Mr. Pinx is keeping up the enviable reputation.

GAMBOGE GREENE.

Beverly, Sept. 22, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Occasion drew me this morning to Boston. Directly behind me in the train sat a young man and an older woman. They talked in the loud metallic tones which I am told distinguish today the members of our leading families, and they discussed men and women of their acquaintance and their own relatives so freely and with such analytical minuteness that even the brakeman forget his appointed duties and lent a ravished ear. Suddenly the woman said: "I don't agree with you: I think he is frightfully attractive." This observation at once reminded me of a line in Bacon's essays, a line which I am glad to say I have seen more than once in your column: "There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." John Wilkes, a most illustrious rake, squinted, as you know, in a way that distressed the conventional; Mirabeau, another irresistible rake, was of a violent complexion and his features were anything but romantic. The Lady of Leith, sung by Maginn, loved madly an Irishman who was "frightfully" attractive:

His face was no ways beautiful,
For with smallpox 'twas scarred across;
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost double a yard across.
O, the lump of an Irishman—
The whisky-devouring Irishman—
The great he-rogue with his wonderful brogue
—the fighting, rioting Irishman.

One of his eyes was bottle green,
And the other eye was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear!
O, the great big Irishman—
The rattling, battling Irishman—
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering swash of an Irishman.

"This was the lad the lady loved, like all the girls of quality," this Mr. Timothy Thady Mulligan.

"Like all the girls of quality." There is a profound psychological as well as physiological truth in Maginn's parenthesis. I think of writing an essay "On the Advantages of Personal and Moral Ugliness," with references to some of my most intimate friends.

LUCIEN B. HENDERSON.

Perhaps you remember an ingenious farce entitled "The Parlor Match." It contained a scene in which a tramp tries vainly to break into an office-safe. He is disturbed by the proprietor who comes in, opens the safe, and takes out of it a hod of coal. If the piece were played now would this scene provoke inextinguishable laughter or incite tears too deep for utterance?

The Western Recorder (Louisville, Ky.) published on Sept. 11th a review of a volume of poems by a "lady of the vicinity." We quote, without comment, extracts from the poems:

Rock of Ages, lift me so grand,
Let me now with Thy great hand;
Help me to lean upon Thy staff,
Save me now, is all I ask.

This stanza is from a poem in memory of Talmage:

To Talmage God this talent did give,
How long will his aramanthine honor live?
As long as heaven shall feed the stars,
When he is called up, the gates will stand ajar.

The "In Memoriam" that follows is in less heroic vein:

Bro. Whitson no longer survives,
He died at the age of forty-five;
God knew he was sick and weary,
And called him home on the 7th of February.

And here is a verse from a ballad of the home and hearth:

He tried to console me on that day,
For he saw I was wrong some way;
And listened while my story I told,
Then gave me five dollars in gold.

All the poets, bards, and seers were not raised in Indiana.

Here is an advertisement that was published lately in an Italian newspaper: "An agreeable young man, of most distinguished family, good, serious, honorable, hard-working, finding it out of his power to effect a most remunerative business plan, proposes to a wise father of a family to marry his daughter, if only she be agreeable and have a dowry exceeding 100,000 lire. —Alfa, 1441, Posta, Firenze."

But it is in a French journal that we read of tortoises in Algiers who climb up the vines with surprising speed and gorge themselves on grapes.

The man that rejoices in figures is around again. Stockholm has 980 telephones to every 1000 of its population, while in London the rate is 47 to 1000, in Paris 71, in New York 160, in San Francisco 706. But how much does a Stockholmite pay for service?

A German paper gives the number of medical men in the various countries of Europe. In Germany the ratio is 5.1 to every 1000 inhabitants; in France, 3.9; in Belgium, 5.2; in England, 6.1; in Scotland, 7.7; in Ireland, 5.6. Vienna has 13.0 doctors to the 1000; Berlin, 14.1; Paris, 9.7; London, 12.8.

In the reign of Edward I. the price list of fish was as follows: A dozen of best soles, 3d.; best turbot, 6d.; best whitings, four a penny; best mackerel in Lent, 1d.; out of Lent, ½d.; best pickled herrings, twenty a penny; best fresh oysters, 2d. a gallon; best sea hog or porpoise, 8d.; best lampreys, 3d. a hundred, best eels, 2d. a strike (¼ of a hundred); best smelts, 1d. a hundred. Among the table fish of those days were the seal and dolphin.

The Germans in 1881 drank 89 quarts of beer for every man, woman and child in the country, while in 1901 131 quarts were consumed, 30 gallons a year for each man, woman or child.

Gabriel Peignot asserted in 1824 that a man of 50 years, ordinary health and means, had eaten 27,080 pounds of bread, 6080 pounds of meat, 4675 pounds of vegetables, eggs and fruit, and had put down 31,180 litres of drink of various kinds.

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If thou beest not so handsome as thou wouldst have been, thank God thou art not more unhandsome than thou art. 'Tis His mercy thou art not the mark for passengers' fingers to point at, an Heteroclite in nature, with some member defective or redundant. Be glad that thy clay cottage hath all the necessary forms thereto belonging, though the outside be not so fairly plastered as some others.

A correspondent wrote to us about his wish to write an essay on the advantages of physical and moral ugliness. Southey's Doctor would not allow that man or woman could, with propriety, be called "unfortunately ugly," although he admitted that some persons with considerable pretensions to beauty were "wickedly ugly;" and he left material for the elaboration of such an essay. Our correspondent mentioned John Wilkes, the squinting rake. The Doctor told this story about Wilkes: "One of his female partisans praised him for his agreeable person, and being reminded of his squinting, she replied indignantly that it was not more than a gentleman ought to squint." The tolerant Doctor went so far as to say: "A slight obliquity of vision sometimes gives an archness of expression, and always adds to the countenance a peculiarity, which, when the countenance has once become agreeable to the beholder, renders it more so." Was not a cast of the eye à la Montmorency admired at the Court of Louis XIII.?

East Walpole, Sept. 23, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I met a man in a street car the other day who told me that a new comic opera company was forming; that the leading members had been husbands of Lillian Russell and wives of DeWolf Hopper; and that the chorus girls were all nieces of H. C. Barnabee. Is this true? Are they cousins of the members of the chorus?

ELIHU WORRELL.

Something in our heart tells us that the story is a wheeze and one of no recent date.

If there is such a company, the chorus men will probably be sons and grandsons of Joseph Jefferson.

A whaling Captain asserts that he killed the only white whale ever known in the waters. Has he never read of Moby Dick? Herman Melville's story still remains the one great romance of whaling.

We are indebted to Mr. P. K. Foley for a copy of Low's Almanack and Astronomical and Agricultural Register for the year of our Lord and Saviour 1818, being the Second after Bissextile or Leap Year, and the Forty-second of the Independence of the United States. Calculated for the Latitude and Meridian of Boston, Lat. 42.23 N." This almanac, by Nathaniel Low of South Berwick, was published at Boston by Munroe & Francis, No. 4 Cornhill. "Price 6 dls a groce; 62½ cts. doz.; 2 cents single."

Mr. Low prophesied rain for Sept. 20, 21; and from the 26th to the 30th "perhaps thunder, lightning and rain." The maxim for the month is "False delicacy is a sure sign of a corrupt heart." But we are more interested in the special articles. There are improving remarks, with poetical illustrations, about the sun and the planets, and the cause of summer and winter. Three pages are devoted to sea-serpents, the great, and the young. The Great Sea-Serpent, a stranger to our coast, was seen about Aug. 11, 1817, in Gloucester Harbor. The horrid monster was discovered with his head round the bow of a coasting vessel, and he appeared to be resting on the cable. Later he was seen by another, "a credible person." The serpent's head was raised about eight feet from the surface of the water, which he dashed majestically about him, and he was moving through it with astonishing and terrific rapidity. "A few days afterwards the monster was seen by the people of Gloucester, etc., and all doubt of the existence of an aquatic snake removed from the minds of the most incredulous. A man who discharged a musket within 30 feet of this fish said its head was partly white; its body appeared in joints like wooden buoys on a net rope, almost as large as a barrel; that he hit it with a musket ball, which appeared to have no effect on it."

About 20 years before a snake of this kind appeared in Penobscot Bay. "A clergyman and his daughter were crossing the bay in a boat, and such a monster made his appearance and swam towards them—the lady fainted—the father was frightened—but the animal did them no injury. The description of the phenomenon was considered so incredible that the Academy"—the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston—"refused to publish it." Captain Crabtree saw a serpent near Mount Desert in June, 1793. Its head was the old familiar one, "elevated 6 or 7 feet and larger than a barrel."

Mr. Low gave detailed descriptions of the monster as seen by many, and concluded: "Enough we think has been ascertained to establish his claim to a place in natural history, forming a link in that chain which infinite wisdom, for its own inscrutable purposes has created, and to which the prophet may refer: (Isai xxvii 1.) 'In that day the Lord with his sore and great and strong sword shall punish leviathan the piercing serpent, even leviathan the crooked serpent; and He shall slay the dragon that is in the sea.'" But the Rev. Prof. A. B. Davidson, D. D., LL. D., now at rest, prefers to believe that this dragon was probably Egypt.

The almanac also contains a blood curdling account by an English gentleman, resident in the East Indies, of the land serpent, the Anaconda. And then follows appropriately enough a thoughtful article on the evils of intemperance.

The diseases arising from hard drinking may be divided into two sections: those which appear during the drunken paroxysm, and those which are induced by the continued habit of drinking. The first section contains apoplexy, epilepsy, hysteria, convulsions, oneirodynia. The second, phrenitis, rheumatism, pleurisy, gastritis, enteritis, ophthalmia, carbuncles, gutta rosacea, hepatitis, or diseased liver, podagra, gout, schirrus of the bowels, icterus or jaundice, dyspepsia or indigestion, hydrops or dropsy, tobes, atrophia or emaciation of the body, syncope, palpitations, diabetes, lockjaw, palsy, ulcers, madness, premature old age, impotency, melancholy, etc., etc."

The London Telegraph published the advertisement: "Zwei City gentlemen welche die Deutsche Sprache erlern

len finden comfortable them in em private house." This reminded eader of the fashion writer's pre- ption: "There was a je ne sais i about the tout ensemble which le the general coup d'oeil absolutely issant." And why, he asks, should one advertise: "lecciones espa- es wanted immediately by English or in Shepherd's Bush two even- s in the semana."

he American Diamond Match Com- y, with factories near Manheim, is ting seriously the German match king business. Why should not ericans agree to supply the Ger- ns with fresh eggs? When we were ing in Berlin, the "very frosh," ewly laid" eggs of breakfast were ught from Italy, presumably by g trains of pack-mules.

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n these reflections, which are of a serious d somewhat of a melancholy cast, it is st to indulge; because it is always of use be serious, and not unprofitable sometimes be melancholy.

We hear that Mr. Gabriel d'Annunzio ill not come to this country with ise, although she will play parts in s dramas. The managers thought to ease her by telling her that Mr. Annunzio would accompany her, and e answered: "It is a matter of en- e indifference whether Signor d'An- nzio goes to the United States or not."

he husband of a prima donna or a yactress may be of use, as in pack- trunks and checking them, starting applause when the audience is in- ned to be unintelligent or apathetic, icating the critics to full appreciation of the genius of Madame. He netimes earns his spending money, ether it be given him every Saturday ht, or doled out at breakfast. Too en the husband is a gambler, a nkard, a nuisance, a tyrant who es on the woman that adores him. e name of this particular husband is gion and is of every nation that ows the playhouse. Some day we be to write a book entitled "The Hus- nds of Eminent Stagewomen." Some ! Tomorrow! and tomorrow! And have not yet finished the introduc- y essay to the great "Dictionary of faulty and Curse Lore," the bio- phy of our dearly beloved and daily ented colleague the Heron Editor, or monograph "Rum and Religion: a tory of Early Church Raising in w England;" and yet we rashly nised the publishers, McGuire & cgillam, to edit "The Heraldry of Coal Barons"!

ut Mr. d'Annunzio is not the hus- d of Duse, and if he should come h her he would often be in the way not a constant thorn in her flesh. his plays were adversely criticised some pig of a critic, he would nat- lly throw the blame on her. We r him saying: "I told you in the t place you could not play the part; heroine is young and girlish." Or enthusiasm should rise and shake chandelier, we see him strutting ut and chirping: "See what I have e for you; at last you have had an ortunity; you had a certain repu- on before you knew me, but now are, indeed, famous." As a liter- man, he could not be of practical vice, even if his knowledge of Eng- should permit. The constant sight im in a box would irritate the audi- e; and behind the scenes he would in the way. It is just as well for concerned that he has decided or u persuaded to stay in sunny Italy.

he Duchess of Marlborough said: "I come over again at Christmas, that is not definite." Nevertheless, istmas is coming without considera- of the Duchess. She may stop a e of war to drink with aristocratic ance a cup of tea, but Christmas pay no attention to her, and there be greens and carols, and stock- s will be hung up, whether or not lands in time.

r. Robert G. Butler wrote to the York Evening Post: "It is too now to change the names of places he mountains; but it is certainly in- ing to call the various narrow val- through the mountains 'notches'. y are too beautiful for such a e."

dge! and again, fudge! What is the ter with the expressive, yes, ro- tic word "notch"? Mr. Butler re- ds us of the genteel person or per- who changed "Edmunds' Ponds" he Adirondacks to "Cascadeville." rs ago a delightfully situated vil- on Cape Cod was known as Lov- Village; the name was then ged to Oysterville, for there used c oysters in the bay. "Ville" is bad gh; but the genteel person appear- shuddered at the reminder of the tence of oysters, and lo, the name twisted to Osterville. Certain cot- rs, who lived on or near the bluff wished to be still more distinguished; they therefore called their little quarter of the village Wianno. So in Boston, the dwellers in St. Stephen Street look skew-eyed at the dwellers in Falmouth Street, and yet the street is one and the same. So a portion of Parker Street is considered to be more desirably "residential" because it is now known as Hemenway.

There is talk in Paris of the nomination of celebrated Frenchwomen to an "Academy of Lady Immortals." Sarah Bernhardt was the favorite of the electors and received nearly 9000 votes. The list of names was drawn up impartially from swells, novelists, play-actresses, painters, patronesses; it included the Duchess d'Uzes, Augusta Holmès, "Gyp." Nor was Calvé forgotten.

Why should there not be a Hall of Fame in this country for illustrious American women? Think of the heroines that suggest tablets, busts, portraits, statues! Martha Washington, Joyce Heath (or is it Heth? We never could spell), Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Ida Lewis, Lydia Pinkham, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Amalie Rives, Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. Bloomer, Adah Isaacs Menken, Delia Bacon, Dr. Walker, Belle Boyd, Mrs. Cunningham, the woman that did the Dreaming Iolanthe in butter, Dolly Bidwell, Mme. Demorest—why, the list of names would easily burst this column.

Sir Frederick Bramwell urges that a living language should be made universal; that England, France, Germany and the United States should agree to this: "no person in these States over whom the Government has control, directly or indirectly, should, after the expiration of say 20 years, be eligible for any appointment from Prime Minister to policeman, unless in addition to his own language, he is able to read, write, and converse in some other language." This language, according to Sir Frederick, should be Italian: "it is closely based on Latin and is highly melodious," which characteristic commends it naturally to newsboys, milkmen, hucksters, brakemen, street-car conductors, as well as singers and all other utterers of loud cries. In other words, "Dago" should be the universal language.

But we read in the New York Times last Sunday that Spanish will be and should be the indispensable language; the Germans insist that the coming world will speak their guttural, bronchial tongue. Mr. G. R. Sims, on the other hand, says that the American language has predominated everywhere in Europe, and he tells this story in illustration. He was in Paris. "One evening at a fashionable restaurant I was hesitating over the soup I should order. 'Monsieur,' said the head-waiter, 'I would recommend the potage-oxtail. It is an American potage, and is excellent.' Then the John Bull that is in me rose, and I protested. I explained to the son of the serviette that oxtail was an English soup and that oxtail was on the menu of the English nobleman and the bill of fare of the ordinary Briton when America was still waiting for Christopher Columbus to discover it." English soup is, indeed, thicker than water, and oxtail comes under the head of Thackeray's "hell-broths."

This suggests an interesting problem. The Bradwell Ox, exhibited in 1830, measured 14 feet in girth, 16 feet in length; it stood 18 hands high, was five years and a half old, and weighed 4500 pounds. How much soup could have been made from its tail? Answers should be sent in before Thanksgiving Day.

Sept 28, 1902

THE Moody-Manners Company has been performing opera in English at Covent Garden. The operas of the first week were "Carmen," "Faust," "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Maritana," "Il Trovatore," "Tannhaeuser." Among the sopranos were Fanny Moody, Blanche Marchesi, Zelia de Lussan, an "American" named Anna Hickisch; the chief tenors were Philip Brozel, Joseph O'Mara, John Coates; the leading basses and baritones were Charles Manners, William Dever, George A. Fox, Charles Magrath; the contraltos were Lily Moody, Enriqueta Crichton, Marie Alexander. There were two conductors, Mr. Richard Eckhold and Mr. Harold Vicars.

Before the performances there were dismal prophecies; there was no room for opera in English at reasonable prices; the performances would be inadequate; opera in English is ridiculous, however well it may be given; and so on, and so on. What was the result?

On almost every night of the season men and women were turned away from the theatre. The performances received the respectful consideration of the leading critics, who were often loud in their expressions of praise. And why was this?

As Mr. Vernon Blackburn wrote in the Pall Mall Gazette of Sept. 4, after the performance of "Lohengrin":

"An exceedingly successful performance on the whole was given last night by the Moody-Manners company at Covent Garden. In 'Lohengrin,' again, we have work which throws a huge strain upon the capacities of the chorus. Anyone who is acquainted with the methods of interpretation of this opera at Covent Garden during the grand season cannot but be somewhat painfully aware of the fact; for, whereas the principals are selected with the greatest care, and with an eye to what is best known among European vocal reputations, we all know that, in spite of the effort which has been recently made toward the improvement of that chorus, there is still much to be done in that direction. With such a company, however, as we heard last night, where the principal singers were all of them competent (and some, indeed, a good deal more than merely competent), and where the chorus was superlatively good, the ensemble became a highly and exceptionally interesting one. Things were seen to arrange themselves according to a right sense of proportion, and the result was that Wagner's work, which emphatically demands that the right proportion should be observed between every single part, became more nearly like the living thing which was his ideal than anything we can remember to have before noted in this country."

Look for a moment at the character of the audience as described by the London correspondent of the Musical Courier (New York). He first mentioned Covent Garden as the home of what is known as grand and fashionable opera; the frequenter of that theatre during that season found everything changed if he was in London at the end of August.

"The seat in which the dear Duchess lolled three nights a week, through May and June, is now occupied by the portly figure of Mrs. Smith, who leads the fashionable world in Upper Tooting. The box for which Pierpont Morgan paid hundreds is now no more, and the millionaire's place is taken by Mr. Jones, who runs that successful hardware store in Camden Town, and who is giving his wife and five olive branches an evening's amusement at the total outlay of one guinea sterling. That particular spot in the grand tier which once attracted all eyes, by reason of the fact that its occupant, beautiful Mrs. Vere de Vere, never appeared in less than a thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, is now filled by Miss Watkins, assistant mistress at a seminary for young ladies in Shepherd's Bush, who has put on her best black silk gown, high in the neck and long in the sleeves, with the jet ornaments which were once her dear mother's, in honor of so auspicious an occasion. The stall whence young Aubrey Nincompoop condescended to survey the boxes through his single eyeglass knows Aubrey no more. His place is taken by Henry Hawkins, one of the young gentlemen at William Whiteley's who is giving his best girl a treat. The dear Duchess came to chat to her friends. Young Mrs. Vere de Vere came to show her diamonds. Mr. Morgan came because it was the proper thing to do, and the same motive actuated Aubrey Nincompoop. Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Jones, Miss Watkins and Mr. Hawkins per contra came to hear the music, and hear it they do from the first bar to the last. Shade of Beau Brummel! What a reason for going to the opera! In the interval the elite of Islington and the flower of Hornsey Rise tear themselves away from the auditorium and repair to the lounge and the smoking room. But all through the mercifully short interval they are the victims of a nervous dread lest the curtain should rise before they are in their places, and the first ting of the bell sends them scampering back to the house, where they will sit in rapt attention listening to music which they can understand. At the close of the opera there is none of that squash in the lobby which every night of the season brings. The raucous voices of the attendants have stilled their cries for 'Lady Watkyns's kerridge' or 'Mrs. Thingumbob's broom.' There are no smart electric landaulettes to whisk blase society ladies away to a dance in Mayfair or a soirée musicale in Park Lane. Such of the audience as are blessed beyond their fellows with this world's goods drive off in hansom cabs or 'growlers,' while the rest wend their way on foot to the Strand or Holborn, whence 'buses, tubes or the underground will carry them off to their suburban homes."

Mr. Savage's company has thus far performed only "Il Trovatore" and "Faust." It remains to be seen what it will do with such operas as "Aida," "Lehengrin," "Tannhaeuser;" but something may now be said concerning the quality of the company and the evident purpose of the manager.

Mr. Savage might justly take as his motto this season the words of Mr. Blackburn that I have already quoted: "A company where the principal singers were all of them competent and where the chorus was superlatively good. Things were seen to arrange themselves according to a right sense of proportion."

Of course the adorers of blazing stars who go to any opera in which their favorite star shines; who avoid any opera in which their star does not appear, but avoid it as they would the pest, no matter how excellent the ensemble, and without any consideration of the worth of the opera itself, will say, "How can there be any opera without Melba, or Nordica, or Eames, or De Reszke, or Plancon?" Nor will the army of opera-goers who seize the opportunity to display their best clothes and their jewels, who rejoice in high prices of admission because they can prove their ability to pay the prices, who enter the theatre after the curtain is up that there can be no mistake about their actual and dazzling presence—these lovers of spectacles will give English opera only an indifferent thought. As it was at Covert Garden, so it is now at the Tremont Theatre. But the people hear these operas gladly.

The performance of "Faust" last Tuesday night was an excellent example of what can be done by an energetic and experienced manager who has faith in the public at large. There was first of all the idea of an ensemble, a company that works together with united and harmonious endeavor. To say that Miss Rennyson is a Calvé or a Melba, that Mr. d'Aubigné is a de Reszké of the early nineties, that Mr. Boyle is a Plancon, that the orchestra is equal to that of the Metropolitan Opera House—would be the speech of a madman; but to say that Miss Rennyson, Mr. d'Aubigné and Mr. Boyle are competent singers is only the truth. It may also be said that the other parts, major and minor, were taken by men and women with agreeable voices, who in song and action entertained, and contributed to the general excellent result. The chorus was unusually good. The tonal quality was fresh and sonorous; the fortissimo was neither strident nor coarse; the piano passages were sung with pure intonation; there were intelligent contrasts and nuances; there was furthermore a lively interest in the successive scenes of the action. Here was a stock company, and opera as well as the drama suffers when there is no stock company with an ample repertory. The orchestra was not on the same level with the chorus; this was perhaps to be expected, and for some years this fact will be observed until each large city has an orchestra regularly employed in operatic work. Mr. Emanuel, the leader, showed force and experience.

We have all heard in Boston performances in Italian and in German, especially in German, at much higher prices, which fell far below that of Tuesday night, both in general display of vocal art and in the character of the ensemble.

Some object to opera in English because the text sounds "funny," "ridiculous." The text does not sound funny in Italian, French or German because the three languages are foreign to the great majority of American hearers. There are few opera librettos that are masterpieces in the original language. This is particularly true of the older librettos, so that the sneer of Voltaire was not unfounded: "That which is too silly to speak is sung." It is true that many translations into English have been slovenly made; that little or no regard has been paid to the character of the musical phrase, which is then enfeebled or distorted. There are some excellent translations, as that of Verdi's "Otello," by Hueffer. But translations from Italian and French into German have often been slip-shod or ridiculous; yet the works were sung in German. For years the German version of "Don Giovanni" was a laughing-stock; did it prevent the performance of that opera in Germany?

Is it not a pleasure for the majority to know what is doing on the stage? And how praiseworthy, as a rule, was the enunciation of the singers in "Faust" and "Il Trovatore" last week! There was no need of a rustling, disturbing libretto; the attention was not distracted from the stage; there was knowledge instead of vague suspicion. Was the performance of Miss Norwood less admirable in the Miserere because she sang in English? Or was the voice or the singing of Miss Rennyson less agreeable and delightful because what she sang was clearly understood?

"My lord, the carriage waits," is no more beautiful or thrilling or consoling in German, Italian, French, Spanish, Russian, Scandinavian, Roumanian, Bulgarian, Dutch, Greek than it is in English.

* * *

Mr. William J. Henderson, who has been a member of the staff of the New York Times for 20 years, and for 15 years the music critic of that journal, has left the Times, to be music critic of the New York Sun. It would not be easy to appraise at its full value the work already done by Mr. Henderson in the cause of good music. He has fought steadily, intelligently, bravely, for all that is elevating and of enduring worth. He has used adroitly the keen weapons of his mental armory. Always ready to help the deserving, he has pricked many bubbles and exposed swollen shams. He has not been tricked by the press agent; he has not been cajoled by the well-meaning but ignorant patronesses in society, who often unconsciously do much harm. His criticisms have interested and instructed

general readers as well as musicians; for his style is clear and entertaining; he shuns any display of pedantry, although he is thoroughly versed in music, practical and theoretical; his acquaintance with the history of the art is second to none. His praise is discriminative and at times eloquent; his censure is incisive, entertaining and free from the suspicion of personal prejudice, malice or the reckless wish to be epigrammatic at any cost. As critic of the Times he has been supported and encouraged by his editor-in-chief. It is a pleasure to know that his usefulness will not be hampered in the office he now holds.

* * *

In conducting the first performance of his new musical comedy, "My Lady Molly," at Brighton this week, Mr. Sidney Jones probably established a couple of "records" in the history of such productions. In the first place he depended upon his memory throughout, using no score; and in the second he stoutly declined to accept a single demand for an encore. Several times the performance was interrupted by prolonged applause and determined efforts to get a number repeated; but Mr. Jones simply folded his arms and sat calmly back in his chair till the noise died away; then he went on with the performance. The result was a much more agreeable evening than such occasions usually provide.——Pall Mall Gazette.

* * *

Mr. Grau has engaged Emil Gerhauser, formerly of Carlsruhe and now of Munich, to sing in German operas. At the late Wagner Festival in Munich, this tenor sang Tristan to Ternina's Isolde. Mr. Grau has engaged him for two years.——Melba has given up her tour through the country to sing with the Grau Opera Company after her return from Australia in February. The following season will be spent in the United States, and she will then make a long concert tour.——Rivarde, the violinist, has been studying again, and he will visit the United States next year.——Souza, the baritone, formed a company to give concerts in Switzerland last month. The business was bad, and Souza and his manager thought it was the time to disappear. They took their baggage, but left eight members of the company at Zurich. The eight were held responsible for the company's debts by the landlord of the inn, and the last account represented them as hostages in Zurich.——We learn from the German Times (Berlin) that Miss Emma Lucy Gates, soprano, is "enrapturing the public in the United States" and is "favorably compared with Calvé, Melba, Sembrich, and even Patti by the American papers." Pooh! We omit the incidental puff in praise of the teacher, who, strange to say, lives in Berlin.——The Pall Mall Gazette man has the honesty to write at last concerning Albani: "It would be ridiculous to think (or to say) that she sings as freshly as once she sang."——The Kneisel Quartet will give six concerts in New York this season.——Mr. Vernon Blackburn wrote of H. W. Parker's "St Christopher" (Part II.) performed at the Worcester (Eng.) Festival, Sept. 9: "It is an extremely clever work, reminiscent at times, it is true, but full of vital feeling, of real energy, and of genuine thoughtfulness. It is a work that appeals to the pulses of life; it moves, and it has (from the musical point of view) genuine pictorial value. Mme. Albani, Master White, Mr. William Green, and Mr. Lane Wilson combined with the chorus to do some really good and admirable work. Mr. Parker is, it would seem, a prophet both in and out of his own country."——On the other hand, Mr. Blackburn was disappointed at Mr. Walford Davies's oratorio "The Temple," which was performed the same day and for the first time: "The narrative portions of the piece were frankly uninteresting; they lingered in the making, and they were very curiously monotonous in effect. I had expected so much from Mr. Walford Davies that I express my disappointment with a definiteness and a certainty that emphasize that sentiment with particularity and significance. The double chorus, 'O give Thanks,' was especially tedious; repetition was piled upon repetition; and in the end there was a most undoubted sense of dullness pervading the whole situation, from which the best will in the world, the most absolute desire to be as kind as possible, gave no means of escape. But, indeed, Mr. Davies has throughout accepted the situation with vagueness and with only a general idea of its possibilities. There for the moment I leave the matter."

* * *

The monument to Wagner at Berlin will be dedicated Oct. 1.——There is a rumor that Georg von Huelsen of Wiesbaden will be appointed by William II. as Intendant of the royal theatres, and successor of Count Hochberg.——The Imperial Opera at St. Petersburg numbers 47 soloists, 120 chorus singers, an orchestra of 135 and 220 dancers.——Jacques Thibaud, the celebrated young violinist, is about to marry Marguerite Francport, the daughter of an artillery officer.——Magda Dvorak, the daughter of the composer, has been singing successfully in Bohemia-Skalitz. Her brother-in-law, Josef Suck of the Bohemian String Quartet, accompanied her.——Hermann Zilcher, a young composer of Frankfort, has written a concerto for two violins with orchestra. Mr. and Mr. Petchnikoff will play it this season. —— Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann," a fascinating opera, was revived with great success at the Leipsic Stadt Theatre Sept. 4.——They have been giving a "Mozart-Zyklus" at the royal theatre in Munich.——A bust of Gounod has been put on its pedestal in the Parc Monceau at Paris. It is opposite the monument to Guy de Maupassant. The pedestal is composed of three women, who represent poetry, the drama, and music. Near them a Cupid plays lightly on a little piano. A bust of Bizet will soon be put near that of Gounod.——Harold Bauer played lately at Ostend.——Michael Banner, the violinist, will make his first appearance in America after an absence of five years, at Milwaukee, Nov. 3.

## SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

Twenty-one years ago there appeared in the Boston newspapers a very interesting communication, the first announcement of any kind in connection with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and there is a timeliness in now, at the near approach of the Symphony season, reprinting it. It read:

### A WORD IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MUSIC.

"Notwithstanding the development of musical taste in Boston, we have never yet possessed a full and permanent orchestra, offering the best music at low prices, such as may be found in all the large European cities, or even in the smaller musical centres of Germany. The essential condition of such orchestras is their stability, whereas ours are necessarily shifting and uncertain, because we are dependent upon musicians whose work and time are largely pledged elsewhere.

"To obviate this difficulty the following plan is offered. It is an effort made simply in the interest of good music, and, though individual, inasmuch as it is independent of societies or clubs, it is in no way antagonistic to any previously existing musical organization. Indeed, the first step, as well as the natural impulse, in announcing a new musical project is to thank those who have brought us where we now stand.

"Whatever may be done in the future, to the Handel and Haydn Society and to the Harvard Musical Association we all owe the greater part of our home education in music of a high character. Can we forget, either, how admirably their work has been supplemented by the tastes and critical judgment of Mr. John S. Dwight and by the artists who have identified themselves with the same cause in Boston? These have been our teachers. We build on the foundations they have laid.

"Such details of this scheme as concern the public are stated below. The orchestra is to number 60 selected musicians, their time, so far as required for careful training and for a given number of concerts, being engaged in advance. Mr. Georg Henschel will be the conductor for the coming season. The concerts will be 20 in number, given in Music Hall on Saturday evenings, from the middle of October to the middle of March. The intention is that the orchestra shall be made permanent here, and shall be called the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

"Both as the condition and the result of success, the sympathy of the public is asked.

"H. L. HIGGINSON."

From this beginning of 60 local musicians there has developed an organization of 94 performers, drawn from the principal musical centres of the world, with its field of usefulness extended to all the large Eastern cities. For the coming season there will be the usual 24 Friday afternoon public rehearsals and 24 Saturday evening concerts, with a most attractive list of soloists, including: Mme. Melba, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Mme. Kirkby Lunn, Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, Miss Maud MacCarthy, Miss Elsa Ruegger, Mr. Anton von Rooy, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Raoul Pugno, Mr. Frederic Lamond, Mr. Harold Randolph, Mr. Hugo Heerman, Messrs. Kneisel, Adamowski, Schroeder and others.

The auction sales of season tickets begin tomorrow at Symphony Hall, at 10 o'clock, and continue on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday.

Sep 29 1902

"Count Stagard, who is to play shortly at Vienna the character of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, will have as realistic accessories a thousand tame rats, who will follow him on the stage as he pipes."

We remember Paul Bulss as Hunold Singuf, the Pied Piper, in Nessler's opera. The rats were a feature of the performance at Dresden, but they were a triumph of mechanism, not living things. The late Mr. Neuendorff wrote an opera on the same subject; we never saw his work, but 10 to one the rats were made for the occasion.

Will live rats be as effective as those contrived and counterfeited for the stage? We doubt it. A wall of real stones is not so effective in a scene as a wall papered by the scene painter. Marcel Schwob tell a singular story of the performance in Paris of the sombre and terrible play by John Ford, the tragedy with the unmentionable title, unmentionable at least in this squeamish age. The manager to be realistic had bought the heart of an animal at a butcher's, so that it would make the audience shudder when it was brought on transfixed by a sword. At rehearsal this realistic heart was effective in no way; it was hardly distinguishable; and at the performance it was replaced by the conventional property. (Perhaps we have told this story before. We may tell it again, for it is an admirable answer to those demanding extreme realism.)

Furthermore the rats in Vienna may not behave themselves; they may rush toward the sitters in the orchestra chairs, the seats of the scornful. Yet, we admit that rats are among the most sagacious of all animals, and in Hamelin, maidens and children, as well as rats, followed Hunold's piping. Deep thinkers have deplored the existence of the "vermin" and have applied themselves to practical Phthisozoics, a term given by Jeremy Bentham to the art of destroying noxious animals. Did not the humane Southey in his earlier years propose three methods for lessening the number of rats, one of which was "to inoculate some of them with the smallpox or any other infectious disease, and turn them loose." He was thoughtful enough to insist that experiments should first be made, "lest the disease should assume in them so new a form as to be capable of being returned to us with interest." But in his later and more tolerant years, he thought "there was no creature to which you could trace back so many persons in civilized society by the indications which they afforded of habits acquired in their praenatal professional education"; and from the rat he traced the engineer, the miner, the lawyer, the thief, and the thief taker—"that is, generally speaking, some of these might have pre-existed in the same state as moles or ferrets; but those who excelled in their respective professions had most probably been trained as rats."

We spoke Saturday of what a nuisance Mr. d'Annunzio would probably be in theatre, tavern, newspaper office if he should accompany Duse in her journey throughout this land. A story that comes from France is in point. Mrs. Rigaud Labens, leading singer in a small theatre at Cette, demanded that her husband should be allowed free entrance behind the scenes. The manager refused the unreasonable request. The singer sued for 50,000 francs and the cancellation of her engagement. She won every point. "Today every man in France, married to an actress, can exact—can boldly enter the most coveted spot in the house. What makes things even more complicated is that no actress can sign a contract without the written authority of her husband."

Porel, now manager of the Vaudeville, at Paris, smiled and said he had yet to learn that a theatre was not a simple commercial enterprise, just as is a Duval restaurant. "Therefore, if every husband is to be admitted to a theatre, why should not all the husbands of the waitresses be allowed to wander about in the kitchen?" But Fontanes of the Châtelet is alarmed, for out of 600 of his ballet 300 are married. What will become of the famous Coulisses of the Opéra if husbands are admitted? As "Galahad" says in the Referee, "'Only single or divorced actresses need apply' would become the formula."

Do you say, "Yes, but Mr. d'Annunzio is not Duse's husband"? We are aware of the fact; but he is a playwright; and an intimate friend, and playwrights and intimate friends are often more exacting than husbands.

Boston, Sept. 24, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I have read several articles on the advantages of kerosene as fuel. Plausible reasons are given for its use even when coal is to be had at a normal price, but no one has yet given the reason of reasons. By the free use of kerosene any family will be able to get rid of the cook without an unpleasant interview or payment of wages for a week without work in return. EXCELSIOR.

Mr. Jan Kubelik's press agent is indeed a wonder. If you will look into Cassell's Magazine you will find an article on the androgynal fiddler with illustrations that show him in various stages of growth and also portray his plat. The writer says: "The fascination of his broken phrases, aided by the eloquence of his glorious eyes, is giving way to a laudable struggle with verbs and relatives." This being interpreted means that Mr. Kubelik is studying English.

You will find in Professor Park's "Dogmas of the Constitution" this pleasing sentence:

"Some proverb maker, I forget who, says God hath given to some men wisdom and understanding and to others the art of playing on the fiddle."

Sept 30 1902

Boston, Sept. 28, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I read your remarks the other day concerning the Kossuth hat. Do you not think it strange that this kind of head gear is not mentioned in the New English Dictionary, that truly monumental work? Furthermore, George Augustus Sala in his "Hats of Humanity, historically, humorously, and aesthetically considered," says nothing about the Kossuth, although he argues that all wars, "whether external or intestine, have a tendency to effect an alteration if not a revolution in the form of hats," and speaks of the "Hecker," the "Garibaldi," the McClellan, the wide-awake, the Jim Crow, the rip-rap; as well as the steeple crown of Danton and Collot d'Herbois, the milder hats of Hébert and Camille Desmoulins, and the monstrous flapped hats surmounted by tufts of tri-colored feathers worn by the Republican generals who won Valmy, Je Mappes, and Fleurus. Perhaps you have overpraised the Kossuth.

J. DUNLAP KNOX.

George Augustus Sala was an indefatigable compiler of scrap books and commonplace books, an erudite and entertaining gossiper, an admirably equipped newspaper man, and a brilliant correspondent. Yet he was not an authority on hats. He admitted this limitation unconsciously when he wrote a foot note to page 16 of the work to which Mr. Knox refers: "I may state here, once for all, that I only recognize in a modified degree as hats the modern 'wide-awakes,' 'Jim Crows,' 'pork-pies,' and other varieties of what the Americans call 'soft' hats; things which you can sit upon, or double up, and put in you pocket. A real hat—a hat of authority—should, to my thinking, be stiff, cylindrical, raven black, or milky white and shiny." He italicizes "shiny." That the word Kossuth in connection with hat does not appear in the New English Dictionary shows that no work of the human mind is flawless.

We have read Mr. T. B. Aldrich's story "Is Adrenalin the active Principle of the Suprarenal Gland?" with lively interest. It was published in the American Journal of Physiology for July, and it would well bear re-printing. The characters of Von Furth, Fraenkel, Moore, and Metzger are shrewdly drawn, while Fehling is a masterly creation. The story is refreshingly sane and healthy. It palpitates with emotion and is as moving as any peristaltic persuader.

An Australian officer, who saw the war in South Africa, says the head is the safest part in which to receive a bullet. "The head is the most protected part of the body. Out of scores of cases of wounds in the head that came under my notice only one was fatal. In many of them the bullets glanced off the skull, inflicting merely scalp wounds." It all depends on the head. There are races into whose skulls bullets, as well as jokes, can be inserted only by a surgical operation.

There seems to be chronic unhappiness in Belgium. Even the Belgian hare is not so happy as in the years when he leaped comparatively unnoticed.

They sometimes bungle executions in Europe as well as in this country. At Vienna a stoker was hanged for murdering a second hand clothes-dealer with a hammer. The hangman declared the criminal dead two and a half minutes after the execution. The prison chaplain attempted to improve the occasion by delivering an address, but this was more than the dead man could stand and he began to remonstrate. The executioner's assistant then held the hanged fast by the legs. There was a dreadful struggle, and only after 10 minutes could the doctor, who stood by the gallows with his hand on the stoker's heart, say positively that the penalty had been fully paid. During the struggle the Lord's Prayer was recited.

Mr. Emile Faguet, an Academician, has written an article on the "Diplôme Conjugal." This diploma is a certificate from a doctor that the would-be husband is sound in wind and limb and will not bequeath any unpleasant physical or mental ailment to his de-

endants. Faguet admits that it ould leave something to the discretion the bride's parents, "and it would for them to say whether a maiden nt in a lunatic asylum on the husnd's side of the house should be set f or not against a gouty grandfather her own." Suppose the suitor ould perk and refuse to be examined. Tell him that he must insure his life, r the insurance company can be usted to ask all sorts of impertinent estions about the health of himself d his people. If he fails, you may sure there is some awful disease in s family." A reviewer sees in this heme infinite possibilities to the novist, "and if Mr. Faguet's recommenation be adopted, the villain with a ack spot in the family bill of health ill have to suborn some one—the virous and healthy hero for choice—be examined instead of him. Only e idea is not exactly new. I remm-r myself hearing Mr. Karl Pearson commend to a popu'ar audience that ey should enter the black sheep of eir respective families in the family ble, with a view to preventing their ssing on their physical or moral deequencies." No, the idea is not new. ere were such examinations among en savage tribes, and Sir Thomas ore in his "Utopia" recommended gid inspection by the relatives of both rties.

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Boston, Sept. 26, 1902.

ditor of "Talk of the Day:"

I await with interest born of expectaon the publishment of that Dictionary Profanity and Curse Lore, for I ve always wondered at the origin of ch expressions as "Gosh all Hemk;" "Crotch all Sabattus;" "Dod dum ;" "Creest all Demoriden;" "Holy at;" "Dod rabbet it;" "Jeems Rice;" Hell Town;" "Godfrey Domino;" Crotch all Sufficiency." It that monuental work can show the origin and velopment of these expletives it will as Artemus Ward said of the Tower: A sweet boon."

After all, is not the habit of using kpletives but a perverted (?) form of orship? and why is it not as poor ste to say "God bless you," as to e the oath that distinguishes the Engsh-speaking? In either case it is a ayer.

I have heard of a man who had a putation for skill in profanity which tended over four towns, and I used know one—he is dead now, rest his ul—who used to, as was said, "swear rule." How the dear old gentleman ould hail such a book as this we look ward to. It would have given him new lease of life had it been published fore his death, for undoubtedly there as little left for him in this world, ing as he did in a little country town here there is small chance for new ss-words to be imported.

OZIAS BEESWAX.

P. S. Please do not confound me th "Old Beeswax," of whom your end Artemus Ward refers in his vels in Seeessia. He was no relation this branch of the family.

## TREMONT THEATRE.

The Henry W. Savage Grand English era Company began last night the cond week of an engagement at the emont Theatre with a performance "Lohengrin." Mr. Emanuel was the nductor. The cast was as follows:

nry the Fowler.....Francis Boyle
hengrin.....Joseph F. Sheehan
ramund.....Winfred Goff
e Herald.....J. P. Coombs
a.....Gertrude Rennyson
rud.....Ethel Dufre

is one thing to give a spirited permance of "Il Trovatore" or "Faust;" s another thing to give a fully adeqte performance of "Lohengrin." The ng and fury of Verdi's music, when voices are sonorous and brilliant, eu there is a display of passion, ke the hearer forget that the orchesmay not represent Verdi's score, he will not be seriously put out if misses the duet for bassoons at the inning of the Tower scene. "Faust" n opera that through the sensuous of the music and the interest of familiar story often defies an argement or a disarrangement of the poser's score and is not dependent painstaking stage manager. These operas, so far as costumes and agement were concerned, were adely performed by Mr. Savage's pany, and the melodic power of the ic, as ever, made its way.

t "Lohengrin" makes more serious ands on a company. The ensemble sted more severely and there is an rative need of a legendary atmoshe in which the characters move and their being. The Knight is not rdinary hero with a helmet and a d; there must be idealization at irst appearance and when he fare- the unfortunate Elsa, the sister syche, and all other women who k their happiness by a wish to everything about the lover. The of chivalry must control the men e chorus. Ortrud, worshiper of ge gods, faithful to them in their the revengeful and ambitious sorceress is something more than a creature of melodrama. And one of the most eloquent characters in this romantic opera is the orchestra, which prophecies, comments, reminds, threatens, laments and rejoices.

There was last night a sense of proportion among the men and women on the stage, although the whole performance was pitched in a prosaic key. But the orchestra was not equal to the task appointed by the composer. This was plainly shown in the Prelude, and throughout the score that was used. There were not enough players. Certain instruments were missed, there was not the due proportion that should exist between strings, wood-wind, and brass. Of course, a full and thoroughly equipped orchestra costs money, and when such a band is engaged, the price of admission must be higher. The answer to this reasonable objection is "But why give 'Lohengrin?'" The answer in turn to this question might have been stated last night as follows: "The people wish to hear it. The applause of this crowded theatre is a proof of their satisfaction."

And so criticism of the performance last night may thus be formulated: for the prices charged it was much better than one might expect so long as operatic conditions are what they are in the United States. Miss Rennyson had agreeable moments, and often sang with effect, although she was on the whole overweighted by the part. She was not the dreamy, sensitive maiden of strange nocturnal visions. Her distress, her doubts were in her strongest scenes specious rather than convincing. Mr. Sheehan acted for the most part with dignified reserve. His voice was in better condition than it was a week ago; its natural beauty was often displayed; yet there were passages when the throaty character of his tones suggested indisposition. Miss Dufre, or Miss Ethel Houston, according to the play-bill, often deserved praise for her delivery of a phrase and for her singing in general; and the restraint in action which might be criticised was surely more to be commended than the melodramatic and violent mouthings and bodily contortions which are considered by some of our German visitors and their imitators as symptoms of tragic passion. Mr. Goff took the part of Telramund with force and his composition of the part was praiseworthy. Mr. Coombs, as the Herald, was admirable in enunciation and intonation. It may here be said that his copartners, male and female, were not always flawless in the latter respect. The work of the chorus was of uneven character; but it was generally respectable and often excellent.

"Lohengrin" will be repeated on Thursday and Saturday nights and at the Wednesday matinee. The opera tonight will be "The Bohemian Girl," with Adelaide Norwood, Marion Ivell, Messrs. d'Aubigne, Paull, Fulton, Boyle, and the opera will be performed on Wednesday and Friday nights and at the Saturday matinee.

*Philip Hale.*

Oct 1, 1902

With her remember'd smile she comes again,
Unhurtful autumn, still and passionless,
Whose temperate heart hath known its sting of pain,
But not the cruel madness of excess.

Softly and gravely falls her tender kiss
On leaf and flow'r, that, unaware of death,
Believe their days must always know the bliss
And benison of her renewing breath.

No maiden charm has she, but the fair mien
Of one grown rich in loving; voice and face
And bearing of a queen, the more a queen
Because she rules with such a simple grace.

And those who long for hard adventures—yearn
To try their strength, and bear the pangs of strife,
Shall touch her wistful mouth, and, glowing, turn
Into the stony highway, lords of life.

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What is the appropriate costume for contemporary portrait statues? Should a statesman of today be clothed by a sculptor with a frock coat, creased—or if he is a man of the people, baggy trousers, a stiff hat? Or should he be draped in a toga with head bared to the air, the rain, the thunder, the snow, the birds? Or, again, should the man be somewhat idealized?

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These questions arose after reading an article by Professor Hugo Blümner on "Tracht und Nacktheit in der Portraitbildnerei," published in the Monatsberichte über Kunstwissenschaft. He discusses several modern statues—one by Tualllon of "Our Fritz" in Roman armor—and comes to the conclusion that "truth to life and direct response to the popular conception of the character represented are the desiderata for a public monument."

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We know, although Professor Blümner does not argue the point, it was a general rule among the Greeks that "all conquerors in any contest, or at any games, Olympic, or whatsoever they might be, were memorialized by statues exactly representing the living man in the year of victory, taken even with their personal defects." The dimensions were preserved with painful fidelity. (See De Quincey's essay on "Modern Greece.")

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Take the case of William M. Evarts. The popular conception of Mr. Evarts was that of a Roman orator, but at the same time to think of him without also seeing his extraordinary plug hat was well-nigh impossible. A statue of him in a toga together with this famous hat would answer the requirements prescribed by the German professor. But could even a St. Gaudens make the statue a thing of beauty?

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Yet some objected to a statue of Sir Robert Peel in London, because it was hatless, while Sir Robert's hat, blocked broadly and narrow-brimmed, was an essential part of the man, so far as the public was concerned. And Chantrey was severely criticised for his statue of George IV., a monarch deprived in public at onec of hat and of boots. The problem is an awkward one. Nor is it to be answered by the truthful statement that there are too many statues, and that in these days a statue is the crowning tribute to mediocrity.

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Women are still using that strange, strong perfume, which haunts the passer-by in street, theatre, car, church, shop, when it does not immediately overpower and trottle him. The perfume is used by noble dames as well as by shop girls, though in less degree. It is a singular fact that no woman of any station in life will confess to the use or betray the character of the perfume. Ask one and she will look unconscious, or change the subject, or deny all knowledge. A woman of spotless character and rare intelligence, a woman like Diana in physique and Elizabeth Fry in goodness, looked us calmly in the eye when we inquired respectfully the name of the perfume that was then faintly odorous, and she said: "I never use perfumes." Yet the perfume had either touched the water in which she bathed or was somewhere in her raiment, artfully concealed. Husbands are in league with their wives; they are no doubt bound by frightful oaths to secrecy. They say, "I never noticed any such smell. What is it like?" even when their spouses sit in odoriferous evidence.

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Yet there was a time when the strongest perfumes were used by men rather than by women, nor was there the reproach against them that has existed from the time of Vespasian with his proverbial reproof to the present year of our Lord. Thus Plutarch says in his "Conjugal Precepts" (39): "It is reported that the Scent of sweet Perfumes will make a Cat grow mad. Now supposing those strong Perfumes which are used by many Men should prove offensive to their Wives, would it not be a great piece of unnatural unkindness to discompose a Woman with continual Fits, rather than deny himself a pleasure so trivial?"

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Boston, Sept. 29, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Volume 9 of the Province Laws, just issued at the State House, may not be as rich as its predecessors. It is rich enough, and the editor, Mr. Bigelow, may be trusted. Under extraordinary discouragements he has done well, and his volume will be consulted with satisfaction in many quarters where scholarship has not yet been sacrificed to sociology. At last we know the true origin of certain place names. When the Georges came in, the Kennebec became an American river, and very promptly we find Georgetown, Brunswick, Augusta. Why Augusta? The name seems to go back to 1717. The puzzle is solved, perhaps, when we remember that the Prince of Wales, who became King George II., was known as George Augustus. The rest of the royal names having been pre-empted, somebody called the new settlement Augusta, which was well enough if royal names were to be used at all. When that Prince of Wales became King, he established the famous University still called Georgia Augusta. And so Augusta, Maine, the home of second-class matter (ask the Postmaster about it), is in good company and the first of many Augustas throughout this country of ours. The volume edited by Mr. Bigelow gives one of the earliest examples of the word "settler," meaning a man who occupies new land. The term was used in 1709, on page 86 of the volume, and is unmistakably the real American word, the phrase being "the first and ancient Settlers and Inhabitants." The word was not new in its American sense, but seems to have come up after 1700. If an earlier quotation can be alleged, let it be a settler, and let guesses be confined to the ologies.

YANKEE.

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The Journal des Debats, a Parisian newspaper by no means given to jesting, states that a poultice of raw onions cut up and crushed will cure typhoid fever, if it is applied to the feet for seven or eight hours. "More than 20 well-authenticated cures are reported as having been effected by this simple medicament." The onion as a medicine was esteemed by the ancients; it occasioned a more rapid growth of the hair; the juice was useful in dimness of vision; it was mixed with salt, rue and honey, for a bite from a mad dog. It concocted and broke hard tumors; it was an aperient and a diuretic; it was chewed for paralysis of the tongue.

Worcester 1902

Worcester, Sept. 30.—The 46th annual Festival of the Worcester County Musical Association began tonight in Mechanics' Hall with a performance of Mr. George W. Chadwick's "Judith." The officers of the Association this year are Charles M. Bent, President; Daniel Downey, Vice President; G. Arthur Smith, Secretary; George R. Bliss, Treasurer; Luther M. Lovell, Librarian; and these Directors: Edward L. Sumner, Arthur J. Bassett, J. Vernon Butler, Paul B. Morgan, Charles J. Rice, Samuel W. Wiley, Samuel E. Winslow and Philip W. Moen. The conductors are Wallace Goodrich and Franz Kneisel. The orchestra is composed of Boston Symphony players. Albert W. Snow is the organist and Arthur J. Bassett, the accompanist. The program-book was prepared by Louie Erville Ware.

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Mr. Goodrich made his first appearance this evening as the conductor of the Association. Inasmuch as he had assisted his predecessor, Mr. Chadwick, in the rehearsals, and had thus satisfied the chorus and the officers, his appointment was no doubt logical and to be expected. For the first time, I believe, in the history of these Festivals, there is this year a special conductor for the orchestral works. It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the reasonableness and importance of this innovation. The conductor of the choral works has enough to do in the proper presentation of cantatas and oratorios. To insist that he should conduct morning rehearsals, lead serious and complex orchestral works in the afternoon, and then bear the heat and burden of an evening performance is injurious both to the conductor himself and to the best interests of the Association. It may also be stated as a matter of general application and not here with invidious intent that a successful choral conductor is seldom a capable orchestral leader, and that a fully equipped and temperamental leader of players often makes a sad mess of it when he is called upon to direct and control a bulky chorus. Furthermore, an orchestra plays with more care and enthusiasm under a leader who is recognized as experienced and authoritative in such work.

Mr. Chadwick's lyric drama, "Judith," was first performed at the Worcester Festival Sept. 26 of last year. The singers were Gertrude Stein, David Bispham, E. C. Towne, and Carl E. Dufft. The composer was then conductor of the Festival. "Judith" was performed in Boston at Symphony Hall under the direction of the composer, Jan. 26, 1902, when Mrs. Stein was the Judith and Mr. Janpowlski, the Holofernes. In accordance with the custom of the Worcester Musical Association to repeat at the succeeding Festival a novelty, "Judith" was performed tonight. The work itself was reviewed at length in the Journal on the two former occasions, and it is hardly necessary to repeat what was then said. It is enough to say that the libretto is often bombastic and absurd; that the author knows not artistic restraint or the value of directness and simplicity; that where he should be strong, he is weak through flux of words.

Some one has said that the widows of the Bible are far more attractive than the maids and wives. This leaves that most picturesque character, the Witch of Endor, unclassified. Surely there were widows who had strange adventures, as Tamar and Judith. Even the English music-doctors who have laid violent hands on nearly all the men and women of the Bible, have neglected Tamar; but Judith has given the title to stage music, symphonic poems, melodrامas, oratorios, cantatas, dramatic scenes, and ballets of all nations. Composers have been infatuated with her from the 17th century, and only a few months ago Salvatore Messina Averna, a young Italian, took a prize offered at Palermo by his oratorio of "Judith." Painters have never wearied of attempts to portray her beauty and poets have continually praised her devotion to her faith. Yet she was a treacherous and bloody creature, this widow, who, to use the quaint language of the Golden Legend, was "a fair woman and her husband had left her much riches, with plentiful melny, and possessions of droves of oxen and flocks of sheep, and she was a famous woman and dreaded God greatly." Holofernes, "sitting in his canepe that was of purple, of gold, smaragdos and precious stones within woven," was caught by his eyes. He ate and drank with her, "he drank so

much wine that he never drank so much in one day in all his life and was drunken." A common story of modern metropolitan life, even to the cut-off head. And then the savage violator of hospitality went home with the head in the strip of her maid, and entered into the walled town and stood up in a high place and commanded silence, and praised the Lord. She brought forth the head and showed it to her townsfolk and said: "Lo! here the head of Holofernes, prince of the chivalry of Assyrians, and lo! the canopy of him in which he lay in his drunkenhood, where our Lord hath smitten him by the hand of a woman." How nobler this telling of a foul deed than the swollen, turgid language of the librettist. Mr. Langdon, a college graduate, and the lecturer in history at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

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Mr. Chadwick describes his work as a lyric drama. There are Englishmen and Germans who would say that it could not be an oratorio because it is not stuffed with fugues; but they forget that there was a time when the speech of choral expression was naturally fugal. That time has passed, the fugue today is generally perfunctory—rather than inevitable, it is an exercise rather than a spontaneous outpouring. It is true that Verdi chose the fugal form for the finale of his "Falstaff," and there are canons in operettas by Lecocq. The fugue in itself is no more religious than is any operatic ensemble. At the beginning of the 17th century thin were the partitions that divided oratorio and opera. Oratorios were frequently performed with costumes, scenery and action even until the beginning of the 19th century. A short time ago "Elijah" was given in stage form in a Connecticut town, and Liszt's "St. Elisabeth" has found its way into the opera-house. The oratorio of today must be truly dramatic, or at least largely dramatic, although Klughardt, who was one of the latest composers to write an oratorio, "Judith"—he died last summer—was praised by the Germans for his devotion to fugal treatment and all the old contrapuntal forms.

Mr. Chadwick's work is not too dramatic. It is not dramatic enough. It is the fault in the story itself. It is a significant fact that no opera founded on the celebrated episode in the career of Judith, a heroine far inferior, less noble, less womanly than Maeterlinck's Monna Vanna, has lived even for a season.

The strength of Mr. Chadwick's lyric drama is neither in lyric passages nor dramatic scenes. It lies in the frankly religious choruses which suggest the choral or the church anthem. The parts of Judith and Holofernes are not sharply characterized.

Ingenious orchestral color is not enough. The melodic phrases are seldom incisive or poignant. The scene of the murder is an example of the prevailing dramatic weakness. In the old French opera "Josephs," the most moving scenes, such as Joseph's revelation of himself to his brethren, are in dialogue, without the aid of music; and in this lyric drama the more emotional passages might well have been treated in like fashion. The work has certain elements of easy popularity, as the march, the banquet music, the romance sung by Holofernes in his cups, but there are many pages that are without distinction.

The performance was far superior to that of last year. This is especially true of the chorus, which sang with precision, spirit, and often with impressive body of tone. Orchestra and chorus were held in firm control by Mr. Goodrich. The solo parts were taken by Gertrude Stein, and Meyers, Campanari, Van Yorx and Witherspoon.

Mrs. Stein sang with plausible, undeviating passion. This passion was tearstained. There was little or no contrast in her delivery, and in the scene with Holofernes she was without coquetry. I do not mean to insinuate that she should have been frivolous or wanton, but there may be dangerous allurement even in a widow's weeds, and we are told that Judith arrayed herself in gala attire for the conquest of the blasphemer. She armed herself for the assault. Mrs. Stein was, like Niobe, all tears. Surely, she might have given one sly glance for the safety and glory of Israel. The men sang with animation and understanding. There was an audience of good size, but the hall was by no means full. This audience applauded heartily, yet with discrimination.

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The program of the concert Wednesday afternoon at 2.30, Mr. Kneisel, conductor, will be as follows: César Franck's symphony in D minor; Converse's "Festival of Pan," a romance for orchestra; Beethoven's overture, "Leonore" No. 3. Mr. Frederic Martin will sing "Who Treads the Path of Duty," from "The Magic Flute," and "Infelice," from "Ernani."

The program of the concert Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, will include the first two parts of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" (Mrs. Zimmerman, Miss Spencer, Messrs. Van Yorx and Martin), "Sappho," a dramatic scene, Volkmann (Mrs. Zimmerman); prelude to "Parsifal," and the Finale of Act I. of "Parsifal," with Mr. Martin as Gurnemanz.

*Philip Hale.*

## "BOHEMIAN GIRL."

### Another Success Scored in the Popular Balfe Opera by Mr. Savage's Organization.

Mr. Savage's opera company, now at the Tremont Theatre, changed its bill again last evening, presenting, for the first time here, that standard favorite, Balfe's "The Bohemian Girl." An audience of splendid proportions was present, and it found the performance worthy of the heartiest applause. Mr. Emanuel conducted and the cast was as follows:

Arline.....Adelaide Norwood
Queen of the Gypsies.....Marion Ivell
Thaddeus.....Lloyd d'Aubigne
Count Arnheim.....William Paull
Florestine.....Charles Fulton
Devilshoof.....F. J. Boyle
Captain of the Guard.....Charles Scribner
Buda.....N. McGahan

"The Bohemian Girl," a light opera of tuneful melodies and conventionally dramatic story, proved to be distinctly within the range of the best efforts of Mr. Savage's organization. If anything, the company showed itself rather better than the opera, which is now so familiar that all the air bubbles that mar its perfections are twice told tales. The action, which carries so many popular airs, is distinctively "opery;" that is to say, dramatic only in a theatrically formal sense, and accepted, not because it presents even a hint of reality, but because the auditor wilfully resolves to make believe that what does happen might possibly have actually happened.

Being a singing organization of much more than ordinary merit, the music of "The Bohemian Girl" was exactly the sort to show Mr. Savage's principals and chorus at their best. As actors the principals were characterized by sincerity and good sense rather than by compelling power or blazing emotional force; and the qualities of sincerity and good sense fitted perfectly the theatric and the histrionic material that was provided. Thus the performance was decidedly effective from the standpoint of the musician and thoroughly adequate from the standpoint of the student of acting. Only one absolutely adverse criticism could be made. For the first time in this series of operatic productions the stage management was scarcely adequate. There was lack of incisiveness in the ensemble acting; the groupings were not accomplished with precision, and there was noticeable logginess in the movements of the chorus.

The real triumph of the evening was secured by Miss Norwood, whose Arline was a notable effort. Described in one word, the impersonation could be termed authoritative. In short, Miss Norwood showed the artist in all respects, both in singing and in acting; and this is simply another way of saying that she manifestly knew her business. Her singing was accomplished with delightful ease and with positive simplicity, and augmenting this, her acting was direct, pointed and comprehensive.

A close second to Miss Norwood's Arline was the Gipsy Queen of Miss Ivell, as a pictorial realization idealistically realistic, and, in addition, being excellently sung and competently acted. Miss Ivell's temperament is fundamentally melodramatic. Physically impressive, her unusual theatric qualities of mind, manner and pose win for her attention without further ado. To make her conquest complete requires only one or two notes from her organ-like contralto.

Mr. Boyle realized the picturesque and impossible Devilshoof in praiseworthy fashion and his singing was heartily appreciated. Lloyd d'Aubigne sang most acceptably, and Mr. Paull was similarly successful. Mr. Fulton refused to "slop over" as the aspiring Florestine.

*Lewis C. Strang.*

Oct. 2, 1902.

Baron de Zuylen says rapid automobile driving is a disease or mania. This statement is in accordance with a theory advanced in Paris that the driver soon becomes powerless; he is as one hypnotized. The accident that happened to Mr. Henri Deutsch is cited as an instance. He was one of the most skilful chauffeurs in France, and he knew every inch of the road from Romainville to Paris. On Renault's car, which won the Paris-Vienna race, he went faster and faster until the speed was at the rate of 91 kilomètres. The on-lookers screamed and yelled when they saw him thus riding to a bend in the road, where a pace of four kilomètres would be dangerous. The machine was in order, but Deutsch made no movement until the automobile flew up in the air and smashed itself to pieces in a sand-pit.

Mr. G. R. Sims insists that in Switzerland there are two prices in shops and inns; a high price for English and presumably Americans, a low price for Germans. "In many of the Swiss hotels there are even two wine lists. The German list is 33 per cent. cheaper than the English." Mr. Sims tells stories in illustration. We reprint one of them, for it gives an agreeable glimpse of the daily routine of a celebrated playwright, novelist, poet, critic, newspaper man. "I went into a chemist's shop in a Swiss town and speaking English, bought a bottle of Eno's Fruit Salt. The chemist asked me eight francs for it—the English price on the label being half a crown. I didn't pay it because the thing was an outrage. The next day I was passing the shop about noon and I noticed that the chemist was absent and the shop was in charge of a lad. So I walked in and speaking German, I asked for a bottle of Eno. When it was handed to me I said in German, 'How much?' and the reply was 'four francs.'" Mr. Sims concludes that the English-speaking visitor pays from 33 to 50 per cent. more than the German for almost everything.

Here is a translation of a document in Dutch sent to the "National Scouts" by their brother-burghers who remained in the field and did not surrender until after May 31. A correspondent in Johannesburg says the sentiment reflects truthfully the general feeling entertained by the majority of the burghers, "who treat the National Scouts with the utmost disdain whenever they meet."

"Traitors, Monsters, Curses of the Earth, degraded Dregs of Nature, may God's vengeance, which has hitherto spared you, overtake you in hell's dread fire, or let Him rather make you realize how despicably degraded your act has been, and may no lightning swifter penetrate, or thunder peals more terrifying be, than will be your soul when squirming and writhing on realization of the full enormity of your crime. May you then, in your cringing terror, be made to feel its immensity, and in the last day which ever shall dawn may you read on your despised tombstone, 'Here lies the cursed of friend and maid, who to his native land its death-stab gave.'"

Mr. W. Roberts is interesting others as well as himself in the history of "Books that have Failed." One of the most tragic tales told by him is that of Lord Kingsborough's "Mexico." The author spent more than $160,000 in its production; he got into trouble with his paper manufacturer, who had him arrested for debt in Dublin; he considered the debt unjust and preferred to go to prison, where he contracted typhus fever and died. If he had lived, he would within a year have become Earl of Kingston and inherited a fortune of £40,000 a year. The book was published at £140. It is sold now for £35. The copy in the Boston Athenaeum was presented by Francis C. Gray, (1790-1856) of Salem and Boston.

Worcester, Oct. 1.—The weather is still depressing and as yet there is little of the enthusiasm that has in the past distinguished these festivals. The air is dead fit, as was said on another occasion, only for the purpose of stuffing air-cushions. The hall was by no means full on the opening night, and the attendance at rehearsal this morning was small, although Mr. Gabrilowitsch rehearsed with orchestra Rubinstein's concerto in D minor. It is too early to speak of the financial result, for the sale of single tickets for certain concerts has agreeably surprised the managers, who were disheartened at the outcome of the subscription sale. Several reasons are given for the comparative lack of public interest this season, but they may be discussed more profitably later.

The local newspapers give much attention to the personal characteristics and the opinions of the singers and players as well as to the performances themselves, and the published interviews are not only pleasant reading for the public, they may yet serve as invaluable documents for the future musical sociologist and historian. We all read with interest today in volumes of memoirs and gossip recorded conversations of famous musicians of the past, anecdotes concerning their habits and tastes. Mario's passionate devotion to tobacco; Schroeder-Devrient's incessant pursuit of the ideal man; the rows between Handel and his Italian singing-women; the eagerness with which Filz devoured spiders because they tasted to him like strawberries; the legends associated with the spectral Paganini; the fondness of Schubert for playing tunes on a comb; Mozart at billiards; the peculiar habits of Beethoven at his toilet;—how hard it is to disassociate these men and women from the anecdotes handed down by their Boswells.

Thus today we are enabled to have delightful glimpses at the private life of the singers and players engaged for the Festival. It is a pleasure to state as well as reassuring to know that these musicians are for the most part thoroughly domesticated. One of the basses admits that he regards his wife as "an ideal woman"; one of the sopranos does not regret that her husband and little girls are "the ties which bind her to her home." This is as it should be. Art is not, as some superficial observers claim, the sworn foe of domestic happiness.

The diet and exercise indulged in by distinguished persons are always legitimate subjects of interest. "Madame Stein told a reporter that for the past four weeks she had eaten nothing but bread and meat. Indigestion has taken hold of her, and though she has been treated by several doctors, they have seemed to do her no good." She believes in osteopathy: "it saves taking medicine around with you." "She is anxious to find a good osteopathist in Worcester during her stay here." There are osteopathists in Boston who might be persuaded to rush hither, and several convenient trains leave Boston daily. Mrs. Zimmerman is another that does not believe in medicine and is not impressed even by the Faculty of the Harvard Medical School. "She has no faith in doctors, but places implicit trust in the virtues of osteopathy." Truly an osteopathic festival.

Nor will the portrait painters of another generation be wholly dependent on photographs. "Madame Stein is an attractive appearing woman with a girlish figure uncommon to soloists." (It would appear then that solo work ages singers, or that, like the man in the Old Testament, they wax fat and kick.) "Her color is delicate, and her hair, softened by the dampness, curled in clinging little tendrils about her face." Mrs. Zimmerman, on the other hand, is "above medium height and rather large. Her expression is pleasant, and she has dark hair and eyes." She "carries the atmosphere of health with her." All the men and women are "delighted" with the music allotted them, and never enjoy singing anywhere so much as at these Festivals; for singers, unlike republics, are not always ungrateful.

Captain R. P. Hobson, by the way, attended the performance of "Judith" and was "the cynosure of all eyes." He was deeply interested in the sad fate of the warrior Holofernes, who was brought to his untimely end by Judith's kiss.

* * *

The program of the afternoon concert was as follows:

Symphony in D Minor.....César Franck
Aria, "Qui Sdegno," from "Il Flauto Magico".....Mozart
Mr. Martin.
"The Festival of Pan," Romance for Orchestra.....F. S. Converse
Aria, "Infelice," from "Ernani".....Verdi
Mr. Martin.
Overture, "Leonore" No. 3.....Beethoven

A pamphlet entitled "The Martyrdom of César Franck" was published lately in Paris. Martyrdom? Franck was unappreciated by the mob during his long and blameless life, but his earliest works were admired by Liszt and von Buelow fifty years ago; he was worshiped by his pupils, some of whom are today the leaders in French musical thought; and before his death he knew that his position was secure. A pure and serene soul, he gave his life to the service of his church and to his pupils. He kept himself unspotted from the world; he knew not envy, jealousy or malice; to him were revealed mystical visions of the world of spirits; he was as one that heard paradisical strains, the hymns of the rejoicing meek and compassionate, the thundering Hallelujahs as the sound of many waters. In his career as a teacher he was a mighty force that will long make for musical righteousness. Martyrdom? A life to be wondered at and envied.

And this symphony played in Worcester for the first time is as a mirror to Franck's soul; music that is without taint of fleshly beauty—which is corruption, however splendid its seeming bravery; music that is the revelation of a pure but not ascetic nature; music that is sad without sentimentalism, noble but not austere, lofty yet not wholly above human aspirations and emotions; devout music, but without cramping influence of creed; fit music for solemn service in the church of the universe.

Mr. Converse's "Festival of Pan" was first played in Boston at a Symphony concert. It is one of three romances suggested by Keat's "Endymion." In this piece there is not so much the thought of Keat's chorus which begins: "Oh, Thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang from jagged trunks," as of the lines:

Meantime, on shady levels, mossy fine,
Young companies nimbly began dancing
To the swift treble pipe, and humming string.
Aye, those fair living forms swam heavenly
To tunes forgotten—out of memory!

The music is eminently pleasing. There is a freshness of youthful joy and enthusiasm; there is German thoughtfulness, enlivened by Gallic daintiness and esprit.

Mr. Martin has naturally a noble voice, of ample compass, full, rich, sonorous. He sings easily, and often well, so far as the mere fundamental technics are concerned. Would that he sang with more marked distinction! His delivery of the famous air from "The Magic Flute" promised to be pontifical; it ended by being rather ordinary, not unlike the applauded performance of the solo bass of a male singing club. He had the courage in the year 1902 to sing the tune of Ruy Gomez, a good tune in its place and time. With this aria Mr. Martin won the heartiest and most honest applause of the afternoon.

A thoughtfully read and dramatic performance of Beethoven's familiar overture brought the close.

Mr. Kneisel's abilities as a conductor are fully recognized in Boston, and they are indisputable. To maintain the high reputation of an orchestra when the players, fresh from summer work or recreation, are plunged suddenly into the inevitable drudgery of a Festival is no light task. Mr. Kneisel's readings were poetic, imaginative, sane, and his men were well under judicious control.

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The program of the concert this evening included Parts I. and II. of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" (Marie Zimmerman, Janet Spencer, Theodore Van Yorx, Frederic Martin); "Sappho," dramatic scene, Volkmann (Mrs. Zimmerman); prelude to "Parsifal" and the Finale of Act I. of "Parsifal," with Mr. Martin as Gurnemanz.

I believe that the first two parts of this "Christmas Oratorio" were sung by the Handel and Haydn in Boston 25 years ago, when the solo singers were Miss Thursby, Miss Cary and Messrs. W. J. Winch and J. F. Winch. The work was composed in 1734, and the first performance after Bach's death is said to have been at Breslau in 1844. I yield to no one in my admiration for certain works of Bach, especially his music for organ and clavichord. I recognize gladly the inexhaustible invention and the incredible industry of the man. His extreme harmonic modernity is ever surprising. But in many of his works for voices, the cut-and-dried arias, with their ever-recurring formulas, are exceedingly

...some, and the contrapuntal reiteration and sameness are a weariness to the spirit and the flesh. The only vocal work by Bach sung hitherto at these concerts is his "A Stronghold Sure." It is no doubt a good thing for the public to be more familiar with the workmanship and the spirit of the great master; and it would be foolish to deny the power and beauty of certain pages in this particular oratorio; but a little of the "Christmas Oratorio" goes a long way.

Two parts were enough. It is only at Bethlehem, Pa., that men and women give themselves fearlessly and gladly day after day to pious orgies of Bach.

The opening and exultant chorus was sung with spirit and marked general effect; the chorals were well sung, and for once they were not dragged beyond endurance; occasionally, as in "Glory to God in the highest," the tenors and the basses were weak and the walk of each part was not clearly defined, but, on the whole, the performance of the chorus was very creditable. There was not the same sympathy between chorus and orchestra as on last night; more than once the accompaniment, like Prospero's Isle, was full of noises. It should be remembered, however, that full rehearsals have been necessarily few and short.

Miss Spencer of the solo singers was the most satisfactory in the matter of tone production and general vocal art, yet her reading of the music was matter of fact and wholly uninspired, although the most inherently effective of the airs is given to the alto. Mr. Van Yorx showed extraordinary management and control of breath, and he declaimed with dignity and force, but in recitative he, like nearly all narrators, dealt impressively on the unimportant words and gave to simple statements an energy that might well have characterized a description of some mighty perturbation of nature.

"In the name of the prophet—figs." Mr. Martin sang with more freedom than in the afternoon and with more variety of expression. Mrs. Zimmerman had little to do, but she sang with ease, with the show of experience and with slightly acid tones. All were conscientious, nor was it their fault that the hearer was reminded by their endeavors in barren wastes of recitative of a husbandman plowing his way through ungrateful New Hampshire soil.

Mrs. Zimmerman sang a futile dramatic scene by Volkmann, a task that was not worth doing. She sang with skill, but supreme art could not put the breath of life into such dead pages. Zerbino, we are told, was a little woman with dark hair and a strange smile that was never to be forgotten, and I like to think of her as singing and wooing in a low, sombre, haunting voice.

The performance of excerpts from "Parsifal" was in certain respects interesting as well as praiseworthy, but such performances in concert form make reasonable the request of Wagner that this music drama should not be performed outside of Bayreuth. This opinion in particular demands the stage setting, the arrangement of the choirs, the voices in the dome, the hidden orchestra. You may agree with some in ascribing the whole scene as pseudo-Christian, but the effect—I speak only of the performances in earlier years at Bayreuth — was overwhelming. The music alone makes demands that are not easily answered, even when there have been many general rehearsals; when the orchestra is composed according to the scheme of Wagner; when the singers are picked and of the finest reality. The experiment at Worcester was ambitious, and under the inevitable conditions it remained an experiment.

Mr. Goodrich confirmed and strengthened the good opinion formed by the audit of Tuesday night. A review of his equipment, methods and accomplishments may be properly deferred to the end of the festival. It is enough to say at present that he is evidently the man in the place.

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The program of Thursday afternoon (2.30 o'clock) will be as follows: Concert overture, "Blomidon," Arthur M. Curry; Rubinstein's Concerto in D minor for piano and orchestra, Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist; Symphonic poem, "Viviane," Chausson; piano pieces, Chopin's Nocturne in G, Etude in C and Polonaise in A flat major; Saint Saëns' Symphony in C minor, No. 3 (with organ.)

Thursday evening at 8 o'clock H. W. Parker's "Hora Novissima" will be performed for the third time at these concerts, with the assistance of Suzanne Adams, Janet Spences, George Hamlin, Herbert Witherspoon. Mottl's arrangement of Bach's Concerto in F major for trumpet, flute, oboe, violin, with accompaniment, will serve as a prelude.

*Philip Hale.*

Oct 3, 1902

Worcester, Oct. 2.—The program of the concert this afternoon was as follows:

Overture, "Blomidon" .....Curry
Concerto in D minor for piano and orchestra .....Rubinstein
Mr. Gabrilowitsch.
Symphonic poem, "Viviane".....Chausson
Two pieces: Nocturne in G major, Etude in C major, polonaise in A flat major .....Chopin
Mr. Gabrilowitsch.
Symphony in C minor No 3.....Saint-Saëns

When Mr. Gabrilowitsch first played in Boston he did not do himself full justice. There was no dispute concerning the solidity of his technical equipment, the seriousness of his purpose, the sincerity of his artistry; but his playing was in certain respects disappointing. At times he seemed too restrained, too judicial in the expression of emotions. He was too deliberate in the preparation of effects. It was as though you beheld him laying trains of gunpowder and were thus compelled to foresee the explosions. There were disconcerting checks to continuity. Episodes lost their purely episodic character. In concerts later in that season he was more a master of the phrase; he was not seen worrying about it; he was seldom as one experimenting; he played with greater spontaneity and authority; his poetic expression was freer, his imagination of loftier flight. And when he left us, pleasant memories remained and there was agreeable anticipation of his return. Today he played Rubinstein's concerto in D minor, a work that still remains among the piano concertos that are worth playing and hearing—and they are not so many that this statement is merely lukewarm praise.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch left the steamer to play at Worcester. To criticise him analytically would be unfair, for he has not yet the complete control of his fingers, nor is the relationship between brain and fingers fully established. It may be said that the mannerisms which were noticeable when he first appeared in Boston were not in evidence today. His performance was an organic whole, not a string of detached episodes, and his reading was sound and thoughtful, though not inspired. He was heartily applauded after the concerto and the group of pieces by Chopin.

Chausson's "Viviane" is a charming, delicate pastelle. It is not an example of the composer's melancholy, sombre, and strong style that characterizes his chamber-music, and certain orchestral works, such as the symphony which was brought into prominence at Paris by Mr. Nikisch as a wandering virtuoso conductor. It was he who first convinced Frenchmen that this pupil of César Franck, this man who refused to be handicapped by wealth, was really a composer of pronounced individuality and distinction. O irony love by the gods! (The symphony will be played in Boston this season. "Viviane" was played last winter.) Chausson was inspired by the old French legend in which Viviane is not the naughty person described by Tennyson, nor is Merlin the dotty old man betrayed by the wanton. In the French legend Viviane is truly in love with the wise man and she weaves the spell in the forest of Broceliande that he may never leave her, that their love may be eternal. The symphonic-poem is a dream-picture; forest and lovers are as far off; the calls of Arthur's messengers in search of Merlin are as horns of Elfland faintly blowing. There is no more passion than in an indolent summer afternoon. There is merely the wish to be far from the court, the field of battle, the stir of men. Life is a dream and death-in-life is a dream. Music that is vaporous, and the dream is within a dream.

The symphony of Saint-Saëns is a fine instance of the composer's ability to clothe thoughts of little weight and moment in faultless and elegant speech. Even when Saint-Saëns has little to say, and this sometimes happens to him, he is irreproachably well-bred. Such is the charm of his address, the perfection of his manners that a commonplace appears as an epigram, and the flow of his conversation like a scene by Congreve. How well the music of this symphony sounds! How shrewdly is the adagio planned to soothe and please the public! And the musician is often obliged to admire the workmanship, the mastery of craft displayed throughout the symphony.

Mr. Arthur M. Curry, born at Chelsea, Mass., in 1866, studied the violin with Mr. Kneisel and composition with Mr. MacDowell. He is a conductor and teacher as well as composer. Mr. Ware says in his program-book of the Festival: "Blomidon is a rocky promontory on the Basin of Minas, in what is happily called the Land of Evangeline. The Indian God, Glooscap, was supposed to dwell in its forests, and many legends of the Micmac Indians, together with natural beauty and grandeur, give it a peculiar charm. The composer has in mind the varying moods of the region: emerging from the darkness and mists of morning, its changing aspects in sunshine and cloud, the boisterous play of winds and waves, until it sinks again into darkness at evening. The overture is in very free sonota form, the instrumentation as follows: Piccolo, 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, bass clarinet, 2 bassoons, 4 horns, 2 trumpets, 3 trombones, tuba, 3 kettle drums, cymbals, triangle, and strings." Mr. Curry's piece is carefully made and he is evidently familiar with the use of his tools. His musical thought is of slight value, and neither in thematic invention nor in harmonic and orchestral treatment does he stray from respectable routine. His overture is without legendary or romantic atmosphere, and there is no suggestion of the salt and savor of the sea, the sea that is full of dead men's bones and mystery, the sea from whose waves Venus sprang smiling and exulting in her might.

Mr. Kneisel conducted the orchestral pieces with finesse and authority, and his accompaniments were eminently sympathetic.

Horatio W. Parker's "Hora Novissima" was performed this evening for the third time at these concerts. The preceding performances were in 1897 and 1898. The singers this evening were Suzanne Adams, Miss Spencer, Mr. Hamlin, Mr. Witherspoon. Mr. Goodrich conducted. The concert opened with Mottl's arrangement of Bach's Concerto in F, for trumpet, flute, oboe, violin, with accompaniment.

Mr. Parker's noble work is too well known here and in Boston to demand detailed criticism or belated praise. The breadth, the grandeur, the ecclesiastical spirit, the blending of strict form with modern means of expression, the sweep of vision, the grasp of materials—these qualities combine in placing the oratorio high on the list of compositions of this class. The performance of the chorus under Mr. Goodrich deserves warm praise. It is true that the sopranos, in this as in other works performed at this festival, were inclined to shy at every high A, but the general precision of attack, the solidity of volume, the vitality and the discrimination were admirable and most creditable to the singers and conductor. Mrs. Adams, like many other operatic sopranos in oratorio, disappointed some of her respectful admirers. She sang as though she were not sure of her notes, without authority, without due comprehension of the text, and at times she fell below the true pitch. Mr. Hamlin sang superbly and easily bore away the honors. His conception of the tenor solo was most artistic. No attention to detail arrested the melodic flow. There was a fine sense of proportion throughout the air and the climax was not discounted; it was irresistible. Mr. Hamlin, through hard work and by force of brains, is one of the most brilliant singers now before the public. Miss Spencer did not equal her performance on the preceding night. Her upper tones were weak, and she did not fully appreciate the spirit of text or music. It may be truly said that her aria itself is the least distinguished, the most perfunctory of the solo pieces, all of which fall below the level of the choral numbers. There was a larger audience than at the preceding concerts and it was heartily applausive.

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The program Friday afternoon (2.30 o'clock) will include Mendelssohn's overture "The Hebrides"; Loeffler's orchestral Poem, "Avant que tu ne t'en ailles," aria of Louise "Depuis le jour" from Charpentier's opera (Mrs. Zimmerman); Tschaikowsky's pathetic symphony. Mr. Kneisel will conduct.

"Artists' Night" will end the Festival. Gabriel Faure's "Birth of Venus" will be performed for the first time publicly in the United States. The solo singers will be Suzanne Adams, Gertrude Stein, George Hamlin and Giuseppe Campanari. Mrs. Adams will also sing "Ah fors e lui" from "La Traviata" and Stern's "Coquette"; Mrs. Stein will sing the familiar aria from Tschaikowsky's "Jean d'Arc"; Mr. Hamlin, the "Friedenserzahlung" from Richard Strauss's "Guntram," and Mr. Campanari, the father's aria from Puccini's "Le Villie." The orchestral numbers will be Berlioz's overture "Roman Carnival"; excerpts from the ballet "The Vine," Rubinstein—Gericke; the Love Scene from Richard Strauss's "Feuersnoth" and the overture to "Tannhaeuser."

*Philip Hale.*

Oct 4, 1902

Worcester, Oct. 3.—The managers of the Festival are in better spirits than on the opening night. The sale of single tickets has been larger than was expected and the weather yesterday and today was more propitious. Nevertheless there will undoubtedly be a large deficit, perhaps not so large as in certain preceding years, but the now apparently inevitable less provokes rumors, opinions and discussions.

Thus there has been a rumor heard throughout the Festival that the whole scheme was to be abandoned. Suzanne Adams, according to the Telegram of this morning, was so distressed by the mere thought of such a catastrophe that she exclaimed passionately to a director: "Rather than have such a thing as that happen, I would come to Worcester and give my services to this association for nothing." Mr. Leo Stern was touched by this speech of his wife.

"'It is a matter of local pride with me,' she said, 'and I mean just what I say.' She remarked what a shame it was to think that there were such grand concerts in Worcester, and that they would not earn sufficient money to allow of paying expenses, at least." Her local pride springs from the fact that she is "a Massachusetts product."

But will such heroic self-sacrifice be necessary?

Why would it not be a good thing for the directors to require money from singers in return for the opportunity of an appearance? This is done occasionally in large European cities, and there have been instances of women, even American women, who have paid managers for the privilege of a night or a few nights of personal and vocal display in the opera house.

A few think it might not be an unmixed evil if the Festivals were abandoned. As things now are, the people of Worcester and the surrounding country indulge in a musical debauch from Tuesday night to Friday night. They are stuffed and surfeited. And for the rest of the yar what do they hear or care to hear? It is an acknowledged fact that no manager would send a singer, violinist, or pianist to this city during the winter with hope of adequate pecuniary return, no matter how eminent the singer or player might be. At present during the Festival the chief desire is to be present at the concert on "Artists' Night"; to hear the singers of solos, to see the costumes, jewels and wreaths, to take part in the general shouting. Some in consideration of these facts might reasonably say: "Maintain the chorus, but let it be supported only for local interest and enjoyment. Give a concert about Christmas-time and another in the spring. And let a hearty welcome be given to wandering virtuosos of repute. Perhaps in a few years there may be a wish to hear the Kneisel Quartet, the Longy Club, or even the Boston Symphony Orchestra as an orchestra and in a concert of orchestral music."

There is much talk about the future: some speak of a fund to be established; some think that these oratorios, "The Messiah," "The Creation," "Elijah," "St. Paul," should be given constantly, one at each Festival and in an appointed order; some say it was a grave mistake to charge a dollar more for the subscription tickets and ask an admission fee for the rehearsals; some complain of the programs as too "staff," "beyond the comprehension of the public"; and others insist that the star at this Festival is not of the first magnitude and that so long as stellar adoration prevails in Worcester, as it does in Boston, London, New York, the one essential feature of a Festival is a blazing star set firmly in the operatic firmament and at the zenith of her time.

* * *

Now what are the facts about this Festival of 1902?

The conductors are admirable. Mr. Goodrich is a musician of catholic and fine taste. He is not a partisan, he is not too fastidious. Musical by nature, he has been soundly and carefully trained. Although he is a young man with ambitions and enthusiasms, experience has taught him the management of a chorus. He has the elements and the characteristics of a successful choral leader. His views at rehearsals are respected and followed, not discussed, not questioned, not accepted unwillingly. He is authoritative in the communication of his wishes. His presence is eminently agreeable. When he is on the stand he is master of the situation, but he does not put himself between the hearer and the composer, not is he constantly calling attention to himself. Dignified, but sympathetic in public, he is tactful in close relationship with the singers and the players under his control. The chorus of the Worcester County Musical Association is today better trained, more capable of excellent work, than at any time during the last 12 years.

There is no need to speak of the merits of Mr. Kneisel as an orchestral leader. The association was, indeed, fortunate in securing him. The plan of having two conductors has proved to be an unqualified success. Mr. Kneisel is one of the very first conductors in the land, although he seldom acts in this capacity. The programs have been on the whole of unusual merit, programs that any city might be proud of. I do not like to believe that the orchestral pieces by Tschaikowsky, Strauss, Loeffler, Beethoven, Wagner, Chausson, Saint-Saëns, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, were beyond the grasp of the concert-goers. The symphony by César Franck is a work of amazing beauty, but the music of Franck must be studied earnestly; his style must be mastered; his music is not for instant popularity or for a Worcester holiday; no wonder, then, his symphony did not at once win recognition. And rapt enjoyment of Franck's music does not find vent in handclapping, pounding of umbrellas on the floor, or excited squeals.

The artistic results of this Festival—the performance of chorus as well as orchestra—are of the highest nature yet attained at Worcester. There is no dispute concerning this.

It is not possible that the officers of the association, who realize the progress made and know that they have cause to be proud of this Festival, will now look backward longingly to musical fleshpots and turn their backs on the promised land. They have every reason to be encouraged for the future. The people of Worcester would surely be loath to abandon an institution that now gives their city true distinction. I do not believe—although I speak without authority—that any officer dreams for a moment of forsaking the cause.

A suggestion has been made, and it is a good one, that the Festival should be composed of five concerts instead of seven; that it should begin on Wednesday night instead of on Tuesday night. Five concerts are enough; and then there would be an opportunity for more general rehearsals. It is surprising that such good work has been achieved with so few.

* * *

The program this afternoon was as follows:

Overture, "The Hebrides".....Mendelssohn
Poem, "Avant que tu ne t'en ailles"..Loeffler
Aria: "Depuis le jour" from "Louise" .....Charpentier
Mrs. Zimmerman.
Symphony, "Pathetic".....Tshaikowsky

This concert was one long and gratefully to be remembered. Mr. Kneisel covered himself with glory. The performance of the symphony was intensely dramatic and impressive. It would have gained in effect if the strings had been more numerous, but without consideration of the make-up of the orchestra it may truthfully be said that the reading and the actual performance were worthy of exalted praise. I have heard this most moving symphony, this work shot through with anguish, this epitome of man's tragic life, this supreme expression of agnosticism, played under several conductors of great repute. I have never heard the symphony when it seemed so beautifully sad in the remembrance of youth with its illusions, so hopeless in its striving after gaiety and in the endeavor to shake off the thought of approaching death, so ironical in the pompous apotheosis, so poignant and terrible in the final vision of the grave.

Mr. Loeffler's exquisitely conceived music in illustration of Verlaine's lyric gave rare pleasure. It is one of the most striking examples of the new romantic school. The purity of melodic thought, the richness and the originality of the harmonic treatment, the splendor and the finesse of the orchestration, the steady flow of inspiration, the mastery in art—these make the Poem a thing apart, a thing of rounded beauty in which there is nothing common, pretentious, or too deliberate.

Mrs. Zimmerman sang with exceeding charm, with uncommon distinction the air of Louise from Charpentier's opera. By her display of art this afternoon she raised the standard of individual song at the Festival.

* * *

The program this evening was as follows:

Overture, "Roman Carnival".....Berlioz
Aria from "Le Villi".....Puccini
Mr. Campanari.
Aria, "Ah fors e lui".....Verdi

Suzanne Adams.

"The Birth of Venus" . . . Gabriel Fauré
Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Stein, Messrs. Hamlin and Campanari, and chorus

Excerpts from "The Vine" . . . . . Rubenstein
. . . . . Gericke

Aria from "Jean d'Arc" . . . Tschaikowsky
Gertrude Stein.

Love Scene from "Feuersnoth" . . R. Strauss
Aria "Feldeinsamkeitslied" . . . R. Strauss
Mr. Hamlin

"Coquette" . . . . . Stein
Suzanne Adams.

Overture, "Tannhäuser" . . . . . Wagner

Fauré's "Birth of Venus" was performed, I am told, for the first time publicly in this country. There was a performance at the New England Conservatory, Boston, last season. The text describes the daughters of Neptune questioning the cause of expectation in waters and sea caverns; there is a radiant glow on the Azure wave; Venus rises from the sea-foam; Jupiter bids her ascend to Olympus and he tells of her power over mortals; there is a final hymn of praise. A pleasant glimpse of Paganism. The earth was young and innocent. Beauty was worshiped openly; there was no simpering prudery; love was a delight without mystery or concealment; there was no abiding dread of death. Ah, the world went very well then. Fauré is a painter in tints and demi-tints. He is a man of twilight effects; he delights in old gardens under the moon, gardens with sobbing fountains and neglected statues and hedges quaintly cut and trimmed, and shadowy lovers who whisper of long ago. He is a Watteau among musicians. His emotions are distinctively aristocratic. Some of his songs are masterpieces—the most exquisite, perhaps, of modern melodies. His chamber music is characterized by refinement, by devotion to style, by a gentle melancholy, by a well-bred intensity. Certain pages of his work are to music as Pater's "Imaginary Portraits" to literature. His requiem has been described as the elegy of a fair Parisian.

The characteristics that make him conspicuous among modern composers are found in this "Birth of Venus," which is a work for a small hall, a small and carefully chosen band of singers, a small and fresh orchestra, and an audience of friends. The performance tonight was not an interesting one. It was all pitched in a too pronounced key, the chorus was not sufficiently subdued and not always accurate. The baritone solo was sung perfunctorily, and in the quartet passages there were proofs of unfamiliarity with the music. There was little or no attention paid by singers and orchestra to the nuances of the composer—and Fauré is pre-eminently a man of nuances. Mrs. Adams sang better than on the preceding night. Her tones were often of lovely quality, but her phrases were not always carefully dismissed. She sang the air from "La Traviata" in French, although the original text is written, like "The Mousetrap," in choice Italian. Again she showed the devotion of a true and devoted wife by singing one of Mr. Stein's songs. Mrs. Stein sang the familiar air from "Joan of Arc" with considerable taste, although her delivery of the chief phrase was at too first a pace, and the inherent pathos was thus diminished. Mr. Hamlin had the courage to bring forward an aria from "Guntram." I confess I was more interested in the complex workmanship of the accompaniment and in the sumptuous orchestration than in the song or recitative itself.

Mr. Campanari brought out an air from one of Puccini's early operas, an aria without much distinction or force; nor was he vocally in his best disposition. The orchestra numbers were led effectively by Mr. Kneisel, who also accompanied sympathetically. The hall was filled almost to overflowing and the applause, often hearty and encore-compelling, was frenetic after Mr. Stein's waltz song and the excerpt from "The Vine."

Oct 5, 1902

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "In the death of Mrs. Harrita Cheney Chester Aug. 25, after a short sickness, Boston lost a singer of actual worth and much promise. She was of an old New England family. On her mother's side she was a direct descendant of Thomas Joy, who built the first town hall in Boston, as well as of Lord Littlefield. Her voice was of unusual compass and brilliant quality. She had given a concert at Plymouth with unusual success only ten days before she died. The Old Colony Memorial said of her in an appreciative article: 'Mrs. Chester came to Plymouth for rest and recuperation, and by her charm of person and responsive nature at once made many friends, who found keen enjoyment in her remarkable ability as a singer, possessing as she did a voice of rare sweetness and power, and of extended range. * * * She came to Plymouth a stranger, but leaves a glad remembrance of her sweet voice and lovable character.'"

* * *

An Italian impresario named Alexio recently engaged a singer to take leading roles in an opera company that he was engaging to give a season of Italian opera at the Theatre an der Wien in Vienna. She was Margherita Almanzi, and agreed to sing ten times during her month's engagement for $50. She was to receive the first quarter of this money on the day she started for Vienna, the second quarter after the third performance and the third after the fifth opera. The rest of the money was to be paid to her at the close of the season. The manager had the right to dissolve the contract if the singer showed herself unfitted for the roles she was engaged to sing.

After the first rehearsal it was decided by the manager that she could not undertake leading roles, but he offered to engage her for small parts for the rest of the engagement at $200 for the whole time. She refused to accept this compromise, and brought suit for the sum of her salary as prima donna.

The interesting feature of the suit was the sums that the singer had previously received. Her manager testified, and it was not disputed, that she had never before received more than $60 a month in Italy, and that she had sung for 8 francs, or $1.60, an evening an entire role in an opera at a first-class operatic theatre. The case was referred to a jury consisting of Gustave Mahler and Prof. Hüberger.—N. Y. Sun.

* * *

The Milan correspondent of the Concert-Goer (New York) writes:

To repeat the words of a very worthy Milanese weekly, "Il famoso Liceo di Pesaro, fondato da Rossini é disfatto da Mascagni," (the famous conservatory of music in Pesaro, founded by Rossini and broken up by Mascagni) is the subject of conversation here in the Italian press. It seems that the ever restless, capricious Maestro, not satisfied with the réclame he has received by his frequent visits in other European towns, either to conduct his works, give a lecture, or assist at the unveiling of some statue, has once more got himself into the papers, and is in general disgrace here. According to the committee of the Rossini Conservatory, the Maestro has absented himself once too often and now has been requested to permanently absent himself from the Liceo.

His wife, Signora Lina, was in a peck of trouble to find a case large enough to contain the Maestro's famous collection of cravats and socks, on which he prides himself. All has been gotten together in a hurry (the Liceo of late years has been constantly in a state of excitement) and bustled off to Livorno, the native city of Mascagni.

The agitation of the moment just now is "How it will all end." The Maestro feels grossly insulted and indignant, and swears revenge. His numerous followers and worshipers have sworn to stand by him. His entrance into Livorno was hailed with cheers and speeches. Just now, the eve of his departure for America, where he will harvest a big bagful of our good American dollars, this affair will serve as a new means of advertisement; but perhaps the morsel is not such a palatable one as many others he has swallowed.

The Americans will miss a great deal if the famous collection of cravats, socks, pipes, watches and bracelets are not taken along on exhibition as they have been at the Pesaro residence. Oh, I nearly forgot that big chain, his especial delight, with the numerous smaller ones branching out and reaching down to attach some article in his pockets and clothing. All these will be of particular interest to the American girl, for these are real "Mascagni-isms." I am sure he will find himself in his element in the "Paese di réclame" as our dear America is called over here.

I wonder what success his works will meet with in the States. We all know his "Cavalleria," but I doubt if the soprano engaged—a very fat prima donna—will be considered an ideal Suzel in "Amico Fritz" or Maria in "Ratcliff." As a conductor, I am sure my compatriots will agree with me, and find him a most excellent leader in every way, wonderfully magnetic and capable of communicating that magnetism to his orchestra. Aside from his musical abilities, he is most excellent company, a good talker and story teller, a fine billiard and card player. I am sure he will take easily to the American "cocktails."

* * *

The Munich Allgemeine Zeitung is bringing up the eternal question of Bach, and declares that nearly all of the present Bach worship is nothing more than musical snobbishness; that the virtuosi play Bach because he suits them technically; that the public applaud Bach because they have been told it is the proper thing to do. Very true. And the solution offered is to let the public hear a great deal of Bach, and hear it often. True again. But first of all let it be rubbed under the noses of honorable gentlemen who interpret Bach—especially in this country—that Bach is not dry as punk, and that the performance of one of his suites need not necessarily sound like the purring of a phlegmatic cat. Bach is above all emotional—only the public does not know it.—Musical Courier (N. Y.)

* * *

The Berlin correspondent of the Daily Telegraph writes as follows: "In view of the prevailing anti-German feeling amongst the Poles in the east of the Kingdom of Prussia, the subjoined news from Warsaw must create some sort of sensation. The Ministry for the Enlightenment of the People at St. Petersburg has ordered that for the coming season, and in future, a greater number of operas are to be sung in Polish at the Great Government Theatre of Warsaw. At least half of the operas are to be sung in Polish, whilst Russian and other works will still be given in Italian as heretofore. In course of time it is intended to abolish the Italian opera altogether at Warsaw, and to use Polish language exclusively for operatic music."

* * *

The Bohemian violinist Kocian, who will begin his American tournée in New York Nov. 22 next is the possessor of several valuable timepieces. In the midst of the recent coronation procession crush in London, Kocian was relieved of one of his most valued watches by an expert pickpocket, and in order to guard against a recurrence he now carries two watches, a cheap one of nickel attached to a chain, in the left side pocket of his vest, and the other, a very fine gold one (chainless) in the right side pocket. Mr. Aronson, his manager, while in London recently noticed that Koclan invariably took the chainless watch from the right side pocket, and remarked, "The last pickpocket experience taught me a lesson, and when one of the light fingered fraternity takes the watch from my left side vest pocket he is welcome to it; he will never dream that my costly timepiece is in the other pocket!"

* * *

They are already telling stories about Frederic Lamond, the Scottish pianist, who will visit the United States this season. When he was a lad he heard Von Buelow in a Beethoven recital at Glasgow. Von Buelow made such an impression on Lamond that the following morning he hurried to a music shop to purchase the concerto that he had heard. The dealers were somewhat surprised at the demand of the youngster, and rather hesitatingly brought out the desired volume, stating incidentally that it cost 14 shillings. "Oh, I have not got so much," said the boy, sadly. "And what do you want to do at all with the concerto?" asked the dealer. "I want to play it!" The dealer laughed outright. "Well, my boy, you play me half of it, or better play me the first twelve pages, and if you can do it I'll make you a present of the book." Forthwith Lamond sat down before one of the pianos that were standing in the shop, and began to play. When he left the shop, he carried the book under his arm.

* * *

The New York Evening Post published this letter, which might easily provoke discussion:

"A custom, brought over from England and rapidly gaining ground in this country, challenges a word of opposition before it gets beyond hounds and makes impossible the setting of modern words to modern music.

"Perhaps, by stating a few facts, the case may be most easily made plain. For instance, a composer happens upon a volume of poems in which he finds some verses suggesting a musical thought, which develops into a song. The composer, remembering that the poem is by an English poet, published in New York and copyrighted in England, writes to the publisher asking permission to print the song; the publisher replies, granting permission, provided the composer see that the name of the poet, the name of the volume from which the verses are taken, and the name of the publisher all be printed on each copy of the song, and, in addition, that the composer send the sum of $35 to the publisher for the use (not exclusive) of the verses, $25 to go to the poet and $10 to the publisher. A similar application to another publisher for permission to print a song brought the same answer, with the difference that the sum demanded was $15, and in this case the poem was by an American, published in America.

"Now, the practical side of the matter is this: The first song in question would sell, perhaps, for 40 cents a copy, catalogue price. As the composer's royalty is 10 per cent. on this price, it would be necessary to sell 900 copies of the song to cover the fee of $35 to the poet and publisher before the composer could receive a penny. Now, everybody knows that few songs sell more than 900 copies, and that many sell less; so it is all a lottery, in which the composer should have a winning chance, instead of assuming all the risk. The poet has already received royalty for his book containing the poem, and, although good words are better than poor words, it is the music that sells the song, and if the music should not happen to please, the words would never sell a copy.

"In England, where the custom started, the composer writes a song, pays for the words (for a poem of Tennyson's, five guineas, it is said), the publisher prints the song, in many cases giving a series of concerts to introduce it, with other new publications, not only pays a singer to sing it, but also pays him a royalty on every copy sold, making it worth his while to sing it as often as he can—a system of machine politics, rotten for art, but not without its commercial advantages.

"In America the publisher prints a song, advertises it in his catalogue, and if a singer happens to take the song up, well and good, otherwise it is left to make its own way.

"In view of these facts, would it not be better, instead of importing a custom from England, where the conditions are so different, to establish one of our own? And since the poet and publisher are both freely advertised on each copy of the song, ought this not to be sufficient compensation to the poet for the use of his poem, for which he has already been paid? If not, then let the composer agree to share with the poet the royalty until the poet shall have received $10, $15 or $20, according to the agreement. Such an arrangement would give the composer a chance of covering his expenses, recognize the claims of the poet, and settle a question which, at present, is open to the caprice of every publisher and poet in America to settle as they may please.

"A WRITER OF SONGS."

* * *

It has been definitely decided that Mascagni and his opera company will give four performances at Music Hall in this city, beginning Nov. 3 and continuing the 4th and 5th, with a matinee on Wednesday, the 5th.

Oct 6. 1902

"The man that knows a good thing when he sees it." You have often heard of him; you probably know him. He is sometimes silent, and then his air of self-restraint says all manner of irritating things: "I keep still, but I could confute you in a moment and show your foolishness." He is a first cousin of the man "who doesn't say much but ——." And there are volumes in that dash, that arrest of characterization accompanied by a significant look. When the man that knows a good thing, etc., is communicative, he is prudent with commonplaces. He never announces a purpose or an opinion. He is inclined to smile rather than frown. He does not seem to invite confidence, but before you know it you are opening your heart to him. You tell him of the straight tip you have had and wonder whether you should take advantage of it. It is a great chance and there is opportunity only for you. Yes, you will probably borrow money tomorrow to close the deal. Or you have discovered a rare first edition in a second-hand shop and think of buying it. The man that knows a good thing when he sees it goes out and anticipates you. He is a man of action. He is primarily a hog. If the dead body of his mother were between him and the coveted object he would step on her. Not that he always wants the stock, the book, the house, the picture; but he does not wish that another should have it; for then there might be a reflection on his taste and energy.

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Medfield, Sept. 29, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Did not Punch and Judy originate in England, and did not they first begin business there? Their ancestry dates back to the War of the Roses. Punch and Judy have been before the public of this country for more than half a century. A circus or New England fair is not complete without a Punch and Judy show.

FAIRFAX.

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Like the Queen of Sheba, you ask hard questions. Isaac Disraeli and others trace all modern pantomime characters to a Roman origin. "Even Pullicinella, whom we familiarly call Punch, may receive, like other personages of not greater importance, all his dignity from antiquity; one of his Roman ancestors having appeared to an antiquary's visionary eye in a bronze statue; more than one erudite dissertation authenticates the family likeness; the nose long, prominent, and hooked; the staring goggle eyes; the hump at his back and at his breast; in a word, all the character which so strongly marks the Punch-race, as distinctly as whole dynasties have been featured by the Austrian lip and the Bourbon nose." Some say this statue was discovered in 1727 and is that of a Mime called Maccus by the Romans; the name indicates a simpleton (the modern French puppet is more of a rascal).

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Or the name is derived from "Il pullo gallinacco"—the turkey-cock?—because Punch's hooked nose resembles its beak. Or Panchinello is Pulcinella, a hen-chicken. As chicken's voices are squeaking and nasal, Baretti says, "My whimsical countrymen have given the name of Pulcinella to that comic character, to convey the idea of a man that speaks with a squeaking voice through his nose, to express a timid and weak fellow, who is always thrashed by the other actors, and always boasts of victory after they are gone." But in England Punch is an aggressive rascal. Another insists that the present puppet show is derived from an early religious or Passion play sometimes called "Christ plays," performed in churches, and then named "Pontius and Judas." Another names the drama "Pontius cum Judaeis" as the source. Still another that the English Punch comes from paunch. Some think the English Punch arose from the popular idea of Richard III., but Punch is a character known long ago in France, Italy, Spain, Turkey. In these countries, however, Judy was unknown. Mr. Payne Collier described Punch as the Don Juan of the people, "unearthed in a ballad of date about 1790 in which Judy appears, possibly, for the first time, as a victim to Punch's dissolute habits. The period of her transformation into a lawful and abusee wife has not been determined. The puppet shows of England have been devoted to the story of Mr. Punch since 1683.

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You may consult with pleasure and instruction an essay on Punch and Judy by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock published in the Saturday Review (London) of May 19, 1900, and Charles Magnin's authoritative and entertaining "Histoire des Marionettes" (Paris 1852).

took Mr. Pinero two years to write
s," which is now exciting atten-
in New York. The playwright is
low worker, what the French call a
urasthenic indolent." An English
iewer saw the manuscript of
ex." It was without interlineation
erasure, and looked as though it
ht have been the second or third
y. "It is probably my twelfth," said
Pinero.

correspondent asks whether the
n "grass-widow" is of comparative-
late origin. "I have been told it
invented by Mr. Rudyard Kipling,
I remember, as a boy in the sixties,
g reproved by my father for using
speech."

he word itself is certainly as old as
when it was used by Sir Thomas
e, but it then and for a long time
r denoted a woman who had never
ried, but had lived a free life; also
iscarded mistress. Today a grass-
w is a married woman whose hus-
d is absent from her, and the old-
employment that we find of the
in this sense is dated 1859, in
g's "Wanderings in India": "Grass
ws in the hills are always writing
heir husbands, when you drop in
them." The Germans have the
valent term "straw widow."

d yet we find in Congreve's comedy
e Way of the World" (1700) this
ch which may have a bearing:
the worst come to the worst, I'll
my wife to grass—I have already
ed of settlement of the best part
her estate, which I wheedl'd out
er." In English provincial dialects
ss widow" is a term applied to a
e woman.

e music hall is, indeed, now one
he most honorable and honored
sh institutions. The next volume
he Encyclopaedia Britannica will
ain an article on music hall writ-
by Mr. John Hollingshead, who is
irably fitted for the task. There
a time when these houses of en-
inment were dubbed "Tavern sing-
s," and "Pot-House Satur(day)-
s"; but the music hall is an in-
ry that now represents £10,000,000
is therefore eminently respectable.

Henry W. Savage's Grand Eng-
Opera Company began the third
of its engagement at the Tremont
tre last night with a performance

oct 7

Carmen." There was a large aud-
and there was frequent and hearty
use. Mr. Emanuel conducted.
cast was as follows:

José.....Lloyd D'Aubigné
nillo.....William Paul
ucairo.....Parker Coombs
mendado.....Frank Ramey
a.....Francis J. Boyle
es.....Francis Carrier
ela.....Gertrude Rennyson
ita.....Maude Ramey
les.....Nellie James
n.....Marion Ivell

s Ivell is by no means a slavish
tor of that capricious genius,
, whose impersonation of Carmen,
st startling: original and bril-
is now incrusted with manner-
and staled by familiarity. For
elief much thanks.

e have been many Carmens,
t them fascinating in coquetry,
of them tragic in demoniacal
and as instruments of Fate, some
sensual or needlessly vulgar.
Ivell's conception is perhaps not
ghly established in her own
it seems at times experimental;
occasionally crude; but there is
proof of dramatic instinct and
are poignant native moments.
first act she pitches the key of
mance in unattractive vulgarity;
the acts that follow, she shows
gence in passing detail and in
int development. She is not yet
s of gesture or facial expres-
n.

mes her face is a potent factor
production of effects. Too often
anagement of mouth and eyes is
rotesque when she intends it to
ressive in seduction or scorn,
or rage. At times she is grace-
l alluring, even when she is un-
tionally daring; and then again
ffens through self-consciousness
ugh too deliberate an effort into
rdness. So, too, her vocal per-
ce is uneven and contradictory.
ight she often indulged in dis-
upward and downward slurr-
e would break the melodic and
ic flow by unmeaning and un-
ted slackening of pace, or she
sacrifice the beauty of a phrase
into undue prominence a tone
vored her.

were times when the voice
dry and hard, and there were
hen there were melting or pas-
phrases and tones of haunting
or impressive strength. A sin-
erformance, one worthy of close
n and respectful consideration.
ll her faults Miss Ivell is a
of force, intelligence, emotion,
in a severe school, she might
nament the stage. If she is
herself and if she listens only
ering friends, her pronounced
ality may easily sink into ee-
y.

Rennyson's simplicity, which is
a mannerism, and her tempera-
re well suited to the part of
Michaela. She sang sympathetically in the duet with Don José, and her delivery of the aria in the third act was excellent.

Mr. Paull's composition of the part of Escamillo was admirable. In fact it was one of the most thoroughly satisfactory impersonations that has been seen in Boston. For once the character of the Toreador was faithfully presented. Escamillo is something more than a baritone in picturesque costume and with a too celebrated song. Here was the dashing, fatuous, jaunty, mashing cock of the arena in flesh and blood. Nor did Mr. Paull sing the too celebrated song as though he were in evening dress at a Symphony concert or in a competition for the prize of bel canto. There was narration, there was action in his delivery. Admirable, too, was his interpretation of the scene in the third act.

Mr. D'Aubigné's personality does not lend itself easily to the character of Don José, nor was his singing always to be commended, but he made a brave endeavor.

The other parts were well distributed, although Mr. Boyle as Zuniga in the boozing-ken reminded one of a prominent and esteemed villager seeing life in the metropolis. The ensemble was, as a rule, unusually satisfactory. The chorus was well-trained and effective, although the soldiers and not the citizens of Seville made amatory declarations to the cigarette girls. The orchestra was not always up to the mark. The opera was handsomely mounted and the whole performance was spirited.

"Carmen" will be performed on Thursday and Saturday nights and at the Wednesday matinee.

"Tannhaeuser" will be performed tonight, with Miss Rennyson, Miss Ramey, Miss DuFre and Messrs. Sheehan, Goff and Boyle, and it will be performed on Wednesday and Friday evenings and at the Saturday matinee.

*Philip Hale.*

CHARM OF GOLD.

Oh charm of gold—whose hair is not more
golden
Than all the sands that fringe the mighty
sea;
Oh heart of night—my life to thine beholden—
Come back to me.

Star thou of mine—shining so high above me,
Fall from thy sphere—a world of light to
thee;
Come, if it be—nay, if 'tis not to love me—
Come back to me.

See where the sand is hollowed with my
kneeling;
Carved out in pain despite the angry sea.
Oh, peace of life, come whilst the hours
are stealing,
Come back to me.

Maseagnitis is breaking out in New York. Already the inhabitants are wondering at his wardrobe as described by that cool, disinterested observer, Mr. Aubrey Mittenthal. "Mascagni has brought 136 dress shirts. He uses up four fresh shirts at every performance. He has to go out to change that often because he works so hard; it's just like taking a bath for him." Mr. Mascagni is evidently a passionate conductor. German leaders in unventilated opera houses also sweat freely, but they do not wear four shirts at each performance; two a week are to them a generous, almost extravagant allowance. This shows the superiority of Italian art.

Just now there is a dispute as to whether Mr. Mascagni will receive $8000 or $5000 a week. Mr. Nahan Franko insists that the composer will get "only $5000 a week while in this country. That's his contract. They got him cheap because that seems so big in Italy." Mr. Franko talks like a true New Yorker. It seems as though Mr. Mascagni might rub along on that sum, even though he reduce 28 shirts to pulp at seven performances, and indulge himself madly in the wines of his beloved country.

The composer of the celebrated "Intermezzo" has before this watched the workings of the disease that bears his name. In 1892 when "Cavalleria Rusticana" was performed at Vienna, he was called before the curtain until he finally broke down in a swoon. And on another occasion his hands were seized and pressed; he was hugged and kissed by the fortunate near him; the cigar he was smoking was snatched from his mouth and fought for as a relic of surpassing value. This last phase of hero worship brings to the mind a touching scene in Amalie Rives' "The Quick and the Dead."

Boston, Oct. 4, 1902.

Editor Talk of the Day:

I know the name of that "strange perfume" to which you referred this week. It is "Le trèfle incarnat." It should be used sparingly.

MISS LUCY LOCKET.

We are glad to learn this. "Trèfle" means clover, trefoil. It also corresponds with "club" in the terminology of playing-cards. Father Daniel, who insisted in 1870 that the game of piquet, invented, according to him, during the reign of Charles VII., about 1430, is symbolical, allegorical, military, political, historical, and contains important maxims on war and government, says the "trèfle" signifies that a general should encamp his army only in places where forage is assured for the cavalry.

But this word was not in use among the French in 1668 to designate one of the suits; this suit was then known as "fleurs."

We like to think of this perfume as a club, one that stuns, not steals away the senses. It should indeed be used sparingly, as Miss Lucy says. At present women seemed drenched in it.

Yet there are perfumes that are of present and haunting delight. Such no doubt was the cinnamon carried by Cleopatra unto her sepulchre with her jewels. The hair of Venus inside the Horsel

Had smells of all the sunburnt south,
Strange spice and flower, strange savor of
crushed fruit,
And perfume the swart kings tread under-
foot
For pleasure when their minds wax amorous,
Charred frankincense and grated sandal-
root.

Warehouses near the wharves often exhale odors of strange far-off lands and have sometimes sent boys out to sea. How Baudelaire loved perfumes and found correspondences between them and colors and sounds! Tamarinds and tar throw some into ecstasy. When Aziz of "The 1000 Nights and a Night" took up and opened the handkerchief of which the lady of gazelles dropped from the wicket in a lattice of brass, there breathed from the kerchief a scent of musk: "which caused me so great delight I became as one in Paradise;" and musk is one of the perfumes of the Moslem heaven.

It is a good thing to recreate the brains and spirits with "odoraments to smell to." Democritus lived for some days by the smell of bread alone. Bacon commended all "cold smells." There are perfumes, however, that are artificial allurements, "springes to catch woodcocks." If you, perchance, are overcome by such, a remedy is bitumen, or the beard of a goat burnt under your nose. And ponder the fate of Louis XI., who, affected by melancholy, had a conceit that everything did stink about him.

Correspondents of the Saturday Review of the N. Y. Times are discussing the important question: "Was David Copperfield a gentleman?" And was Cleopatra a perfect lady?

Mr. G. R. Sims gives a pleasant description of certain roughs in Paris who are now the terror of the public and the despair of the police: "The Paris Hooligan is mainly between 18 and 21 years of age. He carries a revolver occasionally but prefers the knife. You can be shot or stabbed by the members of these murder clubs any night you like if you stroll out after midnight and walk far enough. All is fish that comes to the net of the boy braves of Paris. They will kill a working man for the sake of a few coppers he may have about him. They will put a knife into you just to get your coat and waistcoat and boots. They roam their rounds night after night in search of business, and attached to each band is generally a young woman, with whom the captain is in love. This young lady attends to the wounds of any member of the band who may be injured, and nurses him with care and devotion. Occasionally another member of the band falls in love with her, and then the band is one short. For the captain and the new admirer cut the Gordian knot with knives, and the survivor has the right to take the lady out to supper until further complications arise. One of these boy butchers once boasted that he was the best hand in Paris at the 'coup de cornet.' The coup is to stick your knife into your victim's breast and twist it sharply round. It is always fatal, and, as the young gentleman explained, 'finishes the business at once.' The 'Coup de Pere Francois,' which has come into fashion again this season with the Boy Bravoes, is not so bloodthirsty. You deftly lassoo your victim as he walks along, and bring him down with a sharp jerk. A smart blow on the skull with a 'cosh,' and your victim makes no movement while you empty his pockets. Instructions in the 'Coup de Pere Francois' are given to junior members by the head of the band, and one evening a week is set apart for practice. Of the boy criminal of Paris a whole book is to be written. He differs from all the other boy blackguards of the world. Compared with him our Hooligans are little lambkins at play."

A "cosh" is a neddy, a life-preserver.

oct-8. 1902

## "TANNHAEUSER."

### As Performed by the Henry W. Savage Grand English Opera Company at the Tremont Theatre in a Spirit of Earnestness.

"Tannhaeuser" was the opera performed by Mr. Savage's Grand English Opera Company at the Tremont Theatre last evening. Mr. Emanuel conducted. The cast was as follows:

Hermann.....Francis J. Boyle
Wolfram.....Winfred Goff
Walther.....Charles Fulton
Heinrich.....Arthur Evans
Reinmar.....J. H. Roberts
Biterolf.....Parker Coombs
Tannhauser.....Joseph F. Sheehan
Elisabeth.....Adelaide Norwood
Venus.....Maude Ramey
Shepherd.....Ethel Houston Du Fre

The endeavor of principals and chorus was earnest and all worked in a spirit of ensemble that is often not apparent in performances by more ambitious companies. Whether it is a wise thing for Mr. Savage to give "Tannhaeuser" and "Lohengrin" when there are less exacting yet agreeable or impressive operas is another matter. Nor is the question answered by saying an excellent performance of "Marietta" is worth more than a mediocre performance of "Tannhaeuser," for this very statement could easily provoke discussion. "Tannhaeuser" demands sumptuous mounting, a stately procession, the show and trappings of the Court. It is an opera in which the stage management is of vast importance, and this is obtained in perfection only in the great theatres where there is an established and subsidized company. This opera was planned for such theatres. Furthermore there must be a full orchestra of the first class. I do not intend to insinuate that the mounting last night was shabby or that the stage management was careless or unintelligent; such a statement would be untrue. The question is one of degree, and Wagner's operas are in a great measure dependent on the sumptuousness of stage appointments, on the skill of the carpenter, the painter, the machinist. So far as the actual management was concerned the performance compared favorably with others that have been given here in German during the last six or eight years.

Then again there is the question of the trained Wagnerian singer. However badly our German visitors sing—the word sing is here used through courtesy—they show the training of a particular school. They do not sing in Wagnerian operas as in operas by Meyerbeer or Verdi However stilted or even absurd they may be, their actions and gestures are premeditated and in accordance with traditions. The stage for the time being has a peculiar atmosphere, which, in a way, carries conviction. Many German women sing the part of Elizabeth with less vocal beauty and with less true vocal effect than Miss Norwood, who was sometimes admirable and moving, in spite of her evident indisposition, and yet Miss Norwood was not so authoritative in the part as the soprano of a second-class German theatre. It is true Miss Norwood was a heroine modestly avowing her tender interest in the minstrel-knight, protecting him when he had wounded her to the quick, and showing various conventional symptoms of regret and suffering; but the distinguishing spirit of Elisabeth did not vitalize and individualize her performance. Take a minor part Miss Du Fre sang the air of the shepherd with incongruous intensity; her face was full of bodement; she was almost a tragic apparition. How far from the simplicity and the natural and innocent cheerfulness of the boy who is singing spontaneously his little song! Mr. Sheehan has naturally a voice of fine quality that tells alike in lyric or heroic passages; but Tannhaeuser is a striking dramatic hero; he is something more than a tenor who, in the presence of ladies, forgets himself in joyous recollection of naughtiness. Mr. Goff had more of the German spirit, and occasionally he dragged in most approved German fashion; but his Wolfram was an intelligent impersonation. The ensemble in the second act was characterized by force and animation, and the performance of the finale would have done credit to more pretentious companies. The opening scene between Venus and Tannhaeuser was cut almost to the ground; there was no pruning of superfluous branches; the axe was laid to the root.

"Tannhaeuser" will be performed tonight, on Friday evening and at the Saturday matinee. "Carmen" will be performed this afternoon and on Thursday and Saturday evenings.

*Philip Hale.*

A Munich medical journal publishes a curious account of a family of ruminators. The father died in the clinic of cancer of the stomach. His two sons digest their food like cows. It is said that after a quarter of an hour the food returns to the mouth and is rechewed. After they drink water or beer the ruminating stops. Dr. L. R. Mueller believes the case shows all the symptoms of atavism.

But this is not a unique case. We quote from the Philosophical Transactions of 1692:

A man living not long since in Bristol always ate his food twice, and truly ruminated as cows, sheep and other beasts do, and always did so ever since he could remember. He began to chew his meat a second time within a quarter of an hour after his meal, if he drank with it; if not, something longer; after a full meal his chewing lasted about an hour and a half. If he went to bed presently after meals he could not sleep till the usual time of chewing was over. If it left him, it was a certain sign he would be sick, and he was never well till it returned again. "Before rumination," he said, "his victuals laid heavy in the lower part of his thoat, till it had passed the second chewing, and then passed clean away." And this he always observed, that, if he ate of various things, that which passed first down came up first to be chewed. This account came to Dr. Sloan from Mr. Day, at that time Mayor of Bristol, who said this person was about 20 years of age, and of tolerable sense and reason.

We hear of certain churches that, on

count of the coal famine purpose to dispense with choir and organist and use the appropriated money in buying coal for the poor. But how about the broken contracts? And what are singers and organist to do if they are thrown out at a time when all positions are filled?

Or if a church was thoughtfully stocked with coal last May or June, why should not that church be closed during cold weather and the coal be given to the poor? The church need not be shut up even in this event. Our ancestors—a hardy race—sat, shivering and with blue noses, through sermons and prayers of appalling length to their great spiritual edification. Why should not there be a return to this condition of early piety? Why should not each member of the congregation go to church armed with burning faith, glowing zeal, and possibly a hot brick or some other form of foot-warmer? The choir will now sing:

Shall I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?

We quote from memory, for we have lost our pocket hymn-book. The spirit if not the precise text is preserved. Perhaps "must" should stand for "shall."

Boston, Oct. 6, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I notice in your column the inquiry as to the origin of the term "grass-widow."

I do not know the origin, but I send you a guess which may be worth something.

In French, "gras" means "fat." Mardi gras, Shrove Tuesday, a fête day. Hence, familiarly "gras" implies a holiday, pleasure, good time, etc. Hence "une veuve grasse" (pronounced as "grass") might mean a widow on vacation, on leave, at liberty, etc. Therefore, anglice, "Grass widow."

H. M. M.

An ingenious theory, which recalls the sea-captain's opinion of the Universalist belief: "Glorious doctrine; I'd give $5 if it were true."

For a time the derivation of "grass" from the French "grâce" was accepted, but it is no longer held. The New English Dictionary refers to the Middle Low German "gras wedewe," the Dutch "gras weduwe," the Swedish "gräs enka," the Danish "graesenke," and also the German "strohwittwe." The etymological notion is obscure, but the parallel forms disprove the notion that the word is a corruption of "grace-widow."

What a pity that the maxims of Mr. Aze, one of the greatest philosophers of the 18th century, have never been published. He was a man of sentiment although the son of a butcher. He fell as an apprentice while he was carrying suet to a boiler and was obliged to abandon the family calling, so he took to philosophy; nevertheless he had learned to roast a sirloin without any instrument save a nail and a piece of string. He was fond of buying wigs and clothes at auction, and had other harmless peculiarities. His philosophy was based on experience, to avoid hardships, to know one's course, to walk with a sure foot, to howl with the wolves without being a wolf; to remain honest and at the same time to show the wicked that you are more shrewd than they. One of his maxims, evolved from deep thought, was as follows: Nothing is more foolish or unbecoming than to receive and to open a letter in the presence of the one who wrote it that it might be read far from his presence. It was Mr. Aze who drew up rules for the dining club, the "Jury dégustateur." If a member could not attend a dinner of this Jury he should excuse himself a day beforehand. A fine of 200 francs was imposed if an accepting guest did not appear; but this fine was reduced to 300 francs if the acceptor had notified the host 48 hours before the dinner. For punctuality was then a virtue, and there were hosts who closed the doors of the house on the stroke of the appointed hour. The famous Grimod de la Reynière was of this Jury, and it was he that invented the speaking-tube through which the seated host could give orders to his servants.

Two thousand persons have competed for the £25,000 offered by the Government of New South Wales for an effective means of exterminating rabbits, but so far no one has succeeded in earning the reward. Even attempts to disseminate chicken cholera have failed.

Nov. 1902

We have received a circular, in invitation to "The First Experimental Perfume Concert in America." The perfumes will be smelled by the "audience" at the Carnegie Lyceum, New York, Oct. 28, "on which occasion a newly invented apparatus to spread perfumes in large halls and theatres in the shortest possible space of time will be tested, and an original fantasy entitled: 'A Trip to Japan in 16 Minutes' conveyed to the audience by a succession of odors."

"It seems strange that a sense, so easily excited, has been left in a primitive and dormant state, as our olfactory nerves could undoubtedly be cultivated to such an extent that in artistic manipulation of perfumes would yield aesthetic pleasures, similar to music or pictorial art. That this has never been accomplished has been due largely to the lack of an apparatus capable of driving odors forcible enough into an audience and of producing precise impressions even at great distances. Such an apparatus has been invented lately and the first Perfume Recital will demonstrate how far perfumes can be combined to an artistic entity, similar to a melody or a piece of descriptive music. It will remain for the audience to decide whether the attempt has been a successful one."

There will be a short concert; then the "Sadakichi March" will be played on a piano; there will be a lecture by "Chrysanthemum," entitled "The Aesthetics of Smell," which will end with the "Trip to Japan, a melody in odors (assisted by two Geishas and a solo dancer.)" And, of course, "every lady will receive a handsome perfume souvenir."

But this is not a new thing under the sun or the chandelier. Mr. Paul Fort began at Paris on Dec. 11, 1891, a season of his Theatre d' Art. The program was made up of Jules Laforgne's "Concile féerique," or the reconciliation of the two sexes; Rémy de Gourmont's drama "Théodat;" and an adaptation of "The Song of Solomon," which was described as "A Symphony of spiritual love in eight mystic devices and three paraphrases." The translation and stage arrangement of this Song of Songs was by Paul Roinard, and Flamen de Labrely wrote and arranged the music. Masterlinth's "Les Aveugles" was also played.

The Song of Songs was ornamented with "auditive, chromatic, and oderiferous projections." Let us explain. The program will help us: "First device: orchestration of the word in I illuminated with O; orchestration of music in D major; of color in orange; of perfume in white violet." Now, this being interpreted, means that the vowels I and O dominated in the recitation, that the music was in the key of D major, that the scenery or decoration was in yellow, and that the hall was perfumed by violet and by means of injectors placed in the boxes and in the prompter's cave. Each "device" or scene was played in a similar fashion. The characters that appeared on the stage were accompanied by a special color symbolical of the sentiments which they expressed; the perfumes followed each other and suited the situations; the music put the audience in the proper mood. The perfumes were incense, violet, hyacinth, lily, acacia, lily of the valley, orange, jessamine, syringa, etc.

This was an attempt at the regeneration of the theatre; but we are told that dramatic art was not advanced one step, and we regret to say that there were mockers in seats of the scornful; there was guying; and honest theatre-goers who had paid money to see a show went away discontented and with the thought that they had been trifled with by certain practical jokers who delighted on all occasions to make the bourgeois sit up. The critics in general praised the acting but refused to accept the innovations, and poor Mr. Sarcey uttered loud cries in the Temps: "What a performance! O, my head! My head!"

It is well known that to some sensitive persons taste and smell are closely associated with colors, and music is associated with colors and odors. Guy de Maupassant, in his "Vie Errante," pretended to experience strange sensations in sight of Genoa on his yacht: "I did not truly know whether I breathed music or heard odors or slept in the stars."

Again there are some who insist that odors and tastes may be arranged chromatically; that the smell of vanilla is lilac odor; that the smell of the rose is colored rose; that cologne water is a transparent red; that certain nitrates are red; that an alkaline taste is of yellow hue, etc., etc.

But we do not wish to go further into the subject; it is enough to state that this smelling-show at Carnegie Hall will not be the first of the kind.

The question was raised lately in London: Why is "high" game eaten without injury, while food poisoning may be caused by apparently sound meat? Dr. Andrew Wilson wrote Mr. G. R. Sims as follows: "I think I can explain this fact, although cases of poisoning by game are by no means unknown. The ptomaines, which are most deadly, seem to be developed in the earlier stages of decomposition, when, therefore, the meat may appear sound enough. Later on the putrefactive changes may result in the destruction of the earlier produced poisons. If, therefore, 'high' game does not injure us it may be that it has passed the dangerous stage. Eaten earlier, it might, on this view of things, cause poisoning. There may be something also to be said for the view that decomposition of one kind of flesh may give rise to products different from those developed in other meats. We might conclude that the products in game are less virulent than those of, say, pork. But I know nothing in science which I could quote in support of this latter view."

Oct 10 1902

We were deeply interested in the case of Mr. Frank Bostock, proprietor of an animal show, who was arrested in New York for violating the Sunday law by giving a performance. With him were arrested Messrs. John Bonivati and Herman Weadon, two animal trainers.

"How were these men dressed?" asked Magistrate Cornell. "The whole question appears to rest on a question of costume, according to law."

"They were dressed in evening clothes," answered Kear.

"And the animals appeared as usual?"

"Yes, in their bare skins," replied Capt. Kear.

It appears that the performance was of a "sacred" character. The scene was "Daniel in the Lion's Den," with Bonivati as Daniel, the prophet. Is not Daniel a sacred person even in evening dress? In spite of doubtful traditions concerning him—as, for instance, the trial at wits between him and the celebrated King Darius, in which after a seeming triumph the Eastern potentate was completely routed to the great joy of the courtiers, who raised a shout and declared that the beer was on their ruler—in spite of legends and attributed conversations Daniel is one of the noblest heroes of the Old Testament, and his courage in the Lion's den may well serve as an example in a city where the Tiger must be fought by night and by day. Did not that stainless lady, the widow of Sir John Davies, anagrammatise her name Eleanor Davies into Reveal O Daniel because she believed that the spirit of the Prophet was in her body?

Furthermore, the lion is the king of beasts, in the teeth of one Hutchinson, who asserts that bulls are in a higher class, "for helmets are fortified with their horns, which is a symbol of preeminence; certainly both the bull and the lion discover the King, but the bull is a better and more significant representative of a King than the lion."

How soon we are forgotten! How little was said about the death of Mrs. Josie Carson Squires, the daughter of Kit Carson, and yet there was a time when the name of Carson, the scout and Indian fighter, was in the mouth and in the heart of every healthy boy. But Kit is now as vaguely remembered and perhaps as mythical as Seth Jones, Sraki, Snodgrass, Heavy Hatchet, Silverheels the Delaware, Mad Mike the Death Shot, or any other hero of Beadle or Munroe.

The memory of Lafitte, the Pirate of the Gulf, is not allowed to die. In these "strenuous" years it is a good thing to hold him up as a model for promising boys and adventurous lads. Mr. John R. Spears' article on Lafitte, which is published in Munsey's, might be read with profit in the schools at least once a fortnight. How we envied years ago the man "who knew Lafitte well" and thus described him: "A well-made, handsome man, about six feet two inches in height, strongly built; he had large hazel eyes, black hair, and he generally wore a moustache. His favorite dress was a species of green uniform, with an otter skin cap which he wore a little over the right eye." He was no swaggerer who smelled of hollands gin. "He was gentlemanly in his demeanor, of sober habits, and very thoughtful."

Among the miscellaneous papers of Sir Thomas Browne is a fanciful catalogue of "draughts of passionate looks." We remember one of them was that of Bajazet in his cage. A certain Captain challenged Lafitte to fight a duel. The dispute was over a box of gold watches. "Jean accepted, and they went to Bolivar Island to fight, but when they had landed on the beach the look on the face of Lafitte so cowed the Captain that he fell on his knees and begged for mercy; whereat Jean cuffed and kicked him and let him go." Would that President Roosevelt had looked in like manner at the coal barons last week! Draughts of passionate looks!

Mr. Stimson and Mr. Churchill in politics! Clean men, no doubt, and they have won renown in the flowery field of romance tilting against publishers. But why do novelists—for Mr. Stimson is known to his fellow countrymen at large as a novelist rather than a lawyer—why do novelists wish to sit in legislative halls? Why did Thackeray strive after a seat in Parliament? Are they all in search of copy? We shall no doubt find Mr. Harry B. Smith, the eminent librettist, running for Congress, and his election might benefit the country, for he has had much to do with opera-bouffe.

Mr. G. R. Sims was moved to tears in the Cemetery of Père Lachaise. "All around in this uncared for portion of the cemetery were English graves. Some of them were covered with weeds and green growth. Others were almost toppling over. Nearly all were in a condition which showed they had not been touched or tended for many a long year." And who were in these graves? Painters who were not appreciated? Young students who starved? Some girl who loved recklessly or whom slander slew? Oh no. "Everywhere else the dead were honored. Here they were long forgotten or neglected. And the graves are those of the brothers and sons of English peers." And at the very thought the tears of Mr. Sims were as drops of molten lead.

Here is a striking instance of German red tape: A dancing master, called for a trivial offence into a Hamburg court, was described in the "charge sheet" as blind. He protested politely, swore he was not blind, and asked the Judge to correct the mistake. The Judge refused to do this and told him that no alteration could be made. Therefore the man will remain legally blind as long as he lives.

We heard a grumbler say at the Porphyry the other day: "No, there is no good, sound claret to be had. This is the age of adulteration. We should have been born sooner." But long ago, in the 16th century, Henry Stephens complained bitterly in his "Apology for Herodotus" that wines and foods and drugs were impudently adulterated in Europe. The manufacture of English wines was a leading industry during the reign of Charles I. Francis Chamberlayne obtained a patent for 14 years and made Spanish and Portuguese wines out of raisins. In 1755 half the port and five-sixths of the white wines drank in London were of English make. From July 5, 1755, to July 5, 1785, the duty paid by one firm whose specialty was the "mimicking" of foreign wines was nearly £7400.

Oct 11. 1902

What shall I do to tell my love I love him?
Why, lift my nature up to reach his heights,
Deepen to match me with his lowest deep,
Subdue my shadows, soften down my lights,
And with my daydreams thread his nightly sleep,
And make my faith a fair blue sky above him:
This is the way to tell my love I love him.

I'll make my faith a fair blue sky above him,
My hope shall be green grass sown for his pleasure,
Sweet vernal grass, with daisies litten through;
My tears be rain to make his garden fairer,
And heartease there I'll plant, and meadow-rue.
I'll be his servant and his standard-bearer,
My toil is his, and his shall be my leisure.
Shall these be ways to do my lover pleasure?

Nay, if he choose I will plant poppies only
In these two gardens that are mine and his,
Wherein we walk between twin mysteries,
Passionate poppies, whose red petals stain
The hands that pluck them, and the drowsier kind,
Whose weed is white, whereof no grace you gain,
But sleep unbroken dropped on eyelids blind.
Poppies of passion, love, or sleep-flowers only?
Endless it may be, but shall not be lonely.

Some one should write a book on the origin, development, signification, and symbolism of the cake-walk.

Is this walk a survival of ancient religious worship, or was it at first a species of amatory display, like the dances, antics and posturings which birds indulge in during courtship or when aroused by rivalry? Mr. Charles Dixon tells this latter story, a tale of the Cocks of the Rock: "Perhaps a score of these birds, of both sexes, will gather at some recognized meeting place, a bare level spot being almost invariably selected, the 'floor' being kept scrupulously clear of litter; when suddenly one of the amorous males will hop into the centre of the arena and go solemnly through a series of saltatory movements accompanied by swaying and nodding of the densely crested head and expansion of the wings, until thoroughly exhausted, like some dancing dervish, he retires from the ring uttering, it is said, a peculiar cry, and his place is taken by another male equally anxious to display his super

ous energy in this manner." And is t the cake walk today chiefly to impress members of the opposite sex?

This walk thinly disguised may be observed in church, in theatre, in street. he boy that stands on his sled and ikes a heroic position as soon as he es his sweetheart looking at him; the ile bicyclist that folds his arms when passes giggling girls in the park; the an that goes late to the theatre and proaches his seat after the manner a statue on casters; the man that sses his hand through his hair and uts down the broad aisle just after beginning of the service;—these are indulging themselves in a cakelk. The cake itself is nothing; the ward is the observation of the crowd, murmur, the pointed finger, the sturing in the lime-light.

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Ve read the other day an essay on reacle." The writer was moved by thought of accident or catastrophe. hundred weight of treacle in cask broached unexpectedly in a street l bicyclists are overwhelmed in the irl. Or humorists enter a shop, perade the keeper under pretext of a , to fill his hat with the stickiness; y then jam the hat over his eyes l rush out with what was in the . "We read of these occurrences of volcanoes and earthquakes and h far-off, unhappy things, thanking aven that we live remote from like ntingencies. To us treacle merely resents a vulgar, unattractive artiof food. * * * In the bottom of our rts we may harbor a surreptitious sire towards it—a reminiscence of acly nursery teas—but outwardly regard it with ostentatious aloofs."

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he writer does not seem to be sure mind as to the difference between acle and molasses, although he remhers that treacle originally meant healing balm—hence the line, "Is re no treacle in Gilead?" found in old version of the Bible. He s: "In the United States they eat cele openly and unashamed. They l it syrup. The New Orleans quays filled with barrels of it; a syrupis in evidence on every table, for with hot cakes, porridge, etc. I ve even seen a Southern farmern at a hotel pour syrup over his . It is thinner and paler than our nmon treacle (black treacle and golsyrup are alike unknown there), l there is maple syrup also, which thinner and paler still, and only tes of a pallid sweetness. Syrup is, fact, an indispensable adjunct of nerican life."

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h, the smug complacency of an Engman on or off his island! The "pal sweetness" of maple syrup! As a rmonter—by birth, our classical face shes, our voluptuous form quivers h indignation. But why weigh serily the words of this essayist when find him taken to task by one of his intrymen. The essayist likened treato bacon and beans, tripe, schoolat cake. Whereupon D. C. M. wrote the editor: "You have permitted ne outside person to liken treacle h broad-beans and bacon. The grown n who tolerates the one, under any nditions whatsoever, is no epicure. e lover of good things who does not, e in the year, make a whole dinner broad-beans and boiled bacon is no cure in English food. There are few hes in which we are absolutely inparable, and this is among them."

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Did you ever see a man, woman or ld in this land of liberty and anacite coal, pour syrup on fish? On isages and buckwheat cakes thrown ether in glorious confusion on one te—yes; but on fish? And while we asking questions, was a "Treacleorge" ever known in New England: ide, shallow tin, layer of short crust, er of treacle, layer of bread crumbs, er of lemon juice: da capo until the is filled; cover top with paste and ke in quick oven."

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here was a time when we reveled molasses or syrup at breakfast; when preferred either with waffles to the nbination of sugar, cinnamon and am. Alas, that time will never ren, but should we therefore turn a ir face on breakfast-sweets? The glishman on the Continent scowls d curses because the foreigner does t understand that marmalade is inpensable to enjoyment of the earliest al; just as the Englishman demands afternoon tea in jungle, on glacier, on the edge of a crater.

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o breakfast in theory and on paper a pleasant game. Leigh Hunt menned tea and coffee, dry toast, butter, gs, ham, something potted, bread, lt, mustard, knives and forks, etc. admitted that ham is apt "to fever dentary notions"; nor could he, "in nscience, recommend hot buttered ast; but it is a pleasing guilt." Beeteak and potatoes, we are told, still rm a breakfast dish in many Amerin happy households, where the carvora are fed three times a day. As the ars go by we appreciate toast and tea ore and more. Soon the gruel age will me, when the feet will be in hot ater, and the talk morose or of the ad. To dine alone is a deliberate intation to indigestion; it promotes selfhness. To breakfast alone, if you are a bachelor, is not so bad. Quiet is then to be preferred to gabble about dreams of the night before or plans for the day. But wretched the man who misses the face across the table, the woman who was truly anxious about the character of his coffee or the freshness of the eggs. Sometimes in despair he goes into the kitchen and proposes to the cook.

Oct-12, 1902

WHY are male and female singers as well as many players on pianos, fiddles, 'cellos and instruments of brass so inclined at music festivals to place coyly the head on a reporter's breast and tell him all they know, think, feel, hope, dread, or vainly imagine?

The reporter often furnishes the setting, but the pearl or diamond of speech drops from the mouth of the confiding artist.

Thus the public of Worcester learned during the late Festival that Mr. Herbert Witherspoon "wore a seal ring with his family crest engraved with 'Deo Juvante.' 'My family was all of clergymen in Scotland,' he explains." But he did not explain. If a thistle had been cut on the seal, or if the wearer had confined himself at table to oatmeal and haggis, or if he had dashed down dippers of Glenlivit, the allusion to Scotland might have been significant. But is the motto "Deo Juvante" for Scottish clergymen only?

A contralto from Boston, "although she has not the alleged coldness of demeanor with which all Boston persons are accredited," talked enthusiastically about roses, boiling potatoes in Paris, and the "fussed up" food at Parisian cafés, but her "whole heart is wrapped up in her music." When she was studying in Paris she bathed at 7 A. M. She does not believe in "muffling up in high collars and boas." On Wednesday of the Festival—Oct. 1, a day long to be remembered by the happy reporter—she "proudly rolled up her sleeves for inspection to show what an out-of-door life she had led," and we have the word of the reporter that the color of the contralto's arms is "that of a russet apple."

Suzanne Adams, with "the accent and appearance of an Englishwoman," although she was born at Cambridge, Mass., and is "of Irish descent," had a pet at her country home last summer: it was a very small pig, trained to follow her wherever she may go.

But I spoke at the time of startling revelations made by other singers concerning their passion for osteopathy and their devotion to home, children, and "Pop."

At these Festivals all the female singers wear costumes that are miracles of taste and beauty, whether "the bertha of the goods is thickly studded with paillettes," or the "black lace is spangled all over with silver sequins," or "the gray waist is trimmed with fagoting in black." Nor do the men escape, although all dress suits look alike to the superficial observer. The sight of their jewels excited only moderate rapture at Worcester. "Campanari's ruby dress studs encircled with diamonds were quite decorative. On his white vest were gold buttons, rather large, and embossed in conventional designs." "Quite decorative"—"Conventional designs"—what are these phrases when applied to a leading baritone?

Now some of these women who pour out their souls to reporters in every city and know no modesty in their relations with the great public are exceedingly uncommunicative or straitlaced in ordinary conversation. Some of the men are men of education and fine breeding, clubable persons as well as serious in their calling. This tenor or that baritone, if you were to meet him, would not be so communicative to you after a week spent together in a summer cottage as he is to a reporter during the first 15 minutes of acquaintance. It is true that the great majority of singers and players, both male and female, are egoists, or, to put it more courteously, they think that everyone is interested in music in general and in the career of each interpreter in particular; but even the most egoistical has moments of reserve in the presence of strangers, nor is it the habit of all distinguished sopranos and contraltos to roll up their sleeves to show either white or russet arms to the passing stranger. Perhaps at festivals the artists think confidential disclosures are all in the day's work, that the public expects them; that it would be churlish not to gratify such laudable curiosity.

But there was a man at Worcester who uttered words of sense. When Mr. George Hamlin was asked various questions by a reporter he did not describe his favorite underwear, he did not call attention to his triumphs, diet or the condition of his alimentary tract. He told the people through the reporter that it was foolish to make a fuss about a singer or a player; that the song, the concerto, the overture, in a word, the piece itself was the thing chiefly to be studied and discussed; that even at a music festival music is of more importance than the personal appearance and habits and dress of a singer. Mr. Hamlin could afford to talk in this manner, for he is an artist through and through, nor in his case is the word laughably misapplied.

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The programs of the first four concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall are as follows:

Oct. 17-18: Beethoven's overture Leonore No. II.; Bach's suite in B minor for strings, flute and accompaniment; Tschaikowsky's Symphony No. 5. Mr. Raoul Pugno, pianist, will play the Wanderer Fantasy, Schubert-Liszt or Grieg's concerto.

Oct. 24-25: Berlioz, overture "Carneval Romain"; Saint-Saëns's "Le Rouet d'Omphale"; Hans Huber's symphony in E minor (first time). Miss Elsa Ruegger, 'cellist, will play Rubinstein's concerto in D minor.

Oct. 31, Nov. 1: Brahms's Symphony No. 3: Richard Strauss's "Don Juan"; Wagner's Kaisermarsch. Mr. Frederick Lamond, pianist, will play Beethoven's concerto in E flat.

Nov. 14-15: Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture to "La Fiancée du Tzar" (first time); Bizet's suite "L'Arlésienne" No. I.; Beethoven's Symphony No. 4. Miss Maud Mac Carthy, violinist, will play Brahms's concerto.

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Miss Mary Munchhoff, soprano, will make her first appearance in Boston Thursday evening in Chickering Hall. I have received the following sketch of her career:

Born at Omaha, she showed at an early age so great a talent for music that her parents decided to give her the best education that could possibly be obtained. After studying in this country she went five years ago to Europe and settled down to a thorough course of study with Marchesi in Paris. When this was completed she was not only prepared for artistic work, but she had a thorough insight into the musical value of the compositions to be sung.

During her stay in Paris she learned French so that her pronunciation is remarkably good. She then went to Germany and to Italy, and made in each country a special study of the language and the distinctive characteristics of the native music.

Thus equipped, Miss Munchhoff made a tournée of two years through Europe and gave concerts in eighty cities; among them the principal capitals from one end of the European continent to the other, with the exception, perhaps, of St. Petersburg and Madrid. She sang under Arthur Nikisch, Weingartner, Kogel. From one end of Europe to the other she was applauded, and she received flattering notices from the most distinguished critics. All agreed in praising the purity of her voice, her technic, her breadth and depth of musical and aesthetic understanding, her extraordinary versatility.

* * *

Mr. Krehbiel wrote in the New York Tribune of Oct. 3 concerning Mr. Curry's overture played at the Worcester Festival:

"The composer is a young Boston musician, who studied the violin with Mr. Kneisel and composition with Mr. MacDowell. Some years ago he taught for a space in Canada and spent some time at Blomidon, a promontory reaching into a neck of the Bay of Fundy, and his overture is an attempt to give musical delineation to the scenes and the moods which memory associates with the picturesque spot. Mr. Curry does not belong to the new school of colorists, though his score contains a number of instrumental effects which are not yet hackneyed. He is content for the greater part to amble along after Mendelssohn, but ever and anon there comes a refreshing dash of spray through his music; the waters heave and the mists go swirling around the jutting rocks. The overture is a promise rather than an achievement, and Mr. Curry is to be congratulated on the fact that it discloses the idealist rather than the realist."

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Miss Helen Henschel has been engaged by the Handel and Haydn as solo soprano for "The Messiah" (the Sunday night performance). Her first song recital will be in Chickering Hall on Nov. 11.——Hilda Mulligan, a grand-niece of William Vincent Wallace, has made her début as a singer in Sydney, Australia.——Saint-Saëns is writing incidental music for the play "Andromaque" to be revived by Sarah Bernhardt.——Payne Clark, a tenor well known in this country, sang Mime last month in English at Covent Garden.——Miss Isadora Duncan, the American who illustrates and illuminates the music of Chopin by dancing, has paralyzed the critics of Munich.——Emile Bernard, a composer of a serious nature and fine equipment, died at Paris Sept. 11. He was almost 60 years old. Music by him has been played at Symphony and Kneisel concerts in Boston.——Dante's "Vita Nuova" has suggested to Hermann Wolf-Ferrari an oratorio for solo voices, chorus, orchestra, organ, piano.——Richard Strauss has two new pieces: one a symphony, as yet unnamed, the other a ballad, "Taillefer," for solo voices, chorus and orchestra.——Mr Alfred Martier asserts that Nordica as Isolde at Munich lacked depth and true emotion.——Antoinette Sterling has "definitely resolved to bid good-by to the concert platform." Harper cries, 'tis time, 'tis time. But of course there will be first "a farewell tour." She made her début in London in 1873.——The test piece for the 1000 guinea contest of brass bands at the Crystal Palace Sept. 27 was Charles Godfrey's arrangement of melodies from Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha."

* * *

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette described in that journal of Sept. 24 a curious music-school.

A new Conservatoire of Music has been established—a conservatoire expressly for the ouvrières, for the little Mimi Pinsons of Paris. The young woman, who owes her celebrity to Murger, has, indeed, given her name to this interesting enterprise. The founder is M. Gustave Charpentier, the musical composer, whose opera "Louise" has recently been played with great success at the Opéra Comique. The fundamental idea is to put color into the lives of the little couturières and modistes by giving them an appreciation of the beautiful and a practical acquaintance with some of the kindlier arts.

First in order of importance comes the formation of taste, and Mlle. Pinson was taken to the Opéra, the Comédie Francaise and other wholly desirable places for young people, where she made her first steps along the desired path. It would never have done, of course, to take her to the Palais Royal, or "Parisiana," because neither of these places makes a point of being classical, and, furthermore, their fare is apt to be lighter than is compatible with a strictly proper appetite. So Mimi occupied the seats that had been given her by the society, and tried to be morally elevated.

After the process had been going on long enough in the opinion of the experts, Mademoiselle was transferred to the other department, as it were: that is to a practical acquaintance with singing, with piano-playing, and dancing. Now most people fancied that Mimi could dance, who happened to have watched her at the Moulin de Galette or at the Bal Bouillier. But she does not dance well enough to suit M. Charpentier. Not that he intends to make a danseuse of her, in an opera sense, not on purpose, that is; but he and his philanthropic friends wish to give her new graces of carriage and deportment; and so she is taking free dancing lessons, and presently she will swim down the boulevards with the easy grace of a princess. Her hands, too, are learning to strum the piano and the harp, and her voice to sing the songs of Gluck, of Charpentier himself, of Martini, and of some of the glories, sufficiently accessible, of first-class opera. It was in these pleasing occupations that a specially-invited world looked in upon her last night to help in launching the season of the Conservatoire.

The work is in full swing, and presently to the other accomplishments of the charming young people who are harnessed to the car of fashion will be added those of public entertainment. M. Charpentier disclaims any idea of making actresses of the girls, but many people will think there is considerable danger of upsetting them in their own avocation by holding out the allurements of another. The exceptionally long hours that these girls work in the dressmaking houses seem to suggest that the kind-hearted persons who interest themselves in their "lack of color" could have found a sounder and less sentimental way of going to work. But Mimi is generally a practical little creature, so she may perhaps be trusted to make proper use of her opportunities. But we confess to some doubts.

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Oct-13. 1902

Mr. Kyrle Bellew shouts that Mrs. J. B. Potter is hurrying to this country for the purpose of introducing "cantellations, which has been declared to be a lost art, at least as far as the United States is concerned." He informs us that "cantellations are recitations interspersed with intonations of music." By the way, we have seen the word spelled "cantillations."

A few years ago Mr. D. Ffrangcon-Davies, a baritone from the Welsh hills who had been so highly praised for his performance of Elijah in Mendelssohn's oratorio that he finally could hardly distinguish between himself and the prophet, had much to say about this peculiar art. He gave an exhibition of it in New York publicly and in Jamaica Plain at the house of Mr. Emil Paur, who was then leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Davies recited poems by Poe, Christina Rossetti, Charles Kingsley to the accompaniment of music written expressly for the purpose by some Englishman. Occasionally the heightened declamation passed into the singing of a phrase. It was a curious performance, and a little of it was enough. A whole evening would be a fearsome bore.

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Mr. D. Ffrangcon-Davies talked a great deal about this "art" in England and the United States, and it is surprising that his efforts and labors are so soon forgotten by Mr. Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. J. B. Potter, who surely must have heard him or about him. Or is it true

th[illegible] t [illegible]-actors and play-actresses read [illegible] the literature provided by their own press agents and the favorable criticisms that appear in the unfettered and unmuzzled press? Is Mr. D. Ffrangcon Davies so utterly forgotten? Have his words left as little trace of passage as any gentle southwest wind? But who remembers today the once celebrated Mr. Clinch, "whose single voice, as he had learned to manage it, could admirably represent a number of persons at sport: and in hunting, and the very dogs and other animals, but none better than a quire of choristers chanting an anthem"?

The student of the drama as well as the student of sociology may well be interested in the decision of the Judicial Court of Administration at Berlin that overruled an order of the Prefect of Police by which a performance of Paul Heyse's drama "Mary Magdalene" was prohibited. Centuries ago Mary was a favorite heroine of the miracle plays, and quaintly realistic speeches were put into her mouth. The clergy then thought no harm of such shows; they encouraged them in every way. The gradual disappearance of miracle and passion plays and the protest against all of them except the one at Oberammergau is an interesting study. Mr. Heyse is a most prominent figure in German literature; he is far removed from suspicion of sensationalism; and his spirit in the treatment of the subject must inevitably be different from that shown by others, Mr. Edgar Saltus, for instance.

Mr. Laurence Housman, who has written some remarkable religious poetry, is the author of "Bethlehem," a nativity play, and he hopes to produce it at London and Oxford this winter, if subscribers will be ready. Will the Censor object to the production of a religious play in a licensed theatre which takes money at the door?

We are not so particular about the treatment of other religions in the theatre. Witness the success of certain operettas by Offenbach, in which the dwellers on Olympus were insolently mocked. Witness the manner in which Eastern religions of today are employed by modern librettists to serve in spectacle or raise a laugh. He was none the less a good Christian who took off his hat whenever he passed the statue of Jupiter in modern Rome.

We cannot understand why anyone should run the risk of arrest and imprisonment for the sake of swiping and sporting a diamond pin. The fashionable stone this coming winter will be a topaz, at least this is the decree of the mysterious Council of Ten, who supply the newspapers with notes on fashions. Even if the diamond were to be the stone of stones for breakfast parties, literary gatherings and observation cars, the fate of the hero in "The Great Hoggarty Diamond" should deter any prudent young man from wearing a glittering bauble which would inevitably lead him to extravagance in dress, thought, conduct.

The "larrikin" of Sydney has lately been under the microscope. Some, like Mr. Ambrose Pratt, regard him as a bitter foe to society, a co-operative murderer, a dangerous person in every way. Others prefer to study him as a humorist. We are under the impression

that some months, or even years ago, we inquired into the origin of the term itself, but now there is fresh and fuller discussion on which to found an opinion. "Larrikin" is a transplanted Cornish word, it is a relic of convict days, derived from gallows-English, "leary" [illegible] and "kincher" or "kin" [illegible] young[illegible]ster. Or "kin" is a diminutive termination, and the root of the word is French "larron," English "Larry," Latin "latro." Then there is the legend that Sergt. Dalton once took a young prisoner into court and explained in a rich, fruity, Irish accent that the lad was always "a larrakin' about the streets." The magistrate asked "a what, Sergeant?" "A larrikin, your worship," was the answer. "The word was in the police report, and hence forth found usage as a [illegible]." There is [illegible] objection to this Sergt. Dalton story, that the contemporary files have been ransacked in Sydney, but no record of the case has been found.

The friends of the larrikin admit that he represents the failure of Australian civilization to cover the whole area of population, but say he has the qualities of a good soldier, and his conduct in theatre and dancing saloons is exemplary. In the gallery of the theatre he may throw off coat and waistcoat, borrow a program without a king permission, and "practi[illegible] [illegible]" a [illegible] uncomfortably close to the [illegible] of your back, nevertheless, h[illegible]

will attend to the play [illegible] occasional whistle of d[illegible] will applaud the virtuous [illegible] the hero, and will amiably observe to you of the heroine that 'My word, she's a bit of orl right ain't she?' an estimate which you heartily indorse for fear of possible consequences."

The two most prominent characteristics of the larrikin are his patriotism and his irreverent democratic spirit. There are so many patriots in all countries that we remember Dr. Johnson's definition, and do not warm toward the larrikin for this characteristic alone. The irreverence of his democratic spirit may be judged by the report of a shocked loyalist who at the Sydney review by the Duke of York asked a larrikin just where his Royal Highness was. "Near that flag, a little cove in a big black 'at." The narrator adds with a pious shudder: "And this when Australia was absolutely ringing with effusive loyalty." We prefer another instance. "A Burne-Jones 'Adam and Eve' cartoon was behind me, and I was trying to elicit answers to its subject. I soon found the matter pretty hopeless, and realizing that I should have to tell them, I asked, 'Well, now who was the first man?' Dead silence. Broken at last by one small larrikin, who briefly observed, 'Gawd.' Here, indeed, was democracy in excelsis. The leveling down process could go no further!" There are poems in Swinburne's "Songs Before Sunrise" charged with this larrikinian belief.

Oct 14. 1902

## TREMONT THEATRE.

Mr. Henry W. Savage's English Grand Opera Company began last night the fourth and last week of the season at the Tremont Theatre, with a performance of Verdi's "Aida." There was a very large and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Emanuel conducted. The cast was as follows:

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| The King | J. P. Coombs |
| Amneris | Marion Ivell |
| Aida | Adelaide Norwood |
| Ithadamès | Joseph F. Sheehan |
| Ramfis | Francis J. Boyle |
| Amonasro | William Paull |
| Priestess | Maude Ramey |
| Messenger | Charles Fulton |

The performance on the whole was surprisingly good. "Surprisingly," for it is not an easy task to sing, act, or stage this great opera of Verdi. The singers must be in heroic vein; there must be blood and fire and passion. The music makes severe demands on voices; the score calls for infinite attention to detail as well as a thunderous volume; so far as stage-appointments are concerned, the opera taxes the painter, carpenter and machinist; the opportunity for rich or striking costumes and a sumptuous and contrasted show must not be neglected. But scenery and costumes alone will not save this opera.

Miss Norwood was neither a genteel lady's maid, a professional beauty, nor a mere singer. She often sang with genuine distinction, with vocal intelligence, with true finesse. She had a definite idea of what she should do; she had composed the impersonation, and thus her voice was a true medium of expression, an instrument for various emotions. She was not always graceful in gesture, she was not always fortunate in facial play, but on the whole she was dramatic and passionate, and by her intensity she carried conviction. Thus in the first scene she was effective where other and more famous sopranos are as lay-figures. There was a sense of proportion in her work. She was not monotonously robust or hysterical; she knew the worth of restraint and that passion may smoulder; she approached her climaxes with art, and in the strongest scenes she was still mistress of herself. In phrases of more gentle emotion, in declamation, in moments of apparent abandonment, in the height of ensemble, and in the constant suggestion of various moods she was often admirable.

Miss Ivell was less of a virago and more of a woman than the Amneris generally seen in later yars. She, too, had her fortunate moments. She was not always vocally effective, and this was especially true when the music was in the lower register. This woman of indisputable promise has yet much to learn in the art of singing, and it is a pity that she is now so often guilty of vocal offences—such as slurring in attack, disregard of rhythmic values, etc.—that should have been corrected before she took even minor parts. Mr. Sheehan's voice was brilliant and tireless, one contrived by nature for a stage hero. Mr. Paull played the part of Amonasro with spirit. His voice did not always respond to the demands of the composer, and even this Ethiopian king should occasionally sing legato and not disdain sustained tones as an Egyptian fad, and therefore to be rejected. The other parts were acceptably taken.

The opera was handsomely mounted; the scenery was far superior to that generally brought here by operatic companies on their travels, and the costumes were striking. Amneris for once was dressed like the daughter of a King, and it was pleasant to observe that the Egyptologists consulted by Mr. Savage recommended the skirt that now reveals and now conceals. The famous march was executed with pomp and ceremony, and the long trumpets were in the procession, although they blew uncertain tones. The chorus was generally good and often excellent. The sacred dance in the Temple and the dance before the recumbent Amneris were missed. The orchestra was better than might have been expected from the performance of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhaeuser," although the strings were still numerically weak. All in all, the performance was spirited, effective, one well worth hearing. And the impersonation of Aida by Miss Norwood was one that will be remembered.

"Aida" will be performed on Thursday and Saturday evenings and at the Wednesday matinee. Mr. Goff will take the part of Amonasro in the evening performances. The opera this evening, Wednesday and Saturday evenings and at the Saturday matinee will be "Martha," with Gertrude Rennyson, Ethel Du Fre. Messrs. d'Aubigné and Goff. Mr. Paull will sing the part of Plunkett on Friday evening and at the Saturday matinee.

*Philip Hale.*

Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
Inn anywhere;
And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth roam,
Carrying his own home still, still is at home,
Follow (for he is easy paced) this snail;
Be thine own Palace, or the World's thy jail.

Boston, Oct. 9, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Can you inform me if there has been any cause assigned for the potent smell of skunk with which the South Station is too often permeated? Of course I do not suppose it really is skunk; neither does it seem probable that the smell comes from a perfume much favored by some ladies, and known as "Parma Violets," the effect of which upon unsophisticated olfactory organs is deceptively like that of skunk. But, if the odor is neither Parma violets nor skunk, what is it?

Yours, etc.,

P. V. NASO.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 10, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I learn by an article in the Transcript of your town that the Carnegie Library is located at Homestead, far from the smoky section of Pittsburgh. That the Transcript should make such an error is a severe shock to me. Homestead, it is true, is five miles from here; but the Carnegie Library is in Pittsburgh, which is a less smoky place than Homestead. S. B. P.

There is a scheme in London for the establishment of a "huge residential club for mercantile clerks." This club is designed for single men who earn weekly a sum equivalent to from $10 to $17.50. For about $7.50 a week the members would have board and lodging, the use of public rooms, a library, a billiard room, etc. If the member's income were $10 a week he would have left $2.50 for fares, clothes, amusements, and among amusements are to be reckoned, no doubt, beer and tobacco. Some object to the scheme because it will spoil young men for matrimony. "Take the case of the young man who with an income of £2 a week, has his board, bedroom, smoking room and library, and 'all the comforts of a club' for 30 shillings. If that young man wants to take a wife he will have to give up his club comforts, and probably in a home of his own he will get considerably less luxury for his money." But there is nothing so depressing as a home at a club; it is even more monotonous than life at a hotel, for at the hotel the human panorama is more varied, and you are not obliged to exert youself to be civil to fellow boarders, whereas at a club you cannot afford to incur the reproach of "Uffishness," a term that suggests "gruff" and "uppish." We are inclined to believe that after a year at this club for mercantile clerks, an inmate would gladly live with less outward show and with the wife of his fancy.

Surely life with a simple, loving woman in a simple way could never be more squalid than the life of Servia's King and Queen. Alexander, hard-up, stopped Draga's pin money, $400 a month. She made a row in the presence of the courtiers who saved their ruler from her claws. The King a week or so afterward asked her to lend him money; she refused this and then there was a terrible scene. There was abuse, there was recrimination. The worsted-worked motto "Noblesse oblige," was turned face toward the wall. Then they came to blows. She boxed his ears, and he, in the attempt to dodge, struck her violently on the arm. This reminds us of the words of Father Bazard, the Saint Simonian: "There is on earth for each man only one woman and for each woman only one man, who are destined to form in marriage a harmonious union." How different the sentiment in the old Hebrew song of triumph: "To every man a damsel or two."

And what has Belgrade not seen in the way of cruelty, bloodshed, horror, since the days of Amurath and Mahomet? Mr. Beatty-Kingston did not speak well of the historic town when he saw it under Milan Obrenovich IV. "With respect to such petty details, accessorial to health and comfort, as paving, lighting, drainage and water-supply, it is about a century behind any average German provincial town of reactionary tendencies—say Stargard or Nassau; venerable burghs which the most ardently patriotic Teuton would scarcely choose to put forward as shining illustrations of urban progress. * * * A semi-barbarous town, or rather overgrown village, as ugly as it is inconvenient, surpassingly dirty, sordid, uncomfortable, and ill-administered. * * * A tame hog couchant, plentifully bemired, should be its crest, were it endowed with so respectable an attribute." Furthermore he found the women ugly and hideously dressed. They are disagreeably fat at an early age and have "large hands and feet, thick joints, rough-hewn features, and sallow complexions. * * * They are frequently grandmothers at six or seven-and-twenty, by which time they are, with rare exceptions, wrinkled, yellow and shapeless, whilst their husbands are still comely and stalwart young men."

The Pall Mall Gazette must have been desperately hard up for copy when it published an article by a Roman correspondent on the invention of eau de Cologne and how to tell the genuine article. We may now expect to see "The Mystery of Caspar Hauser," "Was Marshal Ney really Shot?" "An account of the Elephant-Man," or any other time-worn, battered plug.

Mr. G. R. Sims in his weekly output is more resourceful. Thus he thought a description of unknown persons he met in Switzerland would interest the readers of the Referee, so he filled space as follows: "I met a young French lady on the Mer de Glace dressed in hunting breeches and puttles, a bright red flannel shirt, and a jockey cap. On the road to the Glacier of Argentières I encountered a French gentleman in knickerbockers, a military cloak, and a white pith helmet. He had with him two ladies exquisitely dressed for a garden party—say at Buckingham Palace—and a young Arab chieftain, who carried an alpenstock and wore an eyeglass in addition to his native costume. Behind the party, carrying a bundle of umbrellas, was a Burmese girl in native costume."

The natural answer is, "Well, what of it?" We are glad personally that Mr. Sims did indulge himself in description; hence this paragraph. It is true that such varied costumes are not to be seen in Boston, and not even in the suburbs; but suppose we should publish each day the names of persons met on Boylston, Tremont, Winter, School Streets and Temple Place with some pleasant remark concerning taste in dress, freshness of complexion, graceful walk, eagle glance, imposing presence. This column would be greedily read by many, who would get out of bed the earlier to see if their names were mentioned. If Mr. Sims had published the names of the French lady and gentleman, the Arab chieftain and the Burmese girl, each bearer of the name would undoubtedly have bought a dozen or more copies of the Referee to **mark and mail to friends.**

Oct 15 1902

"Yes," said the Cape Cod man, "I am very fond of green corn; but I don't like it so young that it's like eating blisters."

Professor Adolf Lorenz of Vienna, in the pit of the amphitheatre at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Chicago, performed marvelous operations in the presence of 400 physicians and students. He operated for unilateral and bilateral congenital distortions of the hip; he operated without a knife or any mechanical appliance and without breaking bones. "A series of rapid, deft turns, twists and pulls. * * * Knowledge, skill, a certain amount of daring and precision of movement, which showed a knowledge to a hair's breadth of how far to move and twist had wrought what medical men say will be a cure. It had taken five minutes."

Truly a wonder of wonders. There's been nothing like it since the operation performed by Mr. Slasher, the eminent surgeon and friend of Mr. Jack Hopkins. Mr. Hopkins told Mr. Pickwick that the boy whose leg had been removed by Mr. Slasher ate an apple immediately after the cutting and said he wasn't going to lie there and be made game of. Mr. Pickwick marveled greatly; and so we today marvel at Professor Lorenz.

The ancients are not to be despised for their treatment of dislocations of the hip joint. Here is a pleasant d

ription taken from Paulus Aegineta: Let the man be stretched upon a rge board or bench, and along nearly s whole length let certain gutters be ooped out, in breadth and depth t more than three fingers, and not ore than four fingers distant from e another, so that the extremity of e lever being inserted into them may pel the limb wherever it is required. the middle of the board or bench another piece of wood be fastened out a foot in length, and in thickss like that which is inserted in the tremity of a spade, so that when e man is pulled along, this piece of od may come between the perineum d the head of the thigh, so as to preit the yielding of the body when lled by the feet, and thereby often viating the necessity of making inter-extension; and at the same e when the body is extended this ce of wood will push the head of the gh outwards.

Hippocrates recommended a still re agreeable operation. The patient s suspended with his head two cubits tant from the ground. "Then an ext young man is to seize the affected gh in his arms at its thickest part, ere the head of the thigh is lodged, suddenly suspend himself from the n, by which means the joint will dily return to its place."

r. Mascagni eats, sleeps, talks, ves in the lime light. The question is this: Did he or did he not te a hymn in honor of Admiral vey? When he went to Madrid last to conduct a performance at the al Theatre he wrote a letter to a spaper.

What I wish to contradict absolutely is false report that has been spread that I written a hymn in honor of the Amer- Admiral Dewey. Now, I declare on honor that I have never written any n in honor of Dewey; further, that it was proposed to me to write one, fused decidedly and succeeded in reg any compensation no matter how the figure then is no occasion to ion now. As an Italian I should have n good care not to cause the slightest to a sister nation, and I may add that cause of my refusal was the race feelwhich should make all of us Latins d and proud."

PIETRO MASCAGNI.

16.

d yet in spite of this declaration emember that foreign music-journoted the performance of a nn in honor of Admiral Dewey" Pesaro, Italy, on July 23, 1899, b- an audience of 2000, and that the was heartily applauded. Is it ble that they all combined in 1899 ake his visit to Spain in 1902 imble? If so, then was he cruelly dered by a reptile press.

Mr. Mascagni has his happy mos. Mr. Hall Caine is simply ded — like Clara in the story — the incidental music to "The Eterity." "I am no musician myself," Mr. Caine, "but as I listen to it m to breathe again the very air of ."

Alfred Dreyfus does not seize pportunities. When he was asked he editor of the Siècle for some nisences of Zola, he answered. is too sad a moment, and my w is too poignant to allow me to in public now of the great and friend whom I have just lost." Dreyfus were a hustler he would the death of his friend for and charge a fancy price by the for friendship has its advantages after the friend is cold and stiff.

eviewer speaks in the Pall Mall te of "E. Allan Poe." No, Poe t part his name in the middle. The rious influence of names! If Poe been named George or Augustus he ever have been master of and verse?

## "MARTHA" SUNG.

**Flotow's Favorite Opera Is Successfully Interpreted by Mr. Savage's Company.**

Flotow's "Martha" was the opera at the Tremont Theatre last ng by Henry W. Savage's English Company. Mr. Emanuel con- d and the cast was as follows:

Harriet Durham....Gertrude Rennyson
.....Ethel Houston Du Fre
Tristan Milkeford.....Francis Carrler
lett.....Winfred Goff
.....Lloyd D'Aubigne
heriff.....J. Parker Coombs

performance was a thoroughly factory one throughout. Flotow's seemed curiously old-fashioned, its music so completely divorced its action and its naive attempts mor. Yet the melodies themselves apparently as popular as ever, and lost nothing in charm and in ef- as voiced by Mr. Savage's prin- and chorus.

Miss Rennyson's Lady Harriet was a carefully manned young woman. In fact, one could readily imagine a Lady Harriet with a warmer and more seductive temperament; but what purely personal charm Miss Rennyson lacked, she easily made up with her singing. She gave the rather florid music with remarkable ease and fine purity of tone. Of course, "The Last Rose of Summer" was encored and re-encored. It deserved, though there was, possibly, a trifle too much accentuation of the song's obvious sentimentality.

Miss Du Fre manifested a surprisingly light and airy comedy talent as the maid. It was comedy, too, with a zest of its own that did not suggest the machine. This young woman has so habitually worn the frown of the operatic villianess that one had naturally got into the way of confounding her with her scowl. It seems that is all a mistake, however. Her native spirit is evidently sprightly and gay and not at all contraltoish. She was ably seconded in her roguery by Mr. Goff, who both sang and acted Plunkett with authority and splendid effect.

Mr. D'Aubigne's singing as Lionel was enjoyable, but Mr. Carrier's humor as Lord Tristan was scarcely spontaneous. All the choruses were well given, and the climax of the fourth act moved the large house to sustained and almost riotous enthusiasm.

Oct 16, 1902

It is frequently said that the confirmed bachelor is the most selfish of mankind. He never does anything for anybody. He neglects to give Christmas presents to his nieces and nephews, he does not take his sister-in-law to the theatre, he prefers to spend his summers in his own way. These are grievous charges; but is there any selfishness like unto that of the large, united, happy family? The members are so busied in contributing to the pleasure of each other that there is no outside world. Father is the most generous of men; mother has the loveliest character; George is wonderfully talented and he could rise to the top of any profession if he should only apply himself; it is a pity that Eugene did not go into opera, for his voice is superior to that of De Reszke, and Henry acts David Garrick better than Sothern did; Susie has the most classical features and the most superbly moulded form of any woman in Boston; Louise is "considered by good judges" to be a remarkable water-colorist. No, there never was such a happy family, not even in the famous museum of P. T. Barnum. And the members live well and deny themselves nothing, though the poor may starve on their doorstep. They have no thought for anyone outside their walls. "Yes, indeed, there is no doubt much suffering in the world; but we have so much to do at home and there are so many charitable organizations, that we really cannot trouble ourselves." "We saw in the newspaper that your mother died. Was she sick long? We ought to be more friendly, but you know how it is—our family is so large and so united. Did she suffer any? Well, it must be a relief to you all. That is the sensible and the most consoling way of looking at it. I suppose you will not be able to see Duse?"

Here is the story of a strange coincidence told by a Liverpool correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. On a Saturday afternoon (Sept. 27) he and his brother-in-law discussed the question of second-sight and the substantiality of dreams, and the brother-in-law in the course of the conversation described a dream he had had on the preceding night. In this dream he saw himself and relatives standing on the platform of a railway-station. An express train rushed by, but it was not out of sight before the narrator exclaimed, "Good heavens! the engine is off the line!" Then he was horrified to see the carriages rock from side to side until they lost their equilibrium and toppled over. Other details were given. The correspondent opened his newspaper of Sept. 29 and read the account of the accident to the Lille express: the particulars were almost identical with those of the imaginary catastrophe.

Walking in the street you say to yourself, not without complacency, "How many painfully ugly persons there are in the world!" Jones passing by you notices you and others and with equal smugness makes the same remark.

You hear today of "Kiplingisms" and your mind turns at once to Rudyard and certain of his phrases. But in the earlier part of the 19th century the term "Kiplingism" was in common use among scholars and university men. Thomas Kipling, a Cambridge don and afterward Dean of Peterborough, died in 1822. Porson considered him to be one of the best Greeians of the day, but others accused him of superficiality and bad grammar in his edition of the Codex Bezae, so that "Kiplingism" was coined to describe a grammatical blunder, and there was also a verb, "to Kipling," "to write faulty Greek or Latin."

We read an article about eyes the other day; how gray eyes have been the ideal of all great novelists; how men have light eyes oftener than women; how green eyes are for glory; how the corners of Jane Hading's eyes were slit by a lancet and thus lengthened when she was about three years old and to her great advantage, etc., etc.

But there was no mention of Caesar Borgia, who had eyes "so fiery and sparkling that his very friends and familiar acquaintances were not able to look upon them; though, when he was disporting himself among the ladies, with an admirable change he could convert his fierce looks into those of softness." Nor was there mention of the one-eyed servant of the Duke of Briganza, who with his eye could make any falcon or sparrow-hawk in flight fall to the ground as though it were dead. Nor was Olo of Norway cited, who by the "brandishes of his eye" frightened the most valiant foe. Theodore Beza had eyes of such a brightness that in the night time, when it was dark, "they sent out such a light as formed an outward circle of it about them." And why was there no discussion about the men to whom St. Augustine preached; "and in the lower parts of Ethiopia we saw men that had but one eye, and that placed in the midst of their foreheads."

Let us now praise famous men. Mr. Calmesnil was at one time the chief ornament of Marseilles, for he could throw all wrestlers. In search of fresh glory he emigrated to Kremlin, where he astonished the inhabitants by drinking 30 absinthes a day. In this work he was indefatigable, but now and then he would spend profitably a vacation in the mad-house. One night at about the 29th glass he saddened his admirers in the café by announcing his intention of going to South Africa to fight the perfidious English. Somehow or other he paid his passage and went. Ten months later he returned in superb physical condition. He bought a villa and admitted that he had made 30,000 francs as a volunteer. When asked "How?" he winked and put the question by. It was on a peaceful Sunday afternoon that Mr. Calmesnil determined to wreck the Casino. Fired by absinthe he knocked over two or three tables merely to stretch his sculptural legs. The audience joined in the sport. Policemen were tossed about as though they were paper bags distended with wind. Reinforcements were ordered, roughs came to the assistance of Mr. Calmesnil. The people looked on from a safe distance and cheered. And to think that now the hero of the Transvaal is in a jail, or a Bastille, as Mr. George Francis Train used to call his enforced boarding house!

Oct 17, 1902

## MISS MARY MUENCHHOFF.

**Her First Appearance in Boston—A Song Recital of Uncommon Interest Which Showed That the Singer's Reputation Is Well-Founded.**

Miss Mary Müenchhoff, soprano, sang for the first time in Boston last night at Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

Caro mio ben.....Giordani
Chanson du papillon.....Campra
Willst du dein Herz mir schenken.....Bach
Das macht der Wind.....Bach
A Pastoral.....Veracini
Care compagni.....Bellini
Du bist die ruh.....Schubert
Auf dem Wasser zu singen.....Schubert
Haidenröslein .....Schubert
Auftraege .....Schumann
Die todte Nachtigall.....Liszt
Berceuse .....Wagner
Staendchen .....Brahms
Russian folksong.....Alabieff

Mr. Isadore Luckstone was the accompanist. There was a very applausive audience.

Miss Munchoff is a soprano of Omaha, who after study in this country went to Europe for instruction. She sang in Germany and in London, and the notices of her performance were so eulogistic that they at once excited suspicion in the breasts of those who know how a European reputation for home use is manfactured. Her return to this country was heralded by blare of trumpets. She was likened to Adelina Patti. Appreciations of her couched in extravagant phrases broke out in music journals and society columns. Managers in Europe were at her feet; conductors dropped the baton in their ecstasy; crowds shook the walls by their frantic applause.

No wonder, then, that some went to Chickering Hall to confirm their suspicions. They were agreeably disappointed, for Miss Münchhoff proved herself to be a well-trained, intelligent, unusually interesting singer. Her voice is of beautiful quality. The tones are pure, substantial, warm in color; the compass is generous; the voice lends itself easily to emotion and bravura. Her legato is a delight; her management of breath allows her phrases of length and meaning. Her enunciation is unusually distinct, whatever be the language of the verse. Her attack is clean and exact. Her colorature is fluent, though I prefer her in songs of an intimate nature where the music suggests or demands a decided mood. Her performance last night was not wholly beyond criticism. Some of her upper tones were thin, and in coloratura they were at times inclined to be a little above the true pitch. But she proved conclusively that she had studied earnestly, intelligently, and to her great advantage.

Now there are singers who are the more boresome and intolerable on account of their earnestness, just as perseverance is not the one characteristic of a composer to inspire confidence or win approbation. There are intelligent singers without a voice. They also are to be avoided in this vale of tears. Miss Münchhoff is something more than an earnest and intelligent singer with a voice. She sings with distinction, and she individualizes each song. No one should be blamed for trembling with anxiety whenever an unknown singer approaches a group of 17th or 18th century songs, for as a rule these old airs seem to be singularly and monotonously alike and they remind one of the abomination of desolation spoken of by the Hebrew prophet. The fault, or course, is in the singer, who has learned painfully the notes, without any idea of the spirit of the music or the art of the period to which the composers belonged. As sung last night each of these old airs had its peculiar charm. How beautiful, for example, was Miss Münchhoff's interpretation of the air by Giordani!

There were frequent exhibitions of finesse, as at the close of the Berceuse by Wagner, as in the recitative of Bellini, the Pastoral by Veracini, the songs by Schubert. There was no extravagance in emotion, the extravagance so dearly loved by our German and German-American friends. There was no suspicion of sentimentalism or sensationalism. There was feeling, however; there was warmth, there was brilliance, there was evident appreciation of poet and composer.

It is a pity that Miss Müenchhoff is not more careful in the matter of facial expression. It is not necessary that a singer in the delivery of a difficult passage should assume the petrified simper of the ballet-girl or the grin of the prizefighter in the ring; but she should not disfigure herself needlessly.

*Philip Hale.*

In the verie heart of Barbarie, the Scithian women, after they had washed themselves, did sprinkle, dawbe, and powder all their bodies and faces over, with a certaine odoriferous drug, that groweth in their Countrie; which dust and dawbing being taken away, when they come neere men, or their husbands, they remaine verie cleane, and with a verie sweet-savouring perfume.

Mr. Charles Féré, who has written agreeably concerning degeneracy and criminality, sensation and movement, has contributed an article to the Revue de Medicine, in which he asserts that the skin possesses a certain odor which varies according to the individual, the age, and the race. The Medical Century observes in the course of an abstract of this article: "The nervous system seems to exert much influence over the odor of the cutaneous secretions. Hammond cites the case of a woman who always gave out an odor of pineapple"—the fruit, not pineapple rum—"when she was in temper, and another who smelt of violets when suffering from an hysterical attack."

But these are not new discoveries and there are ancient instances. Plutarch said of Alexander the Great: "I remember I red also in the commentaries of Aristoxenus that his skin had a marvelous good savor, and that his breath was very swete, insomuch that his body had so swete a smell of it selfe that all the apparell he wore next unto his body tooke thereof a passing delightfull savor, as if it had bene perfumed. And the cause hereof peradventure might be, the very temperature and constitucion of his body, which was hot and burning like fire. For Theophrastus is of opinion that the swete savor commeth by means of the heate that dryeth up the moisture of the bodie. * * * This natural heate that Alexander had made him (as it appeareth) to be given to drinke, and to be hasty."

Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, wrote in his Autobiography: "It is well known to those that wait in my chamber that the shirts, waistcoats and other garments I wear next my body are sweet, beyond what either can easily be believed or hath been observed in any else, which sweetness also was found to be in my breath above others, before I used to take tobacco, which towards my latter time I was forced to take against certain rheums and catarrhs that trouble me, which yet did not taint my breath for any long time."

And others, as Ninon de l'Enclos, Diana of Poitiers, Malherbe, Cujas, Haller, are said to have given forth naturally most sweet and attractive odor. Perhaps this is why Ninon drew all men toward her even when she was an old woman. Diana was accused of using philters and incantations to keep the affection of Henry II.; for the sour minded said it was a

some ful thing to see a young Prince adore "a faded face and full of wrinkles; a head, the hair of which was turning gray, eyes whose lustre was half eclipsed, sometimes bloodshot and running"; but they knew not of her charm. A poet might have sung of her in the words of Edmond Haraucourt: "Your body is a symphony of perfumes which sing in chorus; and its disquieting harmony fills me with ecstacy and languor." Ruth anointed herself before she went to the threshing-floor of Boaz to lie down at his feet. Esther was soaked in oil of myrrh and sweet odors before she was allowed to appear before the mighty Ahasuerus," which reigned from India even until Ethiopia, over a hundred and seven and twenty provinces." But Diana and Ninon needed no salves, ointments, or hidden perfumes.

Mr. Féré believes that certain odors are inherited, or may even extend to side branches of the same family. Dogs are always able to recognize this odor even when it is so subtle as to escape the observation of man. Compare with this the note of Sir Richard F. Burton: "Strong perfumes, such as musk (which we Europeans dislike and suspect) are always insisted upon in Eastern poetry * * * Moreover, the young and the beautiful are held (justly enough) to exhale a natural fragrance which is compared with that of the blessed in Paradise. * * * It is made evident by dogs and other fine-nosed animals that every human being has his, or her, peculiar scent, which varies according to age and health. Hence animals often detect the approach of death." Thus in the wondrous "Tale of Kamar Al-zaman," musk exhales from every limb of the young hero, and when the Ifrit and Maymunah return bearing the Princess Budur, she is "clad in a shift of fine Venetian silk, with a double edging of gold and purfled with the most exquisite of embroidery," and these couplets are worked upon the ends of the sleeves:

Three matters hinder her from visiting us, in fear
Of hateful, slandering envier and his hired spies;
The shining light of brow, the trinkets' tinkling voice,
And scent of essences that tell whene'er she lies.
Given that she hide her brow with edge of sleeve, and leave
At home her trinketry, how shall her scent disguise?

And when Montaigne said: "The most exquisite and sweetest savour of a woman, it is to smell of nothing," had he not in mind the delectable "odor di femina," which goes with perfect health and mocks the vial or the packet?

This reminds us that the N. Y. Sun bewails the fact on Oct. 15 that the Perfume Concert at the Carnegie Lyceum, of which we spoke lately, did not take place. But our invitation is for Oct. 28th. Let the Sun possess its nese in patience.

"Jockeys can't keep money." But money makes the mare go—except in France, where they say money makes the mare stop, when it is ridden by an American.

Then up rose the King of Siam—and said he should come to the United States if his son reports favorably. We are delighted to learn from Mr. John Barrett that, while the King may have his faults and weaknesses, he is a man of rare force and "certainly possesses an individuality which is exceptional among his people." So the poet sang long ago

The New York Evening Post of Oct. 15 spoke of Mr. F. Day's "Pine Tree Ballads" and Mr. Clarence M. Felt's "Wharf and Fleet" as books that "contain the raw material of poetry, or perhaps one might go farther and describe it as poetic material in the first stage of fermentation. They describe in local dialect the two types of manhood most vigorous and vernacular in all the Atlantic States of this Union; the lumbermen of Maine and the fishermen of Gloucester. They are both recorded on the spot by hands which have had a certain amount of practice, even though the names of the rhymers be new to the cyclopedias of authors. The better of the two, because the more wholly straightforward and the remoter from Kipling, is 'Pine Tree Ballads.'"

Oct. 18. 1902

Mr. W. L. Alden, the London correspondent of the Saturday Review of the New York Times, spoke a week ago of the recent expurgated edition of the Memoirs of Jacques Casanova de Seingalt, translated into English. "It is, so far as I know, the first English translation." Dear, dear. There was a complete translation in English published some years ago and sold quietly, with a wink, with a finger on the lips, and for a high price. "The publishers assure us that it has been expurgated, so as to be able to be read by the average Englishman, but in that case the wonder is that there is anything left of the book. To expurgate thoroughly Casanova would be to reduce the original four volumes to one thin pamphlet." "The original four volumes?"—we fear that Mr. Alden does not know his Casanova, although he is manly enough to say: "The book should be translated entire or not at all. Its value consists in the accurate picture which it gives of the morals of the time in which Casanova lived, and to expurgate it is to take away its value."

The earliest edition was in more than a dozen volumes; the edition of 1825 was in 14, the edition of Paulin (1833) in 10, and even the more modern, and the best of the later ones, published by Rozez of Brussels is in six. The manuscript that a certain Carlo Angiolieri took to the publisher Brockhaus of Leipsic on the 13th of February, 1820, was "voluminous." When Mr. Havelock Ellis wrote his essay on Casanova for the Savoy (London, November, 1896) he stated that the handwriting of this manuscript was that of the adventurer, but now there is again dispute and some insist that the manuscript itself was doctored, that phrases were softened, twisted, cut out, and that the truly complete edition is yet to be published.

We know that there are gaps in the manuscript. Was the conclusion of the memoirs ever written, or was it lost? For the story is not finished. Other writings by Casanova were published in "La Vogue" (Paris 1886-'87) and they are dull reading. But whoever wishes to acquaint himself with the bibliography should consult Victor Ottmann's "Casanova" published at Stuttgart in 1901.

For years Casanova was ostentatiously ignored by English speaking men and women. "O, no, we never mention him; his name is never heard." Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland gives an amusing account of a dinner in Boston, when he made bold to allude to Casanova. All the distinguished guests, except Dr. Holmes, pretended ignorance of the man. Carlyle, it is true, made a sour reference to him, but when Mr. Havelock Ellis began his essay by saying, "There are few more delightful books in the world than Casanova's Mémoires," he added immediately: "That is a statement I have long vainly sought to see in print." Yet "Barry Lyndon" shows that Thackeray had read the memoirs thoroughly and admired them—at least he found them good enough to borrow from them. Mr. Ellis stated three points of view from which they are of deep and permanent interest, they constitute "a document of immense psychological value as the full and veracious presentation of a certain human type in its most complete development;" as a story of mere adventure the memoirs have never been surpassed; and in them we possess "an unrivaled picture of the eighteenth century in its most characteristic aspects throughout Europe."

Casanova may be ranked by some with Pepys, Benvenuto, Cellini, Restif de la Bretonne, Rousseau, Edward Herbert, but their autobiographies are unlike his. Cellini is a delightful rascal, but Casanova is a still more heroic figure. The other autobiographers open sinister closets in highly respectable houses. They themselves are pitiably weak in certain directions, and they are not unacquainted with remorse. Casanova today would undoubtedly be in jail and he would die there; but as some writer well remarked recently in the Pall Mall Gazette: "Charlatan, quack, swindler, police spy, card-sharper and seducer as he was, the rogue must have had something in him to attract, as he seemed to have done throughout his life, the undying affection of both men and women. His memoirs are so much one long catalogue of his triumphs over the virtue of all the women he met that this side of them has overshadowed their more serious merits; yet no vengeance ever seems to have been taken upon him by those whom he cheated at love or play."

The man that loves and tells has for years been voted the prince of cads. There is nothing more inherently mean in the confessions of Rousseau than the manner in which he describes his affair with Mme. de Warens. The Duc de Lauzun well deserved the tremendous diatribe written in 1858 by Barbey d'Aurevilly. But for some strange reason no one is ever angry with Casanova even when he is most frank in relation. Mr. Henley wrote of Hazlitt, "He had been in love with a housemaid, but he had been very much more in love with his love." Casanova persuades us that he was a philanthropist; he says: "I have always loved women and have done my best to make them love me." There is seldom an instance of any woman of the long procession turning a reproachful face toward him after she had passed by. They loved this man "of lofty stature, of fine and vigorous aspect, with bright eyes and very brown skin," and they would not for the world make him unhappy. "Of very brown skin." This reminds us that Ninon de l'Enclos liked blondes, but found dark men to be of a more pronounced temperament.

It is a pity that Casanova never wrote his "Dictionary of Cheeses," for which he collected material; for he delighted in good cheer, and although when in his old age, a librarian in the castle of Count Waldstein, he had learned to be content with one meal a day; he recalled his favorite dishes: Macaroni, olla podrida, Newfoundland cod, high game, old cheese. He was not a degenerate, not a pervert. He was amazingly healthy in mind and body and he could sleep 19 hours at a stretch.

Do you say, "But he was immoral"? Say rather, unmoral. The age he lived in was an age of rascals, prosperous, some on thrones, some masquerading as statesmen or philosophers; truly a naughty age. And what a panorama of scenes in all conditions of life and in various countries do these memoirs unfold. "It is not a book for the young"; but we seriously doubt whether it would work insidiously such harm in the mind of a susceptible young woman as a novel by the ingenious Paul Bourget, who was made much of in Boston, or romances by certain English women, daughters or wives or nieces of distinguished clergymen, army officers, high officials.

Mr. Alden is right; Casanova's memoirs should be read as a whole or not at all, although his escape from the Venetian leads may serve as a boy's book, and for that purpose it has already been published separately. We look skew-eyed at all abridged or expurgated editions. We cannot approve, for instance, of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's wish to take the Bible in its present form from the schools "and from the rising generation of boys, as it teaches lessons of disrespect for the mothers of the race," or her willingness to admit an expurgated edition. We remember too many lessons in the respect that should be paid parents in this Book of Books. We remember too many beautiful examples of womanhood portrayed there. We remember too well the description of the good wife given by the mother of King Lemuel. But perhaps we are old-fashioned in our views, and not thoroughly in the modern movement.

Oct 19. 1902

## SYMPHONY NIGHT.

### Opening of the Twenty-Second Season of the Orchestra—First Appearance at These Concerts of Mr. Raoul Pugno, Pianist.

The first concert of the 22d season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture, "Leonore" No. 2.....Beethoven
Suite in No. 2 in B minor for strings, flute and piano accompaniment.....Bach
Fantasia in C, "Wonderer," op. 15..... Schubert-Liszt
Symphony No. 5 in E minor, op. 64..... Tschaikowsky

Mr. Gericke, who looked refreshed by his foreign trip, was welcomed most heartily.

It might be well to play in the same concert the three "Leonore" overtures in the order in which they were probably written: Nos. 2, 3, 1. A program composed exclusively of piano sonatas by Beethoven is an invention of the Adversary, and it deserves the attention of the police as a deliberate act against public morals. Nor is an orchestral program devoted exclusively to the works of any composer to be encouraged, except possibly when the 9th symphony is given. But with these overtures the case is different; for here is a revelation of Beethoven's processes of musical and dramatic thought when he was mightily interested in the same subject. When the overtures are heard separately and at long intervals there is no opportunity for comparison by the ear. With the overture known as "Fidelio" we are not here concerned; it seems, in view of the other overtures that were intended for the opera, incongruous, unimaginative. Furthermore, how many composers, after the achievement of a "Leonore" No. 2, would have the courage or the ability to shape from it a "Leonore" No. 3? After the three were attentively heard and thoughtfully considered, then No. 3 might be reasonably reserved for concert use and the other two put away neatly but surely on the shelf.

A little of Bach's orchestral music goes a long way, no matter how skillfully it may be doctored for modern use, no matter how admirably it may be played. Of course there is always the question of the proper tempo. Bach himself gave no indications for the performance of this suite. The spirit of the period, as well as the spirit of each dances, is to be considered, and then enters into the interpretation what is known as the personal equation. To me the fugue in the overture, to me the Rondeau and the Bourrées might well have been taken at a livelier pace than they were taken last night. We know from the testimony of his contemporaries and immediate followers that Bach played his organ fugues swiftly, so that the hearers wondered. The Rondeau in Bach's time was a lively movement, and the Bourée was animated. The Sarabande and the Polonaise would then furnish a still more marked contrast and relieve somewhat the inexorable monotony of tonality. But is it well to play so much of an old-fashioned suite, which vexes the modern nerves more acutely than the most extravagant music of the [illegible] school? We have "Half Hour with Famous Authors," why should we not have "Ten Minutes with Bach?"

Mr. Raoul Pugno of Paris made his first appearance at these concerts. He played here in 1898 with Ysaye and Gerardy and left a most pleasant impression. He chose originally for the concert last night a concerto in E flat by Mozart; but on account of the general composition of the program it was thought that he should be heard in a more modern piece. I am not on terms of extreme intimacy with this particular concerto of Mozart, but it cannot be more old-fashioned than Liszt's arrangement of the "Wanderer" fantasia, with its ornamentation so curiously antique, with its juxtapositions of bombast and sentimentalism. Mr. Pugno, however, played with brilliance, elegance, delightful ease, and with an accuracy that was never pedagogic. His reading of the theme in the adagio was exquisite; his playing throughout was that of the intelligent musician and the justly applauded virtuoso. His recital will be looked forward to with more than ordinary interest.

Mr. Gericke gave a most careful, emotional, impressive interpretation of Tschaikowsky's 5th symphony, which some prefer to the other five. The symphony is certainly a remarkable work in many ways, in structure as well as in poetic beauty and dramatic intensity. Some are inclined to smile at the chief theme of the second movement, just as they sneer at the second theme of the first movement of the sixth symphony. It is true that in each instance Tschaikowsky narrowly escapes the reproach of vulgarity; but the earnestness, the sincerity of the speech makes its way even before the development and the amplification make the theme seem inevitable. The heart of Tschaikowsky was that of a little child; the brain was that of a man weary of the world and all its vanities. And so we have the singular phenomenon of naivete, accompanied by super-refined skill—and all this in the body and mind of a man fundamentally oriental in his tastes and especially in his love of surprising or monotonous rhythms and gorgeous colors. The very modernity of Tschaikowsky, his closeness to us as the spokesman of things we think and dare not say, these qualities may war against his lasting fame; but in our day and generation he is the supreme interpreter by music of elemental and emotional thought. The thought of death and the emptiness of life obsesses him and in the expression of this thought he is again the man of his period. When faith returns again to the world, his music may be studied with interest and curiosity as an important document in sociology. But for the present we are under his mighty spell. That gloomy opening theme, that theme of bodement which haunts like a spectre at dead of night or in a festal hall is in the heart of the hearer. Not even the brave finale frightens it away.

*Philip Hale.*

MR. GEORGE W. STEWART of Boston has been appointed manager of the Bureau of Music at the Universal Exposition at St. Louis in 1904. This exposition will open on April 30 and close on Dec. 1. The appointment is an excellent one, for Mr. Stewart is a man of many and marked qualifications as musician and man of business. The task that he will undertake is by no means an easy one.

Should the music at a World's Fair be "an exhibition of the highest achievement in vocal or instrumental expression? A means of pleasure to the most highly cultivated? Or a means of pleasure to the great majority?"

In other words is it practicable or is it necessary to interest the crowds of visitors in music of the highest order?

A noble attempt was made at the Chicago Exposition in 1893. Theodore Thomas was appointed director, with unlimited power was given to him. The orchestra numbered 114. Mr. Thomas with all his experience, his world-wide reputation, his rare gift of programme making, and with the aid of great orchestra, great chorus and celebrated soloists, was unable to interest the people in bulk. Some say the programmes were too severe, or too narrow, suited only to a symphony audience and not to a restless crowd in a vast hall. Mr. Thomas has done more than any one man or any dozen men to educate the musical taste in America, but was it wise to attempt education by wholesale at a nerve-wearing exposition? If classical concerts had been given at the rate of two a month, perhaps the labor would have been rewarded. As it was, the general scheme was necessarily abandoned before the Exposition was half over.

At the Paris Exposition of 1900 there were only 10 grand official concerts given by the official orchestra and chorus. There were also 10 official concerts of organ music and 10 official chamber concerts. These were all given at the Trocadéro. The programs were arranged by a commission of prominent French composers: Saint-Saëns, d'Indy, Pugno, Taffanel and others. These few concerts were carefully prepared and were announced a long time before the opening of the Exposition, so that it was easy for visiting lovers of music to make their arrangements. Concerts were given by orchestras and singing societies of every description from different countries of Europe. These concerts gave the whole scheme a dignity worthy of a nation with such a musical history.

Furthermore, there were daily mu-

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ractions at this Paris Exposition for ordinary sightseer. Fine military ds of 60, 70, 80 or 100 were constantly attendance. In every program there s something to interest the musician, d there was much to please the great jority.

r. Stewart believes, and I agree h him, that the plan of the Paris position should not be ignored at St. is. There might be a series of concts by the official orchestra of the position assisted by eminent solo cers, and a large and regularly orized chorus. The visiting societies d necessarily be American. At Paris hestras from Vienna and Finland an orchestra and chorus from ne were indisputable attractions, it would be too much to expect m to visit St. Louis. Their exses at Paris were paid by the sories or their friends.

he following scheme has been gested and is the result of much ught:

An official orchestra of not less n 85 players, to take part in all orstral and choral concerts.

Two military bands of not less n 75 players, for the whole Exposi-.

Mammoth concerts by consolidated ds of from 150 to 300 performers, ducted by one of the conductors of permanent military bands.

Contests of singing societies, mili- bands of the first, second and d class.

One great choral concert each th by some visiting society, like the del and Haydn of Boston, the Apolf Chicago, Festival Association choes, etc., performed under the direof the regular conductor of the soty.

Daily organ concerts by the best anists of the world.

do not believe in "mammoth conts," but here I am in a sad minority. erwise the scheme seems to be an ellent one, although there is little rmation given concerning the charer of "official" orchestral concerts. Chicago, I believe, the price of mission to a symphony concert was dollar. There were two a week. entrance to six concerts with proms in lighter vein also given each k was free. The question arises ld it not have been better to charge mall fee for the popular concerts nothing for the symphony or "eduonal" concerts? At the Paris Extion the charge for the best seats the official orchestral and choral certs was about 40 cents, and 10 s was the price of all other seats. the official organ and chamber conthe price of each seat was 10 s.

c military bands at Chicago were ler than those at Paris. The bands hicago averaged about 40 players; aris nearly 80, and the conductors aris were invariably excellent mus. It is an indisputable fact that military band is the chief musical tion at any Exposition. And in days of transcriptions idle as well dicious lovers of bands may be ted without being conscious of the ss into appreciation of the orral and original version.

here any better policy at an Exon than that of giving the greatossible pleasure to the greatest er?

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Pugno, the eminent pianist, who at the first Symphony concert, warm admirer of Claude sy, the composer of "Pélléas et nde." He was talking about the lty of producing the work and ppened to mention the arrangeof the score for voice and piano. a musician, and I read with but I assure you I cannot play iano part. It is enormously difAnd when I try to sing and t is impossible: I either play false false."

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amond, the Scotch pianist, threatplay five sonatas by Beethoven concert both here and in New A New York manager heard dire resolve and said: "Russell suffering from insomnia. Why his friends hire Lamond for a performance of this program?"

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erformance here of "The Queen etta" reminds me of the fact hen it was first produced (Jan. 89, at the Théâtre Libre, the part of the hero was played tor Capoul, the singer, and with nfortunate result. A Parisian rote at the time: "To each his that of Mr. Capoul is not deg verses. The attempt of this ted tenor recalled to us that of who was so elegant in 'La Dame ,' and so noble in 'Le Prophète.' t had thrilled, charmed, seduced generation, found his Waterloo ing miserably into an adventure ch he was not prepared, and he fatal blow to a drama, 'Cadio,' ing and generally exquisite address. Capoul and Roger have not been alone in their failure to act with authority in drama without music. A year or so ago Victor Maurel met with a similar fate in Paris, and Bellincioni, who appeared as Camille for a charity, is said to have fallen far below her performance of the same heroine in opera.

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A young Viennese, Adolphe Tandler, has finished a symphony which will be performed under his direction next spring. It is a long time since any important orchestral work has come from Vienna.——The 'cellist Van der Heyden is dead.——Richard Strauss will bring out at his concerts in Berlin, Bruckner's first symphony, a Fantasia by Nicodé, "Waldwanderung," by Leo Blech, Charpentier's "La vie du Poète," Mahler's "Das Klagende Lied," scenes from "Manru," and his own "Aus Italien" and the long-winded tenor aria in his "Guntram."——Busoni in his concerts of new or seldom heard orchestra works will produce pieces by Sinding, Sibelius, St. Saëns, Ropartz, Elgar, Dellus, Theophyle Ysaye, a symphonic poem by von Mihalowitsch, Liszt's second Mephisto waltz, etc.——Massenet's opera "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" was performed for the first time in Germany Sept. 25, at Hamburg, with great success.——Stefano Donaudy does not call his opera "Theodor Körner" an opera; he prefers the title, "biographical action."——An asylum for opera-composers and worn out opera-singers has been opened near St. Petersburg.——The novelties to be produced at the concerts of the Royal Orchestra, Dresden, this season, are Tschaikowsky's "Dornröschen" suite; Hans Huber's "Böcklin" symphony—the one to be played in Boston next Saturday night; Paul Dukas's scherzo "The Apprentice Sorcerer"; a ballet suite, Rameau-Gevaërt; César Franck's "Psyche"; Chabrier's "Espana"; Göhler's symphony in D minor; "Grande Symphonie funèbre et triomphale," Berlioz; Schillings's "Ein Zwiegesprach."——The tomb of Louis Brassin, the celebrated pianist, has been violated at Bruehl. The fingers of the corpse were cut off for the sake of the rings, and the clothing was torn in hope of finding articles of value.——A new play in which Beethoven and his nephew Carl figure has been written by Helnemann, a German. This is at least the third drama in which Beethoven is the hero. Schmid's "Beethoven" was played in Germany in 1862, and Müller's "Adelalde" (1874) was played here a few years ago by Mr. Bispham, Julia Opp and others.——Stephen Krehl has succeeded the late Prof. Jadassohn in the chair of composition at the Leipsic Conservatory.——Estelle Liebling, soprano, will go with Sousa on his European trip this winter.

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The Musical Courier (N. Y.) of Oct. 15 published the following editorial announcement:

"Mr. James Huneker has returned from music journalism, and after this date his contributions to the Musical Courier cease. It is with sincere regret that associations of more than 15 uninterrupted years—the better part of mature manhood—are brought to a close, but Mr. Huneker's literary aims and his desire for a long vacation and ambitions of another nature long cherished by him justify this step.

"Mr. Huneker has been a devoted member of the staff of The Musical Courier, and has impressed his strong personality with power and brilliancy upon the vast host of people who are readers of this paper; his articles, essays, reviews and criticisms have established him as one of the foremost writers on the music subject, and his versatility, his liberality, his wit and humor, as well as his authority, have been a source of unending enjoyment and study to the world of music, for the world of music read him through these columns.

"It is the sincere hope of all those who are associated with this publication that his future pursuits will prove pleasant to him, and that his sunny nature will never be clouded by one unpropitious moment, and in this, we know, all will join us to whom he has for the past 15 years addressed himself through The Musical Courier."

Mr. Huneker's brilliant articles will indeed be missed by the many readers of the Musical Courier. He has been appointed dramatic editor of the New York Sun, and he will begin his duties on Nov. 3. He is now preparing his "Life of Liszt," and he has other important musical work on hand.

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Mr. Vernon Blackburn is the author of this thoughtful article.

"In musical art, no less (in point of fact, far more) than in the art of literature, there has always been a curious tendency upon the part of certain reforming minds to set our ancestors to rights, to plant modern knowledge as a sort of crest and crown upon the work of the past, and to torture out of recognition the consummate summaries in art that have been handed down from the great minds of the world. Are we tired of the controversy on the subject of Mozart's additional accompaniments to Handel's 'Messiah'? Possibly. But the root of the matter lies far beyond this individual instance. Take, for another example, the manner in which Bach has been treated for time beyond scanning. Only the other night, at Queen's Hall, we had two accomplished young lady pianists playing the chief instrumental duet in Bach's Concerto in C major upon grand pianos that seemed to give to the music a most exaggerated inflation, which was surely very far from the composer's purpose.

"The fact of the matter is that with every development of thought and invention there are some minds to whom the question occurs, 'With our present resources could not the composer have done something better with his inspiration? It follows as a natural result that other workers, taking up the question, answer it in a practical manner by adapting the old to the new. They work in the same manner as do the pioneers of scientific exploration, who improve the old by new discoveries. But they do not perceive that, whereas scientific discovery is always a matter calling for improvement in its practical results—'In mathematics,' as a great writer has said, 'every fresh story is as solid a basis for a new superstructure as the original foundation was'—artistic matters need no such 'completions'; and the same writer has added, 'It is not easy to see that a philosopher of the present day is more favorably situated than Thales or Simonides.' In other words, just as you must leave Simonides or Thales alone to his speculations, so you must not interfere with what Macaulay called 'unprogressive arts.'

"Yet great artists themselves have not, in quite a many instances, been contented with that situation in connection with their past. In re-reading Mr. J. S. Shedlock's essay on the correspondence between Weber and the Abbé Vogler and Spontini, upon which we have before commented, but upon which it is quite worth while, in this connection, to comment again, one recalls how very curious a light is thrown upon a subject that, to our mind, is always fresh. Among the quotations there given is a letter written by Weber to a namesake at Mannheim. He writes of Vogler: 'He has improved and revised twelve chorales of Sebastian Bach, and to this work I have to furnish a comparison plan and analysis.' But Vogler was not content with his work; he did more—he publicly praised it, signing his name to the sentence, 'Maximum est emendare opus, perficere ineptum.' 'Perficere ineptum' in connection with a signed score of Bach was surely the ultimate word of impertinence.

"The volume in which this prodigy sprang into the world was, in its published form, entitled 'Twelve Chorales of Seb. Bach, arranged by Vogler, analyzed by Carl Maria v. Weber.' Weber in this stupendous analysis declares that the kind and considerate Vogler actually 'recognizes Bach as a rare great genius and marvels that he should have displayed such rich, harmonic progressions. * * * But that he exhausted the knowledge of harmony is, indeed, a bold assertion, and one which has been sufficiently refuted by Vogler.' And now poor old Vogler is as dead as mutton; and his 'improvements' mean—one wonders how little to the modern world!

"Yet Vogler had reason to think no small things of himself. He was emphatically the popular man of his day; he was followed by enthusiastic admirers; such a genius as Weber, for example, was ready to believe in his every theory, in his every artistic (or non-artistic) action. As Mr. Shedlock records: 'He played on all the great organs of Europe, and visited London in 1790, where his performances were highly appreciated; in one season he made from one thousand to twelve hundred pounds.' And yet the odd thing is that Weber had the hardihood to write: 'It is the recognized fate of great men to be ignored during their lifetime; may be to die of hunger, and after death to be extolled to heaven by hungry publishers'—a view which has been proved to be true in a thousand instances; but the thing is burlesque when Weber continues, 'So will it be in the world with Vogler.'"

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The notion of German bands for a subject in Blackwood suggests a jeremiad on street noises in the gigantic manner of John Gibson Lockhart; yet there is a paper in this month's issue which deals as genially as possible with this very subject. It is the tribute of an old Edinburgh man to a band which was famous there in the seventies, and which, after migrating to America, was disbanded in its native Germany. The writer took the trouble to hunt the conductor up when on a Rhine tour, and found him enjoying a competence, and a sunny old age in the Lauter Valley, south of Mainz. His pictures of this colony of retired musicians are exceedingly happy in their tone and expression, and his central character more than justifies his assertion that here was a thorough musician in spirit and feeling. He was not merely content, like Goldsmith's bear-leader, with playing all "the gentecles" of tunes;" he had gathered an unique collection of rare music from the early Italian masters, and a number of manuscript waltzes by men like himself, which had otherwise perished. The whole paper is a singular instance of how a wayside subject can become a thing of vital interest under the influence of sympathy and perseverance, and how a boy's enthusiasm can develop the memory and musical faculty into a passion for life. The writer may be no executant, but we disagree with his disclaimer in respect of being a musician.
——Pall Mall Gazette.

by George Sand and Paul Meurice." Capoul is still remembered here by many with pleasure for his lovemak-

The wind has torn us from the bough,
And cast us fluttering to the earth
Which brought us, in our time, to birth,
And will not scorn its offspring now.
Our strength has pass'd into the tree,
Our beauty makes the sap run free,
And leaves, dead leaves, are all men see.

The wind has torn us from the branch,
But we were joyous in our fall,
Said some, who look for death in all,
"Death strews them like an avalanche!"
For us, we sank without a sigh
And here unlamentedly lie,
One with the heart that cannot die.

Dull may the months be as they pass,
And tread us down into the mould;
Yet we shall sleep nor suffer cold,
Until the fairy blades of grass,
Primroses and unculling fern,
Pierce through us, moving in their turn
With all the life that made us yearn.

It seems that in the choice of coal arbitrators there was dispute concerning the exact nature of a sociologist. We are surprised that President Roosevelt did not consult our friend and colleague, the Earnest Student of Sociology.

We read in a book the other day that coal, "this useful and necessary mineral," was first discovered near Newcastle in the year 1234; but we also read that "these invaluable black diamonds, called coals," were known to the primeval Britons, who called the fuel "Glo," and to those fine fellows the ancient Greeks, as "lithanthrax," so we are not inclined to be mulish in assertion.

Stowe says coal was first used in London, in the reign of Edward I., and the smoke was supposed to corrupt the air so much that the King forbade by proclamation the use of the fuel. And so in a petition of brewers to Queen Elizabeth we find this sentence: "Herscaife greatley greved and anoyed with the taste and smoke of the sea cooles." But Franklin said in 1785: "The inhabitants of London have had no general pestilential disorder since the general use of coals."

We were asked the other day whether "cannel coal" means "channel coal." It is probable that "cannel" is here a corruption of "candle," and various reasons are given for the use of the word: "the manufacturers use no candle, but work by the light of their coal fire" (1734); "It is found chiefly in Lancashire, its proper name is Candle Coal, as it burns like a Candle, but Candles in that shire are called Cannels" (1796); "so called from the enunciation of the word candle, in Scotland and the north of England, because its flame is clear and pure, like that of a candle" (1811); "having been used to light the men at their work, and serving as candle, it became by corruption 'Cannel' coal" (1836); "so called because it burns without smoke like a candle" (1875).

But there was a word—it is now obsolete—"cannel" for "channel," as well as "gutter," "surface water course in a street or by a road"; and Lister in 1669 and Whatley in 1751 used the spelling "channel-coal."

Did Lady Henry Somerset describe the squirrels in Central Park, New York, as "cute little things?" So she was reported. Her countrywomen would shudder at such an Americanism in Lady Henry's aristocratic mouth, for "cute" with her meaning is in the Oxford English Dictionary as a term used colloquially in the United States and in schoolboy slang, though the term "cute"—keen-witted, acute—is allowed to be good English. Perhaps Lady Henry thus deliberately paid a graceful tribute to the American people.

Part Q, the beginning of Vol. VIII. of this same Dictionary, is just out, and we are glad to see that the preferred pronunciation of "quandary" is with the accent on the second syllable and not on the first. Why did Dr. Johnson describe the word itself as "low"?

A young woman killed herself in New York and left this note: "I loved Ben; I lived for him; I died for him." Like Thekla, she had lived and loved. Another note was addressed to Benjamin Winterbottom. Was Benjamin, like Silas Winterbottom in a short story published some years ago, "a cold, stern man"?

Boston, Oct. 16, 1902.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

Lord Dundreary was continually running up against propositions of a kind which "No f-feller can find out-out."

Here is one which puzzles me. Why do women go through so many motions to pay a fare on the L road? I have noticed the operation for years and it is almost always this. She unfastens some kind of a reticule or bag, takes out a purse, fastens the reticule, unfastens the purse, selects a coin, fastens the purse, hands the coin to the conductor, receives the

change, unfastens the purse, puts the change in it, fastens the purse again, unfastens the reticule, puts the purse into it and again fastens it, and heaves a sigh of relief. Occasionally there is an additional ceremony of removing and replacing a glove. How gratifying this is to a man in line behind a lot of women, each to pass through those wretched turnstiles and anxious to catch a train, can be imagined. One longs for the issue of your Dictionary of Cusswords.

F. A. H.

And merely to show that the world is full of wonders we publish the following letter:

Cambridge, Oct. 15, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Why shouldn't Theodore Roosevelt be the boss cow-boy? His mother was a Bullock.

J. OXBRIDGE.

Medfield, Mass., Oct. 14, 1902.

Editor Talk of the Day:

The recent paragraph in your column concerning the odorous resemblance between the long-distance skunk and Parma violets as nosed at the South Station seems to me rather strong. The smell may be caused by a mix-up of Parma violets and Nasturtium. The two together create a disturbance in the olfactory organ.

The other day my wife sent me to the florist for a rare plant of some kind to decorate the bay window. I unfortunately selected a potted Nasturtium, my idea of a rare plant. When she saw it she said, "Do you call that a rare plant?" I said, "I do." "Well, I won't have the nasty thing in the house. I had rather smell a skunk any time;" and she muffled her nose with her lace handkerchief. I silently took the rare plant under my arm and went out into the orchard and buried it under a golden russet apple-tree. No more rare plants for me or my wife.

FAIRFAX.

Apropos of our inquiry into the nature and the effect of certain perfumes, Zola once said to a friend: "I use my acute sense of smell as a reminder of places and scenes, and when I have once seen a thing or received an impression I have only to smell the same odors as at that time—or even in certain cases recall the odors in my imagination—to have the whole scene at once under my eyes, no matter how many years have passed."

Zola was a fanatic on the subject of smells, and there are curious illustrative passages in his "La Curée," "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret," "L'Assomoir," "Nana," "Pot Bouille," "La Terre" and even in "Le Rêve," so that Leopold Bernard wrote a pamphlet entitled "Les odeurs dans les romans de Zola" (Montpellier, 1889.)

Playgoers recall the use of a perfume for dramatic purposes in "Diplomacy."

Oct. 21. 1902

The Framingham Gazette published on Oct. 17th a poem remarkable for its Wordsworthian simplicity and pathos. We regret deeply that we cannot publish it as a whole; but a few excerpts will give to the sensitive reader some idea of its flavor.

Where the Erie Canal, with its sluggish stream,
Flows lazily on with its ribbon-like gleam,
A little low cottage on the tow-path side,
An acre of garden—then woods far and wide.

Just east of the house an embankment was made,
A culvert, and brook with its noisy tirade;
Beyond that there arose a small sandy knoll:
Which gives an idea of the place as a whole.

I dwelt in that cottage some two years or more,
And sold "truck" on the boats that passed by the door;
And though far removed from all tumult and strife,
I never quite fancied that kind of a life.

A boat loaded with Germans came along one hot day in summer. "One of their maidens had sickened and died" and they buried her there.

"Twas not a rude box that inclosed her fair form
Her robes were the garments she'd usually worn;
Her features, though pale, were exceedingly fair,
Though partly concealed by her rich auburn hair.

* * * * *

No stone marked the spot where they laid her to rest
Afar from the kindred her soul had loved best:
But when the Archangel shall call the last roll,
There'll be a response from that low sandy knoll.

Again, a Macedonian cry. There is warrant for it in Scripture.

A cook and a waiter fought in a Morris Park three-track restaurant over a question of jam. The waiter, who stood of sweets, begged the cook to let him peep into the jam-closet, to take just one look. "No, sirree," said the cook. "orders is orders; no colored man goes into that preserve closet." Then they clinched, and, incidentally, there was a knowing employment of a club. Do not call the cause of the row a trifling matter. Jam is one of the few things that reconcile the thoughtful to life. We could spend an hour every morning over blackberry-jam and hot buttered toast.

Mr. Johnson has not yet left his summer cottage. On Friday of last week one of the Selectmen of the town called on him and after allowing that it was fine weather asked if he were not going to town soon. "You see, we don't want to hurry you, but you are the last of the city-folks down here, and some of the boys think it is about time for them to be wearing their old clothes and to be enjoying the winter rest."

A Yale man was one of a party of sightseers in the far West. In college he was a member of the Glee Club and was famous for his yodel, which was fearless and ear-piercing. At concerts and in irreproachable evening-dress, he would first state that he was a merry Switzer or an equally joyful lad of the Tyrol, and then he would let forth a yodel until he was black in the face, while young ladies and his relatives nearly swooned in ecstasy. A classmate in the party remembered this accomplishment, and when it was reported that the guide was from Switzerland, the classmate said one night as they were smoking about the camp-fire, "Bill, give us a yodel as you did in '76. The guide will appreciate it." Bill yodeled with a strength and brilliance never surpassed at any concert or on the fence. After the air was again at rest and frightened animals afar off had plucked up courage, the classmate said to Pfeffer, the guide: "Doesn't that make you homesick?" "No," answered the genuine Switzer, "only sick."

According to Dr. Robert Brown, consumption, which is decreasing in other lands, is increasing in Ireland. He assigns the cause to indifference to cleanliness and ventilation. And in this respect things are now worse than they used to be, for the old rude houses admitted air through cracks, while these are now plastered over and windows are fastened and kept shut. Dr. Brown condemns the prevailing diet as unwholesome. It consists of wheaten bread, stewed tea that is put down four or five times a day, and skim milk. It is easy to condemn a diet; it is not always easy, it is sometimes impossible, to substitute more healthful food.

Look at the case of the two Knowlton sisters. Margaret, during her century rides, took only coffee and pie. Sadie would eat steak and enough for two average eaters, and "local sentiment" has been with her. Neither, it appears, is a vegetarian, so the old question is not settled by the fact that Margaret fainted. If Margaret had soaked doughnuts in her coffee she might have lasted longer. Doughnuts give strength and endurance. But was the pie "kivered" or "unkivered"? The "unkivered" brand is only of half strength.

The London Telegraph says that "Mrs. Willoughby's kiss comes perilously near being a good play." Woman, married or single, should kiss not in play, but in earnest. Any kiss worth giving or receiving is a serious matter. It is a pity that any British matron should thus be flippant.

Oct. 22 1902

Mrs. Martin wishes the Midway at the World's Fair, St. Louis, to be regulated. She should not be disquieted in soul. Centuries ago the ancient Roman said: "In medio tutissimus ibis"; you will go most safely in the Midway."

We cannot refrain from sympathy with Mad Mullah. He brings to mind that hero of our boyhood, Mad Mike, the Death Shot.

Mr. Horatio G. Sickle, the night clerk of the New Amsterdam Hotel, New York, sought the pure air at 3 A. M., and that he might breathe it more freely, he took with him between $1000 and $2000 from the safe. And in his preparations he showed himself a gentleman, for he recently urged a raise in salary, which was granted. Thus did he prevent the customary remark: "How can you expect a man to be honest on a wretched salary and without hope of an increase?" Could any manager with a heart prosecute such a thoughtful person?

Gleasondale, Oct. 20, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Your remarks about perfumes remind me of a passage in an old book, Plesse's "Art of Perfumery." There is, as it were, an octave of odors like an octave in music. Certain odors blend in unison like the notes of an instrument. For instance, almond, heliotrope, vanilla, and orange blossom blend together, each producing different degrees of a nearly similar impression. Again we have citron, lemon, verbena, and orange peel, forming a higher octave of smells, which blend in a similar manner. The figure is completed by what are called semi-odors, such as rose and rose geranium, for the half-note; petty-gain, the note; neroly, a black key or half-note; followed by fleur d'orange, a full note. Then we have patchouly, sandal wood and vitivert, with many others running into each other."

HAROLD JONES.

Some persons are as sensitive in matters of color as in matters of odor. Thus we read that Parnell could not endure green and thought that all the woes of Ireland were due to her adoption of green as a national emblem. We know a man in Boston who is mad in his devotion to yellow. His rooms, his cravats, show his taste. And he even sits up of nights and applies strong and rebellious liquors to his liver that his face may be as a yellow mask.

May not extreme sensitiveness to color be a symptom of disease? Mr. Boyle's book contains an instance that might lead us to think this. "An excellent and very discreet person was relating to me that some time since whilst she was talking with some other ladies, upon a sudden all the objects she looked upon appeared to her dyed with unusual colors, some of one kind, and some of another, but all so bright and vivid, that she should have been as much delighted as surprised with them; but that finding the apparition to continue, she feared it portended some very great alteration as to her health; as indeed the day after she was assaulted with such violence by hysterical and hypochondriacal distempers, as both made her rave for some days, and gave her during that time, a bastard palsey."

The thunder storm in New Hampshire calls the old weather saw: "When it freezes and snows in October, January will bring mild weather; but if it is thundering and heat lightning, the weather will resemble April in temper." An October thunder storm is not so much to be dreaded as one October house fly, belated but industrious.

The bear is not yet thoroughly understood and appreciated, even in Vermont—the State that paid its debts in gold during the Civil War. Mr. Jason Elliott, "the Hoosic bee-hunter," who ran for his life near Glastonbury, should know that the bears were not there simply for honey. Let us consult Mr. Edward Topsel, who wrote so learnedly in 1658, although he did help himself with both hands from Conradus Gesner:

"A bear is much subject to blindness of the eyes, and for that cause they desire the Hives of Bees, not only for the Honey, but by the stinging of the Bees their eyes are cured."

Query: Can an intelligent bear distinguish between honey and the article served under that name at Swiss inns? It would be easy to try the experiment at Berne.

Do not despise the bear. "If the blood or grease of a Bear be set under a bed, it will draw unto it all the fleas, and so kill them by cleaving thereunto."

It is said that Miss Adelaide Norwood, the truly dramatic soprano of Mr. Savage's opera company, once blew a cornet at Nantasket Beach. Hence, possibly, the length and ease of her phrasing. Riese, for years an ornament of the Dresden Opera House, was at the beginning of his career a trombone player. His voice was of marvelous beauty and he was one of the very few German tenors that knew how to sing, but he was short and fat, almost grotesque in romantic or heroic part. Furthermore, Miss Norwood never "studied abroad." The general excellence of her vocal art persuades one easily that she also never took lessons from a teacher who advertises "the only true Italian method." Now the name of this teacher is Legion.

They say that Musolini, the once popular brigand, who is now in prison, is dying from frequent attacks of madness. This is not surprising, for the Italian prison has no telephone in each cell, nor is it a sanitarium. Madness is a common complaint among Italian prisoners sentenced for life. Yet there was a report not long ago that "Italy in a quiet manner has just introduced a new reform in its prison system—to wit, the abolition of the chain. The 'chain to the feet' will soon be like the 'cord at the neck,' merely a bad dream to be written about and shuddered at. Of the methods of tyranny and barbarism the chain is the last remnant; all those instruments which in times past made prison a martyrdom, or the penitentiary a surgeon's inferne, have, for some time, been legends which will never again become reality." So wrote at his ease the Roman correspondent of a London journal. It would be interesting to hear Musolini's views on the subject.

But there has been no doubt an improvement in another long established institution—the Roman climate. Prince Colonna, the Mayor, says that the Eternal City "represents a just medium" in climate between the North and the South, and that the strong summer wind at noon comes direct from the sea. "The ancient prejudice that the wind carries the fever has completely vanished, so much so that every year finds a greater number of foreigners in Rome, while even the Romans—creatures of habit—have begun to find that they are more comfortable in the city than in the country. However, a clear distinction must be made between the city and the Compagna Romana. In the former the malaria mosquito is unknown, while in the latter, unfortunately, it still exists, but a little only bites in the evening there is little danger to the tourist." The Prince is a great and good Mayor.

Never attempt to read any author's Diary with the expectation of finding nothing but reflections on literature, agreeable gossip, or a still more agreeable revelation of vanity. We opened at random the Diary of Mr. Thomas Holcroft, the playwright, and found this note: June 22nd 179[illegible]: Called on Mr. Armstrong, relative to my disease; advises me to take oil of almonds and rhubarb."

Oct. 23. 1902

Whereas envy of all things most exposes us to danger from others, so contempt of all things best secures us from them.

We read with extraordinary interest the following advertisement:

DO YOU WEAR A SHIRT?

You wear a shirt and you wish to save laundry expense, which you can do by wearing one of our Combination Shirt Bosoms consisting of 10 reversible, detachable and interchangeable double shirt fronts, each having a different design of bosom on each side, making 20 complete bosoms of stylish patterns, imprinted in different colored cloth effects highly finished. The designs vary from neat and dressy stripes, checks and figures to snowy white full dress, with a few extremely gorgeous effects. CHANGE SHIRTS ANYWHERE IN ONE SECOND. To make lightning changes simply reach up underneath the vest, take the lower end of the outside boson: between the thumb and forefinger, give a quick jerk downward, and you stand revealed to the astonished beholder in a fresh clean, and entirely different shirt."

Such an arrangement will commend itself at once to every thoughtful person. It is true that no one except a Southern statesman now exposes the full glory of a starched shirt in the day-time, but as Society is extending its boundaries—at least we infer that from the society columns in the newspapers—more and more men are in need of immaculate shirt fronts.

At a dinner party no man, however carefully trained, whether he learned etiquette by his mother's knee or later in life at a night-school, can eat a thick soup without inward trepidation and uneasy downward glances. The combination of black-bean soup and a moustache is especially to be dreaded. Nor can a man in the heat of general discussion, or to illustrate a point to his fair neighbor, gesture with knife or fork or spoon without risk of soiling his shirt. But with this Combination Shirt Bosom, he can eat with complete abandon, gesture with the exuberance of an Italian playactor, be himself and at ease. Furthermore, by this quick movement of the thumb as though he were pulling a stale date from a calendar or hauling down a shade, he may appear in a shirt of still more striking pattern and complete a conquest that he had begun.

Perhaps the wearer is a rounder, one that dines at some good man's expense, then goes the rounds of various theaters and finally attends a ball at the North End. At the dinner he is dignified and irreproachable in shirt of simple elegance, and if he is obliged to make a change between some sparkling epigram or some profound remark on economics, presto, he is again arrayed in the simplicity of a gentleman.

Later in the evening he may be

nore and more gorgeous or violent in
nirt front, as he goes from tavern
1 tavern. And at the ball he creates
sensation and is invited to quaff wines

costly vintage by flashing before the
triots a shirt front ornamented with
allan flags.

You will see on reflection that there
no end of possible and pleasing com-
nations. A man thus equipped is pre-
red for any emergency, even for life
a town where soft coal is the prevail-
g fuel; and we note that this admira-
e garment is sold and was no doubt
vented in Pittsburgh. How superior
a man clad in such a garment to the
ost dashing cavalier in a shirt of
ail!

We are still at work on our original
djustable and Barometrical Under-
othes, which, in unexpected warm
eather, will, by a touch on a button,
come light-weight, and by a touch
sume the necessary thickness on the
proach of the east wind. But there
some apparently insuperable obsta-
to the perfection, and we have al-
ady made application for admission
the Home for Inventors "who have
en overcome by the weight of years
d by poverty," also by constant
ought on the problem of perpetual
otion; the home to be established in
nal Street, West Medford.

Mr. Loubet may well be flattered. No
resident in a Latin republic is worth
s salt or is doing anything for his
ople unless there are attempts to take
ay his life.

Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan burst in-
tears as he sat on a stool in front
a pie stand in New York, and ex-
imed: "For the first time in me
g an' hons' career I filled me skin
th seltzer on me birthday, and look,
at it has did for John L." Not long
o "the Only William," one of the true
naments of New York, stated public-
that the high ball is peculiarly per-
ious because the charged water sends
e whisky from the stomach to the
ad. We remonstrated lately with a
ember of the Porphyry for his passion
high balls and quoted the opinion
"the Only William," as the opinion
a court of last resort. "But there's
ere I want to send it," answered the
etched man.

'Greville Walpole, LL. D.," com-
ined to the Pall Mall Gazette about
e bad language heard in the streets
London. "I should be pleased to
n others in considering the best
eans of at least abating this foul
ot on the character of the lower or-
rs." So only the "lower orders" use
cking language. Peers and the sons
noble men are free from this re-
oach. Noblesse oblige! We fear that
r. Walpole, in spite of the fact that
is an LL. D., will not do as even
contributor to the great "Dictionary
Profanity and Curse Lore."

Cambridge, Oct. 21, 1902.

litor of Talk of the Day:

Let me add to your paragraphs on
rfumes and odors an extract found in
non Arnoulx's book on "Paradise
d its Marvels," published at Rouen in
5.

"The nostrils will also share in the
ppiness prepared for the whole body.
r, in the first place, the body of
ch one of the just will be exceeding-
odoriferous, as a vase when it is
led with beautiful roses, pinks and
her flowers and herbs, of ambergris,
usk and other aromatic odors * * *
d to this we add the sweet smell of
e empyrean heaven charged with the
vine odor, which is like cinnamon.
ch is the smell that comes from so
ny millions of happy bodies who
ell good both far off and near, from
e end of heaven to the other. O
at an hour!"

LUCIEN B. HENDERSON.

There was a prophecy of the modern
hletic girl written in the first half
the 19th century. The lines should
committed to memory by all little
ls of prudent parents and recited be-
re going to bed and at breakfast:

Miss Agnes had two or three dolls, and
a box
hold all their bonnets and puppets and
frocks·
a red leather thread case that snapp'd
when it shut,
e had needles to sew with and scissors to
cut;
t Agnes lik'd better to play with rude
boys,
an to work with her needle, or play with
her toys;
ung ladies should always appear neat and
clean,
t Agnes was seldom dress'd fit to be seen.
saw her one morning attempting to throw
very large stone, when it fell on her toe,"
etc., etc.

Some of the leading critics in New
York intimate that the new musical
comedy "Tommy Rot," produced at a
new, exclusive and fashionable theatre,
is rightly named. The piece should be
taken to Newport next summer. They'll
like it there.

Oct. 24, 1902

And Beauty draws us with a single hair.

We mourn the death of Annie Jones,
the bearded woman, familiarly known
as "Jonesy," but distinguished in law
as Mrs. William Donovan. Even before
she was a year old she was a favorite
of Fame in the bodily shape of Mr.
Phineas T. Barnum, and Annie was
gaped at and admired as "The Infant
Esau." Honors tumbled over each other
in their zeal to crown her. A phrenolo-
gist kidnapped her; artists painted her;
Emperors and Kings and Princes gave
her souvenirs; an unhappy first mar-
riage gave her theatrical distinction;
and at the zenith of her fame she was
earning $500 a week. Then Death, im-
patient, claimed her. She was 37 years
old when she left the show of this
world.

The account of her career confirmed
a belief that had been shaken of late and
was beginning to assume the form of a
delusion. In our youth we believed in
the existence of bearded women, or, to
speak by the show-bill, Bearded Ladies,
as we believed in Casabianca, William
Tell, the boy that jumped into the
harbor of Mahon and other heroes. Our
heroes were taken from us by learned
men with their scientific processes of
investigation, and when we were told
by persons "who knew" that Bearded
Ladies were nothing but men with soft
voices and winning ways, the world
seemed empty and the sky without
hope.

We read of Brizida de Penheranda,
who lived in a town called Penheranda,
which is 30 miles from Madrid, the
King of Spain's court. She was aged
60 years; and she had a beard from her
youth, which she suffered to grow, so
that in her age it reached down to the
pit of her stomach. Zacutus, known
as Lusitanus, a physician of Portugal,
wrote concerning her: "My ancestors,
who were persons worthy of credit,
have seen this woman; and I myself
have seen her picture." But Zacutus
died in 1642, and this was all so long
ago.

Nor were we comforted by passages
in J. A. Dulaure's "Pegonologie," a
philosophical history of the beard (Con-
stantinople and Paris, 1786). "That wo-
men with chin beards have existed is
one of the errors shown daily by Na-
ture; that women have worn artificial
beards to be mistaken for men is the
effect of circumstances; that some have
appeared whose character seconded by
Nature made them consider a long
beard to be a phenomenon honorable to
their sex, would seem today rather ex-
traordinary; but that the ardor of domi-
nation led women to employ means of
growing a chin-beard and by this usur-
pation to dispute with man the symbol
of his sovereignty, and that the Laws
have stepped in to check this disorder—
this would appear incredible if authen-
tic testimony did not banish doubt."

Cicero tells of a law taken from the
Twelve Tables, which forbade a wo-
man to shave her cheeks: "Muliere
genas ne radunto" (de Legibus, Boo
II.). Venus of Cyprus was represented
with a thick chin-beard. Bartel
Graetje, a charming Swiss woman of
25 years, had a most voluminous beard,
as shown by her portrait, painted in
1587 and shown at Stuttgart. A dancer
of astonishing grace at Venice in 1726
had a black and bushy beard. There
was a female Grenadier in the army
of Charles XII. who was presented to
the Tsar in 1724; her beard was an ell
and a half long, Russian measure.
Margaret, Governor of the Netherlands,
had a stiff and long beard; she gloried
in it and thought it gave her a majes-
tic appearance. But all these women
lived so long ago and long ago did the
dust soil their pride and ornament. The
career of Annie Jones re-establishes
our old belief.

The first marriage of Annie Jones, or
Jonesy, was "unhappy." Was her hus-
band envious? The wife may never
have taunted him with her natural
gift; but there was the beard itself, a
silent reproach to male inferiority, al-
so a convenient handle for abuse and
injury. And yet by compliment and
gentle caress the days would have
gone by as happily as those of Thalaba.

How is it in the Museum? Does the
Circassian Girl look down on or up to
the Bearded Lady? Does the India
Rubber Man despise his ossified col-
league or envy the Living Skeleton?
We know that the Dwarf thinks himself
far above the Giant; for this is seen in
daily life outside the Museum.

We have never had the pleasure of
knowing a Bearded Lady. We should
like to learn her views on literature,
art, the drama, problems of sociology
and domestic economy; but our con-
stant consideration of exhausting men-
tal problems obliges us to lead a se-
cluded life. It is a pity that "Jonesy"
left no memoirs, no diary, no revela-
tion of her inner self, even in manu-
script. Thus is the Earnest Student of
Sociology deprived of a most important
human document.

So La Soufrière volcano on the island
of St. Vincent is at it again. In the
old accounts of the eruption on April
30, 1812, the volcano is called the Souf-
frier mountain, and these accounts, by
the way, were, to use a Western phrase,
able and eloquent. Here are proofs of
our assertion:

"Such was the majestic, peaceful
Souffrier on April the 27th, but we trod
on 'ignem repositum cineri doloso' and
our imaginary safety was soon to be
confounded by the sudden danger of
devastation.

"It was evident that the crisis was
as yet to come, that the burning fluid
was struggling for a vent, and laboring
to throw off the superincumbent strata
and obstructions, which suppressed the
ignivomous torrent."

This convulsion of nature gave rise
to phenomena in the island of Barba-
does. A young woman described them
in a letter to her mother: "We could
not see each other, and were almost
blinded by the dust which fell, not as
if driven by the wind, but in heavy
showers. There was not the least
breath of wind. The darkness seemed
to increase. The church was now
lighted, and the bell rang for prayers.
Mr. —— borrowed from our next door
neighbor the younger Pliny's descrip-
tion of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius,
and read it." Mr. —— and his hearers
were not lacking in nerve. It was as
though a ship were on the breakers
and the captain should insist on read-
ing the more dramatic chapters of
"The Wreck of the Grosvenor."

President Hall said the other day at
Plymouth that the electric light and
the pianola did not necessarily insure
civilization. We think he is mistaken
concerning the pianola, for it will prob-
ably at last drive out pianists from the
concert field. The electric light is by
no means an unmixed blessing. Dark
corners are still darker for night birds-
of-prey. The light itself is without
solace or reassurance. Whenever we
see one we remember the words of
Robert Louis Stevenson: "In Paris at
the mouth of the Passage des Princes,
in the place before the Opera portico,
and in the Rue Drouot at the Figaro
office, a new sort of urban star now
shines out nightly, horrible, unearthly,
obnoxious to the human eye; a lamp
for a nightmare! Such a light as this
should shine only on murders and pub-
lic crime or along the corridors of luna-
tic asylums, a horror to heighten hor-
ror. * * * Here we have the levin
brand at our doors, and it is proposed
that we should henceforth take our
walks abroad in the glare of permanent
lightning. A man need not be very
superstitious if he scruple to follow
his pleasures by the light of the Terror
that Flieth, nor very epicurean if he
prefer to see the face of beauty more
becomingly displayed."

Oct. 25, 1902

## A NEW SYMPHONY.

### Hans Huber's Translation of Pictures by Arnold Boecklin Into Music—Miss Elsa Ruegger, an Admirable 'Cellist, Plays a Sorry Concerto by Rubinstein.

The program of the second Concert
of the Boston Symphony Orchestra,
Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

"Roman Carnival".....Berlioz
Concerto No. 2 in D minor for 'cello
Rubinstein
"Omphale's Spinning-Wheel"....Saint-Saëns
Symphony No. 2 in E minor.....Hans Huber

Hans Huber is at the head of a music
school in Bâle, where he was born in
1852. His first symphony is entitled
"William Tell," and his second is a
eulogy in music of Arnold Boecklin,
the painter, who, born at Bâle, knew,
like Ulysses, many towns, and spent
his later years in his villa at or near
Florence, where he died.

The first three movements are sup-
posed by ardent analysts and pam-
phleteers to describe Boecklin's charac-
ter as an artist. The Finale is com-
posed of a short introduction and a
theme and variations. Each of these
variations was suggested by a picture,
and the title of the picture is prefixed
to each variation in the score. The
symphony was performed for the first
time on July 2, 1900, at a Festival of the
Society of Swiss Musicians, held at
Zurich.

Boecklin was a painter of bold and
daring imagination and he was a
gorgeous colorist. He is probably best
known to the world at large by his
"Fields of the Blessed" and "Island
of the Dead"; but the huge album of
his works, in three volumes, would at-
tract even the most indifferent visitor
at the Public Library. His genius was
fantastical. His subjects are often al-
most incredible; his treatment of them
is audacious; yet where a man of
talent would be only grotesque,
Boecklin is impressive. You accept his
strange women-of-the-sea, his Centaur
at the blacksmith's, his Tritons,
Nereids, and still stranger shapes that
are half-beast, half-human. The old
Grecian mythology was as real to the
painter as were the scenes of blood-
shed and terror he saw in the streets
of Paris as a student. He painted the
mysteries of plain, mountain and
ocean, Prometheus bound to Caucasus
and the Sleeping Diana watched by
satyrs, Pan fishing for sea-nymphs,
sporting nymphs. At times he was
frankly symbolical, as in "The Spirit
of Adventure"; "War"; but, as a rule,
symbolism lurks, and dares not pro-
trude.

And now comes Huber with his
translation of Boecklin into music. He
is not the first to write music sug-
gested by pictures or music that at-
tempts to preserve the spirit or the
mood of a painting. Liszt was before
him, and Liszt had a habit of antici-
pating many, even men of today.

But Huber and Boecklin! The in-
dustrious teacher and maker of music
and the man of wild fancy and flaming
imagination. No. Huber is not the man
for this unnecessary task. For origi-
nality and individuality were also
strong characteristics of Boecklin.

The symphony is well-made and Hu-
ber is evidently a sound and thoroughly
grounded musician with no little flu-
ency of expression, but the music is
neither individual nor imaginative. The
themes are not striking, and the sec-
ond theme of the first movement, the
theme announced first by the oboe, is
decidedly Brahmsian. There are
other passages which in melodic and
rythmical structure recall Brahms.
The Scherzo is at times entertaining;
it is not distinguished. Portions of the
Adagio are most agreeably sonorous,
but the musical thought is rather com-
monplace. It may here be said that
the symphony as a whole is effectively
scored.

The Finale shows plainly inherent
lack of imagination, and here the
musician puts himself boldly in com-
parison with the painter. It is not ne-
cessary to ask the old question which
foes of program-music delight in put-
ting: "If there were no specific titles,
only the headline 'Suggested by pictures
by Boecklin,' could any one thoroughly
acquainted with the pictures identify
each of the nine?" The violin solo and
the organ would probably suggest the
hermit fiddling before the Madonna,
and the last variation, a Bacchanale.
But Huber has given the titles, and
the question is this: "Is the mood of
each picture reproduced?" Here, of
course, the double personal equation en-
ters in; the individuality of the com-
poser and that of the hearer. To me
not one variation suggested the accom-
panying picture. How trivial the musi-
cal agony of Prometheus in compari-
son with that giant figure, bound yet
still defiant, on the rocky mount? And
the Elysian Fields? This dance-tune
might pass in the Elysian Fields of
Paris, but Gluck with simplest means
caught the classic spirit of that serene
enjoyment which eludes the Swiss or is
not understood by him. And "Night"?
And "The Silence of the Oceans"? As
the famous reviewer once remarked:
"This will never do."

* * *

Miss Ruegger played admirably, nor
was she disconcerted by the breaking
of a string. Her tone was beautiful and
pure; her technic, wholly adequate;
her sentiment unimpeachable; her
bravura, accurate and brilliant. But
no wonder that the concerto is seldom
played. It is sorry music, another in-
stance of the weakness of a wonderful
pianist who had the mania of composi-
tion.

It is always a pleasure to hear the
overture of Berlioz and the symphonic-
poem of Saint Saëns. How fresh, how
modern the overture seems, and yet it
was written nearly 60 years ago. And
the symphonic-poem is a masterpiece
with its daintiness and elegance, with
its spirit of exquisite irony.

The performance of the orchestra was
of a high order of excellence, although
in the trio of the scherzo there was
momentary unsteadiness. I doubt if
this symphony ever sounded as well as
it did last night. Nor should Mr.
Longy's playing of Omphale's mocking
solo be passed by without grateful
recognition.

*Philip Hale.*

WE know in Boston the composer
Mascagni by his "Cavalleria Rus-
ticana." It is true his "L'Amico
Fritz" was performed here on
April 25, 1893, by the Hinrichs company,
but the opera was poorly sung and
made no lasting impression, although
we had a lurking suspicion at the time
that the music was better than it
sounded.

Now he comes here with his own
company, and he purposes to produce
"Zanetto," "William Ratcliff" and
"Iris." A short account of these operas
is therefore pertinent.

The cast of the operas to be per-
formed on Monday night, Nov. 3, will be
as follows:

ZANETTO.

Silvia .....Elena Bianchini-Capelli
Zanetto .....Eugenia Mantelli

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA.

| | |
|---|---|
| Santuzza | Amelia Pinto |
| Lola | Eugenia Mantelli |
| Turriddu | Pietro Schiavazzi |
| Alfio | Virgilio Bellatti |
| Mama Lucia | Josephine del Parto |

"Zanetto," an opera in one act, book founded by Targioni-Tozzetti on the comedy "Le Passant," by Francois Coppée, was produced on March 2, 1896, at the little theatre of the Music Lyceum of Pesaro, of which Mascagni was director. The next performance was on the 18th of the month, at the Scala, Milan. The parts of Silvia and Zanetto were taken on each occasion by Mmes. Pizzagalli and Collamarina. There was some sort of a performance of it at the Astoria, New York, on Jan. 4, 1898, when Mrs. Challa and Miss Verlet wore tho singers. Mascagni produced it in New York on Oct. 8, 1902.

The story of Coppée's one act comedy is a simple one. Silvia, a sumptuous woman of the Italian renaissance, a sister of the beautiful Imperia, Floria, Magdala of the Tower, and other noble and illustrious dames, is at her pleasure-house near Florence. It is night, and she, in the cool of the moonlit night meditates, as she leans on the bar of the carved railing of the terrace. She curses love, because she cannot weep. She is bored unutterably. Neither the Tuscan adventurer who wishes to load her with his booty, nor the grave official, nor any perfumed gallant can distract her. She despises, she hates all men. A voice is heard singing in the distance. The youth Zanetto approaches with his guitar. He is poorly clad, and weary; and, without seeing Silvia, he stretches himself on a bench to pass the night under the stars. She pities him, and at last awakens him, questions him concerning his life and offers him food and drink and lodging. He tells her that he is a wandering musician, that he earns a little money or food and shelter by his song, that his whole life has been a wandering, that his heart is free and light. Silvia to her consternation and delight feels for once the dawn of genuine love; but she will spare him. He offers to join her household, to sing to her when she is tired or restless. No, she will not have it; she says that she is poor, a widow—in mourning; it is better for him to seek some great lady who could treat in worthy manner poets and musicians. Zanetto then tells her that he had thought of visiting such a woman, a woman named Silvia, of wondrous beauty and royal hospitality: at her house he might live as one of her servants. Silvia warns him against her; she would not have his chaste soul tarnished; she describes the wild life at this woman's palace; "go on your eternal wandering, and if in some village you see a pure and humble girl at work on the threshold of her cottage, there abide and live the long calm days of a reaper; you will there, my friend, find happiness." Zanetto pleads in vain. He begs some favor, and Silvia gives him a ring, which he refuses on account of its extravagant value. He asks instead for a flower, not alms, and Silvia gives him the sad flower that is dying in her dark hair. "Alas! take it. Before day dawns this rose will be withered in your hand, but I wish that its death recalls to you my command, and when it is dead, forget me." She shows him the road that leads away from Florence, and after he has left her, she buries her head in her hands and bursts into tears: "Blessed be love! I can still weep!"

Coppée's comedy was first performed at the Odéon, Paris, on Jan. 14, 1869, with Miss Agar as Silvia and Sarah Bernhardt as Zanetto.

* * *

The story of "William Ratcliff" was told by Mascagni himself some nine years ago to a friend in London:

"The work, though fourth in order of production, is first in order of conception. When Mascagni came to Milan, [illegible] an aspirant pupil to the local conservatoire of music, he fell in with [illegible] known set of poets, painters, [illegible] musicians, etc., all are famous to-day—in their country, at least—[illegible] off, but at the time we speak [illegible] ideas were more plentiful with the cenacolo than the dirty bits of paper which Italians call fondly money. And so Mascagni and his friends fed a good deal on dreams, poetical dissertations, and dim fancies of glories to come. Now and then somebody did a little work, and that was forthwith pronounced a masterpiece. Mascagni had already a good stock of songs and dances to his credit, but as he was telling others, "Why don't you write a tragedy; why don't you tackle marble instead of wax?" etc., so he was asked often, "Why don't you write an opera?" "Give me a libretto, and I shall write one," would he answer. One day the poet Fontana told him the story of William Ratcliff, as imagined by Heine. Here was the subject all ready, and in his impatience to begin a great work, Mascagni would not wait until the story could be turned into a regular book, but began on the translation of Maffei in blank verse, and set the whole novel to music. Not at once, nor did he begin at the beginning; a love duet, and an intermezzo were the first pages composed and ready before even the examinations for the Conservatoire. No amount of work there and no amount of persuasion from his methodical teachers could prevent Mascagni from adding now and then a page to the work begun. At last, tired of the discipline at the music school, the young man left Milan, and, taking his MS. with him, commenced that life of wanderings which is the lot of touring companies. He accepted an engagement as conductor of an operetta company, and each time the venture went wrong, he would stay on somewhere and work with assiduity at "Ratcliff." The opera has been ready, in a way, for some time past, but composed piecemeal and under every imaginable difficulty, stands now in need of revising. Half the work is done and the other half progressing satisfactorily, the chief care of the composer being now the elimination of much that is incompatible with quick action and stage effect. "Fancy," says Signor Mascagni, "there are solos and scenes which last 30 and 40 minutes, and of course this would never do; so I have to cut, and cut, and cut again. I must leave, though, a tenor scena which occupies nearly half an hour; but if I can get Jean de Reszke to sing it, I do not think anybody will complain. The tenor part is the principal; the soprano is a passive role, something like Desdemona; the baritone has an important part, of which an interesting page is a description of London. The opera is in four acts and will take about three hours to play; it begins with a prelude during which the curtain rises and part of it is vocal: a contralto solo, a racconto."

This opera, then entitled "Guglielmo Ratcliff," was produced at the Scala, Milan, on Feb. 16, 1895. The translation into Italian was by Maffei. Mme. Stehle, de Negri, Pacini, Scarno and Degani were the chief singers.

Heine wrote his wildly romantic and gruesome tragedy in Berlin in the early twenties. He himself said that while he worked on it he heard a bird's wings flapping on his head, and that when he told this fact to the young poets of Berlin, they looked solemnly at each other and at last said they had never known any such experience. The tragedy is so horrible and at times so bombastic that it reminds one of Aytoun's "Firmilian," written in mockery of Alexander Smith's "Life Drama." Note, for instance, the speech of Ratcliff when he tells how he could not find rest for his soul even by reckless indulgence in London port wine and champagne.

The plot is as follows:

Edward Ratcliff and Fair Betty loved each other, but the flippant girl feared his violent passion and married the Laird MacGregor. Edward piqued also married. Neither could forget the old love. Once when Betty from her window saw her lover of former years, she stretched out her arms to him. MacGregor saw her, and the next morning Edward was found killed in the castle moat. Betty soon after died. Edward left a son, William, Betty a daughter, Maria.

William, a student, comes to MacGregor's castle, where he falls in love with Maria. He soon finds out that her seeming affection is coquetry. He goes to London to forget his sorrows, but invisible powers keep drawing him back to his beloved. He had sworn to kill every rival, and twice had he kept his oath; and now Maria gives her hand to the third, Lord Douglas.

(In Heine's tragedy the poet begins with this betrothal and the story of Edward and Betty is told in fragments by MacGregor and Maria's crazy nurse.)

William challenges Douglass, who vanquishes him in the duel and spares his life, for he recognizes in him the knight who had rescued him from robbers on the morning of that day. Mad with rage, William sees ghostly shapes, which had so often appeared to him from earliest youth; a man and a woman stretch yearning arms toward him. He understands their meaning. On the night of the wedding he stabs Maria in the nuptial chamber, kills MacGregor and thus avenges his father, then kills himself and falls by the side of his loved one while the ghosts embrace over his body, then vanish forever.

The performance in this city will be the first in the United States.

Other operas have been written on this subject by César Cui (St. Petersburg, Feb. 26, 1869), Emilio Pizzi (Bologna, Oct. 31, 1889) Mauritius Vavrinecz (Prague, Feb. 28, 1895), Xavier Leroux (ready, and to be produced at the Opéra-Comique, Paris). Mr. Van der Stucken's symphonic poem "William Ratcliff," was written in 1879, performed at Weimar in 1883, and in a revised form produced at New York (Dec. 10, 1899) and in Boston by the Symphony Orchestra (Feb. 2, 1901).

* * *

"Iris," an opera in three acts, book by Luigi Illica, was produced at the Costanzi, Rome, on Nov. 22, 1898. The story is as follows:

Iris is a Japanese opera. The first act opens before the house of Iris, a beautiful young girl, who lives with her blind father in the country. When the curtain rises it is early morning, and the house is still closed. Gradually the sun rises, of which advantage is taken for a beautiful hymn to the God of Morn; signs of life appear; Iris comes out into the garden and recounts to her father a dream. She is thus seen by the brilliant and worldly Osaka, who conceives a violent passion for her. Young girls pass on their way to wash in the stream; they sing as they go. While the men march off to their work, finally Osaka and a companion, Kyoto, saunter in, disguised as strolling players carrying a marionette theatre, and accompanied by three women masked as Beauty, Death, and the Vampire. Iris, attracted by the spectacle, leaves her father for a moment, is at once seized and carried off. The crowd melts away and the blind man, left alone, calls for his daughter, whom he misses. A paper is found at his side. It informs him that Iris has been taken to a too famous tea-house. The scene closes with the old man's sorrow and despair.

In the second act Iris is in the midst of luxury and vice, in the most brilliant tea-house of the city. As yet she has in no way understood her position or surroundings. Osaka kisses her, whereupon she bursts into tears, and calls out with sobs for her home. Osaka begins to be bored, and orders Kyoto to send her to her father. He leaves the house and Kyoto disobeys him, and has her shown to the public. She, innocent, is amused thereby. Among the curious on-lookers is Osaka, who feels his passion revive. He is approaching to her when Iris hears her father's voice calling her name, and, receiving no answer, cursing her. She runs toward him; he strikes her and covers her with mud, then the truth comes home to her; she rushes to the raised balcony and throws herself out of a window.

She is found at the beginning of the third act, apparently dead. This act is largely symbolic. "Iris lies dying at the bottom of the abyss behind the Yashiwara. Her wandering mind is tortured by a thousand fearful images and thoughts. The darkness weighs dreadfully on her, and she imagines she hears the voices of the three egoists, Osaka, Kyoto, and her own old father, whose selfish passions have in one short day torn her from her happy home and her quiet garden, and who have blighted and killed the innocent life which was hers such a few hours ago. But her suffering does not last for long. The glorious sun is slowly rising, and the agonizing thoughts which prey upon her melt away with the darkness and the mists. The dark chasm and the frowning cliffs slowly disappear, and in their place Iris sees a wonderful country of flowers and beauty—Paradise, in reality, at last! All sense of pain and suffering leaves her, and so, as the splendid sun rises above the beautiful mountains and sheds its warming light over the smiling country that surrounds her, her pure soul passes away, and the poor body falls dead among the flowers."

Darclée was the creator of Iris; de Lucia, Osaka; Caruson, Kyoto; Tisci-Rubini, the Father.

The first performance in this country was at Philadelphia on Oct. 14, 1902. It was performed at New York on Oct. 16. When Mr. Henderson said in the New York Sun: "All of these numbers show knowledge of the mechanics of opera, immense skill in the treatment of the orchestra, and a fine perception of theatrical effects. It was no prentice hand that made this score, and if the music does not reveal the presence of a genius it shows that of a substantial talent. * * * Mascagni conducted with vigor and magnetism."

Oct-26. 1902

Boston, Oct. 26, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Your remarks about the Bearded Lady remind me of a singular experience in my own life. Some years ago I taught school in Somerville, and one morning I had occasion to ask the pupils what their fathers did. One little girl did not answer. I asked her again, and she burst out crying. Was her father dead? No. She finally said she would tell me alone, but not before the other children. I was prepared for some hair-raising confession and sure enough it came. "Please, mum, he's the Bearded Lady at a dime museum."

A. H. L.

Saco, Me., Oct. 23, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I have tried several times to get a supply of the "Demon" brand of rum, which you said awhile ago is your favorite; but I find our Maine druggists do not keep it among their high grade liquors, the quality of which is guaranteed by the fact that they are made on the premises. Will you kindly give me the name of a dealer who can supply the "Demon" brand?

Speaking of liquors reminds me of an attractive advertisement that I noticed the other day in a prominent magazine. It advised the use of an American champagne, a "Brut, guaranteed Extra Dry."

Are you not the owner of the Denver subscription edition of Burton's "Arabian Nights"? What has become of the sweet singer of Jamaica Plain, Mr. Drexel? What is the peculiar custom they have in Arabia?

PRO PLUS ULTRA.

We answer your questions with pleasure.

1. We do not think it right to give you the name of the dealer. Habakkuk said long ago: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him." (chap. ii., v. 15). And although Voltaire wrote that a man with the name Habakkuk was capable of anything, we think nobly of the prophet. It is true, certain commentators would have us believe that Habakkuk was inveighing against the silly and pernicious habit of treating, but they are false lights, and he that follows them will soon be knee-deep in the bog of error. Furthermore, we do not like to recommend any brand of liquor, cigars, tailor, restaurant, play, novel. For our own use we prefer a little weak tea without sugar or cream, although hot buttered rum in winter is grateful; but if we are not bibulous, neither are we bilious, and we do not frown on any popular amusement. As the poet sings:

"Drink, and the world drinks with you;
Swear-off, and you drink alone."

2. Let us ask you a question. When and why was the qualifying term "Brut" applied to champagne?

3. Yes, we own the Denver edition of Burton's "Tho Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night." We make it a point not to lend it.

4. We saw Mr. Drexel in the street a few weeks ago. He looked well, but if you think that Boston poets wear long hair, have eyes rolling in frenzy and a ventilated hat so that the brain may find relief, you are sadly mistaken. Few modern poets look the part, and we know a meat-man that is the double of the late Walter Pater of Brasenose College. Do not infer from this that Mr. Drexel is not a distinguished looking man; but you would not say excitedly, "Ah! there goes a poet!"

5. The Arabians have a peculiar and delightful custom, which is best described by Imr al-Kays, "the Wandering King," "the Prince of Arabian songsters." And it is this: On the third day of the Ramazan just before the Maghrib, the sunset hour ———. Unfortunately we have mislaid our copy of Imr al-Kays.

Medfield, Mass., Oct. 24, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

There is a plant that inhabits th[e] banks of the beautiful and historic Charles, from the Garden City to th[e] upper towns. It is called skunk-wee[d] or skunk-cabbage; either will do, as i[t] has quite a strong constitution. I be-lieve the Latin name of the plant i[s] Symplocarpus foeditus. The plan[t] grows very luxuriant through th[e] months of July and August. It is i[n] full bloom during the month of July then in its prime, it emits an od[or] with a similarity to that of the skun[k] though of shorter range. The odor [of] the plant is much more harmless [in] its work than that of the pole-cat, f[or] it never was known to call the fami[ly] physician. There is about as much di[f]ference between the two odors as the[re] is between a Gloucester fish market a[nd] a field of pumpkins up in New Ham[p]shire. The historic Board of Health [is] usually nosing round for anything [of] an unsavory character, but who ev[er] heard of a Board of Health nailing [a] red card on the front door because [a] family of skunks lived in your neig[h]borhood? It is wholly foreign to th[em] because when the odor is let loose [it] is beyond the control of man to stop [it].

FAIRFA[X]

Yes, indeed, we know this steml[ess] and perennial plant of the arum fam[ily]. We like to see in the early spring [its] horn-shaped purple and yellow spat[he], not to mention the oval spadix.

Boston, Oct. 23, 19[02].

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Who would have thought it? [The] New English Dictionary has ado[pted] the one precedent it set out to o[ver]turn, and now appears under t[hree] editors in three lines of progress. [The] confusion is welcome, however, and [the] new editor, Mr. Craigie, begins brav[ely]. He completes an entire letter, Q, [and] enables the huge dictionary to b[oast] that 12 letters of its alphabet are c[omplete]. And well done they are, though [Mr.] Craigie does not read the Bo[ston] Journal. If he did, he would [have] told everybody that the word "qu[adruplet]," meaning a bicycle for five riders, [was] duly reported by the Journal in [1896]. And why omit the good word "qu[intu]partite?" Sam Smith's History of [New] Jersey, 1765, p. 87, reports: "The[y to]gether signed a quintipartite [deed] dated the first day of July." Every New Jersey trust lawyer k[nows] the word, and charges accord[ingly]. The New English Dictionary is r[ather] rapacious. It might charge a [little] more, if it could offer a guar[antee] that American terms are fully [repre]sented. "Shoving the queer" dese[rved] a whole article, and the editor n[ight] have told, if only in sorrow, what [the] grocer gives in the coffee line [when] he mixes the good berries with qua[kers]. Happy man, happy woman, if yo[u do] not know what coffee dealers c[all] "quaker."

A. B.

"Shoving the queer." Unfortun[ately] Farmer and Henley's "Slang an[d its] Analogues" has not been publishe[d be]yond the letter M; but in older dictionaries there are attempts [at de]rivation. Here is one: "'Queer,' [a c]eant word, once in continual use [as a] prefix, signifying base, roguis[h], worthless—the opposite of 'rum'

gnified good and genuine. 'Queer,' all probability, is immediately de-ved from the cant language. It has en mooted that it came into use om a 'quaere' (?) being set before man's name; but it is more than obable that it was brought into this untry by the Gipsys from Germany, here 'queer' signifies 'cross' or ooked'."

But "rum" in later years surely ant "singular," or "questionable," or en "bad." "What a rum fellow he " Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland says: 'A regular rum 'un' was the form which the application of the word m' to strange, difficult, or distin-ished, was first introduced to the itish public. This, I honestly be-ve (as Mr. Borrow indicates), came m 'Rum' or 'Rom,' a Gipsy. It is peculiar word, and all of its peculiari-s might well be assumed by the rting Gipsy, who is always, in his y, a character, gifted with an in-scribable self-confidence, as are all rsey' men characters, 'sports' and xers, which enables them to keep to fection the German eleventh com-ndment, 'Thou shall not let thyself bluffed.' "

'oncerning the word 'queer,' Mr. Le-nd says: "An English rogue will say shove the queer,' meaning to pass unterfeit money, while the Gipsy m would be to 'chiv nafri lovvo' or vey.' "

Oct-27, 1902

## KNEISEL QUARTET.

### A Word About Sgambati—First Appearance of Miss Helen Henschel at These Concerts.

The first concert of the Kneisel Quartet (18th season) took place last night at Chickering Hall. Mr. Theodorowicz was the second violinist. The program was as follows:

Quartet in C sharp minor, op. 17...Sgambati
Songs: "Die junge Nonne.....Schubert
"Die soldatenbraut".....Schumann
"Von waldbekraenzter Hoehe,".
Brahms
"Wie melodie" and "Tausend-schoen" .....Henschel
Miss Henschel.
Quartet in C minor, op. 18.....Beethoven

Sgambati's quartet was first played here at a Listemann concert in 1889, and it was played at a Kneisel concert in 1894. It is said that the composer has finished a second quartet for the Kneisels, and it is interesting to note that his first was dedicated to a Philadelphian, Mr. John W. Field.

When Robert Louis Stevenson admitted publicly that neither he nor any of his friends could write like Hazlitt he contented himself with assertion. He possibly expected a flattering contradiction; but he died before he heard it. Stevenson did not inquire into the reasons of Hazlitt's superiority. One of them is that Hazlitt spoke out with his own voice and with convincing authority his own impressions. He told you what he, Hazlitt, thought about art, the drama, politics, life. When you read him today, you know that a man of singular honesty and uncommon brilliance and force is addressing you in his own way of speech. His style was the man; that of Stevenson's was of many men—Sir Thomas Browne, Thoreau, Montaigne, Alexander Smith and others whom he had read diligently, admired, and both deliberately and unconsciously imitated.

Now Sgallibati at an impressionable age met Liszt, who exerted a lasting influence over him. Not that the Italian sedulously copies the Hungarian Abbé, but Liszt led him to turn his back on Italian melody and Italian thought and look beyond the Alps toward Germany. Perhaps—I am inclined to think this—Sgambati was not naturally a man of much melodic thought. The most spontaneous movement of this quartet is the scherzo, which is also piquant and charming, but the fascination is chiefly rhythmic. In the other movement there are fine passages, but the purpose and the struggle to be moving or profound are too often in evidence. There is in the adagio the thought of the basilica, and in this respect the movement may be called Roman, if not Italian in the more liberal meaning. At the beginning of the Andante there is the suggestion of the even-song of nuns in some, and in the Finale the first theme has something of the gayety and swing of an Italian melody. But nowhere in the work is there any frank exhibition of Italian temperament. No one will quarrel with much of the workmanship. The disappointment is in the pervading spirit. It is as though the composer was careless, if not ashamed, of his privileges by birth; as though he had said to himself, "I cannot afford to be Italian; I must show German profundity of thought; I must be laboriously expressive." The quartet is worth playing and hearing; but there is little blood in it, there is little pronounced individuality. The performance was appreciative, spirited, conspicuous for beauty of tone and general finish. Miss Helen Henschel was most heartily welcomed and applauded. It was her first appearance at these concerts. Her voice is eminently agreeable in piano passages and in songs of a light and graceful character, especially where there should be the expression of tenderness. In mezzo-forte and in forte passages her tones are inclined to be shrill and she is given to excessiveness, nor is such a song as Schubert's "The Young Nun," or any song that demands dramatic intensity or sustained emotion, suited to her at her present stage of vocal development. Nervousness may account for a certain spasmodic delivery, for a monotonous and undue accentuation of regularly recurring beats, and for unskillful management of breath with consequent injury to the phrase and an absence of true legato in the song by Schubert; but when these same faults were observed in songs that followed, the inference is that a young woman of indubitable musical temperament has not yet seen the necessity of applying herself diligently to the drudgery of her art. She was pleasing in Schumann's "Die Soldatenbraut," chiefly in consequence of her girlish sprightliness; but she was heard to her still greater advantage in her father's "Taugendschoen."

There was a large, thoroughly interested, and applausive audience. The second concert will be on Nov. 17.

*Philip Hale.*

## DUSS AND HIS BAND.

Duss, the man who made Pittsburg

Oct-28, 1902

Boston, Oct. 24, 1902.

Editor Talk of the Day:

First of all may I plead for confidence? You have interested me deeply in this chameleon shirt-bosom, and as my stock of shirts is low, and I am, or was, about to replenish, I sincerely desire a more intimate knowledge of this marvel mentioned in your column.

Is the change from pattern to pattern noiseless, or accompanied by rattle of cogs, slipping of bolts, etc?

May the bosom be worn under the waist-coat one customarily wears, or will it necessitate extensive alterations to conceal the machinery?

Does it do away with the boiled-shirt entirely, or are they worn collectively?

Is it the invention of an American and have you any data concerning the circumstances leading to its invention?

Are these shirt bosoms yet on exhibition and for sale in Boston?

Nothing has so fired my ambition to become a well-groomed man as has this wonderful apparatus.

E. C. O'MEE.

The noise of quick change is like that which accompanies the tearing off of a calendar sheet; but this noise is not to be heard amid the din of table conversation. The Combination Shirt Bosom is not intended for wear at a church service, a funeral, an Anti-imperialist gathering, or any other melancholy occasion.

Yes, it is worn under a low-cut waistcoat. We learn from S. D. in the New York Evening Post that at the famous Dinner of the Five in Paris, "Flaubert and Zola were heavy eaters, and sat at meat in their shirt-sleeves," but there is still a prejudice in Boston, even in "Literary Boston," in favor of keeping on the waistcoat, however overheated the room may be.

The man wearing the Combination-Bosom in the maker's advertisement-picture also wears a boiled-shirt as well as suspenders and a crook's moustache.

The combination Shirt Bosom was invented by an American. Americans invented the steel enameled collar, the celluloid collar, the paper collar, the reversible cuff, and the indestructible tooth-brush. America is the mother of inventors.

We have no data concerning the date or the circumstances of the invention. The date is recent, however. The circumstances will be material for an engrossing chapter in the magnum opus of the Earnest Student of Sociology (subscriptions may be forwarded to our address).

Boston is conservative. Some of its leading citizens still wear shawls in winter, and derby hats are worn by club-men with dress-suits and arctics at the opera. Our impression is that the Frock-Coat Editor of the Providence Journal has given the Combination Shirt Bosoms an exhaustive trial, and is so pleased with them that he is introducing them at the Hope Club.

We are sorry that you long to be a "well-groomed" man. "Well groomed" is a vile term, except when it is applied to a horse. It is true that the Honorable Bob Staples in "Bleak House" daily repeats "his favorite original remark that she is the best-groomed woman in the whole stud," but Mr. Staples is merely a shocking example.

Here is a curious circumstance in the life of Mr. William Rignold, the English play-actor, who is now totally blind, and for whom a subscription is taking. In December, 1871, he made a profound impression at the Gaiety by his impersonation of Joe, a blind sailor, in "Elfie," a piece by Dion Boucicault.

To A. A. B.: Yes, they have had more than one coal strike in England. Sir Robert Giffen included this kind of strike in his list of 70 "in which 372,000 persons were concerned, and where the loss in wages amounted to at least £3,000,000." There were 40,000 miners on a strike in St. Helen's in 1868. There were 60,000 idle in South Wales in 1875, and 95,000 in Durham in 1892. It was in 1875, by the way, that certain English miners struck against the compulsory use of the safety-lamp.

The death of Baron Georges de Heeckeren recalls a singular chapter in his family history. He was a man of many adventures, and one of the most romantic was his duel with the Russian Prince Dolgorouki, in which he broke the latter's shoulder with a bullet. Now De Heeckeren's father had killed his man years before in a duel at five paces. He thus killed was the famous writer Pouchkine.

A highly respectable man, 58 years old, and the secretary of Trinity House, London, committed suicide by jumping from a roof. A paper was found on the body: "Love to sweetest, sweet wife and chicks, from distracted Hubby." A man should be dignified in death. Vespasian, ready to faint in his last hour, exclaimed: "An Emperor ought to die standing." Judge Peckham of Albany, on the doomed steamer, said: "If we must go down, let us go down like men." The Secretary of Trinity House should have worded his farewell in a more solemn form. We do not object to the use of the word "chicks." Macduff, in agony at the loss of his wife and children, cried out: "What, all my pretty chickens and their dam at one fell swoop?" But "Hubby"! The Secretary might as well have addressed his wife as "Birdie."

The late Mr. Alfred Ayres, whose true name was Thomas E. Osmun, was never weary of pointing out inaccuracies in the verbal expression of other writers. One of his favorite hobbies was his insistence on the use of the restrictive "that" for "who." He did his best as editor to obscure one of the clearest of books: William Cobbett's "Grammar of the English Language."

We read the other day about a method of observing the motion of the earth. It was ingenious and eminently scientific, but we thought of Thomas Hardy's night in "Far From the Madding Crowd":

"To persons standing alone on a hill during a clear midnight such as this, the roll of the world eastward is almost a palpable movement. The sensation may be caused by the panoramic glide of the stars past earthly objects, which is perceptible in a few minutes of stillness, or by a fancy that the better outlook upon space afforded by a hill emphasizes terrestrial revolution, or by the wind, or by the solitude; but whatever be its origin the impression of riding alone is vivid and abiding. The poetry of motion is a phrase much in use, and to enjoy the epic form of that gratification it is necessary to stand on a hill at a small hour of the night, and, first enlarging the consciousness with a sense of difference from the mass of civilized mankind, who are horizontal and disregardful of all such proceedings at this time, long and quietly watch your stately progress through the stars. After such a nocturnal reconnoitre among these astral clusters, aloft from the customary haunts of thought and vision, some men may feel raised to a capability for eternity at once."

The death of Mr. Frank Norris recalls the word "octopus" and the dispute in Congress over the proper pronunciation. The Oxford English Dictionary prefers the accent on the second syllable, but it allows the accent to be thrown on the first. It gives as the plural form, "octopode" or the Anglicized "octopuses," but naturally knows no "octupi." We find this quotation in explanation of the figurative meaning: "Usually applied to an organized power having extended ramifications and far-reaching influence, especially, harmful or destructive." "1893, Boston (Mass.) Journal, March 27: 'The electric octopus. Formal organization of the New England Street Railway Company.' "

Oct-29 1902

OCTOBER.

I'm shod with mist and crowned with fire,
I weave the opal of desire.
As gray as water is my gown,
That rustles over leaves grown brown.

Above my head the kestrels hang,
The wild geese go with whirr and clang
Of passing wings, the plovers cry
Above me in a yellow sky.

I have the scorpion for my star,
And all fair things my kindred are;
All dreams too sweet for man to bear,
All visions builded of despair.

I am a queen, yet govern none
That laughs or weeps beneath the sun.
I wear the opal and I wear
The desert sands amid my hair.

Mr. George W. Smalley, in a chapter of his personal recollections, declares that there should be only one lion at a feast: "To bring several together is to turn a dinner into a pragmatic faction." Some have wondered why distinguished writers are dull companions at table. We were once at a dinner in New York where there were at least a half dozen men of reputation for wit and general brilliance. We listened agape. They all ate diligently and were silent. After the party broke up, we asked the host if they were always so dull. "Always." "Why?" "Because each one is afraid that if he says a good thing, the others will publish it as their own."

Fritzi Scheff, an operatic soubrette who took herself seriously and sang the part of Eva in "Die Meistersinger" with lamentable results after she left this country, will return to us and bring a husband. He was a member of a Prussian regiment, a Uhlan stationed at Frankfort, but marriage with an actress compelled his resignation. Let us hope that as the husband of a singer he will in this country make himself useful in matters of trains, baggage, and the maintenance of his wife's dignity as regards choice of dressing room, etc. Mr. Gadski—is his name Tauscher?—is no doubt a devoted husband, and he is perhaps not to be blamed for believing in the immense superiority of his wife over all sopranos, dead, living, or as yet unborn, but this ex-army officer delighted in despising and deriding publicly everything American—except American dollars. Let us hope that Mr. Scheff will be more tactful.

We were told yesterday there is only one Ruskin Club in the United States and it is in Boston. (We have nearly everything in Boston.)

This leads us to wonder whether Ruskin is read and followed in these days. And yet he was once Sir Oracle. We tried to buy his papers addressed to working people, but they were published at a prohibitive price, and we did not feel like mortgaging our lowly thatched cottage in order to have this fount in wisdom in the backyard. But we shall never forget his words of advice to young women about dress. They were uttered, we believe, in 1894.

"Dress as plainly as your parents will allow you, but in bright colors if they become you. * * * What you think necessary to buy beyond this 'for the good of trade,' buy and immediately burn." But why should any woman burn what she buys under the pretext that she buys for herself? Or should she heed the advice of Ruskin and "choose the materials that will wear longest"? Even the bird and the snake tire of their dress, and human beings change their skin at least once in seven years.

Ruskin said: "You must not buy yards of useless stuff to make a flounce of, or drag them behind you over the ground." The woman's answer is final—at least to her: "We must follow the fashion."

But when Ruskin said: "Get your dresses made by a good dressmaker with utmost attainable precision and perfection, but let this dressmaker be a poor person living in the country"—even poor, ignorant fathers and husbands laughed uproariously and suspected Ruskin of writing Mr. W. S. Gilbert's plays and libretto.

Even the most respectable citizen likes to read—of course, with a shudder—about gambling tables and great sums lost and won. This is why every gag about poker in a farce comedy is greeted with delirious laughter and applause. These appreciators are like Christian Cantle in Hardy's story, who listened open-mouthed to Wildeve's tales of surprising luck at cards. And what a superb scene it is in "The Return of the Native" when Wildeve and the Reddleman gamble at night by the light of glow worms! Think of the capital stories associated with cards: "A Terribly Strange Bed"—but why run over the list? Southey's Doctor used to say that hunting, gaming and dancing are three semi-intellectual amusements—"propensities to which men are inclined equally in the savage and in the civilized." Though he admitted that gaming has a strong tendency "to assume a dangerous type, and to induce as furious an excitement as drunkenness in its most ferocious form," he gave it as his opinion that "among the great card-playing public of all nations, long experience has produced an effect in mitigating it, analogous to what the practice of inoculation has effected upon the small-pox." And today he would illustrate his point by referring to vaccination.

Now on October 10 of this year the Belgian law which renders gaming tables illegal went into operation at Ostend, so that the former frequenters of that place must now visit Monte Carlo or Saratoga, N. Y. It is perhaps not generally known that the attempt to make Ostend rival Monte Carlo was mainly due to the enterprise of an English syndicate; yet this fact should not surprise any one who has studied the march of English civilization. The gambling rooms at Ostend were run as pseudo clubs. At the swell Cercle Prizé candidates for admission were supposed to be of some social standing, but they were made members after a delay of two or three days, on the payment of 20 francs apiece. The games at this club were roulette and trente-et-quarante, but at other clubs there were games for smaller stakes and baraque was a favorite.

A contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette gave lately an entertaining account of the Rhine resorts. According to him they were a product of the long peace which followed the Napoleonic wars, for Europe was then safe for pleasure-travel and there were many rich, idle, and bored. The Rhine resorts were the first to provide gamblers with palatial surroundings, fine cookery, music. These tables were suppressed in 1872. "At the end the direct rent paid for the privilege of running the Baden-Baden tables was £50,000 a year, and the net annual profit exceeded £100,000."

a basis of sound, technical education, and you will have a masterpiece. 'Don Giovanni' is one, and 'Barbiere,' and 'Faust,' and 'The Meistersingers,' and 'Rigoletto'—and still what distances between all of them! What I mean by naturalization in lyric art is, especially, a concise and faithful musical commentary to every situation, melodies adapted in color to the characters, and, above all, subjects of purely human interests for treatment."

"You have, then, little sympathy with the Wagnerian theatre?"

"Oh, Wagner is an exception; everything is allowed to this giant; but I confess that 'The Meistersingers' and 'Tristan and Isolde' appeal to me far more than the Tetralogy. The mixture of the human with the fantastic, as, for instance, in 'Lohengrin,' has great fascination for me; but I am more at home with my men and women of flesh and blood."

"Which is your favorite of your own works?"

"Always the one I am about to produce for the first time; but the one I conduct with the greatest pleasure is 'Fritz.'"

* * *

Now it is something to see the man of such a career, whose life even as di-

rector of a conservatory at Pesaro has been tumultuous, who as conductor and composer insists that he shall be heard eventually throughout the world. It is something to see such a man conduct his own operas.

* * *

Mr Salvatore Cortesi contributed lately to the Musical Courier (N. Y.) a chapter of personal gossip concerning Mascagni. From it we learn that Mascagni has "a weakness for the triumphs of the goldsmith's art"; that he wears a gold bracelet; that he is passionately fond of billiards.

"Mascagni's house at Pesaro gives one the idea on entering that the maestro has gone out of his way to be bizarre, an idea quite dispelled in conversation with him, as one more frank, gay and unaffected it would be difficult to find. One small room near the entrance is lined with glass cases which are a blaze of color, and which on examination proved to be filled with neckties of all kinds, forms, materials, one might say nationalities, as one easily discovers a certain green tie all the vogue in London not many years ago, or one which had Paris marked all over it not long before, and so on. 'But,' I said to the maestro, 'I could understand the raison d'etre if they had association; for instance, a cravat of Rossini, or Gladstone, or Washington, or,' I added politely, 'Mascagni, would have great value; but these are new and guiltless of wear.' 'My idea,' he said, 'is that in the course of time they will be a guide to the changes in fashion. Who knows how our grandchildren will laugh at that butterfly bow, as we smile at the high stocks of our grandfathers. In fact, my 13-year-old boy thinks me some "queer" about the throat.' However, the maestro has other collections much more comprehensible to one who is not an enthusiast, such as china and old watches.

"The maestro is somewhat sensitive on the subject of his stoutness, and the word 'fat' is anathema to him. It is related that one day, as he was arriving, very hungry, at dusk, at Venice, an unknown man ran up to him and said, 'Oh! Signor Mascagni, how is your illustrous cousin?' To save time and avoid discussion, although not aware of having a celebrated relative, he replied, 'Quite well, quite well.' 'Oh! what a relief,' gasped the other; 'it was rumored that the immortal composer of the "Cavalleria Rusticana" had been stricken with apoplexy, and it seemed so likely, as he is fat, it must be confessed.' Whereupon Mascagni, although he understood that he had been taken for his cousin, sputtered in sudden rage, 'I will have you to know, sir, that I am I, and that the word fat is not used among gentlemen!' and retired to his gondola, leaving the other stricken with horror."

* * *

A violin concerto in A minor by Arensky was played by Petschnikoff in Berlin Oct. 9. The German Times said: "The concerto is one which usually has its first and last performance at the same time. It is a composition for a high shelf."——Mr. Arthur Hartmann, violinist, formerly of Boston, will give a concert with the Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin Dec. 4.——Fritz Steinbach of the Meiningen Orchestra has taken the place of the late Franz Wüllner at Cologne as leader of the Gürzenich concerts and director of the Conservator.——The following item appeared in the catalogue of a library sold here at auction last week:

940 (Lowell) Il Pesceballo, opera seria, in un atto. (The words by F. J. Child, the English text by Lowell.) First ed. 16° stitched. n. p.

"Given at the house of Miss Parsons, Garden Street, May 6, 1862. Tenor, Mr. Underwood; basso, Dr. Langmaid; soprano, Mrs. Dr. B. A. Gould."

* * *

The following article by Mr. Vernon Blackburn of the Pall Mall Gazette will interest many:

The composition of hymn-tunes stands among the separate and secluded divisions of art in music. A composer who would shine in this particular province must be largely acquainted, at the outset, with the religious sentiment of those for whom he writing. At times he may be successful enough to touch that sentiment most deeply and most intimately; at others he may strive with an earnestness and a sincerity of absolute singleness of feeling, and win no recognition whatsoever.

Two writers of hymn-tunes, for example, at once occur to the mind for purposes of comment—Sir Arthur Sullivan and the Rev. J. B. Dykes. Messrs. Novello & Co. have just issued two books of hymns, each volume containing the flower of the hymnal music which emanated from each composer.

Sullivan was undoubtedly the greatest writer of hymn-tunes of recent times. In his hymns he reduced to their lowest terms (in the language of mathematicians) the necessities of the ecclesiastical situation. He gauged the feeling of congregations; and, indeed, he had a peculiarly intimate experience of such audiences.

His hymnological work (as one may be allowed to call it) covered a period of over thirty years. In 1867 he made large contributions to the sacred song of his time; and his general output was the result of experience gained between 1861 and 1872, when he found from a practical standpoint the exact, the precise thing required by English Church congregations.

Sullivan was essentially dramatic in his outlook on life; for that reason his interpretative instincts were always deeply involved in any matter which he had, from a sympathetic standpoint, taken in hand. Given a subject with which his sympathies were identified, and he was bound to express that subject in music to the best of his endeavor. There you found his art in bare and naked simplicity. Only a man of rare genius could, for instance, have guessed how such a seeming innocent melody as "Onward, Christian Soldiers" would work upon the enthusiasms and upon the inner religious sentiments of the public with which he had to deal. "Seeming-Innocent" is the only word here; for in re-reading that fine page, one is constrained to extreme admiration for the genius of one who knew how to win favor without embarking upon violence, and who understood by what silken ties the artist is bound to his audience. Sullivan's was a peculiarly interior art; other men, for the moment, seemed to say as much as he; yet, in the summing up of things he was found to have said so much more, to have meant so much more, to have accomplished so much more, that the scoffers are now beginning to wonder if haply they had made some mistake.

Dr. Dykes, in his hymn-tunes, can scarcely be compared with Sullivan, and yet, so far as the popular verdict goes, he may be said to have out-distanced even Sullivan in one respect—in his setting, that is, of "Lead, Kindly Light." Sullivan's version is, as a matter of fact, graver, more conventional, more quiet. It is probable that Sullivan never thought of inventing a popular melody in such a connection. Dr Dykes, however, writing out of a full sentiment, born from the spirit of the words, composed a hymn that everybody instinctively confessed to be the right setting; accordingly it has become part and parcel of religious music in England.

We have said that Dr. Dykes cannot as a maker of hymns really be compared with Sullivan, and this is true Yet he was a most devotional writer, and had a deep feeling for the religious significance of the words with which he had to deal. But Arthur Sullivan was in some respects an artist of the world. Because he made so little pretence, because he expressed himself without any sign of immense effort, because he, while receiving possibly a cheap popularity, chose nevertheless to write for those who knew him, he has been set down by unthinking minds as one who gave up great victories for the sake of early triumphs. That this judgment is utterly false even such a minor discussion as this upon the writing of popular hymns will suffice to show. It is sometimes the fate of the well known to suffer accusations derogatory to their artistic standing—accusations of seeking the popular in defiance of artistic triumph; and doubtless there are those who regard the immeasurable success of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" as a thing not wholly to the credit of Sullivan. It is when you think of his splendidly individual art, however, in other provinces of musical thought, that you see how rightly, returning back on his earlier time, he deserved the fame of his more artless compositions.

* * *

What should be done in this country here with our own American singers is a question that is open to much discussion. After they study here it is natural that they should go to Europe, it being the custom to go there to get into an art atmosphere, as it is called, and yet all Europe wants to come here. All these European artists do not seem to be satisfied with their own homes, and they come over here for an atmosphere, as it were. Of course it is an atmosphere of somewhat different fibre, we may call it, because a judicious investigation of atmosphere may disclose fibre, and they want to remain here as long as possible and then take their vacations at home, so there is a considerable conflict in the real acts of artists, in the facts as they see them, between Europe and America. This gives the impression that there may be such a thing as an atmosphere over here, and for that reason we fail to understand why American singers who get lessons from American teachers should go to Europe to have their voices injured, if not completely damaged and rendered useless.

The critical operation as applied to American singers is always somewhat more exacting than as applied to foreign singers, the critic probably being imbued with the theory that his severity will bring him about better results, and he is more conscientious and more scrupulous, if possible, toward his own American singer than he is toward those who come over here, with whom he has not exactly the same sympathy. It may be a desire, unconsciously expressed, of forcing our own musical talent into higher altitudes for the time being, more drastic, but be that as it may, and it is so, criticism applied to American singers demands more from them, and they are always unconsciously compared to others of the very highest standing, for there are some singers who are not only singers but vocalists—and there is quite a distinction—with whom to make comparison it were unjust. Everybody cannot be Patti.——Musical Courier (N. Y.).

Nov. 3. 1902

# Talk of the Day.

Boston, Oct. 30, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I turn to you for advice in my present perplexity. The difficulty is this: I have no fuel, either for my kitchen range or for my furnace, and although I am told by trustworthy persons that the coal strike is off, I am unable to buy anthracite under $12.50 a ton. I have a few hundred thousand shares of Texas Oil stock, which I bought on the recommendation of Deacon N——, who said he had purchased some for "mother." Will these certificates burn better than my Sea Water Gold, and should you say there would be any danger in using them on account of their high explosive power?

An early answer will greatly oblige, for Mrs. Witherspoon has threatened to take young Barnabee with her to her mother's unless heat is provided immediately. Do not fail me.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

P. S. The battered rum was better without the sugar and nutmeg.

Have you burned all the illustrated books given to you and your wife as Christmas presents? Surely you could spare some of the bric-a-brac. And have you no furniture of the black walnut period, furniture that cost your father a good deal of money from 1861 to 1868? You have kept the stuff from association, but now is the time to dry the tears of sensibility and use the hatchet. Your son's rocking horse may well be added. He is fast outgrowing it. That Cyclopaedia in 20 old volumes, which your father had bound in imperishable Russian leather, should go. Then there is the sole-leather trunk you bought when you were in London; the paradoxical sole-leather trunk, which weighs more when it is empty than when it is full. We do not wish to be indiscreet, but why do you not let Mrs. Witherspoon and Barnabee make that visit? They will cheer grandmother, and by the time they are ready to return coal will be cheaper. Your wife's album, with photographs of her aunts, uncles and school friends, may be disposed of during her absence; it will heat enough water for shaving.

The man whose skull is bullet proof has turned up again, although some thought he died at the Williamstown town farm two years or more ago, in the person of Mr. Abraham Parsons, more popularly known as Abe the Bunter. One of his first appearances on earth, according to the diligent Bartholinus, was as a religious person of 40 years of age, who had the hinder part of his skull so firm and compact (though Hippocrates affirms it to be the weakest thereabouts) that he was able "to endure a coach wheel to pass over it without any sensible damage to him." Within a fortnight in Addington's Lane, the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot tells us, a 32-calibre pistol ball was fired at a distance of 20 feet squarely into the middle of Mr. William Everhardt's forehead. The ball flattened itself against the bone. 'Twas Mr. William Johnson, known in leading crap circles as "Swelly," who fired, and not in wrath, not in madness, not in a fine burst of race feeling. His friend, Mr. George Chambers, says that "Swelly" tried to make "a fancy, wild Western shot, and swung his arm around like a windmill before pulling the trigger." No doubt "Swelly" knew Mr. Everhardt's power of resistance.

Thus are we each day reminded of the profound observation made by Mr. Nathaniel Wanley, late M. A. and Vicar of Trinity Parish, Coventry: "The head of man is the seat of the mind which insinuates itself into all places and times; reaches the heights, searches the depths, and pries into all the recluse cabinets of nature, wherein she hath stored up the most choice and abstruse pieces of her workmanship. * * * No wonder, then, if Nature hath been solicitous to lodge so noble a guest 'in sanctiore hominis parte,' as the philosophers called the head, the most honorable part of man; appointing its residence where it may repose with the greatest safety and advantage, and be defended from casualties by a wall of bone of that thickness and hardness in some men as is wonderful."

Calais, Me., Oct. 28, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I submit the following valuable bits of geographical information with the hope that you will be able to assist me in establishing the date of the volume from which they are taken: "Universal Gazetteer" of which the title pages are missing.

"Boston, the capital of New England in N. America, situated on a peninsula at the bottom of a fine bay, covered with little islands and rocks, and defended by a castle and platforms of guns, which make the approach of an enemy extremely difficult. It lies in the form of a crescent about the harbour, and the country beyond it rising by degrees, yields a delightful prospect from the sea. Here are 10 churches of which 6 are Independent and the town contains above 14,000 souls, and it is one of the most flourishing places for trade in all N America. Lat. 42.26 N., long. 71.4 W."

In the introduction, Sect. XVI.—A General History of America—, I find. "America is bounded by the lands about the poles on the north; and by the Atlantick Ocean, which separates it from Europe and Africa, on the east; by another vast ocean on the south; and by the Pacifick Ocean, usually called the South Sea, which divides it from Asia, on the west; being 8250 miles long from north to south, and scarce 3000 miles broad in any place and in some not 100 miles broad. . . . .

". . . . . In like manner the language is very different, some parts having a dialect of the Indian tongue, is said to be very lofty, sweet and emphatick; but in general they speak in some measure the language; and imitate the manners of Europeans who reside among them; and where this is not the case the variety of languages or dialects among them is very confusing."

WALTER IRVING HAMILTON.

We endeavored yesterday to improve our mind by reading Mr. Theodore Rosario Rainville's "Theory of Emanations." Perhaps we should have read it in a street car and thus had the assistance of the proper atmosphere; yet the conditions were not wholly unfavorable; the room was not too warm, the chair was not too comfortable, the air was quiet. This sentence puzzled us: "From that effort was born the Extroma-Achamoth; the earthly Sophia who disfigured the beauty of the Pleroma."

Mr. Daniel O'Connor of Syracuse, N. Y., we observe, was married on Oct. 30th to the mother of his betrothed. He believed in the old maxim: "First make yourself solid with the girl's mother;" and he had the courage to carry his belief into effect.

A "library edition" of Walt Whitman. What did Walt say?

"I lead no man to a dinner table, library, or exchange.

* * * * * * *

No shutter'd room or school can commune with me,
But roughs and little children better than they."

Nov 4. 1902

## MASCAGNI AT MUSIC HALL.

Pietro Mascagni and his Italian opera company appeared for the first time in this city last night at the Boston Music Hall. The operas were Mascagni's "Zanetto" (first time in Boston) and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

"Zanetto" need not detain us long. Coppée's "Le Passant," on which the libretto is founded, was played at the Globe Theatre on Dec. 18, 1880, in the course of a Bernhardt season. When Paladilhe's opera of the same name was produced at Paris in 1872, the critics found fault with the subject as anti-lyrical and too psychological. This objection does not seem to me to be well founded. The story is a simple one: the bored woman of pleasure, tempted to add the innocent youth to her list of gallants, suddenly feels true love in her heart, and therefore warns him against herself. 'Tis a pretty story that admits of lyrical treatment and is not over-burdened with psychological problems; but the story is not dramatic, and, when song replaces speech, it may easily be dull. Mascagni treated it as though it were epic instead of idyllic, and there is at times an incongruous orchestral pother and ado. The melody is sought out rather than spontaneous, and the two characters are not sharply defined. The score is better made perhaps than that of "Cavelleria Rusticana"; there is more restraint; there is a finer sense of proportion; but it is not so striking, not so full of youth and hot enthusiasm. There is considerable groping after expressive melody; there are some charming orchestral effects, and in Silvia's warning and in her dismissal Mascagni writes with warmth, with imagination, with the hand of a master, sure of each effect. The part of Silvia was admirably sung by Mrs. Bianchini-Cappelli and that of Zanetto was impersonated sympathetically by Mrs. Eugenia Mantelli.

The performance of "Zanetto" showed that Mascagni is a conductor of singular magnetism and authority; but I did not appreciate fully his unmistakable greatness till the curtain fell on the report of Turiddu's death. There have been many performances of "Cavelleria Rusticana" in this city, but I never heard the opera until last night.

Under the direction of the composer and with Bianchini-Cappelli, a lyric tragedian of rare intensity, as Santuzza, the performance will be memorable for its fire and passion. Nor was it a case merely of a woman of great emotional power—Eclipse, and the rest nowhere, for she was well seconded. Mrs. Mantelli individualized Lola, who as a rule is merely a soubrette with an interrup

y Mr. Antonio [illegible] peted with more than ordinary understanding, with fine and fitting brutality with the spirit and the force of lon that are found only in the singer of the ultra-modern Virgilio Bellatti made Alfio conus in repose as well as in action. naturally good-natured, rather ellow, the more terrible when by jealousy.

Blanchini-Cappelli, as singer and deserevs a more careful analyan can now be made. It is enough ent to say that her voice is pure, ained, expressive throughout the of musical emotions. Her face ble, her action naturally and dramatic. She comes nearer to onged woman of Verga's piteous an any singer that has visited I do not forget Calvé; for in sentation of detail the latter was too deliberately artful.

Mascagni did wonders with the era, which itself was surprisgood. I say "surprisingly," for ting reports concerning its poor l and distressing untunefulness ne to us from New York. Whatie orchestra may have been in y, last night it was euphonious, live, a willing and most effective ent on which Mascagni played igh at will.

gni is a man of frank and enpresence, not too self-con in the reception of applause, d thoroughly in his task. As ctor, he is distinguished by his sense of rhythm and color ability to share his percepth his men. Many things that fore this seemed crude and hat had seemed absurd in the f "Cavalleria Rusticana" now as among the most brilliant of the work. The composer us new beauties in the work, ements of strength. Rhythms rcible and inevitable that once vulgar. Harmonic progressions re once experimental must now illfully prepared for sure draiumphs. The pathos was more t; the tragedy more heart-

It was a performance that d the pulse and turned the water.

udience was most enthusiastic. ernezzo, the duet between Sand Alfio, and Turiddu's drinks were repeated.

is only one fault to be found: i has spoiled us for any future ance of "Cavalleria Rusti- and when some Santuzza may a audience, the man that was ic Hall last night may well al not merely as a praiser of ants. "Ah! you should have seen chi-Cappelli."

pera tonight will be "Iris," will be sung for the first time m. The chief singers will be arneti and Messrs. Schiavazzi, and Navarrini.

***Philip Hale.***

Nov 5. 1902

long ago we read an "indignant" against the introduction of guished citizens as leading char- in plays. The protest was with ce to a dramatic piece in which am Lincoln figured. Some re- e appearance of Lincoln in fic- st as there were outcries when ray introduced George Washing- "The Virginians."

ny Bostonian happen to be in in February, 1876, when an exnary piece, "Chevaliers de la" by Delpit, was playing? We description of this drama in volume of theatrical gossip by Duval. Latouche took the part aham Lincoln and A. Lambert Stonwall (sic) Jackson. Céline and was the heroine. The first presented a steamboat journey Potomac. There was a race and as appropriate dialogue. A pas- asked the captain "which will The captain answered: "The t doesn't bust." Another pas- met a man and said: "Good ." "I don't know you." "O yes We once met in the air; I ing up and you were coming Duval said: "During the wait, my colleagues asked an Amer- o hapened to be present, 'Were r blown up?' 'Seventeen times,' d the American gravely; 'but it er amuses me.'"

was a snow storm scene; a tation of the Cabinet at the ouse. Mr. Duval was shocked from an American in the foyer coln was addicted to punning. cen and traitor named "Bradd- t fire to his house, in which ners were confined, but he first whether the insurance policy bired. There was a "duel à aire." There was a ballet, mboula,' such as the negroes America." The music was of "Creole airs: The Banjo, ,' The Rille, Maryland and d, and above all Bonnie Blue Yankee Doadle (sic)." What e Rille"? Was the title a cor- of "Come rise up William "The costumes of the negroes droons were exact; the men ite trousers with a red stripe or blue waistcoats; the women headdress of yellow madras e dressed in variegated cali-

a villager in New Hampshire ied to the inquiry of a sum- ager concerning his health: well, but kind o' gitless."

Last summer he appeared with a new horse and gave in conversation an original meaning to the familiar motto, "Sans peur et sans reproche." "I named my horse Rosinante Bayard after the favorite steed of Napoleon Bonaparte. He hain't scared no one so far and he hain't harmed no one."

"George S. Buxton, at one time said to be a playmate of Queen Victoria, was buried in Rockport, Ill., yesterday." Did Queen Victoria ever play?

You may have wondered why the restaurant waiter in Paris wore a look of settled gloom. It was not your queer French; it was not your eccentric choice of meats or wines; it was not the twang in the speech of some of your compatriots. Nor was it because his feelings had just been hurt by an almost invisible fee. A recent case in court explains his sadness. When a garcon enters the employ of a café he pays in advance quite a sum for possible breakage; and, however careful and lucky he may be, this money is not returned to him when he leaves. He has to pay certain charges out of his own pocket; one franc, fifty centimes a day to his apprentice; the chalk for a game of billiards; notepaper for anyone that wishes to write. His pourboire is subjected to a landlord's tax of 3 per cent. Sometimes he is fined if anything goes wrong in the kitchen. And his hours sometimes number 18 a day.

The landlord replies that Joseph gets at least 10 francs a day and is fed. Joseph answers that he is fed on boiled beef "with all the goodness boiled out of it," boiled beef for luncheon and dinner about 700 times a year.

Did Paul Verlaine know all this when he regretted bitterly that he had not made his son a garcon so that ne could have a keen insight into life?

While we are talking about Paris, let us note the fact that the statue of Charles Baudelaire in the cemetery of Montparnasse has been unveiled. The ceremony brought forward in English journals the usual slanders; how the poet was a paralytic at 50 years all on account of drink. There are persons who believe these stories in spite of the fact that Baudelaire's mother died of the disease that killed her brilliant son and that other members of the family also suffered cruelly. No doubt the poet was at times disconcerting even to his friends, as when he would go into a restaurant and say in a stentorian voice to his friend: "After, I had killed my old father," or he would call the proprietor and ask him why there was no roasted baby on the bill of fare. These jokes and others of a like character were stupid enough, but they were not necessarily the acts of a pervert.

So there are some who still delight in calling Mozart, Schubert, Poe, habitual drunkards, whereas both fact and probability are against them. No one of the three could have done the great amount of work that remains, had he been an habitual drunkard. Mozart, after the manner of his day and times, was fond of punch and wine, and the same may be said of Schubert, but the charge of drunkenness is absurd, nor was it made by contemporaries. As for Poe, he was a man that should never have touched liquor in any form. A glass of wine maddened his sensitive brain. For months at a time he would rigorously abstain when others saw no harm.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Evening Post writes entertainingly concerning Alfred de Vigny, but he deplores the publication of letters written by the poet to Madame Dorval, the play-actress, whom he so madly loved. "There remain some which, fortunately, have not been printed, * * * and which, it seems, show to what degree of folly a lover can attain." Why "fortunately"? Would you as an admirer of Hazlitt prefer to be wholly ignorant of his love for Sarah Walker, the housemaid, and his book "Liber Amoris" inspired by her? A man writes his feelings down, is the better for it, and the world at large is the wiser, either through amusement, pity, scorn. As Mr. Henley says of Hazlitt's case: "'Twas Goethe's way, I believe—his and many another's; the world will scarce get disaccustomed to it while there are women and writing men."

The London Express considers wisely "the coughing bean," a most interesting plant. This bean serves only the scientist; it is not to be found in restaurants. The plant coughs when dust settles on it; coughs and grows red.

## GOT MANY ENCORES.

### Creatore and His Band Appeared at Symphony Hall Before a Very Enthusiastic Audience.

Creatore, the young Italian musician

# "IRIS."

"Iris," opera in three acts, libretto by Luigi Illica, music by Pietro Mascagni, was performed last night at the Boston Music Hall for the first time in this city. The composer conducted. The cast was as follows:

The Blind One.....Francesco Navarrini
Iris.....Maria Farneti
Osaka.....Pietro Schiavazzi
Kyoto.....Virgilio Bellatti
A Geisha.....Dora de Filippi

The choice of election night for the first performance of such an important work is only one of several unfortunate incidents in the career of Mascagni in this country. The only art that absorbs the citizens of Boston today is the art of politics. Any review of the opera or the performance must this morning be short. I shall speak of "Iris" and Mascagni at greater length next Sunday.

The story of the libretto has already been told in the Journal. The first two acts are dramatically the strongest. The hero is the blind father rather than the cold-blooded sensualist Osaka, who tires so quickly of the innocence that at first attracted him. Iris herself is none too sympathetic a figure. The two chief moments in the play are when the father learns of the abduction of his daughter and curses her, and when later he throws mud in her face. These two acts admit of varied and effective musical treatment. The third act is symbolical with poor Iris questioning vainly why her life should have been ruined through the caprice of others, with the revelation of the cruel selfishness of man. Symbolism, whether it be German or Italian, is out of place in opera. Nor is it necessary to inquire whether this symbolism is pseudo-Japanese, any more than it concerns us whether Mascagni has here used Japanese melodies or has imagined his local color. Iris, her father, her abductor, these are types, and so far as they are concerned the scene might be Stockholm or Providence, Rhode Island. The third act makes the libretto as a whole a singular hodgepodge of supernaturalism and naturalism, symbolism with excursions into operetta-land.

A word about the music. Mascagni himself said of "Iris" when the opera was produced at Rome (Nov. 22, 1898) that he had constantly in mind the necessity of the music being not so much as a comment on the story as the drama itself, "the story in its inexorable development;" and he sought on every page to maintain an equilibrium between the voices and the orchestra. Certainly the score as a whole is the work of a master of his trade. The introduction, with the orchestral description of night and daybreak, with the long crescendo that leads to the choral voice of the Sun, this is a superb piece of writing. Most effective, too, is the finale when the Sun again speaks and the Flowers come to bear Iris away, and it is much more than merely a sonorous echo of Boito's prologue to "Mefistofele," as some confirmed reminiscence-hunters insist. In the rise of choral masses Mascagni shows in "Iris" overwhelming authority. So, too, there is skillful writing in the Puppet scene of the first act, the chorus of the Mousme, the first solo of Iris, Ior's serenade, the music given to the Father at the end of the first act, much of the love scene, passionate in music rather than in the text, and hence perhaps incongruous. These and other pages deserve greater attention than can now be paid them. Admiral as is much of the color scheme in harmonic and orchestral treatment, there are occasionally too much striving after effect, a too deliberate turning of the back on natural melody, jarring modulations that are ineffective. But as a whole the score is that of a hot-blooded musician of pronounced talent if this talent be not streaked with genius.

The performance did not begin until 9 o'clock and it was protracted to an unreasonable hour; nor was it equal in merit to the performance of Monday night. Miss Farneti was a charming Iris with a wobbly voice. Mr. Schiavazzi screamed with white tones. Mr. Navarrini was by far the best singer on the stage, and Mr. Bellatti showed a certain ability as a comedian. Neither the chorus nor the orchestra was adequate. All in all, an inferior performance.

The opera this afternoon will be "Cavalleria Rusticana" with Farneti, Schiavazzi and Campana. The Hymn to the Sun from "Iris" and the overture to "William Tell" are also on the program. Tonight "Ratcliff" will be performed for the first time in America. Mrs. Bianchini-Capelli, Mrs. Mantelli, Paoli, Navarrini and Bellatti and Campana will be the chief singers.

***Philip Hale.***

I must conciliate and be servile, until I can command and be tyrannical. I must never look back, even though behind me may be a poor man crying out that I have ridden over his one ewe lamb, or a widow weeping for the trampling of her tender vines under my horse's hoofs. My motto must not be "Excelsior," but rather Caesar Borgia's "Avanti!" or Blucher's "Vorwaerts"; for the rewards of this world lie straight ahead, not far above, and must be tilted at, not clambered for.

We know a man on the Cape who is the envy of the judicious. He raises fruits and vegetables and sells them at a high price to dependent summer cottagers. He is intimate with flowers; he watches the appearance of bloom on plums, he smiles at the polished breasts of melons; a witness of the yearly resurrection and miracle, he considers philosophically the grave, and has no shrinking preference for fire. Even the commercial side of his business is not disagreeable. To drive at a jog-trot over pine-scented roads, to catch glimpses of salt-marsh and lazy sea, to detect the fleeting look of consternation that wrinkles the face of the cottager surprised by the stiffness of the charge and to observe the succeeding bluff of indifference that is the child of despair, thus to breathe pure air and swell a bank-account—what more could any sane man wish? And think of the long winter evenings for reading, for becoming acquainted with his family, for a glance at the awe-inspiring sky on a crisp, moonless night, far from the noise, the dirt, the glare, the restlessness of the town. (And there are nights in town, when the sleepless can hear the city shifting nervously its position in bed, the city disquieted by anxious dreams.)

But this man, the true descendant of Adam, is not contented in his garden. He longs to be a legislator, to represent a constituency, to do something for his town—fine phrases—that profits may accrue. He spends his money in hope of a nomination, which after repeated disappointments, he at last secures. It would not be pleasant to inquire always into his methods. His sole aim is to sit in legislative halls, which are more glorious to him than the halls of the Montezumas or those dreamed of by Arline. And do not condemn him rashly. De te fabula, O reader!

The reckoning of the host is still better than ours. He comes with a smile, and taps us on the shoulder, and says, "Oh, ho! you are becoming famous, are you? You shall go to a padded room, and howl for the rest of your days. And you who have heaped up riches, and have such a swollen check-book? Here is a little pin, with which I just perforate your skull. You tumble down in apoplexy, and farewell money-bags. And you potent, and grave, and wise, who sit in the King's council and rule the destinies of millions—ah! I have but to place a little pebble beneath the pastern of your park hackney, and lo! he will stumble and fall, and four men with a stretcher will carry you home to die."

The Rolling Mill Man, once called before the curtain in Chicago, looked gratefully over the roaring mob, and with a wave of his hand there was silence: "After all, there is only one city." Cries of "Hi! Hi!" "That's the stuff!" "You're the boy!" Tumult was at its height. Another wave of the hand. Again silence. "And that is New York!"

Yes, we in Boston may plume ourselves, poor wretches, on culture, traditions, old and necessarily somewhat musty families, the neighborhood of Harvard, but we are not really self-deceived. Deep in the heart is the knowledge that New York is the metropolis. We were reminded of this yesterday when we read of the performances of Mr. James Mullaley on a street car. "Whenever the car stopped he would shy his boomerang ahead and hold up the motorman until it returned." Then he would open the car-door, bow knowingly to the male passengers, and smile sweetly on the ladies. Perhaps Mr. Mullaley went a little too far when he attempted to give an exhibition of his skill inside the car. The zeal of his boomerang had eaten him up. Still he was picturesque even when he started in to hash the objecting motorman and conductor.

Such an agreeable incident would be impossible in Boston. Nor are we sure that Mr. Mullaley would be fully appreciated were he to visit us and bear with him letters to managers of social menageries. Yet the elasticity and resilience of the boomerang are worthy of patient study. The name of the weapon is derived from "booroomooroong," a part of the ceremonies practised among the Maoris, when the boys are made into men. Mr. Collins tells us that the symbol is knocking out a tooth with the aid of a throwing-stick. The weapon, known to the ancient Egyptians, was almost universal from Eskimo-land to Australia. In Gaul it was the "grosphos"—or "ancyle"; with Libyans, who accompanied Hannibal, it was the "catela"; in Abyssinia the "trombash"; among the Nyam-Nyams, the "Kulbeda"; south of Lake Chad, the "Kunga-Munza"; in India, the "Katuriyeh," the "collery," the "Valaltadi."

Prof. Mullaley should sojourn here and introduce the game, which is far superior to ping-pong. And concerning the origin of the weapon in hypothetical high culture see Dr. Fergus MacWhackum's treatise on "The Esoteric Meaning of the Boomerang," especially pages 473-586.

Apropos of "Zanetto," Mascagni's opera which was produced here Monday night. The Pall Mall Gazette of Oct. 23 referred to Sarah Bernhardt's "58th birthday," which was celebrated

by her at Christiania on Oct. 22, when she played Phèdre.

"Parisian by birth, she is Prussian on her mother's side, and, Sarah as she is to all the world, her baptismal name was Rosine. She has reformed her surname also, by the introduction of the aspirate. Forty years ago, she made her unappreciated appearance at the Francais as Iphigenia. Five or six years afterwards Coppée had written 'Le Passant.' The script lay on Duquesnel's table, in the manager's room, at the Odéon, for a long while. Poetry at that time had no money in it. But, late one afternoon, when Duquesnel was busy with rehearsal on the stage, his secretary happened upon this particular manuscript; opened it; read a few lines; read it all. What was more to the purpose, he got Duquesnel to read it, and him it held to the spoiling of his dinner. A month later, in the January of 1869, all Paris was hurrying over its dinner to go and see Zanetto."

## THE DANNREUTHER QUARTET

The Dannreuther String Quartet of New York (Messrs. Dannreuther, Hess, Kovarik, Schenck), assisted by Mr. Gebhard, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was made up of Dvorak's "negro" quartet in F major, op. 96; Hubert Parry's Partita in D minor for piano and violin; Brahams's quartet in A major op. 26. The visitors played with a general amiability that smoothed out the characteristics of Dvorak's music, and removed the rhythmic distinction. The performance might justly be described as pleasant. Parry's Partita, also smoothly played, is music of that conventional respectability which in England brings the composer university honors and in some cases knighthood. There was an applausive audience

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There was an audience in Music Hall at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. It had come together to hear the overture to "William Tell;" the Hymn to the Sun from "Iris;" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," performed by the Mascagni Company. The audience sat without any word of encouragement or warning from the managers of this company until about a quarter-past three, when Mr. Mascagni's orchestra condescended to appear and give under the direction of the composer a rather rough but spirited performance of the overture. During this impudent delay of an hour and a quarter the Italians in the audience relieved their feelings by handclapping and stamping. The Americans by birth sat with the constitutional submission to a gross imposition, with the resignation that has justly made them famous. And when Mr. Mascagni and his band appeared they even applauded them.

The Hymn to the Sun was repeated. Then came a performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" by Maria Farneti (Santuzza) Dora de Filippi (Lola), Schiavazzi (Turiddu), Campana (Alfio), Josephine del Parto (Mamma Lucia). There was only a faint echo of the passion that distinguished the performance of Monday night, and I say this in spite of the screaming of young Mr. Schiavazzi. The orchestra often showed the indifference that is more commendable in the philosopher than in the musician.

* * *

Last evening at Music Hall an audience awaited the first performance of Mascagni's "William Ratcliff." The opera that it looked for never came.

About nine o'clock the announcement was made from the stage that there would be no performance and that money would be refunded at the box office. The disappointment was severe, especially to those who had the privilege of free entrance.

I was told by a representative of the opera managers that Mascagni received $14,000 in advance, before he consented to leave Italy; that he was to be paid $4000 in advance every two weeks, or every week, during his engagement; that the orchestra was to be paid in advance every 10 days; that all payments had been made up to the time when the company left New York; that for some strange and unaccountable reason payments had not been made since, and the orchestra was consequently uneasy.

The story of the Mascagni Opera Company in Boston is a repetition of that of the Imperial Opera Company under the management of the late Colonel Mapleson, the last Italian opera company to visit Boston before the appearance of Mascagni this week. The season of the Imperial Company opened brilliantly with a superb performance of "Alda." The next night there was a mediocre performance of "Lucia." "Andrea Chenier" was promised for the third night; the audience waited patiently; then there were speeches from the stage. The gallant Col. Mapleson delivered an address in his most Chesterfieldian manner. The baritone De Anna—poor fellow, he died a month or so ago in Italy, as a jeweler, for he had left the stage to resume his early calling—made a passionate speech, and burst into tears at the sight of his wife, the harper, the one member of the orchestra that had not struck. On Saturday night of that week "Andrea Chenier" was performed with an orchestra of local musicians.

So the Mascagni Company opened brilliantly, with a remarkable performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana." This was followed on Tuesday by a mediocre performance of "Iris." And on Wednesday night the strike went into effect. Will "Ratcliff" be performed on Saturday night? I doubt it.

It is a pity. It might have been a wise action for the orchestra to assist in the production of "Ratcliff" last evening in the hope of securing the box office receipts and incidentally advancing the cause of Italian art. And what will become of these players so far from sunny Italy? The orchestra of Col. Mapleson's company was sent home through the generosity of a Bostonian

Opera is a plaything of fashion. This week fashion refused to play with opera.

Mozart once write the music for a comic piece "Der Schauspieldirektor." Will Mascagni's next work be "The Opera Manager" and will the action be in this country? The chorus might represent Bostonians waiting patiently for the rising of the curtain.

*Philip Hale.*

# MASCAGNI QUITS.

## Row Over Money Stops Show in This City and Ends in Disbanding of Italian Company.

### MANAGER MITTENTHAL TO THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

"So far as we are concerned, the tour of the Mascagni Opera Company ends tonight. I want nothing more to do with it. In fact, I am glad that it is over. Those musicians have ten days' pay in their pockets that they haven't worked out yet. They wanted to get twenty days, and we have been giving them that advance, but at last we told them we would do it no longer. So they struck. What it says in the contract, I don't know. The contracts are in Italian and have never been translated. But we weren't going to pay twenty days' salary that hadn't been earned.

"The musicians were ready to proceed with the performance this evening. At 8.15 Mascagni hadn't put in appearance. We waited until 9 o'clock. He hadn't been heard from; we didn't know where he was. There was nothing to do but go before the house, tell them there would be no performance and refund their money."

### COMPOSER MASCAGNI TO THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

"I was disappointed and feel badly that the opera was not played. I was ready to go on at the usual time but didn't find any artists or orchestra. The orchestra refused to pplay because the managers did not pay as they had promised. Since we left New York the managers have put off paying from day to day and the result was a refusal on a part of the orchestra and chorus to play tonight.

"I feel that they are not asking anything unreasonable. The contract is that they shall be paid by the managers in advance, but the management is now in debt to the company several weeks' pay. Last night they said the money would be paid this morning, and this morning they placed the time after the matinee. The receipts of the matinee were $2000, but no money was forthcoming and tonight the climax was reached."

the musicians had been settled for this afternoon and evening, at least, by Mr. Wilhur, who had promised to turn over to the company all the money in the house that was owed to us.

"We claim that Mascagni owes us $14,000 in performances. We paid him $24,000 for a tour of six weeks. This tour has so far cost us a loss of $60,000.

"Mascagni is a hard man to deal with. Last Saturday night in New York we were to have produced 'Iris.' We thought everything was ready. When the audience was in the house Mascagni announced that he wouldn't have the opera go on without another rehearsal, and the house had to be turned away.

"Then when we wanted to make a quick jump from Buffalo to Toronto at 7 o'clock in the morning, I knew I couldn't get Mascagni out of his hotel at 6 o'clock, so I had a sleeper put on the train so he could retire. When he got on board there was something he didn't like about the slant of the berth, and he refused to occupy the sleeper. Instead, he went into the station and sat there until 5 o'clock in the morning, waiting for another sleeper to be brought.

"Those are some of the reasons why we are glad we are through with this production. We claim that we don't owe the company anything, and that in fact they owe us for ten days' performances."

### MANAGERS' VIEW.

#### They Declare That Mascagni Is to Blame for Trouble.

Aubrey Mittenthal, of Mittenthal Brothers, spoke his mind freely in regard to the opera company troubles, to the little crowd that gathered in Manager Smith's office at Music Hall last night.

"Mascagni himself is to blame for lots of the trouble," he said. "I suppose you might say he was eccentric, although it didn't appear to us just like eccentricity. We never could get him to ring up a curtain at 8.15. It was always 8.30 or 8.35. Not once has the curtain gone up on time since we have been on the road.

"Now about tonight. Mascagni had promised to produce 'Ratcliff' for the first time in Boston. The trouble with

### SAYS HE IS SORRY.

#### Mascagni Gives an Altogether Different Version.

While the managers were endeavoring to effect an end to the trouble at Music Hall and the musicians were removing their belongings from the theatre, Mascagni and a few of his leading artists were taking things at their ease seated around a table in the German room at the Touraine. He didn't seem to be burdened or worried by the friction between the company and the managers.

To a Boston Journal reporter who called at the Touraine, Mascagni denied all rumors to the effect that he refused to appear last night. He was inclined to be affected by the reports, but gladly gave his side of the case to the reporter.

When asked if the company would break up in case the management would not settle, Mascagni said that he thought a satisfactory settlement will be reached this morning. He intimated, further, that if the trouble was not settled he might finish out the engagements at his own responsibility.

So Count Robert de Montesquiou is coming to visit us. He is said to be a very beautiful person. His complexion has been much admired and he is a striking example of the true strawberry blonde. "Striking" is the word, for at the Charity Bazar fire he made his escape, they said at the time, by whipping women with his cane that he might hasten his exit. Comment on this little episode led to the duel between the Count and Mr. Henri de Régnier, the snob poet of some distinction.

The Count is coming here to lecture About what? Mr. de Régnier's poetry? The Charity Bazar fire, with illustrations and with the famous cane as a pointer?

And the Count is a poet, an extraordinary poet. He puts all sorts of words together and gives to them when they are neatly assorted precious titles. We translate two of his passionate lines:

"Fish, crane, eagle, flower, bamboo ben by a bird,
Tortoise, iris, peony, anemone and sparrows."

Perhaps you think these lines soun better in French. We are not so sur about this.

The critic, Mr. Remy de Gourmont admits the existence of Count Rober de Montesquiou, "Blue hortensia, gree rose, or white peony, he is one of thos flowers that you look at curiously i a garden; you ask its name and do no forget having seen it." It is as thoug Mr. de Gourmont thought of pickin the Count and wearing him of an af ternoon in his button hole.

Edmond de Goncourt took the Cou seriously and there are several allu sions to this pink-and-white exquisite i the Journal of the Goncourts. Edmon denies that the Count, painted b Whistler and many others, sat for th portrait of the hero in Huysmans' "Rebours," nor does he say anythin about de Montesquiou's incrustation the shell of a living tortoise with gem that the poor beast might ornamen with a certain animation the floor of th Count's show room. Yet de Monte quiou is exceeding fond of precio stones, and he at one time threatene to write a book about them. He tol de Goncourt a queer story about Lor Lytton and the Countess Greffulh Lytton left her by will a beautif stone on which were enigmatic characters. The Countess took it to professional Mage who told her to r herself of it at once, or she would d suddenly, as died Lord Lytton. Th Countess jumped into her carriage an was driven to the Seine, into which sh threw the baleful gift. "Since then, said Montesquiou, laughing, "the riv has been bad for Parisian health Daudet believed; by the way, th precious stones are inherently malef cent.

We should like to see the Count, a though we are sure that he will fi life in Boston crude, nor can we thi of him as a Lowell lecturer. A parl with sumptuous hangings, wax candle the odor of incense, a few—not t many—women prepared to listen t their knees—thus would he be co fortable.

"Proceedings are about to be inst tuted against 54 American dentists a doctors of dental surgery in Germa by the public prosecutor competent deal with the cases for illegal use l the dentists and doctors of dent surgery degrees." So says the Germ Times. No doubt there are quac dentists in Europe who call themselv Americans, or who are Americans, who show diplomas of queer scheo It is also true that in Germany, well as in France and Italy, there a American dentists whose skill and su cess excite the jealousy of the nati practitioners. We were once obliged go to a German dentist. A strong ar and a firm reliance in the efficacy of hot raisin were his chief qualificatior He said nothing about the practice the ancients to let the sufferer from aching tooth inhale the steam fre henbane seed through a small funn but he might have followed the advi of Albucasis; in cases of extractic hold the patient's head between yo knees.

In the eighties an American dent at Berlin looked after the teeth of B marck and many Princes, Counts, a noble dames. An American dentist Dresden went regularly to Vienna take care of the Imperial teeth; numbered Richard Wagner among l patients, and the boy Siegfried used visit him. It was an American dent at Rome that kept the Royal tee sweet and sound, and we all know t part played by Dr. Evans at Paris.

Mr. Gailhard, the director of t Opéra, Paris, is indefatigable in l regulation of the manners a costumes of the audience. For so time women have not been allow

ar hats in the orchestra stalls, ow the hat is proscribed in the y. How courteously the order ked: "No doubt ladies will as- willingly to the regulation since pearance of the house must gain ance." This led an appreciative list to remark: "M. Gallhard is thetic, and he prefers to see a of shimmering shoulders, of o necks encircled with pearls, f hair, beautifully coiffed and ng with diamonds, to a hanging of artificial flowers, whose g petals serve to keep off a of the stage from those be-

female hat has worried theatre ers for years. The Prefect of in Paris over a century ago t to the attention of the ie Italienne the complaint n account of the enormous size s worn by women, those in the eats could not see the stage, offered the assistance of his to abate the nuisance. There n ingenious mayor at Lyons 50 years ago. He announced y woman over 30 years of age keep her hat on in the theatre.

ead in the Pall Mall Gazette 21 comments appropriate to lgar Day." Here in Boston we rafalgar nights.

is the home of superstitions as barbers. The people believe great treasure hidden near arina will be discovered only who has the good fortune to head off a priest. The priests encourage this superstition.

is Commonwealth has the re- or any other person a right to a private letter without the of the writer, or of his r if the writer be dead?

al George Washington would en a still more illustrious per- e had begun his business life ter boy on a passenger train.

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ccounts thus made, spend in the grave ne hour
re thy time; be not a stranger there, thou may'st sleep whole ages; life's oor flow'r
s not a night sometimes. Bad spirits ear
onversation; but the good man lies nbed many days before he dies.

an in New York a few days ago his wife to Bellevue and said she een acting strangely. "She is a nstrator." The doctors naturally him to define the term. He an- d: "She sits in drugstore windows hales catarrh cures." Is this em- ent to be classed among danger- ades, concerning which an inter- book has lately been written? we may here remark that the onest thing becomes valuable to en we learn that the process of facture endangers the life of him makes it; although we are not on that account to pay a higher or the article. Comfort is great- en it is secured by the pain and edness of others whom we do e.

ou are not wholly self-centred, ve the window-habit. You may tten your nose against the pane, u stop before a book-shop, jew- print-shop, grocery. You ad- e arrangement of cravats, col- hirts, umbrellas, although you the existence of so many ties." You are even tempted erve critically window-displays artment-stores, and you are by the resemblance of a man- ith its waxen face and petrified o the young lady you met the efore at Boiterspoon's dinner. e Oriental at work on the rug the example of Penelope and t at night his stitches? Then the man making cigars. Did r see a man in a tobacconist's smoking cigars all day to show sser-by the possibility of true ent? Or would such a demon- be listed among the victims of us trades?

W. insists that this window insidious: "More or less ecstatic lation, followed by the more or ering purchase, is all very well; and by, contemplation becomes n object and not purchase. The t influence of disbursement is nting, and the window habit ims another lost one. You may er moon from one plate glass another, with the somnambu- of one hypnotized. In point of e is hypnotized. These 'dress- e has seen them all before in arrangement, perhaps, but same; yet from window to she must needs wander to con them all o'er again; the particular window does not matter. It may be a man's window or a windowful of incubators, or of artificial limbs. She has the habit and must stare at these."

A painter told us the other day that he had caught a severe cold in a Pullman car, and he then asked us if "pulmonary complaint" was not derived from this particular brand of sleeping car. This portrait painter, wose work commands the highest applause, sulked because we did not laugh. As Poe wrote at the end of his "Silence:" "And as the Demon made an end of his story, he fell back within the cavity of the tomb and laughed. And I could not laugh with the Demon, and he cursed me because I could not laugh."

"Critics," says Mr. Sydney Grundy, "exist only for themselves and their papers, and therefore ought to be better paid." Hear! Hear!

So Death has rapped for the last of the once famous Fox sisters. Was Dr. Kane ever married to one of them? You will find in second-hand book shops "The Love Life of Dr. Kane," but it is hardly worth the reading. As for spirit rappings, Jerome Cardan used to hear them over 300 years ago, when he lived at Bologna in a house where there were doors that would not close, and doors that opened of their own accord.

Mr. Oreste Bimboni was one of those disappointed on Wednesday night by the failure of the Mascagni Company to produce "William Ratcliff." The night before he was instrumental in procuring the performance of "Iris," for during the delay he appeared behind the scenes and argued with the unwilling and he used with marked effect the sweet language of Petrarch, Boccaccio and Ariosto.

Now Mr. Bimboni himself is not unacquainted with operatic intestinal strife. It was on Nov 29, 1896, that he led at the Boston Theatre that memorable performance of "Aida" by the Imperial Opera Company, managed by the late Colonel Mapleson. He led "Lucia" the next night, and although "Andrea Chenier" was young Mr. Tango's opera, Mr. Bimboni was a highly interested spectator at the strike of Dec. 2, and he has good cause to remember the kindliness of certain Bostonians toward the unfortunate company.

Nor was this the first operatic strike witnessed in this country by Mr. Bimboni. Col. Mapleson in the spring of 1886 ran into strikes in Northwestern towns and thereby lost much money. The gallant Colonel gave an amusing account of his troubles at Chicago in the second volume of his Memoirs. The company insisted on payment, and the office of the Opera House manager was "crowded daily with prime donne, chorus people, dancers, musicians, property men, billboard men and supernumeraries, all demanding money. Lucia was begging for dollars and cents; Manrico insisted on having at least three meals a day; while the Count di Luna, who shared his rival's apartments, protested that unless he had a pint of good wine before he went on he could not get out his F's with due effect in 'Il balen.'" Mapleson, not at all daunted, assembled an orchestra of local players and gave performances. "On Arditi's notifying Signor Bimboni, the accompanist and under-conductor, that he would require him to assist on the piano in the orchestra, Bimboni replied: 'Bless you! I have struck, too." Then follows a pleasant description of a little scene between Messrs. Bimboni and Parry, the stage manager.

Would that Mr. Bimboni might be persuaded to write out his reminiscences of operatic dissensions, failures, triumphs, for he has seen many singing men and singing women in many cities. And why should he not produce here with pupils of the New England Conservatory his own opera "Santuzza," a continuation of "Cavalleria Rusticana"? It was first performed at Palermo in 1895.

Nov 8, 1902

We spoke yesterday of Jerome Cardan, the learned leech, arithmetician, astrologer.

His remedy against sleeplessness may be tried with advantage by some of our readers:

"When I could get no relief from fasting nor from the flagellation I inflicted upon my legs when I rode abroad, nor from the game of chess * * * I prayed God to have pity upon me, because I felt that I must needs die, or lose my wits, or at least give up my work as Professor unless I got some sleep, and that soon. * * * I went to bed; it was already late, and, as I must needs rise at four in the morning, I should not have more than two hours' rest. Sleep, however, fell upon me at once, and me seemed that I heard a voice speaking to me out of the darkness * * * 'Take the stone which is hanging round your neck and place it to your mouth, and so long as you hold it there you will not be troubled with thoughts of your son.' Here I awoke, and at once asked myself what this beryl stone could have to do with sleep, but after a little, when I found no other means of escape from my trouble, I called to mind the words spoken of a certain man: 'He hoped even beyond hope, and it was accounted to him as righteousness' (spoken of Abraham), and put the stone in my mouth, whereupon a thing beyond belief came to pass. In a moment all remembrance of my son faded from my mind, and the same thing happened when I fell asleep a second time after being aroused."

In the vision seen by the prophet Daniel, the body of the man was like the beryl. Then there is that description of the new Jerusalem with the foundations of the city wall garnished with all manner of precious stones. "The fifth sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl." The word is more beautiful than the stone so designated, and the stone is of little significance in areanal rings. If you admit that it is a poor relation of the emerald family, then it may be a remedy against snake-bites, troubles of the stomach, epilepsy; and it strengthens the eyesight. It is not a bad idea to have a beryl handy in the house, for after all it does not take up much room, and it does not require so much attention as a cat.

The editor of the Lancet (London) evidently considers it his divinely appointed mission to make all men and women uncomfortable in the routine of this too daily life. According to the Lancet death is lurking in a mother's kiss, a vase of flowers, a toothbrush, a richly bound book of devotional exercises, on the mountain-top, in the church-hassock; the most innocent action will probably lead to fatal consequences; the very effort to keep well will inevitably bring on some crawling or loathsome disease. Above all, death is in the pot, whether the cookery be at home or at a tavern.

The latest assertion of the Lancet is that we unavoidably swallow a certain amount of the glass from which we drink, and that the broken-off bits cause hideous internal disorders; for the acids in certain liquids detach sharp particles from the glass; hence appendicitis "and all the 20th century novelties." How about the dipper, or the gourd? The old oaken bucket was long ago condemned.

We see this editor of the Lancet—in the mind's eye. He is thick-necked and a heavy feeder. He orders recklessly at the tavern, he does not wear overshoes, he does not remove his overcoat every time he enters a reasonably warm room, he drinks hot whisky just before going out into the night air, he sleeps in a chamber with windows shut—in a word, he violates every conventional rule of health. If he did not, he would not have the courage or the strength to write his articles.

Mr. G. R. Sims tells this story in the Referee: One afternoon the manager of French's play-book shop was attending to his business, when a fearful noise was heard above. "There was the sound of furniture being overturned, and fire-irons crashing, and, above all, the roar of a human voice threatening annihilation to all around. The customers who were in the shop fled into the street. A policeman passing by rushed in with his truncheon drawn, and exclaiming, 'It's on the first floor,' dashed upstairs, followed by Mr. Hogg and two of the assistants. They burst open the door of the room on the first floor and rushed in to find that it was only Charles Warner reading a melodrama to Uncle Sam French."

This reminds us of a story told by the late Charley Thayer. He was trying to sleep in his room on the seventh or eighth story of a New York hotel; but there was such a shouting that sleep was impossible. Finally he dressed himself and went down to the office to see what the trouble was. "There," said Mr. Thayer, "I found Louis Aldrich, the eminent tragedian, confiding to the clerk that he had such a bad cold he had lost his voice."

We have to wait for the English journals to learn home news. You may remember that Mr. Victor Herbert sued a music journal and recovered damages. The Era that arrived this week announced the begining of the trial and said: "Signor Pietro Mascagni has been secured to advise Mr. Hummel in the conduct of the case."

This sauce is recommended for cold meat: Mix in a basin one tablespoonful of grated horseradish, the same amount of red currant jelly, the grated rind of one orange (or lemon) and its juice, and a little raw mustard.

Sir James Crichton-Browne asserts that there are 110,000 certified lunatics in English asylums and more than double that number of persons at large in England who are unmistakably insane, but not as yet sufficiently violent to frighten their relatives into shutting them up; that if lunacy goes on increasing according to the present ratio, every fourth person in England will soon be a lunatic. "Another large body of lunatics live on unmolested in their homes because their insanity does not take a form of criminality recognized by the law. In the home they are the principal figures in a tragedy that affects the lives of all their kith and kin, frequently the lives of a second and third generation."

To C. R.: You ask the answer to the problem stated in the Journal of Oct. 30. There is a fountain which contains an unknown quantity of water; a group of persons with vessels capable of containing a certain unknown quantity stand around it. They draw at the following rate: The first takes 100 quarts and one-thirteenth of the remainder; the second 200 quarts and one-thirteenth of the remainder; the third 300 quarts and one-thirteenth, and so on until the fountain is emptied. How many quarts were there? Answer: 14,400.

## MARCELLA SEMBRICH.

### Song Recital by the Celebrated Prima Donna in Symphony Hall—A Large Audience Lavish With Applause.

Marcella Sembrich gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Rubin Goldmark, a nephew of Carl Goldmark, and a composer whose works have been played here at Symphony and Kneisel concerts, was the accompanist. There was a large audience which applauded heartily and demanded encores.

And yet Sembrich on former occasions has given greater pleasure both by choice of program and by a more liberal display of vocal art. The air from Bach's "Phoebus and Pan" has been sung here once this season, and once in five or even ten years is enough. Beethoven's "Neue Liebe" is by no means an inspired song. Loewe's "Die Mutter an der Wiege" is conventional and spineless. There is a melancholy interest attached to the works of Hugo Wolf (born in 1860), a composer of much promise and actual performance, who became insane in 1897 and is now in an asylum. I refer any who wishes to read one of the saddest stories in the history of music to articles by Ernst Decsey published in "Die Musik" for October and November, 1901. But surely "Der Gaertner" does not represent Wolf favorably, nor is "Ich trage meine Minne" among the best songs of Richard Strauss, nor "In der Rosenlaube" among the characteristic songs of Burgert.

Mrs. Sembrich began with the pathetic aria from "Iphizénie en Tauride," which wasf ollowed by Handel's "O had I Jubal's lyre," a delightful aria from "La Serva Padrona," and the Butterfly Song from Campra's "Les Fetes Vénitiennes" (1710), an opera ballet that enjoyed success for over 40 years. At the beginning she sang with evident effort and with a small volume of tone, nor was her intonation always pure. Little by little she warmed to the task. Task is a word that I do not like to use in connection with this admirable singer, yet there was thought of a task to be performed even till the end of the concert. The aria from "La Serva Padrona," Schumann's "Nussbaum," Brahns' "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer," Tschaikowsky's "Ob heller Tag" were sung with her accustomed beauty of phrasing and genuine and most appropriate expression, and Grieg's "Zickeltanz" was sung effectively; but her reading of Bizet's "Pastorale" was somewhat logy. Too often the upper tones of the singer were inclined to be shrill, and in songs where there was an attempt at extreme intimacy with the audience, the tones suggested the need of a smaller hall for the accomplishment of the desired effect. All in all it was not Sembrich's day. Yet she at times displayed the exquisite art that has given her such a proud position in opera and concert, and thus charmed her admirers of old.

The program included in addition to the songs mentioned Schubert's "Fruehlingstraum" and "Die boese Farbe," Schumann's 'Fruehlingsnacht," Brahms' "Dort in den Weiden" and Van der Stucken's "Fallih! Fallah!"

*Philip Hale.*

Nov 9, 1902

# MR. LAMOND'S RECITAL.

## First Appearance in Boston of the Scottish Pianist in Recital — A Program That Might Be Called Truly Formidable.

Mr. Frederic Lamond gave his first piano recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was an audience of fair size.

The program was as follows:

Variations on a theme of Paganini, Op. 35 ..... Brahms
Sonata, E-flat major, Op. 31, No. 3..... Beethoven
Erlkoenig ..... Schubert-Liszt
Nocturne, C minor, Op. 48, and Polonaise, A-flat, op. 53..... Chopin
Fantaisie Op. 17..... Schumann
Soirée de Vienne..... Schubert-Liszt
Barcarolle ..... Rubinstein
Don Juan Fantaisie..... Liszt

Mr. Lamond has evidently toiled at the piano from his youth up. As a result of his industry he has gained facility and power in the mechanical performance of pieces written for this instrument.

Furthermore, it may be justly said that he is free from any tendency toward sensationalism. You could never accuse him of slyly setting traps for applause. His aims are high, his musical purposes are pure and artistic. He is a pianist, then, to be respected for these qualities.

That he is serious-minded is shown by his composition of programs. Indeed, he wished to give a concert here with a program made up of five or six sonatas by Beethoven. This shows conclusively that he has little sense of humor. His managers, it is said, had great difficulty in persuading him from this determined purpose. In the matter of Beethoven he was like young Mr. Smallweed in the matter of gravy—he was adamant. But tears, imprecations, and possibly the threat of the laying on of violent hands at last moved him. He substituted the program of yesterday, which was formidable enough.

Mr. Lamond lacks sensuousness in touch and use of the pedals; there is little of the poetic spirit in his interpretation; there is no lofty imaginative thought. Nor does he give delight by piquancy or dash of rhythm. Nor, on the other hand, is there such an authoritative display of intellectual quality that the hearer is compelled to admiration, although his heart is unmoved. In straightforward, matter-of-fact playing, as in his reading of Chopin's Polonaise, Mr. Lamond was eminently respectable; but respectability is not the distinguishing characteristic of this Polonaise. And like many men of high respectability and serious thought, Mr. Lamond is inclined to dryness, if not to dullness, in his exposition of thought before an audience. Now music is first of all emotional.

***Philip Hale.***

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IS the glorious future of Mascagni behind him, or has he an illustrious past before him? Did he say his first and last word in "Cavelleria Rusticana?"

We have heard in Boston his "Cavelleria," "L'Amico Fritz," "Zanetto" and "Iris." From these we may form reasonably a judgment.

"L'Amico Fritz" (1891), "I Rantzu" and "Silvano" (1895) have practically disappeared from the stage. The first two were written in great haste and to order. Mascagni, drunk with success, was ready to say "Yes" to any librettist or publisher. Perhaps he did not realize of what great advantage the libretto of "Cavelleria" had been to him. The libretto itself would have thrilled an audience, as we saw when Duse played Santuzza and Mascagni's music was not missed. (I cannot speak of Alexandr Salvini's version with incidental music by Emilio Pizzi, for I did not see the performance).

In "L'Amico Fritz" Mascagni tried to be idyllic, as he did in "I Rantzu," which was also founded on an Erckmann-Chartrian story; but how often was the music incongruously bombastic, as in the chief scene of the shrewd and kindly Rabbi and in the recitation by Suzel of the story of Isaac and Rebecca. Here simplicity was imperatively demanded, and here the composer was most artificial. The recitation of the old Biblical story by Marion Manola in Stanislaus Stange's version, which was played at the Columbia in 1893 with music by Julian Edwards, was much more effective. Mascagni turned the Alsatian idyl into a wild melodrama, so far as the music was concerned, although the cherry duet was charming and in character. But there was in this early opera the same straining after effect that is found in "Iris." I remember that when Fritz asked Suzel, "How is your poor old father," the orchestra tossed its yeasty billows.

So it was in "I Rantzu." A glance at the score shows the unnecessarily brutal harmonic treatment, the boisterous orchestration, the rule of extravagance.

In "Silvano," a maritime drama, Mascagni went back to straight melodrama. The story is of a fisherman who turned smuggler to support his m-m-m-uther-r. His sweetheart despairs of seeing him and carries on with Renzo. Silvano does return and he knifes Renzo in the back. This opera was a lamentable failure, although the singers were actors of renown.

And in "Ratcliff" and "Iris" horror is the soul of the plot.

The libretto of "Ratcliff" is a translation into Italian by Andrea Maffei of Heine's raw-head-and-bloody-bones tragedy written by the poet at Berlin during the last three days of January, 1821. Maffei has been warmly praised for the faithfulness of his version and for preserving the metre of Heine. "The story is extant, and writ in choice Italian."

The grim story of Ratcliff killing off the betrothed, one by one, of the girl he loved, and finally slaying her and her father as well as himself, has interested other opera-writers: Vavrinecz (Prague 1895), Emilio Pizzi (Bologna 1889), César Cui (St. Petersburg 1869). Xavier Leroux's opera has been announced as in rehearsal at Paris, and Giuseppe Villafiorita, who died lately, left a "Guglielmo Ratcliff" in his portfolio.

Yet the story seems to be of little worth for operatic purposes, even with the introduction of the ghosts of Edward and Schoen-Betty, and when Heine's version is so closely followed, as in the libretto by Maffei, monotony seems inevitable; for here are four acts composed wholly of lines of the same metre throughout. Now add to all this the fact that female characters appear only in the first act and in the last act, that there is hardly any concerted music, that the chorus is introduced only for a moment at the end of the opera. We have left, then, the gibbering and mowing old nurse with her horror-haunted memory, Douglas with the account of his memorable visit to London, and Ratcliff, a most disagreeable and tiresome person, who seems to shape his conduct on that of Hamlet and is addicted to long soliloquies and attacks on the followers of Doctor Graham as well as on the idle fellows, "greedy ostriches, they gorge themselves and flood their gluttenous guilets with champagne" (to quote from Mr. Willard G. Day's curious translation of the libretto into English).

Nevertheless, the tragedy made a deep impression on Mascagni when he was a student at Milan. He finished the opera at Ascoli, where as conductor of a wandering company he was stranded.

Mascagni has said on several occasions that his best music is in "William Ratcliff." He may have said it; but composers are not always impartial judges of their own work. Associations may endear and blind to faults. Deformed children are often the most tenderly loved.

And the story of "Iris" is such as might be rolled in the mouth of a pervert, like a sweet morsel. What possible interest is there in the amours of this blasé Japanese who goes about with a professional pander? No wonder that the music he sings is without true passion; that it does not move or convince; that it tires and frightens poor Iris. The finale of the second act is intolerable. The exhibition of Iris to the crowd; the frantic yells of the men in the street; the entrance of the blind father and his handfuls of mud thrown at his daughter—here I find neither artistic nor even melodramatic strength, for it is all deliberately untrue, contrived against truth to create an excitement in the audience. I hope I am not prudish. I find no harm in plays of tumultuous passion that are to some others an abomination. I should like to see a performance of John Ford's famous tragedy. Messalina is to me a heroine that may well deserve operatic apotheosis. But the end of the second act of "Iris" is contemptibly nasty and false. The cauldron of boiling oil in "The Jewess" drove Robert Louis Stevenson out of the opera house. The torture scene in "Tosca" is decidedly unpleasant. Yet in each case there is the plausible excuse of realism. But in Japan a girl is not disgraced by living for a time in Yoshiwara, nor would a Japanese father curse his daughter for such an excursion; nor would she be prevented thereby from making a highly respectable and even brilliant match. How incongruous, by the way, is the music of the men who admire Iris from the street. Music that might come from communists with kerosenecans about to fire a city building or a palace of the rich; music without a trace of amorous longing. And what has the mysticism of the third act to do with Japan, this mysticism of the sewer and the sun? The opera was pretentiously announced in Italy as of Japanese character. If this alleged character had not been bawled from the housetop, no one would have been seriously disturbed by any lack of local color or of conformity to Japanese ways and manners. As it is, in certain points of stage mounting and action, there is a foolish confounding of what is Chinese with that which is Japanese.

No wonder that the music in the first act is the best, for in this act are the few opportunities given by the librettist for dramatic treatment. The second act is spun out beyond endurance, and with the exception of the tune hummed at the beginning by the Geishas and the last appeal of Osaka to Iris, the music is constantly artificial and without blood. There are fatiguing modulations, there are also pages of monotonous tonality equally fatiguing. The technic on the whole is that of a master; there are strong pages, chiefly orchestral and without any intimate connection with the drama itself. There is a wide difference between the score of "Iris" and that of "Cavelleria;" the first is that of a musician who knows how to dispose of the resources of the orchestra; the latter is that of a boyish enthusiast who exults in brutal effects, sudden contrasts, the rasp of strings and the roar of brass.

But in "Iris" the frank melodic appeal and the direct dramatic stab are looked for in vain. The melodic structure is more artfully contrived; but there is little spontaneity.

Now even in Italy the libretto of "Iris" was fiercely attacked. The production at Rome was a gorgeous one. The tenor De Lucia received $1 12 for each note he sang. There was a long string of gongs; there was scenery that compelled admiration; that admirable actress Darclée was the Iris; but the Hymn to the Sun was the one number that really thrilled the audience.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" affected in a measure the democratic tide. It showed the advantage of a closely knit, quickly moving plot. It was a powerful protest against the long-winded opera of set conventions. Even the most confirmed Wagnerites were willing to admit at last that operas of their master might well be cut. The strength of the libretto turned the attention of managers to stories taken from humble life. Some were foolish enough to think the strength was simply in its swift tragedy, and the stage was invaded by all sorts of horrors. There were German "realistic" operas; and at Christiania in 1898 a pupil of Massenet, one Gaston Borek, wrote the music for "Silvio," a cheerful continuation of "Cavalleria." Silvio, the son of Lola and Turriddu, loves Graziella, the daughter of Lola and Alfio. To avenge his father he kills Alfio, and Graziella goes mad when she discovers that she and Silvio had the same mother. Mascagni himself tried to show that he, too, could be realistic and he wrote his "Navarraise."

Mascagni has grown in command of technic, in the superrefinements of orchestration, in the command of choral masses. His melodic thought is by no means so pronounced and spontaneous. And how could a man to whom the libretto of "Cavalleria" appealed find a source of inspiration in Illica's "Iris" with its pseudo-Japanese spirit, its pseudo-mysticism, its pseudo-passion? Is Iris half-dead in the sewer, hearing voices advance various theories of life, a heroine for opera? And the young man Osaka, what can be said of him?

It looks now, although we have not heard "Le Maschere," his latest opera, which was not successful in Italy, that Mascagni will be known to posterity—poor posterity! think of the prophecies that are thrown upon it as responsibilities!—as the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana." And it is something to write a "Cavalleria."

* * *

Mr. Henderson in the New York Sun of Nov. 7 paid this tribute to the Boston Symphony Orchestra for its performance on Thursday:

As for Mr. Gericke and his men, they were in fine fettle. They played the Brahms symphony with wondrous beauty of tone, with exquisite balance of parts, with delicious voicing of the inner parts, and with an understanding and a feeling that left nothing to be desired. When they came to the Strauss music they played with magnificent spirit, with a brilliant virtuosity that was dazzling, and with a warmth of color and mood seldom shown by this refined and generally repressed orchestra. It was a superb performance, ushering in the seventeenth season in this city in a most inspiriting manner.

* * *

"Lancelot" wrote a few words about Horatio W. Parker's new cantata "A Star Song." He heard it at a rehearsal in London for the Norwich Festival: "Life on Thursday morning (Oct. 16) was too hurried to grasp the meaning of Mr. Henry Bernard Carpenter's poem, but telephonic communication seems to have been established between Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the Morning Star, and the Moon, and Love seems to constitute the communicator." And of the performance itself at Norwich Oct. 23, Mr. Vernon Blackburn wrote:

I come now to Professor Horatio Parker's "Star-Song." I have, to a very certain degree, admired in the past the musician's accomplishment. It is true, perhaps, that he has not before now made any overwhelming attempt to prove himself what used, at one time, to be called a musician "of the future." He contented himself largely with forms as he found them; and, indeed, I believe that his confessions on the subject published some six years ago in these columns after a certain Three Choirs' Festival, were supposed by many to show something of a retrogressive spirit. This new composition will tend to disperse all such supposed personal theories to the winds. In "A Star-Song" Professor Parker has attempted—not in intention, possibly, but, advancing through a side issue, in act—to out-Wagnerize Wagner. He has chosen to be daringly modern; and the result is that he has failed—hopelessly, desperately failed. It is true that his librettist has scarcely given him a chance. The poem is weak, although it is very pretentious; and it (unfortunately) makes an attempt at a sort of Shelleian rivalry. A riot of words, an almost unmeaning piling of phrase upon phrase, a most amazing disregard of metaphor—these are the characteristics of the poem which Dr. Parker has taken for his inspiration. The result is literally something like chaos. The old melody has shivered into space; even the old soupcon of imitativeness has given place to a singularly hard and dry sentiment, to a sort of originality that never seems to be quite natural. The soloists, Mme. Kirkby Lunn, Miss Kate Moss, Mr. William Green and Mr. Robert Radford, all sang well; but the remoteness—the musical not the artistic remoteness of the work—reminded one oddly and painfully of a sort of antiquity which has never known youth. It would be quite superfluous to dwell upon the matter in detail; but the fact remains that Professor Parker has taken an excursion to the stars, and none will be more happy than his English admirers when he finally decides to return to earth.

* * *

Edward Lloyd, the famous tenor—"retired" some time ago; but no singer likes to stay "retired"—so his appearance on Oct. 18 in London was not a surprise. Mr. Blackburn gently gave him a hint: "Mr. Edward Lloyd's vocal contributions to the concert were more or less on the lines which he has made familiar to us through the fine work of his past accomplishment. His interpretation of Gounod's 'Lend me your aid' was quite in his best manner; it is no wonder that Mr. Lloyd does not choose to consider that his career as a great vocalist is finished, but we own to remembering this as a not unknown phase in the life of the retiring singer. More on this subject need not be said."

* * *

Mr. Blackburn wrote of Mackenzie's new orchestral suite, "London Day by Day," which was produced at the Norwich Festival on Oct. 22:

"To me it reveals Sir Alexander in a new mood—or rather in a new aspect of an old mood; and it is clear from the outset that he is bent upon realizing the humor, the casual things, the byways, the gamin life of London. With essentially dramatic instinct, he starts out with the inspiration of the chimes of Big Ben. There is much virtue in those chimes. Altogether unconsciously, of course, Tschaikowsky has captured their first phrase for a sad moment in his Sixth Symphony and the sadness wherewith he conceives it is marmoreal in its persistence. Sir Alexander plays with it, however, as an element in London life; he recognizes, indeed, its value, its reminiscent quality, its perpetual intrusion into the ways and works, the wonder and the willfulness of the Strand, and its not too remote environment; and he accordingly, in the phrase, involves it in the running patterns of his tone pictures. They are various, indeed, even as the London street is various; some of the sections of the first movement belong to the very open-air metropolitan life; the eighth division of this movement, for example (the second part of that marked 'Meno Mosso,' which itself develops from the 'Allegretto'), is exquisitely pretty, and is charmingly worked out, leading again to music most notably humorous in its quality and musicianly in its building-up and general facture. The end of this movement gives quite a specially corporate feeling of London; may one say London in the aggregate—wherein are mingled many 'hot things for an unholy usage,' as Byron has it; and I cannot but think that there was almost a touch of genius that sent the cry of the street boy along the last bar or so to mark the contrasts that are so curiously characteristic of London's greatness and London's littleness. The waltz movement that follows is pretty in the extreme, and it was charmingly played. But the word pretty is perhaps not comprehensive enough. Sir Alexander gave us that impression which everybody must have experienced in passing an open door at night time (an oblong of light falling on the pavement), with the sudden sound of dance music volleying out upon the air. Once again, in this connection, I note the dramatic accomplishment of his work. To include the 'Song of Thanksgiving' (dated July 1, 1902) as an experience of London was distinctly a mistake on the part of the composer. The thing has dignity; but it was not particularly an integral part of London any more than it was an integral part of Cape Town or Lagosmith. In the final section, 'Hampstead Heath,' the composer is back in his most volatile and charming humor. The scoring has in it a touch of Sullivan; and the whole thing 'smells April and May.' When I say 'a touch of Sullivan,' I do not mean to detract in any way from Sir Alexander's essential and original work; the reminiscence was, however, delightful

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ere are persons in common life who that eager curiosity and restless ad- tion of bustle and splendor, that sooner not be admitted on great occasions asting and luxurious display, they will n the character of livery servants to l behind the chairs of the great. There others who can so little bear to be left any length of time out of the grand val and masquerade of pride and folly they will gain admittance to it at the ise of their characters as well as of ange of dress.

a," said the young Augustus at kfast. "Pa, what is a ménage?" . Ferguson glared at his offspring then at his wife, who choked as was drinking coffee. Ménage, Au- us, is an abbreviated form of men- gic, and is applied by the French household. It may be well ap- here."

saw the card of a newspaper man other day that thrilled us with ad- tion. Few have so thoroughly ed out the Socratic maxim, "Know lf." The card read:

The Professional's Friend,

amatic Connoisseur,
Hagerstown, Md.

acute dramatic critic of the Pall Gazette found out that Messrs. lington and Sutherland's piece was ed with sawdust when it was pro- d at the Comedy Theatre, London. ed with the sawdust is a little nder, but sawdust it is—the same ust that fills out the forms of the es and villains of our veriest melo- a of today.

will play you for any stake you e, from sixpence to ten thousand s.' Thus M. Beaucaire on Satur- This speech was one of the very hings that grated, at least as far cal color is concerned. For the emen who gathered round Beau s tables at Bath in 1735 did not of pounds in their pleasures, but lineas. The slip is eloquent of the play. We feel the shortage all gh, not merely the proverbial two- extra for manners, but the extra g for breeding is lacking. Every- falls a little short of what we a right to expect. * * * But ault of the play lies deeper than regard of past conventions. The acters are not, and never were. not that they do not conform to onventions of 1735; it is that they selves are mere conventions that t conform to any experience we of life, no matter where lived or ."

now that Mr. Tarkington has gone politics, he will come in contact real live human beings, even h some of them may be inclined rk the sawdust game.

critic also objects to the play- t (Mr. Esmond's) love of truth compelled him to write "My Lady e." "Truthfulness, a brute fidelity ts, is not a feminine characteris- History contains no record of a ina Washington. For absolute women have no reverence and no athy. It seems to them ridiculous men should make such a fuss a lady who has no clothes and at the bottom of a well. And love comes into the case, there is man who will not lie for all she th. No man of any sense would it otherwise. If women turned the world would fall to pieces. better for all parties that things d be as they are."

Zumuto, editor of the Japan , publishes his impressions of in the United States and in Eng- In America, he says, he was con- y stared at, in train, in trolley in the street. In England the gers and the pedestrians are free the habit of staring.

reminds us of a tale told about dio Hearne. He suffers from outward physical infirmity and is lly sensitive. For some years, er he went in the United States s gaped at until life became in- ble; but when he went about in no man, woman or child ever d to him in any way that he hysically different from others. s so pleased with this height of sy that he then resolved to live such people for the rest of his

an understand Mr. Zumuto's ob- to being stared at, and we read- lieve him when he says that the hman is not so rude in the ex- of ocular observation as is the can. The Englishman is so satis- ith himself and his country that indifferent to the passer-by wheth- be black, yellow, white, copper- d or a delicate pea-green. Still nglishman can put a cold, glassy eye on the neighbor or the stranger within his gates. As one of their own poets has said:

Who shall call me ungentle, unfair,
I long'd so heartily then and there
To give him the grasp of fellowship;
But while I past he was humming an air,
Stopt, and then with a riding whip
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,
And curving a contumelious lip,
Gorgonized me from head to foot
With a stony British stare.

Gustav Jaeger has a theory that a chemical change in the liquids of the body takes place in the hypnotic condition, and he says that if Preyer and Czermak in their experiments had used the sense of smell "it could not have escaped them that so soon as catalepsy sets in the body exhales malodorous matter." This statement recalls the conclusion of Poe's ingeniously dreadful tale, "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar."

The author of an article, "The Novel of Misery," published in the Quarterly, does not approve of Zola's views of human nature or of Zola's art. Here is a specimen brick: "Before Zola, writers lacked the central conviction that the life of man was a nightmare of sensuality, crime, drunkenness and nervous disorders." Yet this does not prevent "L'Assommoir," "L'Oeuvre," "Germinal" and "La Terre" from being great works.

NOV 14. 1902

## MESSRS. DEVOLL AND ISHAM

### A Recital in Steinert Hall That Gave Much Pleasure—An Exhibition of Extreme Finesse in the Interpretation of Songs and Duets.

Messrs. George Devoll, tenor, and Edwin Isham, baritone, assisted by Mrs. J. E. Tippett, pianist, gave the first of two recitals yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a small and most applausive audience. The program included these duets: Mendelssohn's "Greeting" and "The Harvest Field," Saint Saëns's "Viens," Hildach's "Passage Birds Fareweil," Amherst Weber's "Night in the Desert" and W. K. Tarpey's "O Mistress Mine." Mr. Devoll sang Caldara's "Come raggio del Sol," Liszt's "Le Désir," Gedard's "Chanson de Juillet," Brahms's "Liebliches Kind," Chaminade's "Immortality," and Hadley's "Nevermore Alone." Mr. Isham sang Handel's "Generoso Chi Sol brama," Fauré's "Au bord de l'eau," Holmes's "La Belle du Roi," Schubert's "Au die Leyer," Dresel's "Whene'er I gaze" and "Come into the Garden, Maud," and Arthur Somervell's "Go fetch to me a pint of wine."

This concert gave much pleasure to both musician and concert-goer. The program was fresh and agreeably varied; the singers were in the vein; and there was a great deal to interest, admire and praise in their performance.

The distinguishing feature of the concert was the uncommon display of finesse in purely vocal art as well as in the aesthetic interpretation. Not only was each song, each duet individualized with fine appreciation of the intention of the composer and the mood of the period in which the music was written, but in each of these songs there was infinite attention paid to detail; yet not as though the singer stood with stick and pointed to a diagram, but the detail seemed an inevitable part of a whole, an inherent contribution to the general effect. The song was always organic and complete, not merely mosaic work. There was a continuous flow of musical thought, a constant current of expression. And this finesse has evidently become as a second nature to these singers, especially in duets, for there was never the suggestion to the hearer of the necessary labor in preparation. The spontaneity was authoritative, so that the hearer accepted immediately the interpretation and could conceive of no other at the moment.

How beautiful, for instance, in its artful simplicity, in its melancholy, autumnal mood was the ending of "The Harvest Field," which might bear, as sung by these musicians, the lines of Thomas Hood for a motto:

"No more the lark or linnet sings,
But silence sits in faded bowers."

The hearer is inclined to tremble when a singer appears on the stage armed with an air by an old Italian or an aria from one of Handel's operas. The singer, as a rule, displays nothing but a voice; he has no understanding of such music, he knows not the art of the men and women for whom this music was written. No wonder, then, that the airs themselves sound hopelessly archaic and incredibly dull. But listen to Mr. Devoll singing a song by Caldara, or Mr. Isham in the music of Handel, the opera-writer, and you at once are in the atmosphere of the period; that which seemed common or dull is now full of vital meaning; the beauty, the pathos, of the song is brought home to you, and it is the modern music with the strain after effect, the dependence on florid or dramatic accompaniment that suffers by the contrast.

These singers have come near mastering the art of arts: and this is simplicity. Only a great master as César Franck could write that simple "Lied"; only a genius like Gluck could thrill an audience and stir a soul within a perfumed and be-patched noble dame of his period by the binding together of certain notes. In these days when young singers without preparation rush upon the stage, with an assurance that may well be called insolence, it is a pleasure to find two men of no little experience and who have already tasted of success devoting themselves assiduously to an art that is to so many merely a business, which happens to be encouraged by idle patrons and patronesses feverish in their quest for a new diversion.

The accompaniments, played by Mrs. Tippett, were not for once the least feature of the concert.

Messrs. Devoll and Isham will give the second recital in Steinert Hall on Tuesday afternoon, the 18th, when duets by Brahms, Schultz, Chaminade and Bizet, and songs by Handel, Mendelssohn, Ford, Amherst Weber, Chaminade, Bunning, Chadwick, Walthew and Wallace will be sung.

*Philip Hale.*

"What is the good of talking of those things now?" said the man of utility. "I don't know," replied the other, quaffing another glass of sparkling ale, and with a lambent fire playing in his eye and round his bald forehead—(he had a head that Sir Joshua would have made something bland and genial of)—"I don't know, but they were delightful to me at the time, and are still pleasant to talk and think of."

One of the most entertaining chapters in the forthcoming colossal work by the Earnest Student of Sociology will be the exhaustive article on chimneys. This article will begin with a discussion as to whether the ancients knew the chimney—the Earnest Student is positive that they did not know it; there will be an inquiry into any mention of chimneys before 1347, when, according to an inscription, a great many (molti canini) were thrown down at Venice by an earthquake; there will be an examination of the statement that they were not commonly used in England until the middle of the 16th century, with the reminder that, in earlier employments of the term, chimney meant fireplace or hearth, and that Leland in 1538 wrote: "One thinge I muche notyed in the Haulle of Boiton, how Chimneys were conveyed by Tunnells made on the syds of the waule * * * and by this meanes and by no Covers is the smoke * * * wonder strongly convayed."

This discussion will delight the antiquarian, but the more important part of the chapter is the consideration of the chimney—we prefer the form "chimblay"—as a sociological institution. And here chimney includes the instrument by which heat is obtained; hearth, grate, stove, furnace with any kind of fuel, wood, coal, coke, gas, peat briquettes, etc. For we find in modern books chimney in the sense of "grate" or "fireplace," as in Stevenson's "Catriona": "She showed me the place all very finely swept and the fires glowing in the two chimneys;" or with the meaning of the fire itself, as in the same book by Stevenson: "I was nearly perished, for the chimney was gone out and the frost keen."

The full glory of the chimney is known only to dwellers in the country where the hearth is large and the fuel is wood. There the chimney may be generous, huge, hospital. The fireplace is no inconsiderable portion of the room itself. The andirons are for use, not for idle decoration as in a flat. With such a hearth chimney-back, chimney-breast, chimney-cheek, chimney-crook, chimney-jawm, chimney-lug are not merely quaint words; and a chimney-doctor is then a man of importance, for when such a chimney is sick, there is indeed need of a doctor. But what are such words and chimney-hook and chimney-jack and chimney-corner to the wretched dwellers in flats.

O for such a chimney as that shown in a picture that illustrates the song at the end of "Love's Labour's Lost" in the Verplanck.

Shakespeare—a picture no doubt stolen from the Knight edition.

There are the coughing parson, and red-nosed Marion, the roasting crabs hissing in the bowl, and greasy Joan keeling the pot. It is true that after sitting by such a fire, the trip bedward is as an Arctic journey, and there is the thought of laying in a store of pemmican and providing oneself with all manner of scientific instruments; yet a cold bed-room is the height of sensuous enjoyment a few minutes after the shiverer is between the sheets. And the luxury of dawdling in bed in the morning with the cold tweaking the nose! But Leigh Hunt has discussed this, and his remarks are quoted as a foot-note by the Earnest Student.

You may be too near the fire, Witness that dreadful picture by Cruikshank in "The Tower of London" where Underhill is screaming in the embracing flames. But the hearth-fire is more merciful. We do not purpose to indulge in reflections after the manner of Donald G. Mitchell, who saw so many things in the fireplace, nor do we wish to moralize over dying embers, ashes, smoke and other symbols of life and mortality.

How skimpy and mean the chimneys of an apartment-house. They are contrived for gas-stoves, gas-grates, and is there any more hideous mockery of cheering warmth than gas-pipes in the form of wooden logs or pieces of cannel coal? Even a frost-pinched yellow dog cannot be deceived by such a grate. Or perhaps there is what is known as an "open fire-place" in a flat. Did you ever try to use one? The stingy chimney refuses to allow the escape of smoke. Think of an old couple trying to find their youth on such a hearth, or young lovers dreaming dreams before it.

The use of gas and electricity for light and the use of steam-radiators often contribute to divorce. The glare, the absence of mellowing warmth, expose the ravages of worry and the inexorable years; the man sees every wrinkle in his wife's face; he observes her tired eyes, her thinning hair, the tissue-changes, the crumbling chin; and, selfish, he says to himself: "Bless me! what a fright Maria is getting to be;" "Tomorrow to fresh woods, and pastures new." The garish light, the metallic heat dry the affections, harden the heart. A caress seems public. Candles, the soft lamp-light, the hearth—these deal gently with age and invite confidences. The middle-aged and the old are still lovers.

It matters not whether the chimney be built outside the house-frame or firmly established as the centre of the dwelling, so long as the imitation of the Virginian and old English fashion be not a hideous fraud, a mere ornamentation. There should be a law against these meagre chimneys that shoot up from the roofs of humble dwelling-houses. A chimney in the house of a billionaire or a clerk should be fat. The chimney should always be a symbol of comfort and hospitality. There should be no grotesque contrivance to make it draw. And where there is no hearth there is no home. Better even the open fire in the middle of the room and the smoke escaping through a window. Fire is not worshiped enough even in Persia. For as Plotinus well said: "Fire surpasses other bodies in beauty, because, compared with the other elements, it obtains the order of form: for it is more eminent than the rest, and is the most subtle of all, bordering as it were on an incorporeal nature." And as Hawthorne wrote in his journal: "What should we do without fire and death?"

Or how can true love grow in the breasts of the young when they woo near a steam-radiator? Long ago we found the furnace a sorry substitute for the hearth, and there were fathers who, vexed by the protracted call, did strange work in the cellar and by some contrivance sent up blasts of icy air through the accomplice-register. Yet in those days youth and maiden drew closer to one another, whereas now there would be the dread of pneumonia and the prudent application of preventative pellets.

Yet the chimney is not always a safe symbol. The mighty tube belches forth a column of black and angry smoke; and in the factory crackers are making for oyster-soup, or biscuits for a delicate luncheon or an afternoon tea. And in that white and reassuring dwelling-house with green blinds, where smoke curls gently skyward, there are stormy words and mean insinuations, perhaps blows and taunts crueller than any blow; there is the acting of a household tragedy.

NOV 12, 1902

## MISS HENSCHEL'S CONCERT.

### A Young Woman of Indubitable Musical Instinct and Feeling Who Has Not Yet Acquired Artistic Means of Expression.

Miss Helen Henschel, soprano, assisted by Miss Winifred Smith, violinist, gave a concert in Chickering Hall yesterday afternoon. Miss Hawkins was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Recit and Aria from "Judas Maccabeus" ..... Handel
"Kennst du das Land" ..... Beethoven
"Rastlose Liebe" ..... Schubert
Miss Henschel.
Adagio from Concerto No. 2, in D minor ..... Bruch
Miss Winifred Smith.
"Das Veilchen" ..... Mozart
"Volksliedchen" ..... Schumann
"Der Liebsten Schwur" ..... Brahms
"Donald Blair" (new) ..... Henschel
"Tausendschoen" ..... Henschel
Miss Henschel.
Adagio and Finale from concerto for two violins ..... Bach
Miss Henschel and Miss Smith.
Five traditional songs of England, Scotland, Italy and France.
Miss Henschel.
"Berceuse" ..... Fauré
Valse Espagnole ..... Centola
Miss Smith.
"Les Roses d'Ispahan" ..... Fauré
"Ouvre tes yeux bleus" ..... Massenet
"Non, je ne veux pas chanter!" (from "Le Billet de Loterie") ..... Isouard
Miss Henschel.

I publish this program for the sake of the record, not for extended comment on it or the interpretation of it.

Miss Henschel is musical no doubt by birthright. In this city, where her mother left a fragrant memory and where the musical activity of her father is still remembered, she should be a welcome visitor.

The greater, therefore, is her duty toward a public that is so willing to applaud her.

Her voice is not of such sensuous quality that it will make its way by sheer beauty of tone. On the contrary, when there is any stress of emotion, when the singer is not coquettish or employing the parlando, the tones are sour or shrill.

The more resolutely, therefore, should Miss Henschel have applied herself to the long and tedious routine work that must precede the mastery of all means of vocal expression; the more patiently should she have waited until she were ready for appearances in public, ready with the assurance of knowledge, not the assurance of adventurous youth.

Today Miss Henschel is in no way equipped for concert work. Her tones are not placed beyond doubt or peradventure; she has no control over her breath, and therefore she clips or chops or breaks the phrase; she sings spasmodically. In a word, she has not yet mastered the rudimentary or the fundamental principles of song. She has studied the violin, I believe; at least she played it yesterday; and it is the more surprising that as a singer she does not appreciate the value of legato, of the long and sustained phrase.

Only when she sings some light and tripping tune does she give pleasure, and then by the display of an interesting personality and girlish nature.

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Miss Smith played the Adagio by Bruch at a snail's pace, in most phlegmatic fashion, and with a smoothness of tone that almost irritated.

There was a good sized and exceedingly friendly audience.

***Philip Hale.***

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"Random Recollections," by Charles H. E. Brookfield, is an entertaining book. As a boy he had the rare fortune of knowing a clergyman who had a trick of tapping his glass eye with a lead-pencil. In Paris he became acquainted with an accomplished knight of industry, a Mr. Hector Gordon, who for some especially brilliant operation was jailed. They afterward came together in the Haymarket when Brookfield was just ready for the university. Gordon tried to avoid him, but Brookfield insisted on recognition. "Awfully good of you to speak to me," said the swindler. To which Brookfield answered: "Awfully good of you to speak to me. You've done your five years. I haven't done mine."

As manager of the Haymarket Theatre and as playactor during an unusually hot season, Brookfield's high spirits were not depressed for a moment. He put on the stage a "charming triple bill" and the box-office receipts were £12 a night. The actors' manager would say: "What time shall I bring you the second returns?" Brookfield would answer: "Just before my pathetic scene." He signed so many passes that he permanently injured his handwriting; and some of the favored would come in early, take five or six of the Japanese fans which he had provided and leave before the rise of the curtain.

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The German Times wisely says: "It is not generally known that Mme. Bernhardt is a German by birth, as her name implies. She was born at Hamburg." No, this is not generally known. As a matter of fact Rosine Bernhardt, commonly called Sarah, was born at Paris, Oct. 22, 1844.

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The Rev. George Hodges, D. D., said the other night: "It is a slow world." It is going fast enough for us, thank you; and each year it goes faster and faster.

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It seems that there is objection in the 14th arrondissement, Paris, to the erection of a practical guillotine. And yet there once was a world-famous machine of this nature near the Tuileries that was in active operation and was much admired by the bystanders. Is it possible that the French no longer care for local color?

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Boston, Nov. 10, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Might not the murder case that is now exercising the public mind be aptly referred to as the Great Tride M Mystery? Morton, McPhee, Mason. Notice how many of those recently assaulted have names that begin with the same letter. Marshall, Murphy, Mixer, Maxwell. The name given by the pawner of Miss Morton's watch was Miller. M is also the first letter of McLean, murder and mystery. Is there any significance in all this?

G. H. W.

Yes, and M also stands for 1000.

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Dr. Haig Brown, master of the Charterhouse, wrote of a pupil who was going up to Pembroke, "Conduct generally good." Dr. Searle wrote back: "What does 'generally' mean?" Dr. Brown replied by postal card: "Generally means 'not particularly.'"

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We read the headlines: "Powder and glu and water. And other things woman puts on her damask cheek." We have also read that many English women heighten their complexion by the internal application of gin, otherwise known as blue-ruin, blue-stone, short, blue-tape, cat-water, daffy, drain, deke, eye-water, frog's-wine, juniper, jackey, lap, max, misty, ribbon, satin, soothing-syrup, stark-naked, strip-me-naked, tape. As Walt Whitman well said: "The English language befriends the grand American expression; it is brawney enough and limber and full enough. * * * It is the powerful language of resistance; it is the dialect of common sense. It is the speech of the proud and melancholy races, and of all who aspire."

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The town of Frankfort has established a beer saloon in the building next the celebrated Goethe House. This is as it should be. No one can appreciate "Wilhelm Meister" or fathom the depths of the second part of "Faust" unless he has visited the haunts of Goethe and supped full of beer and frankfurters. Balzac once said that the Germans paid great attention to cemeteries chiefly to indulge their passion for horticulture. The sight of a beer saloon in any German town near a historic house or a statue compels us to believe that the Germans invent their great men solely for the purpose of drinking to their memory.

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The word "Frankfurter"—or "Frankforter," if you prefer, reminds us of a recent and sour attack.

"When all things were invented nothing was contrived of more evil potency than the sausage. Whether it reposes in sad and garnished succulence upon a dish, or capers seductively in seething gravy, it is a thing to be suspect. Its charms are superficial, its antecedents often doubtful. Its lineage is crossed with the bar sinister, and it owes its acceptance in society to a meretricious wealth of condiment. What of that? Pepper is but seasoning, red ochre is but a cheap cosmetic. Sausages are but sausages; all is vanity. They may conceal anything, from sawdust to buttons, from tin tacks to trichinosis."

But spare us the little, tender sausages that sleep sweetly on a bed of mashed potatoes.

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We all remember the grapes gathered by "stable boys, smoking long-nines." The fruit of the grape vine, the Treille do Roi at Fontainebleau, has been sold at auction. The 19,880 clusters were divided into 96 lots, and each weighed about 35 pounds. The prices varied from 13 francs to 130 francs, and the sum total amounted to 3183 francs. But it was not a good year. Last year the bunches were about 26,000 in number. The vine is almost 5000 feet long.

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This Mr. Jules Huret of the Figaro, who is going to write articles on American life, is versatile and entertaining, something more than a Count Smorltork. He first made more than a local reputation by his 'Enquête sur l'Evolution littéraire." 64 interviews published first in the Echo de Paris and then in book form, in which he persuaded literary men of Paris to tell what they thought about modern literature in general and each other in particular. It is a pity that Mr. Huret did not arrive in Boston in time to see the working of that fine old medieval law of arrest, as shown in the absurd treatment of Mr. Mascagni. Huret! Hooray! May this French visitor see more than the Hotel Martin, the New York Fire Department and the Fenway Palace!

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Old friendships are like meats served up repeatedly, cold, comfortless, and distasteful. The stomach turns against them. Either constant intercourse and familiarity breed weariness and contempt; or if we meet again after an interval of absence, we appear no longer the same. One is too wise, another too foolish for us; and we wonder we did not find this out before. We are disconcerted and kept in a state of continual alarm by the wit of one, or tired to death of the dullness of another. The good things of the first (besides leaving stings behind them) by repetition grow stale, and lose their startling effect; and the insipidity of the last becomes intolerable. The most amusing or instructive companion is at best like a favorite volume, that we wish after a time to lay upon the shelf; but as our friends are not willing to be laid there, this produces a misunderstanding and ill-blood between us.

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Molineux and Cornish—Arcades ambo.

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A sensational play at the Théâtre Antoine in Paris, "L'Enquête," describes a magistrate as the prey of terrible emotions when he discovers that he himself murdered the victim whose case he is investigating, murdered him when he was under the influence of an epileptic attack. The play was written by a physician, professor in the Faculty of Medicine, and a consulting doctor to one of the hospitals. And other physicians are named who have won success as playwrights. Here in Boston Dr. Francis A. Harris used to do excellent work for the Museum.

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Some feel a sense of relief when a physician is actively engaged in anything but his profession. Yet there are physicians who write books primarily to help their patients. We are informed on good authority that Dr. Mitchell of Philadelphia, the well-known nerve-specialist, wrote his novels for the purpose of administering sleep without the aid of coal-tar preparations to his patients who were suffering from insomnia.

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Then there are physicians who have written amusing books in the legitimate exercise of their profession. Witness the case of William Salmon, "Med. Profess.," who lived at the Blue Balcony by Fleet Ditch, near Holborne Bridge, London, in 1684. No family should be without his "Iatrica seu Praxis Medendi." How valuable this book would be to the Bostonian is shown by the fact that Dr. Salmon devotes 131 pages to the treatment of various catarrhs.

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There is no possible catarrh that is not described by him; there is no possible catarrh for which he does not sagely prescribe; from "catarrh in a young woman, accompanied with shortness of breath, want of appetite, and a great pain in her stomach," to "catarrh in a butcher taken by riding in the cold"; from "catarrh or distillation into the right eye," to "a sharp catarrh which caused an hole in one of the veins under the tongue."

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Yesterday we were suffering from a catarrh with hoarseness. We opened at random the chapter on this form of disease, and we found in Sec. XXI. these words; words that deserve to be graven with gravers upon the eye-corners, as they say in the Arabian Nights:

"On the seventh of November, 1641"—mark the coincidence; we first felt chilly on Nov. 7,—"the south wind blowing I was taken with a catarrh and a hoarseness; the second day I kept my bed, and took nothing all day but two messes of barley broth at dinner and supper time, the third day I took a ptisan and an ounce of manna; the fourth day I rested, and my hoarseness was very much abated; on the fifth day I had a dry cough, which made me open a vein. On the sixth my cough continued, therefore I took twenty grains of calomelanos and eight grains of resin of jallap. * * * Howbeit my cough was quite discussed."

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Unfortunately we could not follow strictly this course of treatment. "Twenty grains of calomelanos and eight grains of resin of jallap" are not for those who are forced to lead daily a strenuous life, which may include at any moment serving on the jury.

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We should dearly like to discuss Dr. Salmon's "Theory of the Incubus or Nightmare," and whether the mustard in a Welsh rabbit is a superinducing cause; but we pass on to the case "A trembling in a young man from excessive drinking of brandy," for this may be of more particular as well as general interest. Dr. Salmon did not shut off the unfortunate from all stimulants. "I totally interdicted brandy to him, yet withall gave him liberty to drink for a season now and then a glass of generous wine, least if he was wholly debarred of all strong liquors at once, a faintness of the Spirit, and general weakness more than ordinary should immediately seize him." And what did he give him in the way of internal medicaments? In the course of 24 hours the tremblier took half a dram of spirit of hartshorn, which after 14 days was changed to the volatile salt of man's skull, from 12 grains to 16 in old conserve of roses; 10 grains of volatile salt of amber, with permission to drink after the dose a glass of viper wine; a dose of Salmon's Electuarium ad Tabidos the quantity of a large nutmeg. The tremblier was bathed for 8 or 10 days, morning and night, with the powers of man's skull and then with tincture of myrrh; after 10 days he was bathed only with the pure tincture of myrrh made with the spirit of wine. In about six or seven weeks the young man was so well that he could lift bumpers of brandy from the table to his mouth without the loss of a drop on the way.

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You no doubt read in the newspapers that Mr. Benjamin Yanger of Chicago knocked out Mr. Anthony Moran of New York by landing a blow on Mr. Moran's solar plexus. Possibly you are not aware that in England there is hot discussion as to whether the knock-out blow should be allowed in boxing. Mr. R. Frost-Smith, who admits coyly that he is "a veteran lover of the sport," quotes a friend, a physician, who tells him that "a swinging blow—that being the most readily applied—delivered on the strictly assorted spot is bound to produce shock causing unconsciousness to the unfortunate recipient, and even with the fittest men, possible death. My medical friend adds that in his opinion anyone with a knowledge of the facts and using the foul hit mentioned—i. e., the 'knock-out'—is as culpable as if, armed with lethal weapons, he attempted murder." We do not pretend to dispute this, but we were under the impression that the solar plexus was reached, not by a swinging blow, but by a stiff punch, such as any celebrated pianist gives in a passionate moment to the keyboard stretched before him.

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Here is a story that is not told by Mr. Brookfield in his "Random Recollections:" A well known "entertainer" once walked into a club frequented by play-actors and addressed the crowd in a mighty superior way: "Why do you look so glum? Want money, I suppose? Why don't you do as I do?" "What's that?" said a comedian. "Simple enough," the little man answered: "Hire a hall, put in a piano, put on a dress suit, give an entertainment, and clear 100 pounds." "Yes," said Brookfield, "but the trouble is that we don't all look so funny as you do in dress clothes."

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It seems that Miss Elizabeth L. Banks is shocked because certain Englishwomen "high up in the social world" smoked cigarettes in a restaurant. "One of them was a Countess, a great 'church woman,' and a woman known far and wide for her nobility of character, her sweetness, her charity, her womanliness."

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Now we do not like to see women of high or low degree smoking cigarettes in public or in private. Cigarettes stain the fingers and taint the breath. If women must smoke let them smoke cigars, or let them join their husbands after dinner in peaceful and domestic pipes.

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But our own likes or dislikes should not blind us to facts. As Buckle sagely remarked in his discourse at the Royal Institute on "The Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge," women prefer the deductive, ideal method of investigation. "They are more emotional, more enthusiastic, and more imaginative than men; they therefore live more in an ideal world; while men, with their colder, harder and more austere organizations, are more practical and more under the dominion of facts, to which they consequently ascribe a higher importance." In connection with this, let us observe that tobacco was so imperious a necessity to Buckle that unless he had his three cigars a day he said he "could neither read, write nor talk if forced to forego them, or even much to overpass the usual hour for indulging in them," and as the effort to smoke when walking was too much for him—his health was very delicate—he never went to stay in any house where smoking was forbidden.

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Now as a matter of fact respectable women and women of the highest social position—the terms are not always synonymous—have smoked almost since the introduction of tobacco into England. It was long the custom to offer tobacco-pipes to women at the theatre; women smoked in the time of Charles II. Jerevin de Rochefort, whose travels in England were published in 1672, tells us that smoking was a general custom among women as well as men. "It is a custom in England that when the children went to school, they carried in their satchels with their books a pipe of tobacco which their mother took care to fill early in the morning, it serving them instead of a breakfast; and that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his book, to light his pipe, the master smoking with them, and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw the tobacco. Ursula, "the pig woman," exhibited at Bartholomew Fair in 1661 smoked a pipe. Mary Frith, popularly known as the Roaring Girl, born in 1584, boasted that she was the first female smoker, and you see her in her full length portrait, in male attire, armed, and puffing at a huge pipe. Yet some women thought the trick a vile one even in the brave Elizabeth days, for Margery in Dekker's "The Shoemaker's Holiday" says to Roger, who invites her to "drink a pipe of tobacco": "Oh, fie upon it, Roger, rerd! These filthy tobacco-pipes are the most idle slavering baubles that ever I felt. Out upon it! God bless us, men look not like men that use them."

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Edmund Howes (1631) says that tobacco was then "commonly used of most men and many women," fr

ich it would appear that the "Counblaste to Tobacco" by King James I. blished in 1604) had little influence. s monarch of sour memory hinted t women smoked to oblige their bands, or in self-defence: "Morer, which is a great iniquitie, and inst all humanitie, the husband ll not be ashamed, to reduce therehis delicate, wholesome, and cleane plexioned wife to that extremitie, it either shee must also corrupt her ete breath therewith, or else rese to liue in a perpetuall stinking tment."

mes poohpoohed the idea that too was an excellent medicament for n; he said nothing about it as a edy for sick women. But John ot about the middle of the 16th cen, then an Ambassador to Portugal, rded several wondrous cures: nong al others there was a woman had her face couered wyth a Rirworme rooted, as though she had sour on her face to whom the said Ld Embassadour caused the hearbe be giuen, and told her how she ld vse it, and the ende of eight or e dales, this woman was throughly head."

e learned Dr. Salmon, to whom we rred yesterday, boldly asserted in "There is no plant in the d for its many excellent Virtues moving all kinds of diseases, both nal and external, that deserves an Eulogy as Tobacco." And he this case: "A certain great Man subject to a Chronick Catarrh was taken away with pouder of cco, snuffed or drawn up the Nosand a decoction of Sassafras for rink, after other things had been in vain. The preparation: Take cco leaves, one dram and a half; oram, one scruple; Musk, one make a fine pouder to which few drops of Oyl of Anniseeds."

Spanish women smoke only in ican and English operas? "Cuban es and women of Spanish extracrin South America," says Beattyiston, "blow or rather inhale their y as freely as may be; but the n-bred daughter of Iberia is as abt in the matter of smoke as she renous in that of garlic." Yet that observer, George Augustus Sala, ares the women of Venice, invetsmokers, to the women of Seville. s at Venice that Sala admired at unset hour a plump, jovial little n at an oriel window enjoying the pretty puerility of the papel-, ut the downright and athletic extion of the full-grown cigar."

magnum opus of the Earnest nt of Sociology will contain a list oble dames that have smoked g tobacco. George Sand will of e lead all the rest; but there is norable place for Miss Flora, who ned the Parisians of the Fifties ngy pieces at the Palais Royal. e springtime of her beauty she ed cigarettes; when she was fully she preferred cigars; and before eath she colored many pipes, and the reputation of having been the girl in the world. There will be ames of many staid New England n of heroic days. The grander of the Earnest Student of Soy smoked clay, of a peaceful Sunfternoon, over an edifying volume William Law or a collection of ons by the Rev. Jonathan Edas.

*Nov 15. 1902*

and authors who congregate in ies, and see nothing of the world ort of phantasmagoria, to whom perless characters they meet in the a few hours are fugitive "as the summer," evanescent as the figures era obscura, may talk very learnattribute the motions of the to circumstance of which they ssedly in total ignorance. They cter only in the bust, and have (for the crowd) to study it as a ngth, that is, as it exists in ut those who trace things to their nd proceed from individuals to know better. Schoolboys, for exho are early let into the secret, he seeds growing, are not only ges, but true prophets of characat the nicknames they give their usually stick by them ever

or Jacques Loeb is inclined to at injections of salt and water re the dying if not bring the ife. No doubt there is somehis theory, although at presof salt and water are given rs to expel foreign life from ones. A few years ago Ems, the opera singer, was recby a French physician to dermic injections of salt and le followed faithfully the ads a result, some little animaaction on the stage was perrough a powerful opera glass it of the season.

We are glad to see that the University of Pennsylvania has received $100,000 for a chair in Assyriology. There will now be no excuse for the shameful neglect of the Assyrian bull. The agricultural colleges have not had money enough to pursue this branch of investigation; to find out how the bull was bred and whether his influence on stock was beneficial. As represented in ancient stone the animal is of singular interest. It excited Dante Gabriel Rossetti to impassioned verse. Tennyson mentions another species:

> That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull
> Smelling of musk and of insolence.

but we doubt whether this bull would recommend himself to the American farmer.

Furthermore, there is now the possibility of determining whether the Assyrians were not the true inventors of the German vocal art; for in the bas-reliefs that have come down to us the women are pinching their throats with their hands as they are singing.

We are also glad to see that Stromboli has resumed business, although we deplore any loss of life that may result from this display of strenuousness. But an inactive volcano, content with a bygone record, vain of its youth, is to us a melancholy object.

When Mr. George Sandys saw Stromboli in the course of his journey, begun in 1610, Vulcano was the most formidable volcano of the Lapari Islands. Of Vulcano Sandys wrote: "It had three tunnels whereat it evaporated fire; but now hath but one, out of which it smoketh continually and casts out stones with a horrible roaring. In the yeere of our Lord 1444, on the 5th of February, it flamed so abundantly and flung forth fire and stones with such an hideous noyse that not only the rest of the islands but all Sicilia trembled thereat. Perhaps the last blaze; for now flame it doth not, but retaineth the rest of his terrors. Now Strombolo, called formerly Strongyle, of the rotundity thereof (for all is no other than a high round mountaine) doth burne almost continually at the top like a Beacon and exceeding cleerely; so that by night it is to be discerned a wonderful way. These places (and such like) are commonly affirmed by the Romane Catholickes to be the jawes of hell; and that within the damned soules are tormented."

And then Sandys tells this story to show how volcanos are useful in leading men to repentance.

"Master Gresham, a merchant, setting saile from Palermo (where there then dwelt one Antonio called the Rich, who at one time had 2 Kingdomes morgaged unto him by the King of Spaine) being crossed by contrary winds, was constrained to anchor under the lee of this Island. Now about midday, when for certaine houres it accustomedly forbeareth to flame, he ascended the mountaine with eight of the sailers; and approaching as neere the vent as they durst; amongst other noises they heard a voice crie aloud, Dispatch, dispatch, the rich Antonio is a coming. Terrified herewith they descended: and anon the mountaine againe evaporated fire. But from so dismall a place they made all the haste that they could: when the winds still thwarting their course, and desiring much to know more of this matter, they returned to Palermo. And forthwith enquiring of Antonio, it was told them that he was dead; and computing the time, did finde it to agree with the very instant that the voice was heard by them. * * * In Gresham himselfe, as this Gentleman said (for I no otherwise report it) It wrought so deepe an impression that he gave over all traffique; distributing his goods, a part to his kinsfolke, & the rest to good uses; retaining onely a competency for himselfe; and so spent the rest of his life in a solitary devotion."

And what sonorous names are given to volcanos! No wonder that the mountains try to live up to them. At the same time we must not be deceived. Spanish and Italian words are not always what they sound. Would a poem have been written about Casabianca if the name of the stubborn youth had been Whitehouse?

What's in a name? A Miss Butcher, who gave a piano recital in London on Oct. 29, "relied chiefly on a graceful rather than a vigorous rendering of the works selected."

The Germans now say that Sarah Bernhardt was born not at Hamburg, but at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Sarah still insists that she was born at Paris, but it's a wise child that knows its own birthplace. Soon Sarah will achieve the fame of Homer, who was born in seven cities at the same time.

The house of Salvini, the eminent tragedian, at Florence, was lately broken into: wreaths, medals, and other gifts were carried off. The offenders are described as burglars, but we prefer to regard them as passionate collectors. All such are egoists, whether they collect first editions or old china or prints or postage stamps or hangmen's nooses. Jack the Ripper was also a collector.

*Nov 16. 1902*

## YESTERDAY'S MUSIC.

### Fifth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—First Appearance Here of Miss Maud MacCarthy, Violinist—Mascagni and His Men in Concert.

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture, "The Betrothal of the Tsar" ........Rimsky-Korsakoff
Violin concerto ........Brahms
Suite, "L'Arlésienne" No. 1........Bizet
Symphony No. 4........Beethoven

The overture of Rimski-Korsakoff is a prelude to an opera which was produced at Moscow in 1899. The Russian critics told us at the time that the overture did not correspond to the dramatic quality of the opera itself. It is frankly a theatre overture, and as such it is not to be ranked among the important or the characteristic works of this Russian, who is first of all a colorist. He needs a fantastical subject to quicken his imagination, as Berlioz demanded a great one. Give him Antar in the desert, Sadko fiddling to the dwellers in the palace under the waters of the sea, Scheherazade telling her wondrous and immortal tales; or ask him to put into music the brilliance and rhythm of Spain (as in his Spanish Caprice which richly deserves a performance at these concerts) and he will paint gorgeous orchestral pictures. But here we have something that comes merely before the rise of a curtain which does not rise for us. It is sparkling, entertaining music, deftly put together and agreeably scored; a light overture for once without wet wings.

The suite from "L'Arlesienne" is always welcome, for it is in its way a masterpiece, and it deserves thoughtful and painstaking consideration in the performance.

The Minuetto and the Adagietto were played with exquisite finish and fitting sentiment. The opening theme of the Prelude and the Variations were also admirably played; but the remarkable section of the Prelude that introduces the theme of the poor Innocent, the boy with the sleeping soul, who awakens to intelligence only at the catastrophe, when his brother Fréderi kills himself for love, was without mystery; there was no expression of the twilight of a soul. The music was too much in the open, too much in noon light. I do not refer merely to the absence of saxophone color. I am speaking of the whole effect. Where was that recurring sigh of the clarinet, that should haunt the hearer? Where was the sombre, spectral melody, as the voice of a lamenting ghost? And in the Finale of the Prélude, which is developed from the typical theme of Fréderi there should have been more restlessness, more fever in the pace. But as a whole the Suite gave much pleasure.

Miss Maud MacCarthy made her first appearance in Boston. She is a talented young violinist, who evidently has not the fear of Brahms before her eyes, for she played his concerto as though it were really music of flesh and blood, and not cryptic, not something that is only for the elect. She played with an individual warmth that was soon contagious; she played with power, beauty of tone and phrasing, and with a mixture of mature judgment and youthful enthusiasm. If it be true that lost souls who in this world found an unhallowed joy in the music of Richard Strauss, Tschaikowsky and the ultra-modern French and Russian composers will be forced in the next to hear endless repetitions of the violin concerto of Johannes Brahms, then Miss MacCarthy may well be the compassionate spirit who will make the punishment as light as possible. Last night she was recalled again and again.

There is little to be said about a performance of a Beethoven Symphony by this orchestra. Yet when one of these symphonies is not heard too often, there is always something to say about the work itself. Last night one of the chief impressions was that of the supreme power of Beethoven in awakening anticipation, and this by apparently simple means, as in the first movement during the long crescendo that leads to the re-establishment of the chief tonality. No one with all the audacity of modern harmony or legions of instruments has so paralleled in music the uneasy hush before some perturbation of nature.

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The program of next Saturday will include Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony; aria from "Hans Heiling," sung by Mr. Van Rooy; Dvorak's Symphonic Variations; Wotan's Farewell and the Fire Charm from "Die Walkuere," with Mr. Van Rooy as Wotan.

*Philip Hale.*

### THE MASCAGNI CONCERT.

The circumstances in which the Mascagni Opera Company gave the first of two concerts at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon (the second concert is announced for tonight), rather shuts out criticism For, in fact, it was attended by everyone, probably, in a spirit of sympathy. The celebrated composer and his assistants were, it was well known, endeavoring to make the best of a pretty mess; and, all in all, they did finely. The small audience had a full measure of enjoyment.

The worst part of the circumstances was the unavoidable arrangement of the stage, with the orchestra spread at ease, and the chorus peeping out from behind the basses and the trombones in the rear. In the "Hymn to the Sun," from "Iris," this arrangement resulted in the complete swallowing of the chorus by the band, except in the unaccompanied measures. In the performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana," the chorus did not suffer so much in this way, but it sang unsteadily, nervously perhaps it should be said.

All the performers, aside from the vivacious, magnetic Mascagni himself, were somewhat nervous. After the orchestra had played two selections from the unfortunate "William Ratcliffe" (including a dainty intermezzo, with dreamy chords and a sweet duet for flute and horn), Sig. Bellatti wabbled through an aria from "Dinorah" and Signora Farneti trembled girlishly in a song from Gounod's "Cinq-Mars." The fourth number was the powerful, nerve-stirring "Hymn to the Sun," of which number the hero was the composer and conductor himself.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" (in evening dress) was the second part of the program. Signora Bianchi Cappelli was Santuzza, Sig. Schiavazzi was Turiddu, Signora Del Parto was Lucia, Sig. Bellatti was Alfio and Signora De Filippi was Lola. The singing of Signora Cappelli and of Sig. Schiavazzi was inspired, and the orchestra played the renowned "Intermezzo" with grand responsiveness.

After the concert a large part of the audience crowded to the front to cheer Mascagni and wish him good luck. Certainly his enthusiasm is brave.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its 2000th concert last week at Hartford, Conn., Footguard Hall, Nov. 11. This event should have been celebrated with pomp and circumstance in Boston, for it is rare if not unique in the history of orchestras of such rank.

I was present at the 3000th Blise concert in the Concert-Haus, Berlin, on Dec. 12, 1882, and that anniversary was the cause of much eating and drinking as well as music. About 850 of the 3000 concerts corresponded to what we know as Symphony concerts of the most serious nature; 2000 were of a more popular nature; there were 130 "Composers and virtuosos evenings," 10 "monster" concerts; five "Court" concerts, and there was one performance of an oratorio.

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A Rhenish journal publishes this advertisement:

"Opera-singer of the first rank, with excellent recommendations and connections, superb presence, eloquent, speaking German, French and English, wishes to change his profession and secure a place as a drummer for a leading wine and cigar house."

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Mrs. Cecile Avenarius, a sister of Wagner, used to tell, it is now said, how her brother Richard stood in fear of the number 13. He was born in 1813; the single numbers added together make 13; there are 13 letters in his name, he finished the score of "Tannhaeuser" on the 13th of April; it failed at Paris March 13; and Wagner died on Feb. 13, 1883. Zola had a superstitious reverence for the number 7.

The Ménestrel of Paris reports that out in California the part of Don Basilio in "The Barber of Seville" was played by a soprano. San Francisco papers please copy.

Leopold Bernstamm has finished a statue of Rubenstein for the St. Petersburg Conservatory. He knew the pianist well, and the statue is said to be excellent. Rubenstein is standing with his hand on a pile of scores.

A sacred opera, "Leo the Great," by Perosi, has been performed privately at Rome.

Symphonies by Bruckner have been conducted lately by Nikisch at Berlin and Leipsic. Will this unappreciated and generally neglected composer be enthroned at last on his rightful seat?

Enrico Bossi's new oratorio, "Paradise Lost," will be produced at the Leipsic Gewandhaus on March 14 of next year. The Prologue describes the Creation; the first part is entitled "Hell," the second "Heaven," the third "The Earth." The voice of God is expressed by a chorus; Eve, Adam, Belial, Satan, Moloch are solo singers. This reminds me that "Le Fin de Homme" by Charles Koechlin, a musical illustration of a poem by Leonte de Lisle, was performed at Colonne Concert, Paris, Oct. 19. Adam, a tenor (!), disgusted with earth, remembering the joys of Paradise, longs for death.

"Tosca," performed at Dresden on Oct. 21, was most successful musically, although the critics deplored that a man of such unusual talents should waste them on an unworthy subject.

De Nouvina made a dismal failure as Marguerite at the Berlin Opera House on Oct. 22. Max Steuer wrote that she could do nothing but shriek.

"Under these circumstances it is fully irrelevant, so far as we are concerned, whether she once possessed vocal art and has lost it, or whether she never had it. It was torture to hear her."

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There are concerts of more than ordinary interest during the next fortnight.

At the Kneisel concert tomorrow evening the Suite by Vincent d'Indy will be a novelty. Written in 1886, the music in imitation of the old style and for the most part in dance form is scored for trumpet, flutes and wind instruments. Then there is the pathetic quartet in E flat minor of Tschaikowsky composed in memory of Laub, the violinist. Mr. Gabrilowitch in the piano trio by Schubert will make his first appearance here this season.

Messrs. Devoll and Isham will give the second of their delightful song recitals, and their program includes certain unfamiliar songs, among them some by Herbert Bunning, who studied chiefly at Milan and settled in London in 1901. An opera by him, "La Princesse Osra," was produced at Covent Garden July 14, with Mary Garden as the heroine.

Miss Jessie Davis, a pianist, who has come back to Boston after studying with Harold Bauer, will play with Mr. Hugh Codman, violinist, a sonata by Gabriel Pierné which is not known here by the public. Pierné is a fluent, graceful writer (born at Metz in 1863), a prix de Rome, who has been successful with opera, orchestral pieces, and he has written much for the piano. He took, by the way, the first prize for piano playing at the Paris Conservatory in 1879.

Mr. Van Rooy will make his first appearance at a Symphony Concert on the 22d, and Mr. Kocian will play here for the first time on the 24th. Miss Cottlow will give a piano recital on the 25th, and the Hoffman String Quartet will make its first appearance here on the 26th.

Mr. Jaroslav Kocian, violinist, who will make his first appearance in Boston at Symphony Hall a week from Monday, was born at Wildenschwert in Bohemia on Feb. 22, 1884. They say he began to fiddle when he was only three and a half years old. It may here be stated that nearly all Bohemians take to the fiddle in their childhood, just as vampires, according to Voltaire, are indigenous to Hungary—hence the Hungarian Rhapsody. Kocian's first teacher was his father, a schoolmaster. At the age of 12 the boy entered the Prague Conservatory and studied the violin under Sevcik and in the same class with Kubelik. He studied composition under Dvorak. Kocian left the Conservatory in July, 1901, with the highest honors and entered at once on the career of a virtuoso. He has given concerts in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London and other cities, and everywhere has he received most complimentary attention from critics of authority, as well as from the general public. Furthermore, he has played in concerts of dignity as at the Richter concert in London May 26, 1902, when he chose Joachim's Hungarian concerto, which shows that he is seriously minded as well as a brilliant virtuoso.

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The Longy Club will begin its third season with a concert in Chickering Hall on Monday, Nov. 24. The other concerts of the series will be given on Monday, Jan. 5, and on Thursday, March 5. The club is now composed of Messrs. Longy, oboe, Maquarre, flute, Metzger, clarinet, Hackebarth, horn, Debuchy, bassoon, Gebhard, piano. The club will be assisted by these members of the Symphony Orchestra: Messrs. Brooke, flute, Lenom, oboe, Vannini, clarinet, Helleberg, bassoon, Hein, horn, Kloepfel Mann and Brenton, trumpets, and Keller, double-bass. These pieces will be played in the course of the season: Haydn, Octet in F for two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons; Mozart, Serenade in E flat for two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons; Handel, Sonata in form of trio for two oboes and bassoon; Schumann, Contes des Fées for clarinet, viola and piano; Raff, Symphonietta for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons; Roentgen, Serenade for flute, oboe, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons; C. M. Loeffler, Poèm Païen for two flutes, oboe, clarinet, English horn, two horns, viola, double bass, piano and three trumpets; V. D'Indy, Fantasie for oboe and piano; Ed. Malherbe, Sextuor for flute, oboe, English horn, clarinet, horn and bassoon; P. de Wailly, Octet for flute, oboe, two clarinets, horn, trumpet and two bassoons; A. Caplet, Suite Persane for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons; Herzogenberg, Quintet for oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano.

The subscription sale will begin at Symphony Hall tomorrow morning at 8.30 o'clock.

Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" was written by him at Dover (Mass.) last summer, and is in illustration of Virgil's Eighth Eclogue "Damon and Alphesiboeus," in which the woman casts spells to bring to her Damon from the town: "Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin"; and among these spells is the melting of the waxen effigy, as in Rossetti's "Sister Helen" and in Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native.' Compare with this the second Idyll of Theocritus, in which Simaetha, the maiden of Syracuse, works her magic rites to bring back the love of the faithless Delphis: "Wheel, draw thou that man to my house"; "Observe my love, whence it arose, O Lady Moon!" The subject is peculiarly adapted to the genius of Mr. Loeffler, and I here use the word "genius" with full appreciation of its meaning.

Three of the French composers to be represented are comparatively unknown in Boston, although a piano quintet by Caplet was performed by this club on Feb. 3, 1902. Caplet, who was born at Havre (Nov. 23, 1878,) took the prix de Rome in 1901. His Suite Persane was first performed at Paris on March 9, 1901, at a concert exclusively of his own works.

Edmond Paul Henri Malherbe, born at Paris Aug. 21, 1870, studied at the Paris Conservatory, took many prizes, and won the first prix de Rome of 1899. Among his works are a string quartet, Nuptial march, etc. The quartet, awarded the first prize by the Society of Composers, was performed for the first time at a concert of this society on April 29, 1897. The sextet is a later work. It was produced during the season of 1897-98 at Paris.

Paul de Wailly is a pupil of César Franck, and he began to study with him in 1880. In memory of his teacher he wrote a piano quintet. When it was performed at a concert of the Société des Auditions de Musique Nouvelle (April, 1895) there was an accompanying and extraordinary analytical notice, according to which the introduction "invokes the soul of Franck"; a certain phrase indicates "the years of struggle in search of the Beautiful;" the Largo indicates "the dreamed of star;" the Moderato expresses "the pure joy which seems to foresee the glorious future mingled with remembrances of darkening despair," and as "Willy" well remarked at the time, the whole shows in the analyist a strong dose of naïveté. Fragments of de Wailly's "Hylas" were performed as early as 1882. The piano quintet above referred to dates back to 1894. Other compositions are Poem for string quartet (1898); four pieces for flute, violin, viola, 'cello (1901); "Andromède," symphonic poem; Fête Flamande for orchestra; "Les Heures," suite for orchestra; "Sous un halcon" for small orchestra; trios, songs, etc. The octet to be played at the first concert is dedicated to Mr. Longy, and it was first performed at Paris at the Salle Erard and at the Schola Cantorum (1889-'90). De Wailly was born in 1854 of an old seafaring family. His grandfather and his grand uncle were the last of the Knights of Malta. His father, a captain of a vessel, had received many decorations from the Government. De Wailly was not intended for a musical career, but the encouragement of César Franck determined him to adopt it. He is a tall, strapping blond; much given to sports, a society-man, and devoted to the interests of the Cercle d'Union Artistique, for which he arranges the weekly concerts.

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* * *

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* * *

The plot of Leo Blech's one-act opera, "Das war ich," produced at Dresden last month, is refreshingly simple and jolly. As told by the Dresden correspondent of the Musical Courier (N. Y.) it is as follows:

Paul and Martha, husband and wife, are farmers. They have two servants, Peter and Roschen, who are in love with each other. Paul, however, does not approve of their union, because he is enamored of the pretty girl, whom he thinks their ugly charming. One day, his wife being absent, he is busy helping Roschen to do the garden work. [illegible] she, tired of hurting, sits down on the cart to rest. Then Paul, seized by the idea of teasing her, hurries to draw her along in the cart. When stopping he embraces and kisses her. But next door there lives an old spinster. She sees it and hastens to report the interesting news to Frau Martha. Paul, however, is wise. He prevents her. His wife returning he acts to her in like manner, he helps her to water the plants, he draws her along in the cart, he embraces her and kisses her. The mischievous neighbor thereafter coming to fulfil her mission Mrs. Martha laughingly explains: "No, it was not Roschen, it was I!" "Das war ich." The effect was startling.

As for the music it is a sort of "theme with variations," spiced with immense theoretical knowledge, the love scenes being varied three times. They illustrate the various moods of the acting persons magnificently; first, Paul and Roschen, then Paul and Martha, and finally the lovers and the spinster—a kind of a female Beckmester—driven away in derision, receiving thus the well earned thanks for her eagerness of meddling with other people's affairs.

Another good thing about this opera is that it lasts only 50 minutes.

Nov 17, 1902

## MASCAGNI'S CONCERT.

### Large Audience in Symphony Hall Applauds a Long and Brilliant Program, Opening With the "William Tell" Overture.

"Bravo! Viva Mascagni!" exclaimed hundreds of the big audience at Symphony Hall last night, with demonstrations of delight bordering on frenzy. Signor Mascagni bowed and bowed, placed his right hand over his heart, with his thumb extended upwards, and smiled and bowed and bowed again. It was a most enthusiastic audience. The humble Italians of the North End exhibited delight beyond measure, and so did the hundreds of society people present. It was a grand crowd. Not a seat in the big hall was empty and hundreds and hundreds heard the concert as standees.

Mascagni was at his best and worked with furious determination to please. Capture the audience he did, as was manifest by the repeated encores. At the close a wave of applause swept through the hall sounding like the rumble of a terrific earthquake.

The first number of the second part, the opening number after the intermission, was given unstinted applause. It was the intermezzo from the director's own "Cavalleria Rusticana," and it aroused wonderful enthusiasm.

Signor Frascona, Signor Schiavazzi, Signor Bianchini Cappelli, and Signora Farneti were the soloists. Signor Frascona was heard in the aria "Dio Possente" from Gounod's "Faust." Signora Cappelli sang a selection from "Il Trovatore." Signor Schiavazzi was heard in a selection from Mascagni's "Silvano," and Signora Farneti sang Gounod's "Ave Maria." All four solos were generously encored and Schiavazzi had to answer three times and bow several other times. The finale was the "Hymn to the Sun" from Mascagni's opera "Iris."

On his first appearance the distinguished composer was welcomed in no uncertain manner. The opening number was the ever popular overture from Rossini's "William Tell."

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"Under these circumstances it is fully irrelevant, so far as we are concerned, whether she once possessed vocal art and has lost it, or whether she never had it. It was torture to hear her."

* * *

There are concerts of more than ordinary interest during the next fortnight.

At the Kneisel concert tomorrow evening the Suite by Vincent d'Indy will be a novelty. Written in 1886, the music in imitation of the old style and for the most part in dance form is scored for trumpet, flutes and wind instruments. Then there is the pathetic quartet in E flat minor of Tschaikowsky composed in memory of Laub, the violinist. Mr. Gabrilowitch in the piano trio by Schubert will make his first appearance here this season.

Messrs. Devoll and Isham will give the second of their delightful song recitals, and their program includes certain unfamiliar songs, among them some by Herbert Bunning, who studied chiefly at Milan and settled in London in 1901. An opera by him, "La Princesse Osra," was produced at Covent Garden July 14, with Mary Garden as the heroine.

Miss Jessie Davis, a pianist, who has come back to Boston after studying with Harold Bauer, will play with Mr. Hugh Codman, violinist, a sonata by Gabriel Pierné which is not known here by the public. Pierné is a fluent, graceful writer (born at Metz in 1863), a prix de Rome, who has been successful with opera, orchestral pieces, and he has written much for the piano. He took, by the way, the first prize for piano playing at the Paris Conservatory in 1879.

Mr. Van Rooy will make his first appearance at a Symphony Concert on the 22d, and Mr. Kocian will play here for the first time on the 24th. Miss Cottlow will give a piano recital on the 25th, and the Hoffman String Quartet will make its first appearance here on the 26th.

Mr. Jaroslav Kocian, violinist, who will make his first appearance in Boston at Symphony Hall a week from Monday, was born at Wildenschwert in Bohemia on Feb. 22, 1884. They say he began to fiddle when he was only three and a half years old. It may here be stated that nearly all Bohemians take to the fiddle in their childhood, just as vampires, according to Voltaire, are indigenous to Hungary—hence the Hungarian Rhapsody. Kocian's first teacher was his father, a schoolmaster. At the age of 12 the boy entered the Prague Conservatory and studied the violin under Sevcik and in the same class with Kubelik. He studied composition under Dvorak. Kocian left the Conservatory in July, 1901, with the highest honors and entered at once on the career of a virtuoso. He has given concerts in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London and other cities, and everywhere has he received most complimentary attention from critics of authority, as well as from the general public. Furthermore, he has played in concerts of dignity as at the Richter concert in London May 26, 1902, when he chose Joachim's Hungarian concerto, which shows that he is seriously minded as well as a brilliant virtuoso.

* * *

The Longy Club will begin its third season with a concert in Chickering Hall on Monday, Nov. 24. The other concerts of the series will be given on Monday, Jan. 5, and on Thursday, March 5. The club is now composed of Messrs. Longy, oboe, Maquarre, flute, Metzger, clarinet, Hackebarth, horn, Debuchy, bassoon, Gebhard, piano. The club will be assisted by these members of the Symphony Orchestra: Messrs. Brooke, flute, Lenom, oboe, Vannini, clarinet, Helleberg, bassoon, Hein, horn, Kloepfel Mann and Brenton, trumpets, and Keller, double-bass. These pieces will be played in the course of the season: Haydn, Octet in F for two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons; Mozart, Serenade in E flat for two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons; Handel, Sonata in form of trio for two oboes and bassoon; Schumann, Contes des Fées for clarinet, viola and piano; Raff, Symphonietta for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons; Roentgen, Serenade for flute, oboe, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons; C. M. Loeffler, Poèm Païen for two flutes, oboe, clarinet, English horn, two horns, viola, double bass, piano and three trumpets; V. D'Indy, Fantasie for oboe and piano; Ed. Malherbe, Sextuor for flute, oboe, English horn, clarinet, horn and bassoon; P. de Wailly, Octet for flute, oboe, two clarinets, horn, trumpet and two bassoons; A. Caplet, Suite Persane for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons; Herzogenberg, Quintet for oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano.

The subscription sale will begin at Symphony Hall tomorrow morning at 8.30 o'clock.

Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" was written by him at Dover (Mass.) last summer, and is in illustration of Virgil's Eighth Eclogue "Damon and Alphesiboeus," in which the woman casts spells to bring to her Damon from the town: "Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin"; and among these spells is the melting of the waxen effigy, as in Rossetti's "Sister Helen" and in Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native.' Compare with this the second Idyll of Theocritus, in which Simaetha, the maiden of Syracuse, works her magic rites to bring back the love of the faithless Delphis: "Wheel, draw thou that man to my house"; "Observe my love, whence it arose, O Lady Moon!" The subject is peculiarly adapted to the genius of Mr. Loeffler, and I here use the word "genius" with full appreciation of its meaning.

Three of the French composers to be represented are comparatively unknown in Boston, although a piano quintet by Caplet was performed by this club on Feb. 3, 1902. Caplet, who was born at Havre (Nov. 23, 1878,) took the prix de Rome in 1901. His Suite Persane was first performed at Paris on March 9, 1901, at a concert exclusively of his own works.

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sets you a-dreaming not unpleasantly, for you do not look a year over thirty-five. Yes, life is one of our chief pleasures. And then you open a letter, a long letter which tells you that if you do not lend some Russian Nihilists $1000 for six weeks, you will be assassinated.

"If you don't, we will poison you in the cruelest and terriblest way with our secret full East Indian poison. We are able to make a poor unhappy lunatic out of you for the rest of your life. Nothing saves you then. Or we poison that everybody keeps you for dead, but after 80 hours you awake, and then—you are buried alive. Our poisons are so fine that we can poison a letter so that the reader of it is lost."

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Several eminent citizens of New York—physicians, a banker, a coffee broker, received such a letter lately. To use a vulgar expression, were they not slightly jarred?

You remember stories of Italian ingenuity: poisoned gloves, helmets, fans, saddle-pommels, boots; a poisoned torch held by the courteous and escorting host so that the flame and smoke blew in his guest's face; poisoned lips of the portrait of one just dead and dearly loved, and mourned day and night; the poisoned side of a carving knife which cuts a bird to your serious disadvantage. You recall the Brazilian poison used with such terrible effect in "Cousine Bette." A long procession of poisoners tramp through your mind; each points at you and grins horribly. You pinch yourself. No, you are not dreaming. There are the other letters; here is the death-warrant. Yes, life is on the whole your greatest pleasure. What do you do? Do you send the money? Do you consult the police? And in what condition of mind do you go about your business for the next week? Whom do you not suspect of being a Nihilist in disguise?

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We read the other day in a Boston newspaper: "A half bushel of oats is a good thing to have in the house where wet boots are frequent. The boots should be filled with the oats as soon as removed, patted into shape, and set in a warm, not hot, place."

We are glad to see that the feet are receiving proper attention at last. As we remarked some summers ago, slippers are no longer worn by our "best people"; they spoil the shape of the feet, and two or three pairs of old boots are always kept in the cellar or the cold room of every well regulated house. Boot-oats may be had at any respectable apothecary's at a reasonable price; and we saw Saturday at a department-store handsome oat chests of various materials and sizes for hall use. A boot-rack is now made so that it can be suspended from a radiator. But does our contemporary allow only a half bushel of oats to his boots?

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To F. E. C.: You ask, "What is the best book on mushrooms?" We do not know. The best short essay on edible fungi is by Dr. Charles Harrington of Boston. You will find it in his invaluable work, "Practical Hygiene," which has already appeared in the second edition.

"Mushrooms are rather difficult of digestion and are not at all adapted to weak stomachs. They have been called 'the poor man's meat' and much has been done to encourage the poor to seek for them in the fields and woods in order to add to the larder. Inasmuch as the market price of mushrooms for the tables of the rich is generally high, and since their food values is decidedly over-rated, it would appear that where there is a market for them the poor can do much better for their nutrition by disposing of their findings and converting the proceeds into cheaper, more digestible, more nutritious, and less cloying articles of food."

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The essay of Pliny as Englished by Philemon Holland should be reprinted, for its brave English as well as its sound advice.

"But none are able to discern these hurtful mushrooms from others, how curious and circumspectsoever they be, save only the peasants of the country where they grow and such as have the gathering of them. And here is not all the mischiefe that lieth in them: For dangerous they be otherwise, and meet with more meanes to make them deadly, namely, if a serpent's hole or nest be neare by, or if at their first discouerie and comming forth, a serpent chance to breath and blow upon them: for so prepared they be and disposed as a fit subject, to enter, that presently they will catch and entertain any poison. And therefore on any hand we must not be bold and lusty with them before the time that serpents be retired into the ground, and then taken up their harbor.

"And now for that our fine mouthed and dainty wantons who set such store by their tooth, take so great delight to dresse this only dish with their own hands, that they may feed thereon in concert and cogitation all the while they bee handling and preparing the same, furnished in this their business with all their fine knives and razors of amber, and other vessels of silver plate about them: I for my part also am content to frame and acommodate myselfe to their humorous sense, and will shew unto them in generall certain observations and rules how to ord

use them, that they may be eaten securlty . . . Lesse dangerous be, if some salt-nitre be put to whiles they be a boiling over the provided alwaies, that they be sodden before they be taken off. a man may be more bold to eat which be sodden together with meat, or with the talles or steles eares. The eating also of peares ediately after one hath fed upon hrooms doth kil or dull all the ce that they may have. Also vine- is of a contrary nature unto them, doth extinguish or mortifie their mous qualities."

erc are plenty of entertaining dotes in Herman Charles Meri- s "Bar, Stage, and Platform: Au- bgraphic Memoires." Anthony rlope once wrote a life of Julius ar to order, as he would have rten a novel, an essay on the origin roomsticks, or an inquiry into the thfulness of muffins when taken tea. Rather proud of his achieve- t, he sent a copy to Merivale's e, Dean Merivale, the historian, replied: "Thank you for your c history of Caesar."

rivale met Matthew Arnold, who sauntering and smiling: " 'What is fun,' said I. . . . 'I went to y Lane last night.' 'Oh, to see n Faucit in "Cymbeline"? Didn't admire her?' 'Oh, not that—poor lady—she was charming, of course. it's the play, you know, "Cym- ne." Such an odd, broken-backed of a thing. It couldn't have hap- d anywhere, you know.' "

Nov 18, 1902

## KNEISEL CONCERT.

**aikowsky's Pathetic Quartet— Gabrilowitsch in Schubert's no Trio—First Performance of ite by Vincent d'Indy.**

second concert of the Kneisel et was given in Chickering Hall ight. The Quartet was assisted Messrs. Gabrilowitsch, pianist, fel, trumpeter, Maquarre and e, flutists. The program was as s:

t in E flat minor op. 30...Tschaikowsky
B flat major for piono, violin
o ....................................Schubert
in D major for trumpet, two
es, string quartet, op. 27........d'Indy

aikowsky was deeply affected by ath of Ferdinand Laub, the vio- he died at Gries after severe suf- March 17, 1875. Laub was his gue as a teacher at the Moscow vatory, and furthermore he was iend. Tschaikowsky began the t at Paris early in January, 1876. played for the first time at a t given in Moscow by the vio- Hrimaly, March 18, 1876, and it on afterward played at a cham- cert of the Russian Musical So- In a letter to his brother Mod- he composer said: "The Andante to have moved many to tears." e four movements the Andante far the most impressive. The t of the burial hymn, the sug- of the priest intoning or mut- a prayer for the dead—these s of the movement are imagina- d without taint of melodrama. ntilena itself is not so success- vented. The melody is not so so poignant, so haunting, so legiac as that more familiar an earlier quartet, the air in dante which first made Tschai- something more than a mere in this city: and the earlier as a whole is more charged e thought of death than the yed last night.

ndante that opens the quartet t once create and establish a ven though there were no "In m" on the program. The Alle- follows is the weakest portion work. The harmonic progres- e sought out and at times in- ly brutal; there is little melodic d there are measures that are in their ugliness. The scherzo rtain fascination, with its bar- elling, and the closing measures re effectively contrived. The ovement suggests the feasting funeral ceremonies, feasting lka galore, and there is a fine the quasi Andante, when it is h the thought of the dead so- e mourners, who then grew their gayety to drive away ding ghost. The rough strength ale and the contrasting periods t always brought out in the nce; and there were times salient themes were obscured undue prominence of contra- gures. The second and third ts were admirably played, as andante of the first movement; e first Allegro there were pas- t suffered from a lack of wild when the second violin and in octaves against arpeggios ello and the figuration of the n.

o by Schubert was played con d Mr. Gabrilowitsch displayed crisp touch or a full singing the occasion required, ample nd a fine sense of proportion. ungrateful perhaps to wish three true artists had chosen t work and the program might been so well contrasted; for te of Schubert came between of Tschaikowsky that frets and rages within the narrow confines of the string quartet form and the de- liberate and somewhat artificial sim- plicity of d'Indy.

Vincent d'Indy's suite "dans le style ancien" for trumpet, 2 flutes, 2 violins, viola, and 'cello, was composed in 1886. The suite is a return to the old form in character of tonality, cadences character of movements, and yet no one thoroughly acquainted with ancient suites would be deceived by it. The per- formance—and how seldom this may be said of a Kneisel concert—was none of the best. The first movements seemed uncertain and without authority, and the strings and the wind instruments did not always agree as to the true pitch. This disagreement in the intona- tion was especially noticeable in the menuet, which nevertheless with the sarabande seemed to be the most musi- cal movements of the suite. As d'Indy's work will be played at a Symphony con- cert later in the season, extended com- ment may be deferred till then. It was also unfortunate that the unfamiliar number came after an hour and a half of chamber music. The concert was much too long, just as the Symphony concerts are gradually becoming too long. In chamber concerts undue length is much more prejudicial to the last composition on the program than in or- chestral concerts; and even an unusual combination of instruments cannot quicken sated ears.

There was a large and applausive audience. The third concert will be on Dec. 1.

*Philip Hale.*

Nature hath provided mankind with teeth upon a twofold account; the one is to reduce his meat and food into so soft and pliant a consistence as is most convenient for the stomach to receive it; and this by physi- cians is called the first digestion. A second and principal use of the teeth is for the furtherance of speech, without which the pronunciation of some words cannot be ex- pressed; but how it comes to pass that some have come into the world with them, and others have had none all the time they have lived in it, I leave it to others (if they please) to enquire.

We read that Mrs. Alvira Hitchcock of Moriah, N. Y., who is now in her 90th year, is "cutting a new set after being toothless for 25 years." She is worthy of all praise, and we would not for the world dampen her joy; but she is not the first.

Mutianus reported that he saw one Zancles, a citizen of Samothrace, who had new teeth coming up after he was 104 years old.

Aristotle wrote that not only old men but also old women have put forth their great teeth. "My wife," saith Donatus, "in the 36th year of her age put forth the farthermost jaw-tooth."

In the days of Louis, Duke of Savoy, the Lord Michael de Romagnano, being then aged above 90 years, cast his teeth, and had almost a complete new set that succeeded in the place of those that were fallen out.

"And anno 1372, when the Emperor Charles IV. resided above the Rhine, one night in his sleep he had one of his grinders that dropped out and an- other immediately came in the room of it, which was the greater wonder to those that were about him; seeing the Emperor at that time was in the 71st year of his age." Kornman, de Mirac. Vivor. p. 92.

How happy is Sir William Harcourt in quotation! The late Sir Rainald Knightley was once "expatiating after dinner on the undoubted glories of his famous pedigree." The company was sadly bored, and Sir William was heard to say: "This reminds me of Addison's evening hymn:

" 'And Knightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of his birth.' "

Rubino's excuse for shooting at King Leopold is not a good one. He said he was exasperated at seeing "so many tired looking personages oc- cupying such grand coaches." But was he not used to such sights? "Person- ages" when displayed always look tired. Sometimes they are tired; sometimes they affect it to show their good- breeding. Playactors or prima donnas in the boxes are apt to look tired, es- pecially when the men and women on the stage are loudly applauded by the audience. Or take the case of the man to whom "a banquet is tendered;" the wretched victim on the altar of civic hospitality, who is obliged to listen to the speeches of the worshipers. Per- haps Mr. Rubino had been reading Haz- litt: "With respect to Lords and La- dies, we see them as we do gilded butterflies in glass cases. We soon get tired of them, for they seem tired of themselves and one another. They gape, stare, affect to whisper, laugh, or talk loud, to fill up the vacuities of thought and expression. They do not gratify our predilection for happy faces!" But Hazlitt did not go immedi- ately a-gunning for them. He only drank still stronger tea and waxed more epigrammatic.

They say that Mr. Thomas Hardy once acted as amanuensis for lovesick maidens in his Wessex Village, and thus followed the example of Samuel Richardson. There could have been no better apprenticeship for the trade of novelist. This accounts possibly for the marvelous insight of Hardy into the crannies and turnings of a woman's heart, an insight that is resented by women that read him. resented, but not denied. For the ramifications of female emotion, the use of all weapons of at- tack and defence—these are one and the same among all ranks, though there may be different degrees of polish in the expression of the emotion.

Yale students fresh from their per- fumed baths loll at ease in window- seats and throw hot cents to Italian organ grinders who scramble for them below, and the students shriek in mirth at seeing men and boys sadly in need of money burning their fingers in their "greed." But why cents? Cannot the sons of millionaires and billionaires af- ford quarters or even fifty-cent pieces for this exquisite sport?

We read of a German pastor at Ebers- wald who strips myrtle from the bride when there has been any gossip about her. It is a singular fact that myrtle, which is given in Germany to the bride, was strewed with the polyanthus and the amaranth over the tombs of the Greeks. Yet in Prussia it is regarded as ominous for a bride to plant myrtle, while in England there is a saying: "The flowering myrtle is the luckiest plant to have in your window, water it every morning and be proud of it." And if you do not spread the tail or skirt of your dress while you plant myrtle, and if you do not "look proud during the time of planting," the myrtle will not grow. And the myrtle is worth some attention, for it preserves as well as creates love.

In 1853 Walter Savage Landor put into the mouth of the Tsar Nicholas talk- ing with Nesselrode this statement: "I am desirous that Persia and India should pour their treasures into my dominions. The English are so credu- lous as to believe that I intend, or could accomplish, the conquest of Hin- dostan. I want only the commerce, and I hope to share it with the Americans; not I, indeed, but my successors. The possession of California has opened the Pacific and the Indian seas to the Americans, who must, within the life- time of some now born, predominate in both."

Let us add to our remarks concern- ing the slang word "queer."

"Queer" was used in various ways in the New York slang of the last fifties.

"Queer birds": reformed convicts who return to their old profession.

"Queer prancer": a bad horse.

"Queer bluffer": the keeper of a rum- shop that is the resort of the worst kind of rogues, and who assists them in various ways.

"Queer bury": an empty purse.

"Queer rooster": a fellow that lodges among thieves to hear what they have to say, and then imparts his informa- tion to officers for a consideration.

"The cove queered the full bottom": the fellow puzzled the Judge. "The bloke queered his ogles among the bruisers": he had his eyes blacked by the pugilists.

The New York Sun, speaking of Mr. Jean de Reszke, the distinguished Polish tenor and horse-breeder, says: "He is really going to sing Canio in 'Pagliacci,' though no one can tell why." Mr. de Reszke probably appre- ciates the fact that the part is intense- ly dramatic, and that Canio's song at the end of the first scene is one of the most moving in all the opera.

Nov 19, 1902

## TWO RECITALS.

**Messrs. Devoll and Isham With Songs and Duets at Steinert Hall in the Afternoon—Mr. Frederic Lamond Plays Four Sonatas by Beethoven at Steinert Hall in the Evening.**

Messrs. George Devoll, tenor, and Edwin Isham, baritone, gave their second song recital yesterday after- noon in Steinert Hall. Mrs. Tippett again played sympathetic accompani- ments. There was an appreciative and applausive audience.

The program included these duets: Brahms's "The Sea" and "The Path of Love," Edwin Schultz's "Summer Night," Chaminade's "Nocturne Pyré- néen," and a duet from Bizet's "Les Pêcheurs de Perles;" these songs for tenor: Handel's "Oh, Sleep!" Mendels- sohn's "Auf Pluegeln des Gesanges," Ford's "To the Queen of My Heart," and three Creole songs by Herbert Bunning—"Madeleine Chère;" "Dé 'tit Zozos" "Aubade Créole;" these songs for baritone: Amherst Webber's "La Première," Chaminade's "Voisinage" and "Espoir," Chadwick's "O Let Night Speak of Me," Richard Walthew's "Eldorado," and William Wallace's "Freebooter Song."

Again an interesting program, and again a delightful performance. I wrote at length concerning the charac- teristics of these singers as displayed at the first recital: the admirable and unusual control of breath, the skill in making dynamic gradations and con- trasts, the finesse in phrasing, the in- dividualization of each song, the sense of proportion and the thorough sym- pathy in duets. To review the per- formance of yesterday would be merely to repeat the words of admiration and praise. It is not easy to particularize, but the songs by Handel, Mendelssohn, Ford, Chaminade's "Espoir," Walthew and Wallace stood out especially in consequence of the interpretation. Yet something might be said about the per- formance in each and every instance.

Cécile Chaminade is given to chami- nading in her pretty way. The duet by Schultz was welcome. But the songs by the Englishmen invite discus- sion.

Ford, a pupil of Sullivan and Lalo, is by no means unknown here. His "Queen of My Heart" is an excellent example of the old drawing room song so dear to the British matron who de- lights in lyric bursts of after-dinner passion. This particular song is merely a modern version of the "Pirate's Sere- nade," "The Buccaneer's Bride" and other ditties that moved our maiden aunts so many years ago. There is lit- tle difference between Mr. Ford's young man who tries to persuade his young woman to go out in the moonlight, so that he can tell her burning thoughts, things that he does not dare to tell in the conservatory or in the presence of Mrs. Boffin, the justly esteemed ch- peron, and our old friend the Byronic pirate, with his "O wake lady wake tum-tum-ti-tee-tee; for this night or never my bride thou shalt be." As Mr. Devoll sings it, there is plausible pas- sion, and marble-hearted would a young woman be to turn deaf ears.

But Messrs. Walthew and Wallace are song-makers of another kidney. Some of our English-speaking compos- ers are content to limp after Mr. Hahn, who in turn dogs the heels of Massenet. In contrast with their songs Mr. Chad- wick's "O Let Night Speak of Me" is in strong relief. How little we know here in these days of recitals, when French and German songs are affected by young men and women who have not yet learned to sing in English with vocal or rhetorical understanding, or even with distinct enunciation; how lit- tle we know of the ultra-modern Eng- lish song writers: Percy Pitt, Granville Bantock, F. C. Nicholls, Arthur Hin- ton, Rutland Boughton, W. H. Bell, C. E. Baughan, Norman O'Neill—though two or three of his melodies have been sung here—Reginald Steggall and oth- ers. William Wallace is an extraordi- narily gifted man; physician, poet, draughtsman, dramatist, novelist, now 42 years old, he might well be conspicu- ous in any walk of life. Richard Wal- thew first attracted notice when he played his own piano concerto in Lon- don about eight years ago. All of these composers have turned their backs on the followers of Mendelssohn and the Acadameclans. Some have written or- chestral pieces to illustrate Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Poe; some have poured new wine into the old, formal bottles of absolute music; all have had the courage to write as they were individ- ually moved. Take Mr. Walthew's "El- dorado" for instance. As music to Poe's poem it is not so imaginative as the setting by Mr. Edgar S. Kelley; yet there is a fine touch in the Shade's re- ply: "Over the Mountains of the Moon, Down the Valley of the Shadow"; these lines are treated with melodic and har- monic fancy; and then one is tempted to ask why the Shade should drop his spectral whisper, recover his voice, and gayly shout "Ride, boldly ride." As a whole, this song would never have oc- curred to an English musician of 30 years ago.

It is a pity that we do not know more about the modern English movement. Messrs. Devoll and Isham might be per- suaded to give a recital of songs by the composers named above, who could not complain of their interpreters.

*Philip Hale.*

### MR. LAMOND'S RECITAL.

Mr. Frederic Lamond gave his second piano recital last evening in Steinert Hall. He played these sonatas by Beet- hoven: Sonata op. 106; op. 111; op. 81 and op. 57.

The late Hans von Buelow used to do this sort of thing; and even then a sonata-recital was, to quote Dogberry, most tolerable and not to be endured. There is one composer whose piano pieces can stand the test; his name is Chopin, not Beethoven, and the inter- preter must be de Pachmann.

Yet there are pianists who undoubted- ly feel it a high and holy mission thus to sacrifice themselves, and inciden- tally the audience, in the worship of Beethoven. Mr. Lamond is one of them.

Some pianists begin with an earlier Sonata about 8 P. M.; reach by 9 o'clock the later middle period; at 9.30 attack one of the tremendous works of the last period. Others begin with one of the latest and work backwards. At the end of the two hours the effect on the audience is about the same in either case.

Mr. Lamond may be classified as a sound and substantial pianist. Unfor- tunately he has little imagination or humor. Beethoven had both.

There was a good sized and very friendly audience.

What is love? I asked, and Grief
Her weeping answer gave:
Love's a rogue, and Love's a thief,
And Love's a scurvy knave.
Love came courting me, and while
I listened to his lay,
Lo! he tricked me with a smile,
And stole my heart away.

What is love? I asked, and Joy
Her eager answer made:
Love's an open-handed boy,
And well his debts are paid.
My heart he stole—he hath it yet—
But Chloe's now I hold·

Does he took to pay the debt
With pure refined gold

We understand that President Roosevelt fared "sumbustuously" the other day on bear's paws. Whether they were cooked in gin sauce, as was recommended in some "household department" where in there are heart to heart talks on domestic matters, we know not. George Augustus Sala, who had eaten in various languages, said nothing about the preparation of bear for the table in his cook-book. We confidently turned to 'The Cook not Mad, or Rational Cookery; being a collection of original and selected Receipts, embracing not only the art of curing various kinds of Meats and Vegetables for future use, but of Cooking, in its general Acceptation, to the Taste, Habits, and Degrees of Luxury, prevalent with the American Publick in Town and Country—Motto, Genesis, Chap. 27. v. 1, 2, 3, 4" (Watertown, 1831), but there is no allusion to bear with or without sauce.

Nevertheless, bears have been eaten by men, a return of compliment, for many years. Mr. Edward Topsell in his "History of Four Footed Beasts" (1607) admitted the fact. "The flesh of bears is unfit for meat, yet some use to eat it after it hath been twice sod; other eat it baked in pastles; but the truth is, it is better for medicine than for food. Theophrastus likewise affirmeth that at the time when bears lie secret, their dead flesh encreaseth which is kept in houses, but Bears fore-feet are held for a very delicate and well tasted food, full of sweetness, and much used by the German Princes."

We wonder why President Roosevelt has not yet journeyed toward the desert of Hawaida, for the King of the Bears rules over a territory on the way to that desert. "Hatim Tai married his daughter, though the said Hatim was long unwilling to become a MacMahon by marriage."

Gin sauce. Is the gin Plymouth, Old Tom or Hollands? The great work of the Earnest Student of Sociology will contain a long chapter on "The Influence of Sauces on the development of Pessimism." There will be an authoritative biographical sketch of the famous nobleman of England who gave the recipe for Worcestershire Sauce (with his portrait and a fac-simile of the autograph recipe). The story of M. Margnery will be told at length. Perhaps you have eaten sole at his restaurant in Paris, near the Porte St Denis. He was a humble landlord until he discovered a remarkable fish sauce, which is today his glory. When his daughter was married some years ago he gave her a dot of a million of francs. He is now 80 years old, and is still attending to business, probably because he has studiously avoided his own sauce. As a rule in Paris, the more piquant the sauce, the staler the fish.

Then there will be a full description of the "garum," the most famous sauce of antiquity; a little vial of it cost about 5 dollars; of the "alex;" of the "muria." Heliogabalus will figure prominently. There will also be an inquiry into the origin of the word "mangoo."

While we are considering cookery, it is pertinent to add that Sir John Evans in his speech at the Egypt Exploration Fund meeting informed the audience that the Egyptians of the Ptolemaic period ran a dinner club: as a rule there were about 20 members and four guests; the members paid 100 drachmæ each, about $20. Wine and bread were extra, and so were garlands.

Were the waiters tipped in ancient Egypt? The question of pourboire, mancia, bakhshish, is still agitating Europe. There is a revolt in Italy, and in Paris there is a great row with the waiters striking. The landlord thus states his side of the argument: "I have to pay the rent of the establishment, to light, heat and furnish it, and to supply it with attractions. If, because of the excellent position of my house, and the character of the clientèle, a garcon receives 20, 30 and 40 francs a day in tips, have I not a right to make some deductions from that which constitutes a salary quite out of proportion to his labor? He does not receive these sums because of any professional skill on his part, but solely because the tables, upon which he waits, are in an advantageous position; a fact due to my commercial insight and speculation."

In London, too, there are loud protests against the "gratuitous nature of gratuities." Even the English worm will turn. Why, it is asked, should you be obliged through force of tradition to give twopence to a hair-dresser in addition to the fixed price? It is asked with excellent reason, why should you not also give a few pennies to the clerk that sells you collars, the bootmaker, the grocer, the tobacconist? "Tips, except to boys at school, should be put down by force of public opinion. Otherwise the world will soon become impossible as a residence for anyone but the millionaire or a hermit."

We do not believe that "the unprincipled man with the long purse" is responsible for all this mischief. Here in the United States it is not the millionaire, it is not even Mr. Russell Sage, who corrupts the waiters; it is the man that cannot afford to give the tip and yet snobbishly thinks he cannot afford not to give it, lest his companions or the waiter speak meanly of him. The custom is as absurd as that of treating.

Emma Eames will appear in three operatic parts new to her this season. "I shall, of course, have for all these parts beautiful dresses, which my husband designed for me." Her success in these parts is therefore already assured.

Why cannot reviewers agree on Mr. Swinburne's name? No poet was ever blessed with a more euphonious name than Algernon Charles Swinburne; it has a dying fall. But occasionally our perfervid friend is referred to as Charles Algernon Swinburne—which is not the same, not the same.

Dr. Toulouse, the Director of a lunatic asylum, has been studying the question of Woman's Rights in France. (We say "lunatic asylum," and we say "mad house," although a celebrated oculist objects to the terms: "An asylum cannot be lunatic; a house cannot be mad.") Dr. Toulouse finds the typical woman somewhat lacking in invention, "without the spirit of initiative and combination," but extremely resistant to the inroads of disease. He considers that "while women might be freer—the chief obstacle to her becoming so being her dislike to co-operation with her sisters—a virile education would only unfit her for maternity without producing the corresponding benefit to society in the shape of the institution found in bee hives and ant hills, which may be described as the Maiden Aunt. She should, therefore, resign herself to living otherwise and more discreetly than the Mere Man, and be buoyed up by the hope that she will probably by a few years survive her "comrade in humanity."

We have for some time been deeply interested in the "new school of criticism," whether the criticism be concerning literature, art, the drama, or music. We like to read about the importance of the "milieu," of the one criticised. We are prepared to believe that a writer or painter or musician born and brought up in a village will view life and nature otherwise than the city bred. We are also inclined to believe that atavism plays an important part; that a man whose grandmother squinted or was wapper-jawed must necessarily take an abnormal view of life; and that if Mr. Ibsen had always worn his hair pleasingly combed and smoothly brushed, he would probably have written amiable society plays with plenty of soft shop-keeping talk for dialogue.

We admire the unconventional in criticism, the personal note. Ah, the personal note! That is the chief thing. And as we find the unconventional and also the personal note in this review of a recent performance of the Bostonians in far off Atchison, we hasten to reprint the article:

"The Bostonians came and went. That is about all worth mentioning. There was a good many of them, more than there were last season. Miss Hilda Clark's knee, which was sprained last year and who failed to register at that time in consequence, seems to be still out of training, as she had not caught up with the company as yet. Don't think that any of the aggregation ever saw Boston, except Grandpa Barnabee, perchance. The antediluvian made a very clever and effective curtain spiel before they turned on the current, explaining the shortage of well-known artists who travel two weeks behind the main bunch, evidently. He did it very well, but as he rehearses the matter at each stand, he should get the effect he does, as no one accepts the box office offer. Another chambermaid evidently joined at Topeka, and it was evidently her first night in public song, as well as tights. She was continually trying to hide behind the front rank of seasoned coryphees, who were as busy shoving her in front. The Globe stated that Father Barnabee said that they had started from Boston with a double set of principles. Well, probably they did, and lost the best set along the road, as they had a poor set here. Vale, Barnabee! Call again next season, and bring Miss Van Studdiford."

We have received the following letter from the deep-thinker at Medfield, Mass.:

Nov. 18, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I have been very much interested of late in reading the works of the late Professor Darwin, the great evolutionist. Though not a disciple of the great scientist or believer in his theory, I cannot but admire the audacity of the learned Professor in trying to enlighten the Anglo-Saxon race who their forefathers were. I don't think some would care to know who their forefathers were. The learned Professor tells us through his megaphone that tyrant man was a near relative of the African Monkey. However, what of his theory regarding evolution that he has given to the world has not changed it but very little. Professor Darwin without doubt was honest in his theory.

FAIRFAX.

"Fairfax" would be pleased with Mortimer Collins's poem, "The Positivists," that gave much annoyance to Huxley. Here is one verse:

There was an Ape in the days that were earlier;
Centuries passed and his hair became curlier;
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist—
Then he was man—and a Positivist.

Did "Fairfax" read that touching story published in the newspapers of Tuesday: how some loafer in New York thought it would be a good joke to set fire to the bedding in a monkey's cage: the keeper, trying to put out the fire, came near dying, for his clothes caught fire, but an ape quickly embraced him and rolled him on the floor until the flames were extinguished, although he himself was badly burned? It seems to us that this ape would be a more desirable ancestor than the loafer who applied the match.

John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) has been lecturing in England on "The Artist's Life; Balzac, Brahms and Turner"—an incongruous, ill-assorted trio. Among her epigrams were these: "Those who possess productive genius as a rule, although not invariably, die young"; "Artists as a class are seldom happy; they are intensely sensitive; they exaggerate; they think more than there is to think; they feel more than there is to feel; they see more than there is to see."

We read in a foreign journal that the Russian tenor Jusbin "who has a great reputation in his own country and is attached to the Imperial Opera House at Moscow" realizes the vicissitudes of his profession. His motto is "Life is long and art is fleeting"; for he has taken out a policy under which an insurance company undertakes to pay him 2500 roubles on the day that he loses his voice—that is, when he can no longer take a leading part. But, unlike Mr. Ford in the play, he does not prescribe to himself very preposterously; for 2500 roubles, even if we call the rouble 50 cents—and its value is fluctuating—are only $1250. And how about the premiums? The charm of this anecdote is not lost, even if the latest list of the singers of the Imperial Opera House at Moscow does not include the name of Jusbin.

The stage still works its spell. Some time ago Mr. Koth, a counselor-at-law in Munich, offended against the dignity of his profession by taking part in a burlesque, and he was subjected to "disciplinary visitations." He appealed against them, but tired of the law's delay, he now has abandoned the law for the stage.

Yet there are persons who do not like to be brought upon the stage, even the stage of life. Thus Mr. Pierre Decourcelle has been sued for 5000 francs damages. He mentioned in one of his novels the sign of an inn and gave the name of the landlord. And to think how many landlords there are who would gladly pay good money to be mentioned by a novelist!

The man who believes that his truth is so absolutely the truth, that say it when, and where, and to whom he will he cannot but do good with it, is in our day almost always a man whose truth is half blunder and wholly useless.

Mr. Gelett Burgess said to a San Francisco reporter on Nov. 3: "Indeed, I often plagiarize even from myself." This is probably why his plagiarisms escape exposure.

Mr. James L. Ford of New York is best known, perhaps, by his humorous articles and stories that have appeared in newspapers, weeklies and magazines; by the satire, humor and sound sense displayed in his "Literary Shop"; but as editor with Mary K. Ford of "Every Day in the Year," which has just been published by Dodd, Mead & Co., he shows the widest acquaintance with English and American poetry and a catholic and at the same time discriminative taste. This book is, according to the sub-title: "A Poetical Epitome of the World's History"; it is arranged according to the days of the year. Take April 19, for instance. We have Bret Harte's "The Réveille," suggested by the call for 75,000 volunteers, April 15, 1861; Harriet Prescott Spofford's "How We Became a Nation," apropos of the passing of the Boston Port bill on April 15, 1774; and these poems on Lincoln, on April 15, 1865: Walt Whitman's "O Captain! My Captain!" Richard Henry Stoddard's "Horatian Ode," and the noble verses that were published in Punch. Furthermore, there is the quatrain of Father Tabb on Father Damien, who died on April 15, 1889:

O God, the Leaner offering
Of tainted earth below,
Unblushing to thy feet we bring
"A leper white as snow!"

Or take today, Nov. 21. We have Wordsworth's poem on the death of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. But we have something more here than a Poetical Calendar. We have an anthology for general reading, in which one will find many favorite poems, and also many poems that to his regret have not been familiar in the past. The explanatory notes are concise and free from cock-sure and aggressive criticism.

We heard yesterday the lament of Mr. Boulters at the Porphyry. "No, I have never been able to dress as other men. When I was a boy, my life was made unendurable by the fondness of my mother. She insisted on my wearing velvet jackets, broad turn-over collars with tassels, and the boys at the district school—it was in a country town—were rude and at times violent in their expressions of disapproval and contempt. At Exeter my clothes might be described as substantial, but they did not fit, and today I remember with envy the crash-towel waistcoat worn on Sundays by the son of an ex-Governor of New Hampshire."

There was a fellow from Cincinnati, too, that wore wonderful clothes. He could not live up to them and he died but it was something to have worn such clothes. At college a new suit at the end of a fortnight looked like an old one. It would break out in blotches and stains; the trousers would have fringes; the knees would be sprung; the coat would be shiny. After college I had little or no money for some years and my clothes were of the slop-shop brand. But now, when I can order what I please, I have nothing that really fits me. I go to the best, that is, the highest-priced tailor and with what result? My waistcoat collar is always climbing above my coat and crocking the shirt collar; a one side of my waistcoat is higher than the other. I cannot persuade the tailor that it is his fault. He looks at me with a measuring compassion in eye and smiles. I pay three dollars apiece for my shirts and they crumple five minutes after they are on. I cannot wear cuffs attached to the shirts; if I did I should be obliged to wear three shirts a day. No matter how carefully I twist my sleeves and fasten the cuffs, the linked-buttons are always on top instead of in their proper position. My white cravats are without pride; they droop as though ashamed of me, or they remind one of a shoe-string in a hard knot. My boots suggest the presence of bunions; they quote the old minstrel gag, my shoes are full of heat; yet my feet are not monstrous and the corn doctor is unknown to me. I don't understand it. Money cannot bring peace of mind, and, I am beginning to think, it does not necessarily make a well-dressed man."

A most extraordinary play, "Fearless Heroes," by Paul Busson, was produced at the Berliner Theatre in Berlin, Nov. 4. The piece consists of "dramatic ballads" with a prologue. In this prologue a poet lies on the ground. The stage setting is dim and gloomy. The poet is listening to Death, who is comfortably and is loquacious. Death says that he himself gives the gift of happiness and he will soon call for the poet. Then the fameless heroes appear as shades, and the prologue is followed by four one-act plays. "Coeurdame," the third—they are all dismal. Yvette is married to an old brute of a Marquis. He is out of the house when she receives a call from de Barignac, whom she loves madly. The husband returns drunk. He has seen two shadows behind the curtain; but he finds only Yvette, for de Barignac has hidden himself in an old clock. The Marquis sees the clock stopped. He points his blunderbuss at the centre of the clock, and shows his wife that if anyone who might

be inside will admit his presence
it not fire. No word is spoken.
Marquis fires, and then leaves the
with a harsh, grating laugh. The
lover comes out of the clock,
wounded, but he jests, and like
ect gentleman, goes outside to die.
servant comes in and announces
. Balzac did this thing much bet-
his "La Grande Bretèche."

more story from Mr. Brookfield's
lom Reminiscences." After Mr.
field took the Winchester Read-
ize at Cambridge, he studied for
ar, but he was impatient to earn
come. He was introduced to John
gshead, who engaged him to play
rt of King Arthur in the Crystal
e pantomine of 1879-'80.

fore I left home the morning of
st rehearsal my dear mother im-
me with tears in her eyes to
a concession to the prejudice of
other, who had all along been op-
to my going on the stage, and to
e my name. This I firmly refused
. I knew that she herself had
sh that I should assume a pseu-
n. so I disregarded her entreaties
rove to the Gaiety Theatre with
t determination to appear in the
in my own full name. But my
had a terrible fall. I was stand-
a corner with a group of other
; aspirants, when Mr. Robert Sou-
he stage manager, came up to us.
you the gentlemen who are play-
the opening?' he inquired. We
ered that we were. 'Well, with re-
to your names in the program,
using the fish sauces this year.
be Mr. Burgess, you're Mr.
ster, you're Mr. Lazenby and
Mr. Harvey.' And he passed on.
was no appeal from his decision,
accordingly had to appear as Mr.
urgess.'"

## COMAN-DAVIS RECITAL.

### Ne Sonata for Violin and Piano by erne Played Last Night at Steiert Hall.

Hugh Codman, violinist, and
ssie Davis, pianist, gave a con-
t evening in Steinert Hall. The
m was as follows:

an D minor, op. 36.....Gabriel Pierné
(First time).
.....Bach
Variée.....Handel
zo, op. 117.....Brahms
ke, op. 21, No. 8.....Schumann
in F.....Beethoven
weisen.....Sarasate
tu, F sharp.....Chopin
.....Chopin
.....Liadoff
.....Rachmaninoff

riel Pierné is a Frenchman, who
course of his career has taken
prizes, from the first prize for
laying, for organ, for fugue and
point in the Conservatory—he
e pianist prize in 1879, when he
years old—to the prize lately
d him for his opéra-comique,
in's Daughter." And let us not
that he was a prix de Rome
. His operas and operettas are un-
in this country. Was the music
te for "Izeil" performed here
e play was produced? His Sere-
hich has been arranged for va-
struments and combinations of
ents, is fairly familiar, but his
mportant and serious concert
are little known here or not at
r. Aimé Lachaume played his
sie Ballet" with orchestral ac-
iment at the Worcester Festival
for the first time in America.
ece, as I remember it, is con-
s chiefly for graceful melody and
instrumentation.

Pierné is not a member of the
odern school. He is not to be
with d'Indry, Debussy, Gabriel
nd men of that kidney, although
died the organ under César
succeeded him at St. Clotilde
Franck died, but resigned the
some time ago. Mr. Pierné is
and out pupil of Massenet, and
ves in the old traditions of clear-
nd elegance in the conventional

irst movement of the sonata is
e most interesting of the three,
n in this emotion is only on the
It is frank and pretty music.
emes are flowing and agreeable,

elopment is clear and sound,
en this is said all is said. The
movement has the merit of
ts, but there is little contrast in
etween it and the first. The
that introduces the finale is
significance, and the finale it-
the routine work of an experi-
usician.

odman makes steady progress.
e is broader and more surely
ed, his phrasing is larger and
thoritative; he has more poise;
ore certain of achieving the de-
fect. There were fine moments
chaconne; there was well sus-
song in the Romance; and, al-
Mr. Codman's technic did not
respond to the demands made
eunerweisen," he nevertheless
a decided gain in facility and in
mechanism.

Davis was not wholly fortunate
elections. Handel's gavotte was
n a pleasant manner; the pieces
hms and Schumann were dull in
erpretation. These two pieces
classed as "intimate" music,
pianist was not on sufficiently
terms with them to bring out
try that may be inherent. Her
ance in the sonata and the first
vas dynamically monotonous,

without color, and without the individual emotion that might have vitalized otherwise uninteresting pages. Miss Davis has returned from study with Mr. Harold Bauer, a pianist of the first rank, who is not, however, distinctively emotional. She has improved no doubt in technic, but emotion is not to be taught.

There was a good-sized and applausive audience.

*Philip Hale.*

The Ellen, or Helen, Gore case in Paris is a singular one. Mr. Jean de Rydzenski says the affair was the result of accident. He is of "noble family," and he therefore remembers the motto "noblesse oblige."

Is Abdul Aram Hassan, the learned Turk, who knows the spells of Solomon, calls spirits from the vasty deep, and to whom the 72 Sultans, rulers of the Jinns, bow, and before whom even Baktanus and Jan bin Jan shake watery knees, is Abdul Aram Hassan Mr. Fred Thomas, who plays "onto" the clarinet in Duxbury and Kingston?

When a woman at the seance in Brockton exclaimed "Why, that's Fred Thomas!" how much nobler the silence of Abdul Aram Hassan than that of the young man whom Artemus Ward hired "to fix hisself up as A real Cannibal from New Zeelan."

"And when I was simply tellin the audience that he was the most feroshus Cannibal of his tribe, and that, alone and unassisted, he had et sev'ril of our fellow-countrymen, and that he had at one time even contemplated eatin his Uncle Thomas on his mother's side, as well as other near and dear relatives—when I was makin these simple statements, the mis'ble young man said I was a lyer, and knockt me off the platform. Not quite satisfied with this, he cum and trod hevily on me, and as he was a very muscular person, and wore remarkably thick boots, I knew at once that a canary bird wasn't walkin over me."

There are good things in the last volume of Dr. Rodkinson's translation of the Babylonian Talmud. Thus we learn of Rabbi Jose, who lectured once on Job xxiv. 16—"In the dark they dig through houses, which they had marked for themselves in the daytime: they know not the light." He treated the subject so clearly and exhaustively that on the next night there were 300 burglaries in the town, all according to the letter as well as the spirit of the text.

The 16th volume of Mr. Slater's "Book-Prices Current" states conclusions drawn from auction sales in 1901-'02 of 51,000 lots, which aggregated £163,207 in amounts realized. "More of Shelly's works are recorded than of Byron's or Tennyson's; Browning, in spite of Browning Societies, hardly cuts a figure; 'Romola' alone represents George Eliot, and brought £19, partly, if not wholly, because of the author's inscription. Dickens slightly outstripped Thackeray, and both ranged substantially with Scott. Boccaccio was more to the fore than Dante."

But Boccaccio is more entertaining reading than Dante; he is constantly so human and of this world. Yet Dante is read chiefly for his inhumanity. Hundreds know the Inferno where one or two know the Purgatory and the Paradise; for there are many who will read eagerly any description of bodily or mental suffering. An hour of past pain or suffering is vivid in the memory, is even retrospectively agreeable, when six hours of happiness are forgotten or at least accepted carelessly as all in a day's work.

A Northern visitor in Fort Worth last week rather criticised the men of the city because they don't all wear "spike-tail" coats to the theatre. We would if we had them. The plain, unvarnished, sad truth is that there are only 17 evening suits in town, and this enumeration includes six Tuxedos worn by the aisle-seat Dicky-bird crowd. What is to be done?—Fort Worth Telegram.

A Coroner's physician in New York met on his way to the morgue three little red-headed boys and he smiled on them and said in a clear, bell-like voice: "Oh Redney Bucks, that married the ducks, and the ducks died!" When he came out of the morgue there were the boys with an unpleasant-looking bulldog and they said to their pet: "Sic him!" But where did the physician find his orphic saying? Can any one shed light, red light?

A policeman in a New York court professed ignorance of the meaning of the word "knocker." We do not believe that the word "knocker," meaning either a denigrator or common faultfinder, or as used in criminal slang, is of long standing. It is not to be found in Matsell's "Vocabulum; or the Rogue's Lexicon" (N. Y. 1859); it was not used in the colleges during the seventies; we do remember hearing it in the eighties. In English slang of the forties "up to the knocker" was completely equal to; perfect in appearance, condition, fitness" and for at least 30 years it meant "in the height of fashion." "To knock down," "to appropriate, to embezzle," is certainly 20 years old in this country; but when did "knock down" in the sense of "to introduce," come in? Then there is "knock out"—"to bet so persistently against a horse that from a short price to retires to an outside place;" "to get the knock" is either to be intoxicated, or to be discharged. More and more we wonder at the rich storehouse of the English-American language.

The New York Evening Post of Nov. 20 said editorially: "The year-long controversy about the amateur standing of a Yale football player has produced in old college men and the public only a feeling of complete disgust. Whether a certain giant guard plays or not does not greatly matter; but that representatives of two great American universities should be plying the detective's trade, presenting exhibits in evidence, and counter-affidavits, does matter greatly. If intercollegiate contests cannot be divested of this atmosphere of fraud and suspicion, intercollegiate contests had better go. Perhaps the training which an ingenuous youth receives as secret police is in the line of the much-vaunted practical education. Possibly it corrects the idealism of college years to be tracing elaborately the career of a player for an opposing college, but we feel that these are rather manners of the race track than of the college. Rules, graduate committees and organization generally do very little to meet the case. The real difficulty lies in the willingness of wealthy students to buy the services of athletes, and the inclination of college faculties to waive scholastic standards in behalf of members of the team. * * * When we see a professional disqualified by the vote of his own Faculty, or a team forbidden to play a championship game until it has dropped or cleared a member under reasonable suspicion of professionalism, we shall feel that sportsmanlike ideals are beginning to obtain in the colleges. To-day the very efforts which are made to control college professionalism show that the evil cannot be decreasing."

So Sandow, who has told to so many street car passengers the secret of his strength, was not drowned on the steamship Elingamite. Did the Terrible Turk perish in the wreck of the Bourgoyne, or is he still terrible on earth?

## SYMPHONY NIGHT.

### A Concert of Familiar Orchestral Compositions — Mr. Van Rooy Sings Music of Beethoven and Wagner.

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in A major, "Italian".....Mendelssohn
Song, "To Hope".....Beethoven
Symphonic variations.....Dvorak
"Wotan's Farewell" and "Fire Charm".....Wagner

How much of Italy is there in this Symphony of Mendelssohn? Suppose there were no title. The last movement might easly be recognized as a saltarello; but how about the other movements? The first is light and gay, but there is no geographical or national mood at once established, there is no authoritative characterization. I doubt whether even a tambourine would be of material assistance. It was not necessary for the composer to go to Naples to write the andante. As for the Scherzo, the horns with their pleasant sentimentalism might represent today Germans in Rome, armed with red guide-books and now and then bursting out in songs of the Fatherland, something about the forest, or spring, or the blissfulness of sorrow and longing. The saltarello part was done much better by Berlioz. Compare this symphony, so far as local color is concerned, with a page of Bizet painting in tones a Southern scene, or with Richard Strauss's Italian Suite, or with the suite of Charpentier, and Mendelssohn's music seems without marked distinction, rather tame and drab. Yet the first movement and the Finale are amiable music, pages that may awaken a gentlemanlike joy, and there is no denying the clearness of the musical thought, the purity of expression, the sure and polished workmanship. But we are far from the composer of the "Hebrides" overture and portions of the "Scotch" symphony and the "Walpurgis Night." The symphony was played extremely well, and with the accuracy, the beauty of tone, and the fleetness of light emotion that would have pleased the composer.

* * *

Dvorak wrote the theme, 27 variations and the finale of his opus 78 in 22 days. It might have been better for his fame and the enjoyment of audiences if he had spent more time on fewer variations. Mr. Gericke wisely omitted seven of these variations in the performance. The work was written in 1877, but it was not produced till some years afterward. Dvorak says the theme is original; but when the piece was played in Vienna in 1887, Eduard Hanslick said that the theme in rhythm of seven measures was that of a Czech chorus, "Já jsem guslar," and that is about the way the theme sounds. In the variations there is more counterpoint than color, and when Dvorak's music is stripped of its rich orchestral dress, the body itself is seldom of much significance. Perhaps there are some who still regard Dvorak as a composer of the first rank—for all sorts of extravagant things were said about him 20, yes, even 10 years ago, but his glory is steadily and surely fading. Some of his earlier music gives pleasure by rhythm and color; there are two or three songs that will haunt the memory for some years to come; but his day is passing. Smetana was a man of higher imagination, and more discriminative sincerity. There are pages in this theme and variations that are interesting both in rhythm and color; there is no doubt a larger exhibition of technical skill than in preceding works. But the "nature-man" is shown in the Finale where, as if tired with his fugue, he shouts, "Now let's have a dance," and foots it—heavily. And when he is thus honest, he is the most successful. The piece also serves to display the orchestra as a virtuoso.

* * *

Mr. Van Rooy's performance of Wotan's music in the excerpts from "Die Walkuere" was a noble one, a performance long to be remembered. It was dignified, tender, free from extravagance of any kind. It was alive with feeling, yet not too dramatic for the concert stage. I have never heard the music sung so beautifully; with such broad and sustained phrasing, with such varying and always appropriate vocal expression. It was a far finer performance than the one he gave in the opera itself at the Boston Theatre, for he was not in the vein, and his reputation was then justly wondered at and questioned.

It is a pity that he did not sing the aria from "Hans Heiling," instead of Beethoven's "To Hope." The words by Tiedge are in the spirit of speeches by Mrs. Haller and the Stranger, the speeches laughed at by Canning and Frere in the "Anti-Jacobin," the speeches that moved so mightily young Arthur Pendennis in calf-love with the play-actress. How could Beethoven set music to such stuff? Yet Mr. Van Rooy sang in appropriately sentimental mood, and there were moments when I should not have been surprised to see him shedding the tear of sensibility.

*Philip Hale.*

THE following letter was published last week in an issue of the New York Evening Post:

To the Editor of the Evening Post:

Sir—Will you not explain to some of your puzzled readers what the Boston people are doing to Mascagni? If it is money matter, why don't they raise the money for so great an artist? I have been amazed to see how little the papers have appreciated his troupe. I think the election has been to blame. American men are such animals at election times. But the charm of his music is still upon us, and it is years since we have enjoyed anything like it. His tenor, Paoli, is a great surprise to us; such fire, such dash, such a dramatic talent, such a beautiful voice places him in the front rank. Why has not America discovered him before?

I should like to know what your musical critic thought of the chorus. It seemed to me I have never heard any of Grau's choruses sing so musically, with such clearness or precision. As to the intermezzo in "Cavalleria Rusticana," I can still hear it, with the waves from the great organ. Our audience was simply spellbound.

I hope Mascagni will not be discouraged, but try the American people again, in well-known theatres. We had to discover him, and we have.

A. D. STONE.

No. 494 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, Nov. 15.

* * *

Now it is true that the Bostonians at large did not flock to the first performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" by the Mascagni company. It is not necessary to inquire into the causes of their neglect; yet it may be said that the prices of admission were absurdly high, and the character of the performances and the company was not properly put before the public. Mascagni, in a word, was not well managed.

The music lovers that were present were enthusiastic. The newspapers of the next day were unanimous in warm approval.

The first performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" was most spirited, passionate. But it is not necessary to rewrite a criticism of that performance.

Mr. Mascagni did not take his seat as director on that Monday night until 8.30. The audience waited for him patiently.

On Tuesday night, when "Iris" was performed for the first time, Mr. Mascagni did not take the stick until 9 o'clock or a little after. Again the audience waited patiently, although there were rumors of trouble behind the scenes. The performance was mediocre.

On Wednesday it was noised abroad that the orchestra and the singers had asserted that they had not been paid and that there had already been a strike. Nevertheless, there were men and wo-

... [illegible] waited on W[illegible] ... [illegible]on from 2 till 8.30 before Mr. Mascagni appeared to lead the overture to "William Tell." The whole performance that afternoon was indifferent. The orchestra played as though under protest.

Yet curiosity to hear "William Ratcliff" drew an audience to Music Hall on Wednesday night. Not until 9 o'clock or after was the announcement made that there would be no performance.

Then followed, a day or so later, the arrest of Mascagni, not by the audience, which had behaved throughout with patient patience and forbearance, but in the course of dispute between the managers and the composer, a dispute with which the public was not concerned. The arrest was made by virtue of a law that is distinctively medieval.

"Will you not explain what the Boston people are doing to Mascagni?" Ask rather why Mascagni treated his good-natured audiences in Music Hall so cavalierly. It was his duty to begin performances promptly at the advertised hour. It was his duty to perform "William Ratcliff." By refusing to perform it, he spoiled all opportunities for future performances of his operas.

And now we are asked to raise money for him! Perhaps he would prefer a statue in Hamilton Place.

"I think the election has been to blame." Would A. D. Stone of Buffalo (N. Y.) have had us postpone the election?

Mr. Mascagni is a musician of talent and indomitable temperament. His "Cavalleria Rusticana" is still his most striking work. He visited this country to enlarge his own fame and to make money. He was not prompt in keeping his engagements with the Boston public. Why should conspicuous honors be paid him? We all wish him well and hope he will make money by his concerts. Many of us no doubt will attend them, now that he has apparently learned that in the United States 8 P. M. is not 8.30, not even 9 or 9.15. But should there be Mascagni Fund boxes on street corners and at the subway entrances? Should Harvard give him a degree? Should the citizens shout themselves hoarse in the streets at his approach, or draw his cab from his tavern to Symphony Hall?

* * *

The complaint that certain important concerts are too long is not confined to Boston. The other night in New York Mr. Wetzler gave the first of his symphony concerts. It was after 10 P. M. when the second part was begun. Miss Elsa Ruegger, an admirable 'cellist, was obliged to play near the end, long after the inevitable exodus had begun. Mr. Wetzler proposes on Jan. 6 to give Berlioz's "Fantastic" symphony, Liszt's "Tasso," and Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," with an aria and songs by Mrs. Schumann-Heink, all in one concert.

An orchestral concert should never be over an hour and three quarters in length, and one that lasts only an hour and a half is more to be commended. The Boston Symphony concerts are becoming too long. The Kneisel Quartet concerts have for some years been generally too long. Last Monday the unfamiliar suite of d'Indy was not begun before 9.30. Chamber music can be heard with pleasure for an hour or an hour and a quarter. Then only politeness, or possibly curiosity, compels attendance.

The giver of a chamber concert may say: "But what can I do? There must be three quartets or three compositions in three or four movements." Why "must"? There are delightful movements in quartets or quintets—or trios or sextets or what you will that as a whole are boresome. Why not play a movement, or two movements?

* * *

Mr. H. T. Finck said in the New York Evening Post: "Why have so many writers on musical topics who do not know German suddenly get it into their noddles that it is necessary to put two dots over the solitary vowel in Gluck's name? Is it an outcome of the recent fad to write Handel's name Händel? There is some justification for Händel, since that was the form used by his ancestors. He himself, however, sensibly dropped the umlaut and adopted a form of writing his name in conformity with the language of his adopted country. An instance may be found in a fac-simile printed in the current number of the London Musical Times. In the case of Gluck there is absolutely no justification for the umlaut. There is such a German word as Glück, but it means luck and has nothing to do with the composer of 'Orpheus.' His name is Christoph Willibald Ritter von Gluck, no more no less. If the umlaut fad is not checked we shall soon find ourselves confronted by such names as Wägner, Schümänn and Mözart."

Amen, a loud amen! Then there are program-makers who insist on decorating the first "e" in the name of Delibes with an acute accent.

* * *

Mr. George Hamlin, tenor, of Chicago will give a Richard Strauss song recital in Steinert Hall on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 2, at 3 o'clock. He will sing Schlagende Herzen Nachtgang, op. 29, 2, 3; Blauer Sommer, Wenn Weisser Jasmin, op. 31, 1, 2, 3; Ich trage meine Minne, Sehnsucht Liebeshymnus, O suesser Mai, op. 32, 1, 2, 3, 4; Das Rosenband, Fuer fuenfzehn Pfennige, op. 36, 1, 2; Meinem Kinde, op. 37, 3; Freundliche Vision, Winterliebe, op. 48, 1, 5. Mr. Carl Schuman will play a nocturne for horn by Franz Strauss, the father of Richard. Mr. Hamlin is an accomplished singer and musician. He has devoted his time of late to Strauss's songs, with consequent glory to himself and the composer. This concert wil be one of truly rare interest.

* * *

The Pall Mall Gazette of Nov. 7 published this interesting review of a performance by Mr. Kreisler, the violinist who has so many friends in Boston:

We have seldom heard such really intimate playing as was Herr Kreisler's in Joseph Sulzer's "Saravande" and Tartini's Fugue in A. By that we do not purpose to say that he is more of an artist than some of the greatest modern artists that we have heard, but we do mean to imply that he can fulfill a certain artistic ambition of a not very extensive kind as perfectly as can be imagined; his playing of the Tartini was in its way unsurpassable. We do not wish in any sense to depreciate his art; but it is interesting, from the purely critical point of view, to record the fact that he is a miniature player of the greatest distinction. We write both with enthusiasm and with restraint; that immortal hero of humanity, Horace, is a classical reflection of this sort of art. In his own day, and with the pride of feeling that by reason of his exquisitely small words he stood absolutely alone he was able to write "Non omnis moriar; multaque pars mei vitabit Libitinam." In such a sense, had Herr Kreisler been alone, and playing his own tune for the appreciation of the public, he could make use of very much the same words. But the time has gone by, and Tennyson's lament that all could grow the flower, for all have got the seed, is perfectly applicable to such a modern musician as Herr Kreisler. His sentiment for music is dainty and minutely thought out; he reminds one of some early Florentine picture in which the gold lacquer is mounted layer by layer; and still—still, one returns to the perpetual question, even in the face of such fineness "long drawn out"—is this great art? Herr Kreisler should understand that the very fact of his ability to tease one into such a question is a proof not only of his suggestiveness, but also of his accomplishment. We have used these serious words in regard to this player because we do not think that a merely journalistic judgment—we mean, of course, the judgment that sums up all the affairs of the world in the twinkling of an eye—can immediately summarize all the meaning and significance of a player who combines remoteness with immediate attractiveness, and who in a word seems to touch opposite poles and very seldom to reach the central feeling which makes thought subordinate to enthusiasm.

* * *

Rose Caron, the famous dramatic soprano, has been appointed professor of singing at the Paris Conservatory. This is a decided innovation. But Mrs. Caron was more famous as an intense lyric-tragedian than as a singer.——A young girl named Dziri has pleased in Paris as Miss Helyett in a revival of that amusing musical comedy.——Miss von Stubenrauch, who appeared here as a child violinist with the Banda Rossa, played in Berlin last month. "She labored through Beethoven's concerto and her intonation was very often at fault."——The orchestra musicians that struck in Paris told a gloomy story. Their salaries ranged from $14 to $30 a month and they were servants of the theatre. They were expected to be well clad and to don evening dress at command. There were rehearsals after the performance, and there was generally a call for an afternoon rehearsal several times a month. The Cluny and the Déjazet abolished their orchestras when the strike was announced. The Moulin Rouge fitted out a huge barrel organ, and the Tivoli Vauxhall appealed to its patrons and asked them to bring any kind of an instrument with them. The theatres finally gave in, but of the 2000 musicians who were members of the association, 500, it is said, will be left on the pavement.——A complete edition of the popular melodies of Hungary is preparing at Vienna.——Mr. Blackburn said of Miss Irene Penso, a young violinist in London: "Miss Penso possesses a wonderful technical skill, but that is, after all, in these days practically a necessity and not a matter for wonder. With technic alone artistic salvation is not nowadays attained. * * * It is the rarity with which one encounters so complete an absence of niggling detail in playing, especially on the part of a young débutante, that leads one to the audacity of prophecy."——Emma Eames has learned three new parts for this season: Tosca in Puccini's opera, Constanze in "Cosi fan tutti" and Aniella in "Balio in Maschera." It is hard to think of her as Tosca, who, it is true, wore handsome gowns, but she was also an emotional creature.

* * *

The Cecilia announced the "first performance" in this country of Coleridge-Taylor's "Death of Minnehaha" at its second concert. Mr. E. G. Hood of Nashua (N. H.) writes me that the Nashua Oratorio Society, of which he is conductor, gave not only "The Death of Minnehaha" but the complete trilogy "Hiawatha" on May 9, 1902.

*Nov 29 '02*

Boston, Nov. 29, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I was much impressed by a little thing which I observed at the theatre recently—a thing which I presume was unnoticed by many, if any, in the way in which it struck me. It was during the performance of the so-called opera entitled "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." By the way, what a rattling good show it is, and what a misleading, or insufficient title. Why not "In the Sixties," or something less cheapening—never mind—here is what occurred. In the act where "Old Glory" is displayed first in the dark, and then later with all the rays of God's sunshine showing it as the most splendid picture on earth, or in the skies, and when the music, most appropriate, was played and sung, all in the dusk as it were, a man, and evidently a gentleman, with silvery hair, but with figure erect, as soon as the flag was shown and the music began, arose from his seat and remained standing until the music was finished, and when in response to demand the music was repeated—it was the song of Key's I think—he again arose and stood until the music was over, and quietly resumed his seat. I have seen this thing done in foreign lands when some national air was played or sung, but this was the first time I have seen it done here. Whether he was an old soldier or not, I cannot tell, but at all events he was a patriot and an AMERICAN. My wife asked me why I was crying, as she noticed a furtive tear at the time, and I told her that it was for the same reason that a "Yank" away from home for the first time sees by chance in a foreign port at the masthead of some little vessel the flag he worships, and sits down and actually weeps with joy, and for the first time appreciates the full value of Edward Everett Hale's story, "The Man Without a Country."

I did so wish to go to that man in the theatre and grasp his hand. Yet I presume that he did not think that he was doing anything unusual, although of all the audience he was the only one to do honor to the FLAG.

It was the late General Butler, I believe, who always removed his hat when he voted, if even for himself.

F. A. H.

Boston, Nov. 22, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I was interested in your remarks about tipping, especially about gratuitous gratuities to barbers and hairdressers. The man that has cut my hair for a dozen years always looks queerly when I pocket the change, and while the change is in passage to my pocket, I notice a certain nervousness in his use of the broom-brush. Sometimes I give him a cigar. If he knew what a moral coward I really am, he could stare me into a fee every time, and although my cigars are always "out of the Duke of Medina Sidonia's own box," I suppose he would prefer a ten-cent piece to the tobacco.

I saw the other day in one of Mr. Jusserand's entertaining volumes—and we should all know them now that he is Ambassador at Washington—a quaint allusion to tipping taken from "The Itineraries of William Wey; Fellow of Eton College, to Jerusalem, A. D. 1458-1462." Wey is giving advice to travelers that might go to the Holy Land after him, all sorts of advice, even to the hiring of asses:

"Also when ye schal takeyowre asse at port Jaffe, be not to longe behinde yowre felowys; for and ye com by tyme ye may chese the beste mule, other asse, for ye schal pay no more fore the best than fore the worst. And ye must yeve youre asman curtesy a grot."

Jusserand describes "tipping" as "one of the best preserved of mediaeval traditions."

"Bakhshish" is a sort of alms or tribute, which poor Arabs, I am told, believe themselves entitled to claim from every respectable looking person. "A doctor visits a patient gratis—the patient or his servant will ask for a bakhshish. You may save the life of an Arab, at the risk of your own, and he will certainly claim a bakhshish." I remember a passage in Burton's "Pilgrimage" where he speaks of "Bakhshish" as the last as well as the first odious sound he heard in Egypt. F. C.

We acknowledge the receipt of "Kraafte-Lockie; or the Passing of the Wolf," a poem in 8 cantos by Lyman F. George. The poem is a forcible protest against the killing of deer and other wild fowl. Here is Mr. George's argument:

Where's your warrant, wounding life and killing?
If 'twere shoot or starve, one might not question;
If the bounteous earth were parched and barren,
Blasting cereals, grains and succulent grasses,
Fruits and nuts and vegetable kingdom,
Udders withering, dry—one might not question.
'Tis the needless slaughter of the red deer—
'Tis the conversion of all Kraafte-Lockies,
'Tis the Passing of The Wolfish instinct
Out of every human heart forever.

We are heartily in sympathy with Mr. George. Now he should write a poem against city hunters who go a-gunning in the woods and mistake the guide, a companion, a brother-in-law or poor old Uncle Thomas for a buck.

The Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco in her "Lombard Studies" tries with all her might to whitewash the character of Vittoria Accorambano, the heroine of John Webster's tragedy, "The White Devil." But spare us some of the noble dames of bygone days. Prove that Cleopatra was an advocate of woman's rights, born too soon; that Messalina was doing charitable work in the slums; that Lucrezia Borgia used poisonous drugs only to enlarge the beauty and glory of her hair; but leave us Vittoria, the proud and sublime Vittoria, fit wife for Milton's Satan. Do not seek to quench the light of that "most prodigious comet," as Lodovico called her. Asked by those about to kill her, "Are you so brave?" she answered:

Yes, I shall welcome death,
As princes do some great ambassadors;
I'll meet thy weapon half way.

From what we know of her, she would fear the whitewasher.

It was Dumollard who said on the scaffold, after he had pushed away the compassionate priest: "Jacques, tell my wife that the Duval woman owes [me] three francs."

This reminds us of Mr. Charles Whibley's fine lines: "A stern test of artistry is the gallows. Perfect behavior at a[n] enforced and public scrutiny may properly be esteemed an effect of talent—[an] effect which has not too often been rehearsed. There is no reason why the Scoundrel, fairly beaten at the last point in the game, should not go to his death without swagger and without remorse. At least, he might comfort himself with such phrases as 'a dance without the music,' and he has not often been lacking in courage. What he has missed is dignity; his pitfalls have been unctuosity, one the one side, bravado on the other."

*Nov. 25 '02*

## LONGY CLUB.

### Pieces for Wind Instruments by Two Frenchmen and One for Wind Instruments and Piano by an Austrian—Mr. Newland's Recital

The Longy Club (Messrs. Longy, Maquarre, Metzger, Debuchy, Hackebarth and Gebhard), assisted by Messrs. Lenom, Vannini, Helleberg and Kloepfel, gave the first concert of its third season last night, in Chickering Hall. The program included these pieces new to Boston:

Quintet for oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon, piano, op. 43.....................Herzogenberg
Sextet for flute, oboe, cor anglais, clarinet, horn, bassoon.........Ed. Malherbe
Octet for flute, oboe, two clarinets, horn, trumpet, two bassoons......De Wailly

Of these three pieces the sextet of Malherbe is the most distinguished. It contains ideas which are well expressed; there is a sense of tonal color, especially in the andantino and the Presto; there is melody and there is grace. There is true poetic feeling in the Andantino, and the colors are finely blended. The Finale is a fluent movement that demands abandon as well as accuracy and general technical skill.

Herzogenberg's Quintet is the work of a sound and solid musician, who is now in another world, where he is no doubt absorbed in higher contrapuntal problems. He was an industrious and fecund musician who knew thoroughly his trade. Unfortunately his ideas are generally as commonplace as his workmanship is smooth. There are passages in this Quintet that command the approval of respect, but there is little that excites attention either by melodic charm or harmonic structure. And the movements are all spun out, as though the conscientious man had wished to give his hearers full measure. He has gone his way. Music lexicons will speak respectfully of his labors; they will acquaint posterity with his industry; and the works themselves will surely go into the great bin of oblivion, which, according to Sir Thomas Browne, is not to be hired; but the bin is the capacious, and with mouth open ... well-made symphonies, anxiously ...

operas, and all manner of cham- music that was heard once and sibly praised on the night of formance by friends and pupils. Wailly's octet is a disappointment. composer is rich, a club man, a ety swell, who takes himself seri- ly, and is taken seriously, it seems, some of the Parisian critics. Surely, this work does not do him justice. it often seems the crude effort of amateur. There is groping, as in r darkness; there is seldom any continuity of thought; the melody ot distinguished; and there are no effects, even raw or bizarre. Too n the composer is seen sparring for l. Seldom is there a happy com- tion of timbres, and when the com- r is at his best, he is a person of nary ideas who suggests the need chooling, if he should still persist riting.

e performance of the pieces was llent throughout, and often char- rized by a fine display of solo try as well as admirable en- ble. One might have wished at s for more solidity and quality e extreme low notes of the first oon, but the performance as a e was worthy of the high reputa- already enjoyed by the Club.

audience applauded the move- ts of the Quintet, and was espe- demonstrative in approval after Andantino and Presto by Malherbe. e second concert will be on Jan. 5.

*Philip Hale.*

## R. NEWLAND'S RECITAL.

. David Newland, lyric tenor, a song recital last evening in tington Chambers Hall. He has rally a good voice, of light and eable quality; it is not brilliant. sang songs by Mackenzie, Nevin, oli, Mascagni ("Thy Star"), Schu- n, Ries, Brahms, Massenet, Mac- ell, Rubinstein, and the well-known from "Gioconda." He was heard is best advantage in Nevin's "Oh, We Two Were Maying" and Ro- "Alone." His performance of mann's "Thou Art Like a Flower," s "Separation" and MacDowell's Maid Sings Light" also gave pleas- The best feature of his singing is legato, which was admirable ughout the concert. His intonation not secure in some of the songs; as a decided tendency to fall be- the pitch on his extreme upper s, and in the song by Mascagni he constantly flat. There was a good- and friendly audience. Mr. Carl e, the violinist, played pieces by -Wilhelmj, Bazzini and Chelius. Almon Fairbanks was the accom- st.

## KOCIAN'S RECEPTION.

### Bohemian Violin Virtuoso Gave His First Recital in Symphony Hall Last Night.

Kocian, the Bohemian violin virtuoso, as good reason to be pleased with reception accorded him at Sym- y Hall last evening by a thousand c lovers who attended his first al in this city. The young artist here from a series of triumphs e leading cities of the Old World. was assisted by Miss Julie Geyer, st, and Franz Spindler, accom- st. The program opened with oven's sonata in C minor by Ko- and Miss Geyer, followed by the nance," by Joachim, and the o Perpetuo," by Ries, in both hich Kocian demonstrated the per- on of his art, winning three re- He subsequently rendered a tiful "Dumka" of his own and the ka Madrooka" by his master, Sev- and Paganini's "I Palpiti." The generous applause was given him l three renditions. Miss Geyer's ibutions were a "Gavotte and ations," by Rameau, an "Etude de ert," by Liszt, "Berceuse," by elt and a valse by Rubinstein. our solos won the warm approba- of the audience and Miss Geyer forced to respond to encores. Ko- will give his next recital on Sat- y afternoon of next week.

NOV 29 1902

FOR YESTERDAY.

must be we may not meet,
I am not for you,
t profit that our love was sweet,
y make we such ado?
for the sake of yesterday,
d all we used to know,
can I take the lonely way,
w can I let you go?

years pass on with thorn and flow'rs,
d we grow old alone,
chapters of this life of ours
finished one by one,
for the sake of what we were,
d what we yet may be,
will remember all our prayer
I give you back to me!

saw yesterday an admirable in- ion—the deodorized automobile. if someone will deodorize codfish table use so that there will be less as well as boneless cod, the d will be easier for us all.

let us not be local, parochial to- neither let us be autobiographical. us survey mankind calmly from a to Peru.

read of a pleasing instance of in Turkey. The Sultan presented rder to Mr. Morawitz, the author book on Turkish finances. On the day of this compliment, the Turk- n censor had forbidden the sale of the book and seized all the copies in circulation.

A man told us on Sunday that he was eagerly looking forward to the division of Austria by Russia and Germany after the death of the present Emperor. We asked him "Why?" Not that we cared, but for the sake of geniality and from a desire to forward conversation. He said he could not endure the Austrians, and you would have thought from his fierce tones that they had done him some bodily injury. We reminded him of the Prussian saying: "The Bavarians are the connecting link between the Austrians and men," and he thanked us heartily and was in good humor the rest of the afternoon. One such story against fellow Christians was enough for the day, or we should have added an anecdote from Sir Horace Rumbold's "Recollections of a Diplomatist." Sir Horace knew the Metternich family in exile at Brighton and he had strong Austrian proclivities; nevertheless he tells good stories about the childish Emperor Ferdinand. Metternich wished to submit to the Emperor some important papers. He found him drumming on a window and muttering as he watched the crowd. "Don't bother!" was all he would say. At last he turned and exultingly cried: "150!" The Emperor had made a wager with himself that the carriage thus numbered would pass within a given time.

France is to have a new postage stamp. The issue will probably be made early in January. The design will be the woman-sower of Louis Oscar Roty which already appears on smaller coins. Roty has presented his design to the Post Office, which, it is said, is equivalent to a gift of $10,000; for that amount is realized by the first sales of a new issue to philatelists. He has a rival in generosity. Mouchon, the creator of the old stamp, who will engrave the new. The color will be changed to a deeper red.

The writer of an article published in the Edinburgh Review believes that the day of the novel is over. After Scott and Jane Austen came writers who used the novel as a pulpit from which they preached their own views of life; Dickens, Thackery, George Eliot, Charlotte Bronte, Charles Kingsley down to Stevenson, Messrs. Hardy and Meredith have never been "wholly popular," because they broke the convention. "Every fool," says the reviewer, "can write a novel—and most fools do." Hence novelists who are not fools, according to him, Anthony Hope, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Kipling and Hewlett, are now writing plays. We fear the reviewer is not acquainted with the colonial brand of novel published in the United States or he would not make such harsh and sweeping statements.

We learn from L'Italie (Nov. 11), a French newspaper published at Rome, that "theoretical American misses" have their teeth and eyebrows pulled out so that they can replace them with a more ornamental article, one more to their taste. Furthermore it is a common practice for them to set diamonds and pearls in their teeth and nails. We have known this for the last five years, but we remembered the prosperity of the Ferguson family and attended strictly to our own affairs. Now that these facts are known across the Atlantic and are gossip in the streets of Rome, we do not wish to be classed among those that have eyes and they see not.

Of course women like to have beautiful teeth, and therefore they must take care of them. Mohammed said to his followers: "Cleanse your mouths with toothpicks; for your mouths are the abode of the guardian angels." And there are men who have gloried in their teeth. Thus Nicholaus Sojerus, a Belgian, a person of great integrity and prudence, had a set of teeth of such an unusual property, "that being struck upon with a sort of Indian wood, they were seen to sparkle fire as if they were flints." He was much admired therefor in society circles. This was delivered unto Bartholin by the brother, William Sojerus, a person well skilled in the Greek language.

At the same time tastes have varied. Among the ancient Chinese black teeth were the most fashionable, and the same is said of the women of Diu and Calcutta. The Bonzes used to gild theirs or make them yellow. Marco Polo knew women in Cardandan who wore thin gold over their teeth. And the women of Java set examples to American girls, for they pulled out their teeth and replaced them by others of gold, silver, copper or iron.

We are also told by this noble Roman that young English swells of the male persuasion sleep at night with a plaster of raw beefsteak bandaged to their face to preserve the legendary beauty of complexion. There is no doubt about this. So long ago Henry III. of France applied to his face before going to bed a paste of flour and whites of eggs, and Italians wore in the house a mask made of flour, cream, honey and olive oil.

If you wish to see what brunettes in all ages have done to be blondes, read "Les Femmes Blondes Selon les Peintres de l'Ecole de Venise," by two Venetians (Paris 1865).

Mr. Brookfield tells in his "Random Recollections" a story of the play-actor's power of absorption.

A young play-actress with only one line to speak in the piece was "so determined to do her duty to the public and the management that every night she used first of all to get her dresser to whiten her from the forehead and neck down to her waist with blonde de perle; then when she had made up and completed her toilet she would drink a magnum of champagne to 'pill herself together.' Then she would sit for the remainder of her time descanting upon the nerve-destroying nature of a theatrical career, debating whether the monetary triumph of a stage success was worth the price the artist had to pay in the sacrifice of nerve tissue, of peace of mind, of home life, of domestic pleasures."

NOV 28 1902

## MASCAGNI CONCERT.

### Excerpts From His "Eternal City" Music and "William Ratcliff" Performed for the First Time in Boston—"Cavalleria Rusticana" Makes the Second Part.

Mr. Mascagni and his opera company gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall, the first concert of a series for the week. The first number of the program was made up of Interludes Nos. 3 and 4 of the incidental music composed by Mr. Mascagni for the play "The Eternal City." I have not read the novel on which the play is founded, and I have not seen the play, so the music performed last night was to me without significance as illustrative of anything that had preceded or was to come. It was absolute music. Yet it was easy to see that the composer aimed at the establishment of moods and used harmonic progressions and rhythms, and mixed his colors with definite scenic purpose. The third interlude is of a contemplative nature and in the course of his contemplation the composer thought of Wagner, for the very opening harmonies drew the attention to the "Ring" and our old friend Wotan. Wagner was soon forgotten and there was the true Mascagni, in gentle mood. For concert purpose the fourth Interlude is the more striking. It is animated, originally melodious, interestingly scored, indeed fascinating music.

Mr. Bellatti sang Douglas's description of London from "William Ratcliff." This and the two Interludes were performed here for the first time. The description would no doubt be more effective on the stage, but, although Mr. Bellatti's voice did not fully meet the demands, the spirit and the dash of the vocal part, and the highly original structure and orchestration of the accompaniment made their way irresistibly in Symphony Hall, and the piece was redemanded. Heine represents Douglas on his return to Macgregor's Castle describing his sojourn in London; how he saw by night and slept by day; how he and his companions bet and swore and guzzled and tried to dodge pickpockets; how the very dress of the English, their waspish coats, stiff collars, and Babylonian hats annoyed him beyond measure. The music is vivid, pictorial, with the suggestion of travel and hurry and the crowd. Mr. Bellatti sang with spirit.

Mrs. Bianchini Cappelli, that admirable singer and actress in the now famous performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana," was severely handicapped by her choice of an aria from Verdi's "Nabuco," an intolerable aria. Mr. Mascagni accompanied her on the piano.

Mr. Mascagni then gave an impressive and exciting reading of Tschaikowsky's "1812" overture, which the composer wrote for an out-of-door performance. The battle music was true music of war, last night; yet the interpretation was not merely intense; it was discriminative, as well as poetic and stirring, and it deserved the furious applause that followed.

A performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" with Miss Farneti, Miss de Filippi, Miss del Parto and Messrs. Schiavazzi and Bellatti was the second part of the concert.

Concerts will be given by Mr. Mascagni and his company in Symphony Hall tonight, Friday evening, Saturday afternoon, and Sunday night. "Cavalleria Rusticana" will be given each time. The program tonight will include the introduction to "William Ratcliff," Verdi's overture to "Nabuco," the romanza from "Un Ballo in Maschera" and an aria from "Aida." Mrs. Cappelli will sing Santuzza.

*Philip Hale.*

NOVEMBER.

And time shall flee away.
Flee away always.—D'Annunzio.

A wistful look the grave earth wears
Our mother, dispossess'd of flowers!
In many a leaf-strewn, windy place
I see her yearning face;
And know with what a heavy heart she bears
The empty hours.

But never swifter ran the stream
O'er mossy boulders in the sun,
Than time beneath the pallid skies
She scans with mournful eyes.
A little space to slumber in, and dream.
Then winter's done!

O lamentable heart, I sigh with you
In lone, dismantled woods, hearing each gust
That frays the barren branches! Yet I know
How fast the year doth go,
Hastening the birth of blossoms, white and blue,
That now are dust.

Here is another instance of a mother's devotion. The only child of Dudley Hardy, the well-known artist in black-and-white, was seized with acute diphtheria. Immediate medical assistance was impossible when the nurse summoned the mother. Mrs. Hardy sucked the poisonous matter from her son's throat; he recovered; and, she who came near dying in consequence of her self-sacrifice, is now out of danger. In the eighties Mrs. Hardy, then Miss Mulholland, was a play-actress in London.

A soft answer does not always turn away wrath. We read yesterday of a man who, feeling well, kicked the landlady in the eye. A sailor remarked: "That is not a proper thing to do." Was the man ashamed? Did he run for brown paper and vinegar? Or did he remember suddenly that he, too, had a m-m-m-uther and burst into a passionate flood of tears? O, no. He stabbed the sailor five or six times with a snickersnee.

The man that invented the apartment house, Mr. Thomas Kirkpatrick, is dead. Since he did not invent the apartment house janitor, may he rest in peace.

What eyes Professor Leopold Mabilleau must have! He sees American millionaires placing their wealth in the hands of their employes. This must be going on in New York or in Chicago. Here in Boston even millionaires are conservative.

The German Emperor slept one night in England at Lowther Hall. We read the list of persons who had the honor of sleeping with him under the same roof, but no reference is made by the English journals to the ghost that haunts the place. We remembered vaguely that Lowther Hall had a ghost—just as there is a spectre of some sort on every respectable plantation in Virginia—and we consulted our favorite book on ghosts. Our memory had not deceived us. Jemmy Lowther, better known as the "bad Lord Lonsdale," was a disgrace, even to the English aristocracy. His body was buried with difficulty, and it nearly knocked over the clergyman, who was offering the last prayers. Nor would Jemmy be decent in his grave. He used to haunt the stables, plague the men and horses, and he and his phantom coach-and-six have an unpleasant habit or scouring the country round. Did William see or hear him? Did his imperial hair shoot skyward in imitation of his moustache?

While we are thinking of ghosts, we may say that Zola's unfinished novel is being completed and prepared for the press by a rising young Spiritualist, who holds communion with the dead novelist. At least this is the story in Paris. The fact that Zola, during his life was not distinguished by his faith in a spiritual existence has nothing to do with the case. Like a philosopher, he accepts the situation.

And here is an instance of irony loved by the Greeks. Mr. T. H. Dobson, a famous English footballer and sprinter, and the son of a famous athlete, died lately from eating mussels.

There must be considerable license given to play-actors in Belgium. At Liége a musical comedy, "Les Fetards"—"the Rounders"—you probably have seen the adaptation, was produced. In this original version, one of the chief characters is the King of Illyria, a most dissipated person. The actor that took the part was made up as King Leopold. Loyal citizens hooted him, other citizens cheered; the police took a hand; all in all, the performance was checkered but not dull.

We learn from Paris the true story of the Bernhardt row in Berlin. Some rude boys got behind her carriage and kept yelling: "Old Jewess! you stink of garlic!" which was not a pretty thing to do. The police drove them away but Sarah laughed and said: "Let them

demonstrate; it is a sign of turbulent youth." She could afford to be in good spirits for seven performances netted her $17,500

She might also have comforted herself with the thought of Flavius Vespasianus Augustus. "And because hee would not let slip anie occasion of reforming millitarie discipline, when a certain gallant youth smelling hote of sweet balmes and perfumes came unto him, to give thanks for an Office obtained at his hands, after a strange countenance shewing his dislike of him, hee gave him also in words, a most bitter and grievous checke, saying, 'I would rather thou haddest stunke of garlicke,' and so revoked his letters patents for the graunt." Perhaps we have told this

story before, but it may be told at least once a year, now that men as well as women poison the air with their scents.

Sarah may use garlic at the advice of a physician: for Serapion, Averrhoes, Avicenna and Rhases all agree that a gargle of garlic is useful in toothache, relieves sciatica, and clears the voice. It is also commended as a vermifuge. Of course she remembers the unhappy tale of the young merchant of Bagdad and after eating or gargling washes her hands 40 times with potash and 40 times with galangale and 40 times with soap.

This is the kind of story that Mr. G. R. Sims is now telling: "Once late at night I stood and looked at a beautiful statue in the window of an art emporium near Bond Street. The lights had been left on through the hours of darkness. I was gazing admiringly at the statue, when a voice muttered in my ear, 'The original of that is in the Pitti Palace at Florence. I saw it there years ago.' I turned and found that my companion was a tall grey-bearded man in tattered clothes. Over his shoulder, suspended by a piece of string, was the canvas bag of the London rag picker."

Nov 27 1902

Since in a land not barren still,
Because Thou dost Thy grace distill,
My lot is fain Blest be Thy will!

And since these biting frosts but kill
Some tares in me which choke or spill
That seed Thou sow'st, Blest be Thy skill!

Blest be Thy Dew, and blest Thy frost,
And happy I to be so crost,
And cur'd by Crosses at Thy cost.

For as Thy hand the weather steers,
So thrive I best 'twixt joyes and tears,
And all the year have some grean Ears.

"With a song of Thanksgiving."

Perhaps the true pessimists are after all the most thankful, and they render thanks not merely on an appointed day given over to inordinate eating and consequent sluggishness of mind, but on days when there is apparently no pretext for thanksgiving.

For the true pessimist is not a sour person, a dyspeptic, a sneerer and snarler, one that says, with Lord Bolingbroke, mankind is a rascal, confirms the opinion with an oath and looks only after his own comfort. He is not a melodramatic Mephistopheles, he is not a Diogenes in his tub. He is one that sees things as they are without blinking and without cowardly self-deception. Nor does he, overcome by the sight, sit down to weep with folded hands.

He realizes the evil that is in the world, the meannesses that are in the hearts of men and women. He is not satisfied with wise saws. "Evil is good in the making." "It will all be right some day." "Every cloud, etc." Without any expectation of reward he tries to lessen the suffering by following the line of least resistance.

Major Hilton, an evangelist in Kansas City, denounces, "vehemently," of course, Bishop Potter for saying that the saloon is all right as the poor man's club. Now we have no means of knowing whether the Bishop made this statement in just these words. We doubt whether he said "all right," for when men denounce there is a peculiar talent for misquotation. But the pessimist agrees to the statement that a saloon is a poor man's club.

Man is naturally gregarious. He must rub shoulders and talk and dispute with those of his kind. Hence the club, whether it be a country store, a sewing circle, a saloon, or the Somerset or Union League. There must be some place for interchange of opinion, which is to the majority the most coveted amusement after hours of working. If a man work, he wishes to talk about it; to compare his lot with that of another. The drinking, the smoking, the playing pool or billiards or cards—these are, as a rule, incidental.

The rich man with his luxurious books, his ability to entertain, is often restless, and he seeks a club for diversion. He knows his wife's opinions on all matters of worldly or spiritual interest. The young men that call on his daughter perplex him; and his own son is of another generation, with tastes that are strange to him, try as he may to be in sympathy, as Colonel Newcome tried to understand Clive. Is it surprising that the poor man feels a like need of amusement?

And where shall the poor man go? His rooms are in confusion, none too neat in spite of the endeavors of his wife. Or he has one room. His wife is worn out with the work of the day. The children are sick or complaining. He often stays in and helps and consoles. But there are times when he must go out, somewhere, anywhere.

Where would you have him go? To some reading room? He has learned from the newspapers that reading rooms are unhealthful, full of poisonous air, too hot; that microbes crowd the air. He cannot talk in a reading room. He reads with difficulty and without much enjoyment, even when the story is of murder and in a newspaper. But he will find Bill and Mike and Johnny in the saloon, and he can talk with them. And so Mr. Poindexter goes to the Porphyry in the hope of seeing Slindsly, and Witherson, and Jocelyn and others. The poor man cannot afford to go to the theatre. He can afford to buy a few glasses of beer.

The pessimist steps in and says: "Yes, yes, this is deplorable. Bill ought to be interested in geography, history, biology and all the other ologies. He should appreciate the Lowell lectures; but he doesn't. He prefers to gossip with his mates in a warm and lighted room, where he can drink beer and smoke and chaff and talk about bosses and strikes and politics and the new family in the tenement. And this is man, made, according to authority, in the image of his Maker." The pessimist admits the wretchedness of drunkenness and brawls and wife-beating, but says: "If you forbid men to drink, they will drink in a spirit of defiance if for no other reason. Let us see to it that what they do drink is at least decent stuff, and that the stuff is sold under reasonable rules and regulations. Good beer is better than kidney-rotting swipes; good whisky is less harmful than the poison that makes a weak-headed man suddenly see all things red. And let us see to it that Bill's home is more comfortable." And yet this man is called by some a pessimist, because he would help and raise man through his infirmities.

We have taken only this one instance. A pessimist, we insist, is inherently a man of humor, common sense, alive to the force of natural laws which in this world often seem cruel to us because we have not the clear vision that sweeps eternity as with a field glass.

The pessimist is constantly thankful

because things are no worse. One hundred might have been killed in an accident where only ten were removed. A dishonorable deed was expected; it did not surprise him, it did not shake his own integrity. He looks far back and sees personal violence, robbery, treachery, assassination forming the daily conduct of thousands of the most civilized. He is thankful today that the race has in a measure put away these things. He is thankful every day because he knows from study and observation that the race is climbing. This is enough, if he is not cock-sure of the ultimate goal. He also knows that even among the most refined the brute will occasionally come out into the light; he realizes that civilization is at the best a veneer. Nor does he keep shouting "This is the best of possible worlds." He accepts the mystery; he states the problems precisely as they are, and for this he is called a cynic, a pessimist; for naked Truth will always shock persons clad in the filthy rags of deceit and self-righteousness. The pessimist is the true optimist. Nov 28, 1902

## MR. HAMBOURG'S RECITAL.

### Return of the Celebrated Pianist —Performance Characterized by Force and Extreme Rapidity.

Mr. Mark Hambourg made his first appearance in Boston three years ago this month, for it was on Nov. 4, 1899, that he played Rubinstein's concerto in D minor with the Symphony Orchestra. This was his first appearance in the United States. He afterward gave recitals, and on Jan. 29, 1900, he played the piano part of Richard Strauss's piano quartet at a Kneisel concert.

He was unfortunate last evening in the fact that it was Thanksgiving night, a night of family reunion and merriment, when it is not the habit of music-lovers to think of concert halls; but as he will give other recitals here, there will be ample opportunity of hearing him.

He played pieces by Haydn, Beethoven, Chopin, Lucas, Leschetizki and others, and again displayed his powers as a virtuoso; strength that is sometimes abused; a mechanism in which he sometimes puts too much reliance and to the prejudice of purely musical thought; and a rapidity that, while it may excite wonder, is occasionally an injury to the composer. He is preeminently a virtuoso, and by display of virtuosity he will always win the applause of an audience.

Excellent reading in these days when more attention is paid play-actors and play-actresses, single men and women, fiddlers and pianists than statesmen, poets, philanthropists is an old essay in "Travels Among, and Reflections on, Men and Women in All Countries" by the Honorable Peter Carnaby, Fellow of the Royal Society. This essay is entitled "The Origin and Virtues of Mummers," and there is consideration of "the value of play-actors and the subjects wherein their chiefest virtues reside." The Honorable Peter found that in a country called Silentia play-actors and actresses were a race apart. They were shut off, and brought out only when there was a desire to astonish the natives or provide them with amusement to prevent political disturbance. To support them there was a special tax. He was shocked one morning when invited to go shooting he learned that the game was to be found among the old players. To his remonstrance the host replied: "What would you? When they are old and useless, would you still tax the people for their benefit, and, an even greater evil, would you still have them perform? Is that the manner of your country? Does it come to pass that aged women are wishful to play maidens and that ancient men desire to enact bucks?" The Honorable Peter was not comforted when he learned that mistakes could not well be made; for all actors who had outlived their usefulness had been photographed by a Government artist. The host added: "So that we who shoot know them as well as you would know woodcock from heron or hind from stag."

We spoke the other day of chemical blondes. Mr. Sims met at Millbank a female prisoner who even in her dungeon cell had contrived to dye her hair a golden hue and to color her cheeks and lips a dainty red. They never found out how she obtained the material for the hair dye. The rouge was easy. She had scraped her cell till she came to the red brick wall. To brick dust she added a little gruel, and lo, there was a paste for toilet purposes.

Remind any priggish person who insists that "fall" for "autumn" is an Americanism of a sentence in Roger Ascham's "Taxophilus," a work designed to exemplify "a style of composition more purely English than was generally practised": "The hole yere is deuided into iiii partes, Spring time, Somer, Faule of the leafe and Winter."

The Horoscope, an English magazine that should be sold here in street cars, and on every news stand, informs us that persons born under the sign Taurus are unable to take a cold bath in the morning. This warning alone is worth a subscription for a year

After all, why should not the Cubans have their game of cock fighting? The Spaniards have their bullfights, and we in this enlightened country enjoy football and pigeon shooting.

Mr Richard Harte, who believes that the reform of medicine is intimately connected with the abolition of vivisection and vaccination, makes some startling statements in his "Hypnotism and the Doctors." Thus if you put a ping-pong ball on a bare table and fan it stiffly, you will in the natural order of things blow it away from you, but if you repeat the fanning and at the same time will strongly that the ball shall come to you, it will do so, as gracefully as the coon came down for Colonel Crockett.

Mr. Funck-Brentano, who writes so entertainingly about poisoners of high degree, has finished his memoir on the "Eternal Enigma" of the Man in the Iron Mask. Was it not Disraeli who said to a young man eager to learn rules for success: "First of all don't bother your head about the Man in the Iron Mask"?

We are inexpressibly grieved by the action of the Municipal Council of Corfu in ratifying the contract made with a European capitalist to allow the establishment of a gambling casino on the island. For some years we have been looking forward after a life spent in educational and benevolent activity to a green and honorable old age on this island. For years we have read enviously about the good fortune of the inhabitants: The balmy air, the fruitful land, the delicious wine, honey,

wax, oil in abundance. It is true that impious cursed these inhabitants, for why? "As for the Corcyrans may Neptune sink their ships, because they keep their onions for themselves." And on this island dwelt King Alcinous, he of the famous garden.

In it flourished
High and broad fruit trees, that pomegranates bore,
Sweet figs, pears, olives, and a number more
Most useful plants did there produce their store,
Whose fruits the hardest winter could not kill,
Nor hottest summer wither. There was still
Fruit in his proper season all the year.
Sweet Zephyr breathed upon them blasts that were
Of varied tempers. These he made to bear
Ripe fruits, these blossoms. Pear grew after pear,
Apple succeeded apple, grape the grape,
Fig after fig came; time made never rape
Of any dainty there. A spritely vine
Spread here his root, whose fruit a hot sunshine
Made ripe betimes; here grew another green.
Here some were gathering, here some pressing seen.

There could we stand with both hand in trousers pockets, like the Indolent James Thompson, and eat fruits on th[e] trees. There could we play comfor[t]ably at philosophy and learn to trus[t] the earth, the final coverlet. Ther[e] would be no annoyance of coal or ga[s] or electricity. But this syndicate wi[ll] spoil it all. The word casino is enoug[h]. There will be craps, and roulette an[d] the little horses and all manner of sh[ame]ful games; there will be champag[ne] and operetta and suicides. The evenin[g] of our years will now be spent on Ca[pe] Cod.

W. F. W. writes apropos of motoriti[s]: "The professional driver is grown, la[nk] and lean as a jockey, to order. At th[e] gates of the motor-yard I pass a kn[ot] of him. He has a drawn face, a[nd] tired, strained eyes. Over a cigaret[te] he is discussing the smash of yesterda[y]. Who knows? His car may take char[ge] next, and tomorrow his fellows may [be] discussing him."

No doubt Mr. Krupp, the Gunma[ker] of Essen, was a fine fellow, but [in] spite of the Emperor's speech, w[e] [pre]fer our old friend, the Gunmaker [of] Moscow, whose thrilling advent[ures] were described by Sylvanus Cubb.

Fifty years ago Castil-Blaze u[rged] the Parisian authorities to follow [the] example of the Boston city fathers. [In] Boston, a city governed most wi[sely], it is forbidden to grind a hand-o[rgan] in the streets, lest the discordant [and] wabbly sounds should fatigue, m[olest] and shock the ears of the horse[s].

A housekeeper this week engag[ed a] cook at an intelligence-office. The [cook] had served in the kitchens of the [rich] and untitled aristocrats and had [re]ceived $8 or $9 a week. The woma[n at] the office did not recommend her of [her] own knowledge, but there were [fa]vorable references. As the family [was] small and the position otherwise [de]sirable, the cook condescended to [come] for $6, and she agreed to appea[r on], say Wednesday night at 8 P. M. [On] Tuesday night the housekeeper dre[amed] a dream in which the cook en[tered] raging drunk; there was a scene [and] there was all manner of unplea[sant]ness. The housekeeper smiled [the] morning at the recollection, and [told it] incidentally to the second-girl, [as the] cook is coming tonight." To whic[h the] maid answered: "I hope she's all [right] for I dreamed last night she was [com]ing drunk and we had an awful r[ow in] the kitchen." Perturbed, the [house]keeper telephoned to a house [where] this cook had served. After hem[ming] and hawing, the admission was [made] she was a marvelous cook, none [better], a blue ribbon, but she would drin[k]. 8 o'clock no cook. At 9 P. M. s[he ap]peared with hot breath, flushed [face], wild eyes, titubating abominably. "[No,] I can't have you here; I am [very] sorry," etc., etc. The cook [began an] argument. "You're no lady. I'd [have] nothing to do with you anyway; [and] she wove her alcoholic way t[o the] street-car tracks. This is a true [story] which we recommend to psychic[al in]vestigators.

In Cincinnati a man slipped [in a] bath-tub, fell against the rim [and] broke his neck. There were adva[ntages] in the good old-fashioned iron[-bound] wooden Saturday night tub that [stood] in the kitchen.

Every now and then we catch [dis]tant glimpses of intimate life [in the] stately homes of England. [Such] glimpses are caught as a rule [in the] divorce-court. Thus Sir Charles [Hart]opp, who would fain gain a d[ivorce], denied bashing or kicking his wi[fe], Lady Hartopp, but he swore [by his] sacred honor and the tomb of [his an]cestors that she, the Lady H[artopp], had kicked him on both his lo[wer] sculptural shins. This he co[uld] forgive although her Papa ha[d] his racing and gaming debts [a for]tune of £10,000 at the time of [mar]riage.

We read a pathetic story son[ne] ago about "a little woman, gray

rinkled," who went to the Post Museum at Washington, looked e remaining photographs of sol- f the Civil War, and suddenly to the floor." Of course "willing raised her "tenderly," etc. And e said she had recognized her art who had been killed in the less. As she had no picture of he took away the photograph. pathetic story in spite of the sentimentalism of the narrator. romancer could make a still uching story. A poor old wom- er had a sweetheart, but she for love like one of the "femmes s" of Baudelaire. She loved in d a hero. The other maidens village had their lovers, far- hem tearfully when duty called um and fife, prayed for them, d their return, or mourned the battlefield. The years went still she was lonely. At the the hopelessness of her unsat- nging for affection came over a wave. There were the pic- husbands, fathers, lovers. She ld age would have something finite than an ideal for her orship. This young man she ve loved; he might have loved had ever seen her. And now e has an image; the face of the ne is no longer shadowy and

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ve read that members of the at the University of Chicago the word "stunt" in publica- that institution. The offending ment was as follows: "The Union, 3.30-5.30 P. M. A ving spread. Appropriate by members of the Women's Only members are expected to

is supposed to be a slang word, point must first be established. re lexicographers a century who insisted that "bet" was ow word, yet in that memor- between Shallow and Silence, e says: "Dead! he drew a good dead! he shot a fine shoot: Gaunt loved him well, and ch money on his head." And anguage in the making.

is an allotted portion, hence ed task. There is a word n provincial English, and it rce or angry or sulky or ob- nd "to stunt" a person is to ol of him. But "stunt" is, to a more heroic form of He is doing a "stunt" may applied to Mr. Edouard de ging the Count's aria in "The of Figaro," to an athletic mortal struggle with an or- a politician explaining the ness of his vote on a certain e is the thought of muscular ained sinews, great drops of ful disaster if the attempt be sful. Therefore we do not se of "stunt" in connection women at a Thanksgiving ent, and we approve the the Faculty at Chicago.

her immortal ode says that its near her beloved: "I have my ears ring, sweat pours a trembling seizes all my paler than grass, and seem ness little better than dead." r's Cicone writes to Aspasia Sappho's case: "The de- f her malady may be quite I confess my pleasure ends t strophe, where it begins enerality of readers. I do to know the effects of the n her body, and I run out se into the open air, al- symptoms have less in them n than of unseemliness."

## SMPHONY NIGHT.

### uite, "A Fairy Tale," by ian, Josef Suk—As Son- f Dvorak, He Follows in osteps.

concert of the Boston Sym- ostra, Mr. Gericke, con- s given in Symphony Hall . The program was as fol-

The Ruby".....d'Albert
minor.....Schubert-Mottl
ry Tale".....Suk
C No. 2.....Schumann

, now in his 28th year, is violinist of the celebrated ring Quartet. He is also w of Dvorak. He is also a A graduate of the Prague y and a pupil of his father- has written a Symphony, tes, chamber music and ano pieces.

he material for this suite, tory," from the incidental ote for a dramatic legend, Mahulena," which was Prague in 1898. The suite yed in 1901 at Heidelberg. played at Chicago, New cinnati.

need of telling the fairy for the suite in the con- without minute reference lon or incident and no

special emotion is aroused or confirmed by music suited to the scene. It is enough to say that "The Love and Grief of the Royal Children" is pictured; there is a polka which is followed by a funeral march; and in the Finale the curses of the wicked Queen come to nought and there is the apotheosis, the Triumph of Love.

Suk is loyal to Dvorak in this suite. He has studied well his lessons and has remembered as well as respected his teacher. Dvorak did this sort of thing better; and in his earlier years, at least, he had a more spontaneous flow of melody and more ideas. The first movement of Suk's suite is not distinguished by themes or by development. The announcement of the monarch's death is the most significant passage. The rest of the movement is without character. The polka is a polka fast enough, but it is not an irresistible, contagious dance. Smetana and Dvorak and an outsider named Rubinstein have left delightful examples of the abandon of the polka, which in its reckless pride must have a touch of vulgarity. Now there is the coarseness of strength and there is the coarseness of weakness. Suk errs on the side of weakness. Nor is the Funeral March one for a king, even in a fairy tale. The last movement is perhaps the most striking, but here, too, there was disappointment. A young man who has evidently studied earnestly and has some native talent, born of an eminently musical race, uses a large orchestra for the expression of his thoughts, brings out all the colors that should be used, invents his typical themes, goes to work—and what is the result? That which appears plausible in the score is without effect in the actual performance. There is no page of marked and original beauty; there is no haunting orchestral expression; you feel that the young man knows the use of his tools, but he has not created rich material on which to employ these tools. Compare with this long suite Smetana's "Visegrad" or "Moldau"; and you will recognize at once the difference between a poet and a man of industry, both Bohemians; the former for years was poor, obscure, sick, and at last deaf and mad; the latter was blessed with many advantages. But Smetana dreamed wondrous dreams and told them to the world by his orchestra.

* * *

D'Albert's prelude to "The Ruby," a fairy opera, is Wagnerian in expression and not without charming orchestral effects. The subject is an Eastern one, but there is little of Baghdad in the music. Some of the Russians, as Rimsky-Korsakoff in his "Scheherazade," have been more fortunate in persuading us occidentals that they have pictured the East in music. D'Albert's Eastern city is not over an hour from Bayreuth.

Schubert's Fantasia in its original form has gone the way of all flesh, and Mottl's orchestration is as the careful clothing of a corpse.

So that the Adagio and the second trio of the Scherzo in Schumann's Symphony triumphed easily. And there are few Adagios to be compared with this dramatic song of Schumann. If he had only had the courage to cut out that meaningless and incongruous little contrapuntal episode, too deliberately contrapuntal.

* * *

No composer could have felt aggrieved last night or complained that he was misunderstood. Mr. Gericke was impartial in his efforts and his sympathy. D'Albert's music was often splendidly sonorous merely through the wealth of orchestral tone. And what there is in Suk's suite was surely brought to the light. But there is so little that will bear the light.

*Philip Hale.*

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GRACE CORNEAU cabled to the Chicago Tribune a thrilling account of the adventure of Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler at a Lamoureux concert in Paris on Nov. 23. The account was published in the Tribune of the following day.

"The appearance of a foreigner as soloist with the famous orchestra was an innovation."

H-m-m! I take up the record of the Lamoureux orchestral concerts, 1896-1900. Miss Kutscherra, Van Rooy, Hugo Becker, Leonard Borwick, Felix Weingartner, Hugo Heermann, Mrs. de Gorenko-Dolina, Felix Mottl, Mrs. Mottl, Ivanoff, César Thomson, Leopold Auer, Harold Bauer, Van Dyck, Mrs. Litvinne, Da Motta, Richard Strauss, d'Albert, Hubay.

It is true that Strauss, Mottl, Weingartner are conductors; but with their names omitted we find 16 foreigners, and a few of them appeared more than once in the four years. Bauer's home is now at Paris, but he was born and brought up in England.

The Ménestrel of Nov. 9, 1902, announces the appearance that afternoon of Mr. David Henderson, an American tenor, at a Lamoureux concert.

"When she appeared on the stage she was greeted by a hostile demonstration, musicians standing on their seats and screaming, 'No piano,' and trying to drive the American pianist from the stage.

"The little American woman bowed repeatedly, hoping by a show of composure to silence the uproar. While the noise was at its highest Senator Tarrieux, who was occupying a box, arose to defend the soloist, shouting that it was infamous to treat a woman and a foreign artist in such a manner. He was howled down.

"As the uproar increased Mme. Zeisler went to the piano and pluckily commenced the allegro. The noise was so great that it drowned the music, but she continued, apparently calm and unmoved by the demonstration. Managers of the orchestra sent a telephone message for troops, and a squad of municipal officers from the station near-by was hurried to the scene. Quiet in the theatre when the noise was at its worst.

"After a brief struggle the troops overpowered the rioters and dragged them from the theatre into the street.

"Quiet was instantly restored. Mme. Zeisler, who had continued playing, taking no notice of the scuffle between the troops and rioters, finished the concerto superbly amid silence. The moment she had finished the audience arose and cheered and applauded her wildly for five minutes, forcing her to respond to two encores and to bow repeatedly before they ceased to applaud her for her exhibition of courage."

Now we all know Mrs. Zeisler in this city. She is an admirable pianist, one of the leading female pianists of the world. Why this outcry? Some newspapers have said: "Because she is an American!" And I am not sure but letters were written to the President and his Cabinet about the "outrage." That an Italian named Mascagni was nearly jailed in Boston through a mediaeval law is probably already forgotten.

The Chicago correspondent makes no such foolish charge.

"Riot, screaming and denunciation marked the concert—and all because Mme. Zeisler had on her program, the G minor concerto of Saint-Saëns, the composer boycotted by the musicians' union of Paris."

Bue there are often demonstrations, screaming and denunciation at these Sunday concerts in Paris. I speak from personal knowledge. I, too, have screamed and howled with the crowd in the top gallery. I, too, have been in Arcadia.

The top gallery is thronged with students and other lovers of music who enjoy the local unrestraint and are afflicted with that sore disease, lack of money. For a franc—I am speaking of nearly 20 years ago—you could hear the long, too long, concerts of the Colonne or the Lamoureux orchestra. Great was the enthusiasm. The slow movement of the 5th symphony would be encored. If the conductor showed unwillingness there was tumult until he yielded. If the music did not please, if it was voted dull or old-fashioned, or new and empty or pretentious, long-haired geniuses from the Midi, with incredible walstcoats and cravats, blonde Russian women, Americans who were beginning to lose national self-consciousness, stood and lifted up their voices in protest. I have heard the applause of the highly respectable in high-priced seats after Saint-Saën's prelude to "The Deluge" drowned out by indignant cries of "What! Repeat that thing? Never on my life!" I have seen and heard a French tenor who met the favor of the subscribers in a performance of "The Damnation of Faust" hissed and shouted at so that the thunderous orchestra in the "Invoeation to Nature" could not be heard 30 feet from the stage, but the tenor stuck manfully to his task and sang though I doubt whether Colonne himself heard him. Or a piece by Raff would be accompanied by whistling and shrieks of "Hoop-la!"

This violent criticism is still the joy and the right of the gods. Not long ago that most excellent pianist, Raoul Pugno, was reminded by them that he had played too long; not long ago Willy Burmester, the violinist, was not allowed to finish a tiresome concerto by Spohr, but when he played something else, he was cheered to show that the composer, not the violinist, was the one disapproved.

This criticism has its uses. There have been nights in Boston when such a demonstration would have cleared the air and made for musical righteousness: but it would be hard for Bostonians to overcome their constitutional reserve.

* * *

Mr. George Hamlin, who will give a Richard Strauss song recital in Steinert Hall Tuesday afternoon, spoke as follows concerning his hero to a reporter of the Chicago Record-Herald early in this month:

"Often one's sense of musical propriety is shocked at first, but upon closer study one finds himself more and more entranced by the delightful melodies.

"Strauss's songs are in a way little symphonies. For instance, there is a song, 'Sommer,' which I shall sing next Sunday. In this a simple theme is worked over and over and over from beginning to end, the piano insisting upon it, while the voice part is a continuous melody. In 'Meinem Kinde,' a lullaby, there are four continuous themes in the accompaniment, while the voice has a simple lifting melody that might almost be called an accompaniment.

"I have studied some of Strauss's songs for two years before I felt that I had mastered them well enough to sing them in public. Mme. Carreno, the pianist, first suggested to me that I learn these songs. At first I found it rather difficult to find any of them, but by and by the music stores began handling them, and after I had given several public recitals here and in New York and the East the songs grew more and more popular. I have probably 100 of Strauss's songs, some of them even now seeming unmusical to me, but when I once get the right focus, as it were, I am sure they will appeal strongly to me as those I already have learned to like."

Mr. Hamlin, it will be remembered, gave a Strauss recital here, Jan. 28 of this year. It was one of the chief events of the last season, although the opportunity of hearing remarkably beautiful and effective songs sung by a singularly accomplished singer was not appreciated by many who are never weary of proclaiming loudly their devotion to art. It is a pleasure to see that Mr. Hamlin was not a bit discouraged.

"Die Music," now the leading musical magazine of the world, published last September an interesting article, "Richard Strauss in His New Songs," by Dr. Erich Urban, a warm admirer of this irregular genius. The songs in op. 49—none of them will be sung here by Mr. Hamlin—stagger the learned doctor. After speaking of Strauss's methods as a song writer, how he steers clear of the old scheme "which leads a determined melody walking according to fixed rules over a meagre accompaniment," and is not a sensation-monger with effects of perfumes and lights, Urban finds that Strauss has developed his ideas from Liszt; that he has applied Wagner's principles of dramatic declamation to song. Then he speaks of the extravagances of some of this new school. "The singer now is not to sing, but to give forth oracles, to prophesy. He stands behind a veil of mist. If the prophecy is mournful or awful, the room is dark. If it is cheerful the light is turned up, and the face of the hearer is lightened and he begins hurriedly to read the program book. His joy is short, for the singer comes to a love song. Now there is a dark-violet illumination. An intense perfume, as white heliotrope or 'parfum idéal' fills the hall. After all the odors of modern perfumeries are scattered over the astonished audience, the concert is at an end. I miss one thing in the catalogue. Only songs that smell well are sung."

Dr. Urban adds that Strauss has no need of such absurd aid. There are light and perfumes in his tones. In his songs the new principle of declamation is combined with the theory of a well-arranged melody, for Strauss has broad and full-blooded melody. His technic is unspeakably fine, super refined.

Dr. Urban traces the growth of the composer, who was brought up on Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, then went by Mendelssohn to Chopin and Schumann and then to Brahms, then to Liszt and Wagner, finally to arrive at Richard Strauss. This growth is clearly shown in the course of his many songs.

But op. 49 is to Dr. Urban the final step, a perilous step. And for two reasons. Intricate polyphony in accompaniment, however clearly it may come out in an orchestral work, is noise, confusion when given to a piano: the human voice has limitations; it is not an instrument of wood, or strings, or brass. In too many of the latest songs (op. 49) Strauss has not recognized these facts.

* * *

William II. of Germany came out strongly for music the other day in reply to a speech by Joachim on a public occasion: "You know what a great educational influence I attribute to music, the object of your care. You should before everything else strain every nerve to extend the influence it exercises over the mind and the soul. Music illuminates, vivifies, forms souls. I am sure that you and your colleagues will consecrate your endeavors to understand music with this aim." Now did Joachim go home to practise? He has been playing sadly false for some years.

Mr. Frederic Lamond is not the only one. Mr. Bertrand Roth, a German pianist, announces that he will play at Dresden this season all the sonatas of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven.

Adrienne Lecouvreur is the heroine of an opera by Cilea, which made a sensation lately at Milan. Cilea is not the first. An opera named after the heroine founded on Scribe and Legouvé's familiar play, music by Ettore Perosio, was produced at Genoa in 1889.

It was said lately in various journals that Rose Caron is the first to be put at the head of a singing class at the Paris Conservatory. As a matter of fact Pauline Viardot was honored in like fashion (1871-75); Mrs. Damoreau (1833-35); Mrs. Empaire (1835)—and in that year she died. Viardot and Damoreau resigned of their own will.

These operas brought in respectively the largest receipts at the Opéra and Opéra-Comique, Paris, in 1901: "Faust," 22,061 francs, "Griseldis," 9716.

From September, 1901, to August, 1902, these operas had the greatest number of performances in Germany: "Carmen," 297; "Lohengrin," 297; "Tannhaeuser," 268; "Cavalleria Rusticana," 249; "Der Freischuetz," 243; "Il Trovatore," 238; "Mignon," 220; "Undine," 217; "Faust," 212.

Of these operas four were German, three French, two Italian. Yet we hear that "Il Trovatore" is seldom heard except in Italy and our own benighted country.

* * *

Henry Hadley again demonstrated the uselessness of writing incidental music to a play. At the Madison Square Theatre last Monday night he conducted his own music; the orchestra was an enlarged and an excellent one. Everybody talked as if the veriest trash were being performed in that perfunctory manner so common to theatre bands. Mr. Hadley's music is an artistic epitome of the pastoral and emotional atmosphere of Miss Johnston's heroine. As has been already stated in the Sun, it contains more of Audrey's woes than the play. Yet no one—except a faith-

ful f[illegible] t[illegible]. When the [illegible] played in [illegible] concert hall it will [illegible], but never in the theatre. Music in [illegible] theatres is a background for [illegible] that are nothing [illegible].—New York Sun.

Maestro Puccini's new opera, "Madame Butterfly," is said to be one of his finest productions, and likely to bring him more fame even than "Boheme." The scene is laid in the land of the chrysanthemum, the heroine being Japanese, while the hero is an American naval officer. Great pains have been taken with the scenery and costumes to have them correct, picturesque, and not too complicated. With this end in view, Maestro Puccini invited the wife of the Japanese Minister at Rome to assist at a private hearing, and at the same time to give valuable advice on these little details and effects which mean so much, and still are so difficult to attain. Madame Ohyama professed herself delighted, admiring the music enthusiastically and finding everything correct, except some point in the costumes and a certain crudeness in the blending of the colors, which was certainly not Japanese. The lady also most amiably offered to examine the scenery, saying, laughingly, that she certainly never expected to have any part in an opera. Under such auspices it is asserted that "Madame Butterfly" will be one of the most accurate and interesting Japanese productions ever given in Europe.—German Times, Berlin.

Dec. 1902

A PLEA

In an Age Which Rejoices in Published Love Letters.

This that I pen is only for your eyes;
O be as jealous of love's sanctities
As I am bold to love, and speak of it!
For were these lines with twice the fervor, writ,
And grace I can command for them, express'd,
They are not to the public mind address'd.
Nor plann'd to give a little foolish fame,
When sweet life hath dismiss'd me, to my name.

We talk, and many are the words we say,
Yet soon the sound of speech has passed away;
There is no record of the thoughts that fell
From either's lips, but hearts remember well!
It needs not that a scribe with fluent pen
Should score on tablets what we utter'd then,
Nor in fair print each phrase precisely set;
Our souls have heard them—we shall not forget.

This letter, then—this paper scarr'd with ink—
Record of all I do, and hope, and think,
When you are out of reach of look and touch—
Is speech in hieroglyphs: prize it as such!
But do not grudge in tenderness to burn
What others might by chance read o'er, and learn
The truths I send in symbols, for my part.
That you may write them deeply in your heart.

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The New York Evening Post in a review of Ethel L. Bicknell's "Praise of the Dog" misses "Tobit's dog in the Apocrypha." We think the reviewer would search long in the Apocrypha before he would find this dog. Tobit had a son named Tobias, and Tobias had a dog whose name has not been preserved. Tobias and the angel Raphael in the disguise of Azarias "went forth, and the young man's dog with them." And after they had had sundry adventures, they went their way home, "and the dog went after them." (Tobit. Chap. V. 16; Chap. XI. 4.) Tobias died at Ecbatane, 127 years old. In all probability the dog preceded him.

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In the version of the tale in the "Golden Legend" we read: "Then ran the dog that followed him (Tobias) and had been with him in the way, and came home as a messenger, fawning and making joy with his tail." The dog of the Seven Sleepers was admitted into the paradise of the Mohammedans. The dog of Tobias is less fortunate; he does not appear, to our knowledge, in any of the oratorios founded on Tobit or Tobias.

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The same day we read that the dog-tailor, the dog-doctor, the dog-jeweler were known five centuries ago. There are bills for service done dogs in the inventories of French Kings from 1380 to 1541. We saw a few afternoons ago a woman with her little dog at a concert. The dog was not unlike the "muff-dogs" of the 18th century, perhaps as dear to its mistress as Raton was to Ninon l'Enclos. Now Raton used to act as counselor and friend when Ninon sat at table. From a little basket near Ninon's plate Raton would growl at ragouts and spiced entremets, bark at coffee and go mad at the sight of liqueurs. And Mercier attributed the beauty, spirits and health of Ninon over 80 years old to the watchfulness of the dog.

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Women of Rome and Venice were extravagantly fond of these little pets, who generally were raised at Bologna. To keep them from growing these dogs were rubbed immediately after their birth and for some weeks with pure spirits of wine. There were dogs so small that they could be worn inside a glove. But long before the Middle Ages women were foolish in their slavish devotion to lap dogs. "Our ladies," says Juvenal, "behold the good Alceste on the stage, dying to save her husband's life; but were an exchange of the same nature now allowed, they would wish their husband's death to save their lap dogs." And Plutarch begins his life of Pericles: "Caesar seeing in Rome one daye certen riche and wealthy straungers, having little dogges and munkeyes in their armes, and that they made marvelous much of them, he asked them if the women in their country had no children: wisely reproving them by his question, for that they bestowed their naturall love and affection upon brute beasts, which they should with all kindnes and love bestowe upon creatures."

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To the same effect Dr. John Caius, who wrote a book about dogs in 1536. He spoke of gentle spaniels: "little, pretty, proper and fine; and sought for to satisfy the delicateness of dainty dames * * * instruments of folly for them to play and dally withal, to trifle away the treasure of time, to withdraw their minds from more commendable exercises, and to content their corrupted concupiscences with vain desport. A silly shift, to shirk irksome idleness!"

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What are our Browning Societies about that they do not mourn publicly the death of Miss Sarah Browning, a younger sister of the poet, who used to call her "Sarianna." She was worthy of a half-hour or even an hour; for it was through her that we know why the poet's beard turned white, as in a night, but not through fright.

Listen to the story. Browning went back from Rome to Casi Guidi "in a state of bilious irritation," for even sweet singers and strong souls may have their bilious moments. In a fit of "suicidal impatience" he seized a razor and shaved his beard off, "whiskers and all." He was, indeed, a sight, and his wife burst into tears when she saw him. She was hysterical and insisted that he should grow it again. "When it reappeared, it was quite white."

The incident is full of suggestion for papers to be read solemnly, or even for original poems. "The Influence of Beards on Bards," "Ode to R. B.'s Whiskers," "Lines on a View of a Razor Owned by Browning" should be ready for the next meeting.

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Leopold of Belgium cracks occasionally his little joke. We learn from a foreign journal that the King and a Court physician talked together as follows:

The King (jesting)—"It would be interesting to know the impression Socialists have regarding me."

The Physician: "One of the Socialists observed to me recently that if you had not been King of the Belgians you might have been President of the Belgian Republic."

The King: "Thanks very much; but tell me, you, who are a doctor, how would you like to be made a 'vet'?"

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We spoke the other day of the new French postage stamp, with the design of a woman sowing. There is opposition to it in Paris, because the woman is sowing seed against the wind.

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Dr. Thompson, Master of Trinity, was walking with Mr. Herman Merivale at Kissingen. Dr. Thompson was praising the superior manner of foreigners, when a man of extreme distinction, dressed with great care, passed, and bowed courteously; whereupon Dr. Thompson pointed to him in illustration of his argument and noticed the superiority of the manner, which was without arrogance. "Neither of us could do it so well." Mr. Merivale asked if the stranger were a Russian Prince. "No," said Thompson, "he's my courier."

Dec 1902

The Pall Mall Gazette published the other day a savage attack on a new anthology for children, and it objected in violent language to "feeble trivialities of American origin" included by Mr. Morison in the volume. "At Play," by Eugene Field, was described as "inscrutable verbiage." There are quotations from "saddening stuff" by some of our most esteemed poets, male and female after their kind, and the reviewer ends with this pleasant anecdote: "Mr. Morison's regimen for infant minds recalls the remark of the London laborer's wife when reprimanded for feeding her six months' old baby on sardines, pickles, and sips of gin: 'We always give 'im the same as we 'ad ourselves.'"

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Mr. Seymour Rice of Kansas City has a smoking-room in his house. "The ceiling is composed entirely of cigar-box labels." Pray, how does Mr. Rice describe this room when he leads the way followed by guests? The Virginia? The Connecticut? The Key West?

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Boston, Nov. 29, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

It occurs to me that a remark which I overheard recently may furnish food for thought to persons interested in the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, which, by the way, should soon be revived again in all its pristine strenuousness.

Last Thursday night I went to the Castle Square Theatre where they were doing "Richard III." and doing it rather well. Being unable to get a seat, I took standing-room. Just at the end of the third act, a man who was standing in front of me turned to his companion and said: "This show is bum. The feller that wrote it ought to write another and then die." The man apparently thought he was seeing something by Mr. Clyde Fitch or Mr. Paul Potter. If he did, would it not be possible to find an Anti-Shakespeare enthusiast to prove him right?

Yours for art,

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

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The times must have changed. Surely no one ever called "Richard III." a bum play in the old and glorious days at the Bowery or the Howard. The last time we saw Shakespeare's piece, Barry Sullivan was the hero and his performance was literally a howling success. The performance was memorable. There was no doubt as to Richard's intentions; there was no question concerning the significance of his gestures or attitudes; there was no absurd attempt at finesse. There was agreeable diversity, from farce-comedy to the blackest tragedy. And Mr. Sullivan spoke distinctly, straight from the chest. In his more passionate and most impressive moments you could hear him outside the play-house. "It was a time—O, but it was a time." Actors nowaday do nothing. They talk for an hour at a stretch, or they keep their hands in their pockets and allow themselves to be seen.

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We spoke yesterday concerning the dog, who, according to Victor Hugo, is a comic beast: "his sweat is on his tongue and his laugh is in his tail." We forgot to speak of the dog's natural enjoyment of a joke and his willingness to aid in smuggling. It seems that there is a school in Switzerland where dogs are trained to dodge Custom House officers. The animals are brought across the frontier from Italy; homesick, they are loaded with tobacco; a marionette dressed as an Italian Customs officer appears and kicks or beats the dogs until they learn to associate the sight of the uniform with physical pain and personal indignity and will run as soon as they see it.

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Schools for dogs are no new thing. In Holland years ago there were institutions for the education of poodles. John Wesley and Augustus Toplady agreed at least in one opinion; that dogs often show a sense of right and wrong and honor and duty, a depth of affection that often rises to heroism which will all be rewarded in another world. Southey introduces Dr. Dove as arguing that the materialist must allow on his own principles that a dog has as much soul as himself; "and the immaterialist, if he would be consistent, must perceive that the life and affections and actions of an animal are as little to be explained as the mysteries of his own nature by mere materiality." Southey, by the way, insisted that the King of the dogs was yellow. Perhaps this explains why the "yaller dorg" has fallen of late years into disrepute.

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We read the inventory of Mr. d'Annunzio's wardrobe: 72 shirts, "12 dozen pair of socks of various kinds and 24 dozen pair of quiet-tinted silk"; evening suits innumerable, 150 cravats, eight umbrellas, etc., etc. But not a word about trousers or whether he has a pair of suspenders for each pair. Mr. Mascagni, it is said, wears in turn three shirts in the course of one of his concerts. Is Mr. d'Annunzio obliged to change after an intense chapter or a glowing scene? What a contrast between his wardrobe and that of Mr. John L. Sullivan's, as reported in bankruptcy proceedings! But the great moulders of thought, the true heroes, have always been comparatively simple in dress.

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Concord, N. H., Nov. 29, 1902.

Editor of The Talk of the Day:

Can you enlighten me on the following matter? It is in regard to the origin of the words Speaker and Moderator, which have been applied for many years to those who are called to preside, respectively, over State or national assemblies, and over the annual meetings that are held for the transaction of business in the "little republics," otherwise known as towns, all over New England.

At the "Harmony meeting" held at Nantasket last July, the presiding officer on that occasion was Mayor Collins of Boston, who said in part:

"Once, in a Legislative Assembly of which I was a member, a small boy asked, 'Who is that man in the chair?' and I said, 'The Speaker.' 'No,' he is not,' said the boy, 'he is not saying anything.' I said 'That is what a Speaker is for.' (Laughter.)

"Down here in the old colony they have what they call a Moderator at Town Meeting.

"What he moderates in a turbulent Town Meeting I do not quite understand, always having been a city man, but this I do know, that he has very little to say; and I shall emulate the example of the official Speaker and of the Moderator of the Town Meeting by having little, or, indeed, nothing to say."

I think that Mayor Collins was hardly clear in his mind about the significance or origin of those words, and I certainly am not. One definition of Speaker is "a prolocutor," and a prolocutor is "one that speaks before others," and a Speaker does this when he brings up any business to be acted upon or states a question. But when it comes to the word Moderator, I can't understand just what he moderates, as that is the meaning of the word, unless he exercises his powers of moderation in keeping order.

H. C.

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## KNEISEL CONCERT.

### First Performance Here of a Sonat[a] by Richard Strauss for Violin an[d] Piano—A Work of Rare Beaut[y] and Strength.

The third concert of the Kneisel Qua[r]tet was given last night in Chickerin[g] Hall. Mr. Frederick Lamond, pianis[t] assisted. The program was as follow[s]:

| | |
|---|---|
| Quartet in A minor, op. 29 | Schube[rt] |
| Sonata in E flat for violin and piano | R. Strau[ss] |
| Quartet in D minor, op. 76, No. 2 | Hay[dn] |

Richard Strauss is to some the o[nly] musician now living who not only co[n]tinues the mighty line, but has the k[ey] of the future. They see in him som[e]thing more than a revolutionary. Th[ey] insist that in his day he is not so rev[o]lutionary as were Berlioz, Liszt, Wa[g]ner or César Franck when they we[re] combating the conventions; that [his] themes are as diatonic as those [of] Haydn or Beethoven; that his syste[m] of harmony is not so radically new [as] that of the ultra-modern French w[ho] hark back to "Tristan und Isolde"; b[ut] that by force of his skill in blendi[ng] instrumental timbres, his audacity [of] counterpoint, his poetic and flaming i[m]agination, he has opened a new fi[eld] to exultant youth; that he is the ch[ief] interpreter of the spirit of this age, n[ow] materialistic and now pathetical[ly] hopelessly idealistic.

To others Strauss is a name wi[th] which to frighten pupils at a conserv[a]tory, just as the name of Bonapar[te] was once used to scare into obedien[ce] naughty children in English househol[ds]. If he has not horns and hoofs and [a] sinister face, he at least has sold [his] soul to the Dark Man. He is the An[ti]christ of music. His symphonic poe[ms] are the abomination of desolation, a[nd] as the late Josef Rheinberger used [to] leave concert-halls when pieces [by] Liszt or Wagner were played, so th[e] fearsome mortals avoid concerts if th[ey] see "Heldenleben" or "Zarathustr[a]" or "Don Juan" on the program, le[st] the floor open suddenly and orchest[ra], conductor, and audience sink into t[he] abyss.

But last night a sonata by this sa[me] Strauss was most heartily applaud[ed] at a Kneisel concert, where the au[di]ence is largely conservative. What w[as] more surprising, they that admire t[he] Strauss only of the later works we[re] equally enthusiastic.

The sonata stands midway betwe[en] the Strauss who was devoted [to] Mendelssohn and Schumann, and t[he] Strauss who, building on Liszt a[nd] Wagner, reared a mighty palace of [his] own. First of all the melodic thou[ght] is singularly abundant, fresh, intel[li]ble, beautiful, and distinguished. N[ow] distinction of melody is not the ch[ief] characteristic of the later and colos[sal] works. In them the melody is of[ten] short-breathed, crabbed, vulgar; [the] emotion is not primarily in the melo[dic] thought; it is in the development of [the] thought, in novel harmonic professio[ns], in thickly woven counterpoint, [in] strangely combined instrumental voi[ces]. But here is melody that ravishes [the] ear and touches the heart, and here [is] a wealth of poetic ideas; here [is] sensuousness, here is also heroic spi[rit]. And no matter how intricate the de[vel]opment of the thoughts may be, th[ere] is the beauty and there is the autho[ri]tative strength that are dominat[ing] qualities, and are plainly recogni[zed] even by those who are inclined to [sneer] at modern music.

Each of the movements abounds [in] things that invite discussion as well [as] provoke immediate applause. A d[aily] newspaper is not the place for [dis]quisitions couched in the terminol[ogy] of musical theory. It is enough to [say] that the second movement is of s[uch] a romantic nature that it must at o[nce] make its way to the breast of e[ven] those that have hardened their he[arts] against the adversary, while the ot[her] movements, striking in the outlines, [are] crowded with rich detail. Strauss [in] this work shook off the conventio[ns], but his blood ran hot with the ent[hus]iasm of youth; there are suggesti[ons] of passages, especially in the finale [of] the later symphonic poems, but [the] sonata is always musical, not liter[ary]. Here we have Strauss in his sing[ing] robes. The performance was one [of] uncommon excellence. Mr. Kneisel, [a] warm admirer of the composer, pla[yed] with a breadth and beauty of tone [and] phrasing that he has seldom if ever [sur]passed; with the authority of a mas[ter] with the soul of a poet. Mr. Lam[ond] revealed himself in a new and welc[ome] light. The sonata bristles with rh[yth]mic and other difficulties, and ther[e is] constantly the arrival of the unexp[ect]ed. That he played his part with [con]summate ease was perhaps to be

d from a man of his foreign rep-
on; but we that had found him
notional, monochromatic, dry on
her occasions, now found him sym-
hetic, sentient, alert, romantic. And
were rubbed, so marked was the
last; and lo, the two pianists were
and the same person.

* * *

he quartet by Schubert was played
h fine taste. It is a good thing to
ar this quartet, for it brings back
e old faith in Schubert to some who
ere beginning to wonder whether af-
r all he were not largely a Viennese
adition; whether this richly endowed
an of the simple, pathetic life were
t too much given to prattle, chatter,
d endless repetition; for what a mass
stuff there is to be weighed against
e "Unfinished" symphony, a little
amber music, and a few songs!
A quartet by Haydn was wisely
osen to follow the sonata by Strauss.
The next concert will be on Dec. 29.

*Philip Hale.*

The idea of what the public will think
vents the public from ever thinking at
and acts as a spell on the exercise
private judgment, so that in short the
blic ear is at the mercy of the first
pudent pretender who chooses to fill it
th noisy assertions, or false surmises, or
ret whispers.

The thief that stole the cash box at
fair of the Animal Reseue League
s not a cat, not even an office cat.
was a yellow dog.

ar-and-feathers is a fashionable cos-
me at Marion only in summer. Fur
rcoats, fur caps and worsted tippets
still be worn this winter.

ount Kinsky of the Austria-Hun-
ian diplomatic service is fond of
ises and the race track. Once in
gland he tried a hunter in harness.
he had a pleasant drive until he
ped at the door of a country house
flicked the horse with his whip
to make him straighten up and
smart. The hunter jumped the
fence or ha-ha and took the car-
e and the Austrian with him. The
nt was asked what it felt like. He,
ys the diplomat, said the sensation
peculiar.

Boston, Dec. 2, 1902.

or of Talk of the Day:
do not see why H. C. should be
used or perplexed about the origin
he word, "Moderator." In Latin
oun means, first, one that observes
oper measure or causes it to be
then, one that rules, directs, or
rns; a governor or ruler. Thus
erator arundinis," a moderator of
hing rod, is an angler; "moderator
," a steersman.
word passed into French with
eanings, moderator, governor, di-
r, guider.
Johnson gave these definitions:
he person or thing that calms or
ains. 2. One who presides in a
tation, to restrain the contending
es from indecency, and confine
to the question; whereas in his
the speaker was specifically and
"the prolocutor of the Com-
." And he quoted from Bacon:
etimes the moderator is more
plesome than the actor."
Blount's "Glossographia; or a Dic-
ry interpreting the Hard Words
Whatsoever Language, now used
r refined English Tongue" (5th ed.
on 1681), "Moderator" is found:
secret Governor or Ruler; he that
both parties from running into
am: In an Assembly of Presby-
n Divines, his Office is to propose
ers, gather Voices, and see good
r kept"; but "speaker" is not
d, and it was evidently not con-
d a "hard word."
not "Speaker" used properly to
e the spokesman of an appointed
ected deliberative and political
? "The speaker is he that dooth
end and preferre the bils exhib-
into the parlement, and is the
h of the parlement."
younger years were spent in
ern Massachusetts, and it was one
r few excitements to go to Town
ng and hear our fathers wrangle
see them wax hot. Nor was the
rator always able to "restrain the
nding parties from indecency"
ver sternly he pounded with his
er.

HAMPSHIRE.

go back to the Animal Rescue
ue. Mr. Grosclaude in Figaro pro-
against the worship of the poodle
aris. "There is the whippet in
vercoat. The poodle in snow
and the basset in a waistcoat
d by delicate hands to preserve
recious little body from the damp
e pavement. The dog today has
pital at his disposition, vastly bet-
quipped than the annex of the
Dieu, whose state is, indeed, a
scandal." There is now in Paris
over the question of allowing
to be transported on the Métro-
in; and Mr. Grosclaude asks why
should not be admitted to the
rehearsal and the receptions of
cademy.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 29, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

It is well known to the more reflective members of the slang-using push that while hammer-throwing is and has been a trait common to even the most rudimentary species of the genus homo, its recognition in a distinctive phrase is less than a dozen years old. My impression is that it originated in municipal politics in the City of Brotherly Love, where a certain number of practical politicians were banded in a sort of tacit consent to knock or throw down schemes in which they were not interested. I first met it in Bradford, Pa., about 1892, in a more comprehensive form, in which those who opposed the expenditure of money for municipal improvements and for adding to the industrial attractiveness of the city were termed "knockers." It was certainly unknown except, perhaps, to a few connoisseurs in and around Boston in 1894. Like all good words, its rise to popularity and to permanence was rapid, and little knots of commentators on the ways and means of others for whom others had long groped for a suitable designation accepted the appellation "Knockers' Club" with only a half-hearted protest.

Consider in this connection that great moral and sociological maxim that "a knock is often a boost." Also the use of the word "booster" as designating the opposite of a knocker. Observe also fine gradations. A "knock" is a semi-friendly criticism. A "hammer" is a knock not applied to a friend. From this we ascend to the point of having the axe out, a beautiful parallel to the association of digging up the hatchet as an indication of savage warfare, symbolizing also an approach to the condition of getting it where the chicken got the cutlery. Our fanciful friends who delight to embroider already sufficiently effective woof and web recall the technique of the piece heel shop and refer to "dinking beets." Again, a farceur quotes that beautiful refrain, "Bang, bang, bang goes the hammer on the anvil" from which in easy scale a "knock-fest" becomes an anvil chorus.

But why refer to criminal slang? Newspaper men originate slang, or, at least, put into effective shape the passing flash of a local droll. And the exchange editor is the little bird who sows the seeds of slang broadcast. Newspaper men are not criminals, I hope.

H. C. GAUSS.

## STRAUSS AND HENSCHEL.

### George Hamlin of Chicago Sings Songs by Richard Strauss—First Performance of Mr. Henschel's Requiem Mass by the Cecilia.

Mr. George Hamlin of Chicago, tenor, assisted by Miss Eleanor Scheib of the same city, pianist, gave yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall his second recital of songs by Richard Strauss. (The first was given in the same hall the 28th of last January.) Yesterday he sang these songs: op. 10 No. 8. Allerseelen; op. 21, Nos. 1, 2, 4, All mein Gedanken, Du meines Herzens Kroenelein, Ach weh mir ungluckhaften Mann; op. 27, Nos. 3, 4, 2, Heimliche Aufforderung, Morgen, Caecilie; op. 29, No. 2, Schlagende Herzen; op. 31, Nos. 1, 2, Blauer Sommer, Wenn; op. 32, Nos. 1, 3, 4, Ich trage meine Minne, Liebeshymnus Osuesser Mai; op. 36, No. 2 Fuer fuenfzehn Pfennige; op. 37, No. 3, Meinem Kinde; op. 48, No. 5, Winterliebe.

Mr. Hamlin has devoted himself of late to the study of Strauss, the composer of songs. He has done this without consuming thought of pecuniary success, without the desire of starting a fad and becoming a lion among ladies, without pontifical pretence. For Mr. Hamlin is not a musical poseur; he is a singer of uncommon intelligence; he is that still rarer bird, a tenor with brains. The songs of Strauss appeal to him as they must to every broad-minded or sensitive musician.

He finds such beauty in these songs after he has made them to his own that he wishes others to share in his pleasure. He does not write polemical articles; he does not find fault with other composers of songs; he announces his recitals modestly, as though he said: "Here are songs which give me great pleasure. Some are nobly sensuous; some are full of sacred emotion; some chant sonorously the joys of nature and the ecstasy of glowing life; and one or two are witty and ironical, and if ironical, they are at the same time pathetic. Listen to them all and see if you do not agree with me."

Thus he appears on the stage, a sincere and enthusiastic interpreter of Richard Strauss, and since he is a true and skilled interpreter, since he sings with the authority of knowledge as well as of conviction, his interpretation is at once accepted, and his enthusiasm is contagious.

Nor is it the least brilliant feather in the cap of Strauss that he has drawn unto him such disciples.

The songs chosen for the recital were all interesting, and of how many composers could this be said? A recital of songs or piano pieces by one composer is generally boresome. The mind shudders at the thought of a recital of Beethoven's or Mozart's or Schubert's or Schumann's or Gounod's or Godard's or Grieg's songs. The good songs of Beethoven can be counted on one hand, and how very few Mozart wrote. A song by Schubert is so essentially Schubertian that although individually it may give intense pleasure, it cloys, it annoys by its very sweetness, it frets by its melancholy when preceded or followed by many of the same character. The intense national feeling of Grieg, the well-known formulas of Gounod and Godard, the personal note of Schumann—these are not to be enjoyed by the hour. But Strauss, the song writer, is myriad-minded. Profoundly emotional as in that most touching "Allerseelen," he knows the expression of burning passion, as in "Heimliche Aufforderung;" he is serenely ecstatic as in "Morgen," and is indescribably tender as in "Meinen Kinde," and he has the saving quality of humor, as revealed in "Fur fuenfzehn Pfennige."

And how admirably these songs of varied emotion were interpreted by Mr. Hamlin! In the face of such interpretation it might seem ungraciously pedagogic to speak of occasional throaty delivery, absence of proper tonal-focus, or any purely vocal flaw or limitation. Mr. Hamlin does wonders with his voice, which serves him well as an instrument of expression. He is lyrical, ironic, sensuous, light-hearted; his phrasing is something more than an affair of the breath; his expression is something more than obedience to printed indications and the guide posts of the composer. In the wealth of detail, it is hard to point to this or that for special commendation; but how beautifully the singer closed the line: "Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde" in "Morgen"!

Miss Eleanor Scheib played the difficult accompaniments with unfailing sympathy, as well as with uncommon beauty of tone and graceful fluency.

A word of personal explanation. About three years ago Mr. Hamlin made use of a little biographical sketch of Strauss written by me. He still uses it. In this sketch I described the personal appearance of the composer as he was then described by foreign newspapers. I am told that this description does not now suit the man; that Strauss has not "long and spidery arms," and that he is robust, not "slight."

* * *

Mr. Georg Henschel's Requiem Mass for solo voices, chorus, organ and orchestra was performed for the first time at Symphony Hall last evening. Mr. Henschel conducted the Cecilia chorus, for his work was given at the first concert of this society's present season. The solo singers were Miss Henschel, Miss Woltman, Messrs. Van Hoose and Martin.

This Requiem was composed in memory of the composer's wife, Lillian Bailey Henschel, the singer who was honored and loved in many cities, but in none more than in Boston, where she first gained prominence in her career. That a musician should express his sorrow and his abiding affection in music is as natural as that the fantastical Sir Kenelm Digby should paint in glowing words the description of his departed spouse, or that the mourning Duchess of Marlborough should never sit at table without the company of Congreve's statue. For grief must find its outlet through an accustomed channel.

As the performance last night was presumably of a memorial nature, it might be better to treat of it as such and merely record the event.

But announcement of this performance was heralded some months ago in German music journals; the arrangement of the Requiem for voices and pianos was published and is now for sale at a high price; the performance was not in a church, but in the course of a series of subscription concerts, and there were prices for admission; furthemore, the circumstances of the concert were as at other concerts of the Cecilia; the solo singers as they entered were applauded lustily by the friendly chorus; Mr. Henschel was applauded by the chorus and the audience; the various sections of the work were in turn applauded by the audience, although the chorus here for some reason or other refrained from applause. It may not, therefore, be impertinent to speak a few words concerning the work itself.

This Requiem is by far the best choral work yet produced by Mr. Henschel. It is no doubt his magnum opus, a work in which there is at times the unmistakable breath of inspiration, whereas in his "Stabat Mater" there is chiefly the painting of toil. There is true feeling in this Requiem; there are touches of high imagination; and everywhere there is the thought of loving devotion to the dead. One may find the opening theme and the rhythmic structure of the first pages of the "Dies Irae" unfortunate, but there can be no dispute concerning the overwhelming effect of the "Quantus tremor," the "Rex tremendae," and other passages. The first pages of the Introit are highly poetic and impressive; there is a superb climax in the "Sanctus"; the whole plan of the "Agnus Dei" is admirably conceived. In a word, there are many pages that are not merely the expression of a personal grief, of the longing for consolation; they are larger, fuller than this; they even go outside the church, and in them is the emotional consideration of the eternal problems of death and the existence beyond the grave, the problems that are put to every man sooner or later by Life with Sphinx-like mien and persistence.

The choruses and the important ensembles are more striking than solo passages or quartet work. There are dry pages; there are pages that are merely scholastic; but as a whole the Requiem is impressive and moving. Some may perhaps object to certain dramatic strokes, and say they are not "ecclesiastical." Now "ecclesiastical" is too often in the terminology of music a synonym of "dull." The "Dies Irae" is dramatic from beginning to end; and the death of clown as well as Caesar is dramatic.

Would that the Requiem had been performed under more solemn conditions! To me, at least, the applause that preceded the Introit, and followed the solemn measures was discordant and irreverent. The Requiem should have been heard gravely as in a cathedral. Thus would tribute have been more fitly paid the dead.

The performance of the chorus was impressive, both in tonal volume and quality and in the expression of the various emotions. Of the solo singers Messrs. Van Hoose and Martin were wholly adequate. There was a very large audience.

*Philip Hale.*

Dr. R. B. Ware has brought a bill before the Virginia Legislature to prevent indiscriminate kissing. "If a physician testifies that the defendant has weak lungs he shall be found guilty of a misdemeanor." But no sane man is expected to scream or shout when he kisses a girl, and no reasonable girl would expect such conduct on his part, this is true at least of New England. Here is just the bill for a referendum in Virginia; and the women should be allowed to vote. Kissing is not an affair of the lungs.

That collecting is a mania was known long ago. The true collector will filch and even kill to possess a book, vase, autograph, coin that will complete a set. Yet there are pathetic chapters in the history of collecting, as that in the life of Lord Lonsdale, who died in 1872, very old and tortured by gout. He had purchased a marvelous Sèvres dinner service, which had been stolen during the French Revolution. Three pieces were missing and Lonsdale would not die till he had found them. At last they turned up in an auction room. Lord Lonsdale sent a friend in to buy them while he waited in his carriage. He carried them home and died that night.

Important news from Paris. Women have an inclination to revert to the dresses worn just before the Franco-German war. The American cake walk at the Nouveau Cirque has made a sensation. "Lessons are being advertised for private houses." Thus is America gradually shaping the destinies of other nations.

Who was "Old Lumley?" "He's as lazy as old Lumley's dog, that leaned up against a wall when he wanted to bark."

And what is the origin of the word "larrigan?" The Transcript defines it as "an oil tanned moccasin with legs, used by loggers and hunters." Prof. Tweedie of Sackville, N. B., includes "larrigan" in a list of words peculiar to New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland (published in "Dialect Notes," part VIII., 1895), and says the moccasin is used chiefly by lumbermen in the woods; but he does not attempt to trace the origin of the term. We are told by a girl from Prince Edward Island that larrigans among her folk are commonly known as "moccasins," though she had heard the other term.

To X. X. Your complaint is wholly unfounded. The first and broad meaning of "concupiscence" is "eager or vehement desire; in theological use, the coveting of 'carnal things,' desire for the 'things of the world.'" Thus Butler (1680): "A Litigious Man goes to Law * * * to spend his money, and satisfy his Concupiscence of Wrangling." The present and restricted meaning of the word was in your thoughts, not in ours.

We read in the Era (London) that: "'The Sousa Girl,' a new musical love play by Cornelius Vanderbilt, will be produced at Brixton Theatre on Dec. 15th." How's this? We shall next see the announcement of a new farce comedy by Russell Sage, or of a thrilling melodrama by J. P. Morgan.

The dispute about Sarah Bernhardt's birthplace has brought out the fact that she is a twin. Her birth certificate, dated "Havre, April 22 of April, 1843," reads: "Birth certificate of the first of twins, who has been certified as of the feminine sex, born this day at six o'clock in the morning, daughter of Julie Bernhardt, musical artist, years of age, born in Berlin, in ussia, living in Havre, 47 Rue St. Honoré; and daughter of Maurice Bernhardt, eye-specialist." She was baptized Rosalie and her twin sister Lucie.

But we find in the official record of the National Conservatory of Music and Declamation, Paris, in which dates of birth are taken from birth certificates, that Bernhardt, with baptismal name Rosine, was born at Paris, Oct. 22, 1844. Here is a subject for dispute; but two things, fortunately, are established: she is a twin, and as the hour of her birth is fixed, her horoscope can be accurately cast for either year.

How fortunate for Sarah that she was born in a Christian land! If she had come into life among the Waza-

ram, the Ibos, the Wanyamwezi, either she or Lucie would have been put to death, not necessarily a violent death, but one of the children would have been laid aside with a gourd or calabash in skins and amiably forgotten. For these Africans do not know the theory of Galton that twins have a special claim on our attention: "Their history affords means of distinguishing between the effects of tendencies received at birth, and of those that were imposed by the special circumstances of their after lives."

## THREE CONCERTS.

### Mr. Gebhard's Piano Recital—First Appearance in America of Mr. Dezso Nemes, Violinist—First Concert of the Hoffmann String Quartet.

Mr. Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, gave his first concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was an appreciative audience.

Mr. Gebhard has made decided progress along the emotional lines of his art. This was clearly shown yesterday in the allegro from Schubert's Posthumus Sonata in A major, in the pieces by Chopin (Prelude op. 45, Etudes op. 10 A flat major and F minor, op. 25 A minor) and Liszt's "Waldesrauschen" and "Sonetto 104 del Petrarca." He began the concert with Brahms's Rhapsodie op. 119 No. 4, and his interpretation of it was excellent in rhythm and in clearness of outline; but there was little color, and the music seemed granitic and forbidding even for Brahms in his more austere moments. He then played a prelude and fugue in F minor from Bach's Well-Tempered Clavichord. The prelude is without any marked expression or emotion; it should be uniformly subdued, like the twilight; there is a decided mood which will make its way if thus suggested; but the short phrases do not admit of rhetorically emotional emphasis.

Mr. Gebhard preferred to give the piece a fictitious importance, and he breathed into it a spirit of modern and incongruous unrest; but his performance of the Fugue was admirable in every way.

With the Allegro of Schubert he began to employ color, and in his use of color, in his singing of the phrase, in repose and in self-control he showed here and later, as I have already said, the fruits of introspection. It was as though he had been constantly listening to his own playing for some months with a view of correcting hardness of tone. Now Mr. Gebhard could not justly last season be called a dry player, for he was always enthusiastic, often musical, always guided by high purposes. That he has realized the value of beautiful tone which has body and warmth rather than the polish of steel, was evident by his playing yesterday. His fluency was genuine and within control; musical intelligence characterized his interpretation; but his decided gain in emotional qualities may well be the subject of congratulation.

Mr. Gebhard also played Fauré's Impromptu No. 2, pieces by MacDowell, Johs. Leschetitzki, and the Mendelssohn-Liszt "Midsummer Night's Dream."

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Mr. Dezsö Nemès, a Hungarian violinist, assisted by Mrs. Nemès, pianist, made his first appearance in America last night at Chickering Hall. He played with her Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, op. 30, and Mendelssohn's concerto; he also played Bach's Prelude in C major for violin alone, an aria by Terragila, Cui's Berceuse, Wieniawski's Tarantelle and Hubay's Scènes de la Csárda.

Mrs. Nemès, as Miss Marie Heimlicher, played with the Symphony Orchestra in Boston in the course of its first season. In the Sonata and in the Concerto last night she played too often as a soloist; she hurried frequently the pace; and Mr. Nemès was thus handicapped.

It is not necessary to speak at length concerning Mr. Nemès. He has evidently studied; he has a certain facility; he no doubt often feels the music but there are many violinists who play in like manner without attracting attention. It is perhaps enough to say that his playing is without distinction. There was a small and friendly audience.

*Philip Hale.*

## THE HOFFMANN QUARTET.

The Hoffmann String Quartet (Messrs. Jacques Hoffmann, Adolf Bak, Frederick Zahn, Carl Barth) gave its first concert last night in Steinert Hall. The program included Beethoven's quartet in B flat, op. 18, No. 6; César Franck's sonata for violin and piano (Mr. Hoffmann and Miss Jessie Davis), and Smetana's quartet in E minor.

This quartet is composed of good material and this, the first concert, gave much promise for the future. A string quartet, like Rome, is not built in a day but at the very start these musicians show the necessary spirit of subordination, one to each other. Nor in their pursuit of finish do they forget that spirit and dash are also demanded by composers of chamber music. Mr. Hoffmann is a violinist of talent, and an excellent musician. His leadership has already brought good results. There was a good sized audience that applauded liberally.

Dec 5th 1902

## RAOUL PUGNO.

### His Second Piano Recital in Chickering Hall Distinguished Chiefly by Brilliance, Elegance and a Refreshing Straightforwardness.

Mr. Raoul Pugno gave his second piano recital in Chickering Hall yesterday afternoon. His program was as follows: Bach's Gigue B flat; Handel's Gavotte Variee; Scarlatti's Sonatina in A; Beethoven's sonata in D minor, op. 31; Chopin's impromptus in A flat, F sharp, and C sharp minor, Ballade in G minor, Berceuse, Polonaise in E flat, Scherzo B flat minor; Weber's Rondeau brillant; Mendelsschn's Spinning Song, Capriccio op. 16 and Hunting Song; Liszt's Rhapsodie, No. XI.

Mr. Pugno, modern as he is, is also a man of the 18th century and when he plays the music of Bach, Scarlatti, or Handel he is contented with it as it stands; he does not torture it into shrieking out the incongruous speech of today. He plays it simply, he preserves the delightful monotony of tonal color, he does not attempt to pack an epic into a quotation, or to charge an epigram with romanticism. He plays his andantes peacefully but with movement; he plays his allegros fleetly as they should be played; and thus he obeys the ancient law and the prophets. Variations in the time of Handel, sonatas in the period of Scarlatti were written to display the agility of the pianist, not to express any deep emotion.

His performance of Beethoven's sonata was equally frank, manly, sane, and it was especially to be commended on account of the speed at which the first movement was taken. One of the most preposterous humbugs now current in the musical world, one of the curses entailed on us by Wagner is the slow allegro, a contradictory title for a monstrous thing. This curse broods over symphony orchestra and chamber-club. The slow allegro! Thus the spirit of nimble and joyous music is dulled, and the flame of passion quenched. To make amends, an adagio is turned into an andante. Mr. Pugno is sometimes reproached—not in Philadelphia as one might expect, but in New York of all places— for "playing too fast." The objectors mean by this that he takes the composer at his word, that he comprehends the spirit of the movement that he has blood in his veins. The interpretation of this sonata as a whole was thoughtful and convincing. Furthermore there was constantly a skilful use of color, so that the sonata was not merely a vexing thing that kept asking the question it put to Fontenelle: it was a chapter of conflicting emotions:

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute."

There is a generally accepted opinion that nobody but persons from the fair land of Poland have a right to perform works by Chopin in public, persons whose name, as a rule, ends in "ski"; as though Chopin lived his life in Warsaw, with an excursion now and then to Cracow. The music of Chopin, like that of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner, Tschaikowsky, Verdi, Richard Strauss is universal, not parochial. It is the expression of emotions common to poor humanity. Nor did Chopin write on his music: "None but Poles need apply." As a matter of fact, Chopin passed the best years of his life in Paris; he was influenced mightily by French women, men and thoughts; and he taught Georges Mathias, who in turn taught Raoul Pugno. If there be any such thing as tradition in the performance of pieces by Chopin, Mr. Pugno is probably acquainted with it. But the question of individual temperament enters. I have heard Poles, excellent pianists, who were not fortunate in expressing all the various emotions of Chopin. Yesterday Mr. Pugno was most successful in the Impromptu in F sharp major, the Ballade, the Polonaise, and the Scherzo; the Impromptu was played with exquisite finish; the Ballade with irresistible passion; the Polonaise with amazing spirit; and the Scherzo, not merely as a showpiece, as is too often the case, but with fine appreciation of the contrasting sentiments. In the other Impromptus and in the Berceuse, one might have wished for a mellower light and more romantic feeling; too often the melody was incisively imperious.

It would be impertinent at this late day to speak of the superbly developed technic of this most accomplished pianist, whose gifts and acquirements have been recognized the world over. It was unfortunate, perhaps, that he made his first appearance here at a Symphony concert in the hopelessly old-fashioned and boresome "Wanderer" Fantasia as tinkered by Liszt; for although he played it with rare finish, the piece itself did not call out all of his many qualities. Since then by recitals he has shown that his great European reputation is not merely in the mouth of the press agent, but is the just tribute paid a master of his instrument and an admirable musician.

There was a good sized and highly appreciative audience.

*Philip Hale.*

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It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May.
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

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Old Chimes at the Porphyry excused himself for his habitual and glorious inaction and his philosophic calm by insisting that centuries on centuries back he lived in the form of some deeply rooted tree.

Then some one mentioned Mr. Charles A. Montgomery, Secretary of a Vegetarian Society, who asserted at a recent meeting of the Naturopathic Society in New York that the time was coming when even the lives of vegetables would be sacred, and human beings would subsist comfortably on oxygen.

The Earnest Student of Sociology saw instances of tree-ancestors in men and women of today. "Look at Hendrichson over there with his hair shooting skyward and his eyes and mouth in sympathy with his a constitutionally frightened face. He is descended from a poplar, one of those shrieking trees that are never inured to sights of injustice, cruelty, crime. And you see women that remind you of weeping willows. They have fluffy, pretty blonde hair; their eyes are tear-stained; they are inclined to flop, like Jerry Cruncher's wife; their order of beauty was fashionable in the days of Keepsakes and Tokens, but now when young ladies wear thick boots and play golf and talk to each other in hoarse, deep tones or with a metallic staccato, the weeping willow is in the background of the sociological landscape. Then only yesterday I met a man who reminded me of a scrub pine."

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But Old Chimes is merely one in a long line of deep thinkers who have found in themselves vegetable and arboreal essences. Empedocles knew that he had pre-existed not only as fowl and fish but as a shrub. Richard Steele observed "that there is a sort of vegetable principle in the mind of every man when he comes into the world." Have not both tree and man a vascular system? Is not the skin a bark? Do not trees sweat? Do not pines weep? Did not St. Paul call a bad man a wild olive tree? Donna Oliva Sabuco thought "that the human body might be called a tree reversed, the brain being the root." She did not know the opinion of others; that trees stand on their heads, "for though we use vulgarly but improperly to call the uppermost of the branches the top of a tree, we are corrected by Aristotle in his books 'De Anima,' where we are taught to call the root the head, and the top the feet."

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Why this strange feeling at the heart, when we see a fine tree cut down? Why have trees been worshiped by so many? And there is the story of the hamadryads; and there is the belief among the Filipines that the souls of their ancestors use old trees as dwelling-places. The Shulamite in Solomon's song found only the cedar of Lebanon as glorious as the face of her beloved. Or why did Xerxes the Great cover a plane tree with gold, gems, necklaces, scarfs and bracelets, and cause the figure of it to be stamped on a golden medal which he continually wore about him?

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Furthermore, trees have been grafted on men. Gassendi tells us of an interesting case: "A shepherd of Tarragon had fallen into a sloe tree, and a sharp point thereof having run into his breast, in two years time it took such root, that, after many branches had been cut off, there sprang up some at last which bore both flowers and fruit. Peiresc would never be quiet till Cardinal Barberino procured the Archbishop of that place to testify the truth of the story: and Putean the Knight received not only letters testifying the same, but also certain branches thereof, which he sent unto him."

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An ingenious, diabolically acute French observer of life and men, women, children, animals, and what we arrogantly dismiss as things, feels this strange relationship between human beings and trees. It is not easy to English literally his French. Let us rather paraphrase it.

A FAMILY OF TREES.

I met them after I had crossed a plain burnt by the sun.

On account of the noise they do not dwell by the side of the road. They live in uncultivated fields, by a spring known only to the birds.

From afar they seem impenetrable. As I approach, their trunks separate. They welcome me cautiously. I may stop rest, but I feel that they are watching me and do not trust me.

They live as a family, the oldest are in the middle, and the little ones whose first leaves are coming, are about them, and never stray away.

They are a long time in dying, and they keep their dead on their feet until they fall in dust.

Like the blind, they pat themselves with their long branches to be sure they are all there. They toss their arms angrily if the wind puts itself out of breath trying to uproot them. They do not quarrel among themselves. They murmur only in accord.

This should be my own family. I shall forget quickly the other. These trees will in time adopt me, and to deserve this I am learning what is necessary:

I already know how to watch passing clouds.

I also know how to stay in one place.

And I almost know how to keep quiet.

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See how evil comes long after the perpetration of an anachronism. If Shakespeare had not made the clock strike three in "Julius Caesar," Mr. Richard Mansfield would not have tapped his property man, Mr. Thomas Gore, on the head to show him how he should have struck the hour and there would not now be an action for assault.

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There has been in Paris an exhibition of designs by leading artists for street signs. There is still interest there in the aesthetics of the street. Would that the example might be followed in towns of the United States; but here even architects who know better are forced to be strictly commercial in their efforts to please clients who are penny wise and pound foolish. If many of our public buildings are hideous and monstrous what can be expected of sign-makers?

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Dec 6, 1902

Dear Earth, near Earth, the day that made
us men,
The Land we sowed,
The Hearth that glowed—
O, Mother, must we bid farewell to
thee?

Fast dawns the last dawn, and what shall
comfort then
The lonely hearts that roam the outer sea?

Gray wakes the daybreak, the shivering
sails are set,
To misty deeps
The channel sweeps—
O, Mother, think on us who think
on thee!

Earth home, birth-home, with love remember
yet
The sons in exile on the eternal sea.

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The word "hobo" is recognized by Dr. Murray and his merry men and is in good and regular standing in the Oxford English Dictionary, where it is defined as "an idle, shiftless, wandering workman, ranking scarcely above the tramp," a definition attributed to Funk. Mr. Flint is quoted as saying: "The tramp's name for himself and his fellows is Hobo, plural Hoboes." But the Oxford English Dictionary does not attempt to trace the derivation of the word; it simply says "Western U. S."

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This derivation should be sought out and established. For there are annual reunions of hoboes, and the list of tourists qualified to sit in convention and take part in the parade is carefully drawn up; it includes tourists, printers, bindleshifts (those who can cook anywhere), nestocrats (those who can sleep anywhere), anarchists, Cerrogordos, Indians, chicken pickers, Turks, Dagoes, society tramps and bojacks. Among the exercises at these reunions is the panhandling of dookies by professionals. Furthermore, the elections and deaths of club officers are duly recorded. Thus Capt. William H. Baker, President of the Hobo Club in New York, was buried on Nov. 16, 1901. From his singular habit of wearing a well-ironed shirt he was known familiarly as "Old Boiled Shirt." Alive, he was a song peddler who was fastidious in the care of his hands and nails.

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There is a dispute as to whether a hobo is a tramp. Mr. Flint handed down one opinion, and some time ago Mr. E. L. Bailey in the Forum declared that a hobo is not a tramp; a tramp is not a hobo; "a vagrant is neither; a criminal is none of these. * * * A hobo is a better sort of man than a tramp, has more self-respect, is usually young, and may, I believe, be called a tramp in the first stage. Many hoboes are merely men out of work, who were forced to the road by circumstances which they could not control."

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But why hobo? A puzzling question but not beyond all conjecture.

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Some have stated that the word is derived from Hoboken, but they have given no convincing reason. Is it because no one wishes to stay in Hoboken and once seeing the town is impelled to wander anywhere without the city limits? Incredible as it may seem Hoboken has inhabitants, and no doubt a directory. And so there are men, women, and children who live in Jersey City, where once was an inn with many outs, known as Taylor's Hotel. Travelers from various parts of the country, passengers on returning European steamships were sometimes stranded in Jersey City and thus knew this tavern. We stopped there once. Did anybody ever stop there twice? There was a large dining room and there were tables covered with oyster crackers and pitchers of ice water. Sleep was impossible. We were inex

ticed and we complained. The ambermaid was surprised. "That's eer: I never saw them above the ird story." But we wander, like the bo.

Yesterday we talked with a man of rge observation who had just re-rned from an extended Western trip. e is inventor, electrician, sociologist, ymologist, philologist. He asked if knew the origin of the word hobo. e gave him the Hoboken story and ded: "Some say so many stray from oboken where they land they are lled hoboes." A courteous man, he l not contradict us, he did not laugh arsely. He lifted up his voice and id: "When I was out in Kansas and wa and Nebraska, I thought it all t. I studied the matter, sir. Those tes were founded by Eastern men, rmers. Plowing, or working in the lds, they kept shouting to their rses: 'Whoa—back.' See? You under-s nd? Well, foreigners came along in t course of years and worked on the ms. They tried to talk to the horses, b they could come no nearer than 'Ho-b' and they were known to the Eng-l n-speaking as 'Hobas,' which was s n corrupted to 'Hoboes.' When t re was little work, these foreigners uld leave the farms and try to find e ployment elsewhere. Asked what t y could do, they would answer oba, or 'Hobo;' that is, they knew h v to drive horses, they could do cer-t n kinds of farm work.

he practice of sitting cross-legged in s eet cars is sternly censured by the ralists who contribute letters to the N w York Sun in and out of the office. I appears that this habit indulged in b man or woman superinduces muscle a l nerve troubles, halting, white s lling, titubating, paralysis. Further-m re women's skirts are thus turned i door mats. The Psalmist tells us (P. CXLVII. 10) that the Lord taketh n pleasure in the legs of a man. Nevertheless most men have legs, that, a Abraham Lincoln once said, reach to the ground, and what shall be done w h all these legs of ours? They must be put somewhere. Few can curl them a und their trunks on hold them per-p dicular like a neatly folded umbrel-la Legs ache if they are kept stiffly cl e to the seat; if they are sprawled, fe ow-passengers tread on the feet or st mble over them and use unseemly or violent langage. So long as each p senger is not provided with a stall, s long as street cars are uncomfort-a y narrow, man will continue to cr ss his legs. After all, they are his o n, and the company contracts to c ry them in exchange for a deter-m ed fare. It is not as though he b ught with him a bass viol, or a d ss mannikin, or a tent.

e spoke lately of Havre as the al-le d birthplace of Rosalie, now Sarah B nhardt, a twin. The latest report is hat Rosalie was an elder sister, and th Rosine or Sarah was born at P is on Oct. 22, 1844. But according to he birth certificate Rosalie and her tw n sister were born at Havre, April 22 843. We give it up. The Bernhardts w e a wonderful family, and we should n be surprised to hear that Sarah w born on April 1, 1842, at Putney, V mont.

rs. Langtry will appear next Mon-da in "The Crossways" for the amuse-m nt of King Edward, his family and h sehold. Edward will not then see he for the first time. He still remem-be that gay night when the witty pl -actress slipped a lump of ice in-si the back of his collar. But he is n of a resentful nature.

Dec 7, 1902

NSMUCH as the work may endure, ng after the singer or player is different to technic, temperament, applause, the chief event of last e was the first performance of Mr. e chel's Requiem mass. The Re-ui will be produced in New York, e say, on a grander scale. It will ard in the Metropolitan Opera ou with Miss Henschel, Mrs. h nann-Heink, Messrs. Van Hoose d an Rooy. How Miss Henschel's rli treble will sound in such a hall nd with three such opposing voices a natter that concerns New York-s, ot us. The large and sonorous no called for a much larger or-hes a. The strings were numerically ea and the whole effect was more l s impaired. And why was Mr. en hel so curtained in up to the is

h performance at the Kneisel con-rt f Richard Strauss's sonata for li and piano was a memorable one, u alloyed joy; and the recitals by ss . George Hamlin and Raoul gr were events of more than ordi-ry terest.

Au ences at recitals so far this sea-n ve been small, with the exception th at the Sembrich concert, where re vas an acknowledged star, and M Henschel's, which was in the

nature of a "social function." Singers and players are cultivating art with scanty pecuniary returns. Mr. Pugno said the other day that the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipsic took all the money that was spent for music by the thrifty citizens. Do not the Symphony Concerts, the Kneisels, the Handel and Haydn and the Cecilia absorb the local musical interest to the injury of givers of recitals? Of course there are often devoted friends—but devoted friends are often enrolled in the ranks of the noble army of deadheads.

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This week Mr. Bogea Oumiroff, a Bohemian baritone, will make his first public appearance in Boston. He has sung in Paris successfully, and last summer he soothed the savage breasts at Newport and Bar Harbor. Last Wednesday he appeared in New York and Mr. W. J. Henderson was amiably disposed toward him, although he was not overpowered in advance by reports of the singer's triumphs in society.

"The skeptical," said Mr. Henderson, "were not overcome with expectations of high art, for that part of human society which always spells itself with a large S seldom sits at the feet of anything simply artistic and nothing more."

And Mrs. Hopekirk has a peculiarly attractive program for her piano recital next Saturday. A suite of pieces by Vincent d'Indy and two pieces by Debussy are not often heard in any city in one concert. Debussy's latest work, "Pour le Piano," should also be played by some one nobly discontented with the hideously conventional program.

We are no longer thoroughly Germanized in Boston. The modern French, the modern Russians are more and more an influence; and if we did not all go wild over Mascagni and his operas, it was possibly because we remembered Puccini and his "La Bohème" and "Tosca." In symphony concerts, in chamber concerts, in piano and song recitals, there is now catholicity in recognition of composers. Even songs by Americans are sometimes sung.

* * *

Mr. Richard Aldrich has contributed excellent essays to the handsome editions of "Rigoletto" and "The Bohemian Girl," just published by G. Schirmer. He says of Balfe's opera: "There seems to be a hopeless disagreement between the critics and the public as to 'The Bohemian Girl.' Few operas have been so generally faulted both by the reviewers for the press at the time of its production and by more deliberate critical writers since; yet not many English operas have had a greater measure of success, as success is measured—by popularity. * * * Balfe was no great musician; he had not even the instinct for dramatic music, nor much artistic conscience; but he had a remarkable fund of invention of a certain sort, the practical knowledge of writing fluently for the voice, and the power of producing melodies of the kind that fasten themselves deep in the popular heart."

* * *

Why did Fanny Reed write her "Reminiscences Musical and Otherwise"? And why did Knight and Millet of this city publish them? She prattles about Liszt, Massenet, Paderewski, Faure, the singer, but tells nothing new or valuable. We learn that Liszt complimented her singing; that Faure still has perfect style and faultless diction. She gives the plot of Massenet's "Manon," which she calls "Manon Lescaut," and confirms the report that Paderewski is greatly beloved and admired in America; and she is under the impression that he is "simple."

Such reminiscences might be printed for private circulation among personal friends; but will the great public be thrilled by the fact that Edward VII. remembered Fanny Reed after an interval of eight years?

* * *

Mr. Daniel G. Mason is the author of "From Grieg to Brahms: Studies of Some Modern Composers and Their Art," published by the Outlook Company. There are two essays: "The Appreciation of Music," and the "Meaning of Music." For the writing of these essays, he prepared himself, as he tells us in the preface, by reading works of Dr. Santayana, Dr. Parry, Dr. James, Dr. Royce and Messrs. Carpenter, Helmholtz, Gurney, Hadow and others. They that know not how to appreciate or understand music should lose no time in putting themselves abreast with their more fortunate fellow-citizens. The essays on Grieg, Dvorak, Franck, Tschaikowsky and Brahms are thoughtfully considered. They are discriminatively sympathetic, suggestive, modern in spirit. The thoughts are often agreeably expressed; but sometimes in curiously sophomorical speech; the thinker has his limitations. It would be easy to discuss many of Mr. Mason's propositions: as this, "the major system is so naturally the medium of vigorously objective thought that we instinctively suspect the health of a mind which harps continually upon the minor." And what is to be said of a writer on music who finds Brahms' unique greatness in his infusion of music with "pure morning joy"? Brahms, who was never weary of preaching the pessimism of life, Brahams, who was so fond of sniveling in music and saying "What's the use?"

* * *

The Musical World, published for nearly two years by the J. B. Millet Company, has been bought by Mr. Arthur P. Schmidt, the music publisher. This reminds me that Messrs. Bates and Guild of this city propose to publish, in the form of a monthly magazine, a series of monographs. The title is "Masters in Music." Mr. Daniel G. Mason will be the editor. "Each number, complete in itself, will present a comprehensive summary of the life and the achievement of one of the great musicians of the world; narrating his life, giving a critical estimate of his genius and illustrating his work by typical examples of his compositions arranged for the piano." Each number will contain 32 pages of music, a portrait of the musician, and quotations from the best critics. "No one writer, however versatile, is a fair critic in all cases." True! Too true! The first number, January, will treat of Mozart. The magazine will be published in most attractive form.

* * *

It was reported the other day that Mr. Grau would produce "The Mikado" with members of his company, Fritzi Scheff, Camille Seygard, Louise Homer, Bispham, Blass, Bars, Reiss and others; but the report was promptly denied. The performance would undoubtedly have been a poor one; for what is a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta without the traditions, and how Gilbert's lines would have suffered. Now and then in German opera houses operettas by Strauss are produced with the help of leading singers for the benefit of some charity; but operetta singers do this sort of thing much better, and the theatre should be a small one. As for the Savoy traditions, they alas, have well-nigh disappeared in this country.

* * *

Mr. Marcel Boulestin gossips pleasantly about the new opera, "La Carmélite," in which Calvé will take the part of La Vallière. The composer, Reynolo Hahn, who is known here by his songs, was born at Caracas, Venezuela. This opera is not his first offence, for he wrote the music for "The Dream-Isle," a Polynesian idyl, founded on a story by Pierre Loti, which was produced with indifferent success at the Opéra-Comique in 1898. Hahn is not starving in a garret; he is clothed in purple and fine linen; the walls of his apartment are covered with costly pictures; his hair is pleasingly combed.

Some years ago he thought of Mlle. de La Vallière as the heroine of an opera, and Catulle Mendès wrote a libretto for him. As for the music, Hahn wisely leaves opinion to the public. "I find it a singular thing for a composer to say: 'You must see this or remark that in my work.' It is for the audience to see and to understand. If it remains cold, the fault is with the composer, who has not done that which he wished to do; he has failed."

Mendès has founded his libretto on anecdote rather than history. Neither the name of Louis XIV. nor that of Bossuet is mentioned. "The story is simple and touching; it is the adventure of a young country girl, who limps a little, loved and abandoned by the King, whom she loved devotedly. There is tenderness, elegance, sorrow, religion in this work." There is also a rehearsal for a ballet, in which Calvé will appear as Diana, with quiver and arrows.

Calvé is delighted with the part. "If you knew how it calms me to play it! I came near poisoning myself the other day with laudanum, but that was nothing to do with 'La Carmilite. The music is exquisite, adorable; the verses are superb; and the whole thing is so touching to do with 'La Carmélite.' The music marvelous. La Vallière was not slender, she was rather stout." This does Calvé comfort herself. "I have been to the Library to consult books and I have seen the portraits at Versailles. Look at these engravings; are the neck and shoulders those of a thin woman?" And Mr. Boulestin thought that Calvé had already acquired the appropriate limp.

* * *

The "Melody in Odors," advertised last month as a "Perfume Concert," was tried last night, but ended in a discord and had to quit. It had its hearing, or rather smelling, for the first time as a number in "Rice's Sunday Night Pop" at the New York Theatre. It will probably not be smelled again in these parts. The novelty died before it was more than two minutes old.

According to the programs the novelty consisted of a lecture by "Chrysanthemum," whose real name is Sadakichi Hartmann. He undertook to take his hearers in a 16-minute trip around the world and illustrate the countries visited by means of perfumes blown into the auditorium by two big electric fans through perfumed cloths. The "melody" was the last thing on the program.

"Chrysanthemum" began telling the audience that he proposed to conduct the largest Cook's Tour ever known, and that he would take them all over the world and land them safe home again in 16 minutes after giving them seven sniffs of seven countries. He didn't, though. He left his tour stranded in Germany.

As he began to speak the fans blew a scent of roses which filled the theatre. That indicated the flowers you found in your stateroom, Chrysanthemum said. When he went into detail as to the happenings on the voyage some of the smellers began to get up and go out. He turned on violet for Germany. Half the smellers had gone and the others had enough. They applauded so hard that Chrysanthemum faltered. "I beg you good evening," he stammered, and left the stage hurriedly.—The Sun (N. Y.), Dec. 1.

* * *

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch of London, the enthusiastic expert in music and musical instruments of the 13th, 17th and 18th centuries, will appear at the first of Mr. Sam Franko's concerts at Daly's Theatre, New York, on Jan. 6. Mr. Dolmetsch is supposed to have suggested the character of Evelyn's father in George Moore's "Evelyn Innes."

A private performance of "Parsifal" in concert form will be given here in Symphony Hall on Tuesday, Jan. 6. Mr. Lang will conduct. The cast will be as follows: Mrs. Kirkby Lunn, Kundry; Gerhaeuser, Parsifal; Van Rooy, Amfortas; Blass, Gurnemanz; Muehlmann, Titurel and Klingsor; William Heinrich, an Esquire. First act, 4.30—6.00 P. M.; second act, 7.45—8.45; third act, 9—10.15. The first concert performance of "Parsifal" in this city was led by Mr. Lang, April 15, 1891, in Music Hall, when the singers were Antonia Mielke and Messrs. Dippel, Reichmann, Fischer, Meyn. There was another performance May 4, 1892, with Mrs. Mielke, and Messrs. Dippel, Henschel, Fischer and Meyn as the chief singers.

Mr. Emil Gerhaeuser made his first appearance in this country at the Metropolitan, New York, last Monday as Tannhaeuser. Mr. Henderson wrote of him: "Emil Gerhaeuser will have to be an acquired taste, if he ever becomes one at all. He may have been in temporarily bad voice last night, but echoes from Bayreuth murmur that his bad voice is permanent. It is to be hoped that he has better nights than last night was. His voice sounded worn out. It was without purity, without vibrancy, without sensuous charm. His delivery was the staccato prattle of the latest Wagner pattern—Mme. Wagner, not Richard. As an actor he proved to be conventional, stilted in walk and gyratory in gesture."

At Florence, a tenor named Cecchi met Dr. Cesare Levi and told him in public just what he thought of him. Dr. Levi, a critic, had been so imprudent as to tell the Florentines in a newspaper what he thought of the tenor. It would seem to the outside world that nothing could be fairer than this interchange of thought, but Dr. Levi has appealed to his colleagues, and there is loud talk about the insult to the press, etc.

And to show how closely the nations are knit together, there is warfare against women's hats in Italian theatres.

A monument to Wagner in Berlin will be dedicated on Oct. 1, 1903. There will be a music festival that will last several days. Will the Emperor take part in it? Not long ago he complained of Wagner's music as too noisy and said he preferred operas by Gluck. It should be remembered that the Emperor himself is both librettist and composer. One of his part songs for male voices has been sung here by the Apollo.

The three ballet-dancers who were seriously hurt by the burning of the Breslau Theatre last January, are now suing the management. They demand a pension of about $400 a year until their 45th year, besides an indemnity of $725 for medical expenses. They say at 45 a ballet dancer should quit the stage, even in Germany, where audiences have learned to reverence old age. Their ballet sisters in the United States will wonder at their moderation, for here at 45 a ballet dancer is in the first flush of her enthusiasm.

Ibsen lately wrote Sigrid Arnoldson, the fascinating soprano who worked her spell in Boston even in the huge barn, Mechanics' Building: "I think, my dear Sigrid, that we agree on this point: it is not our business to celebrate triumphs, but to ennoble the minds of men by impressions of beauty."

Mr. Paderewski, the distinguished Polish pianist and hypnotist, was seriously disturbed at Manchester, England. The audience was uneasy and persons entered and went out while he was playing a ballade by Chopin, whereupon he angrily left the stage. It may here be said that there were disturbing noises in the building, but outside of the hall, during the first part of Mr. Pugno's recital last Friday.

A comic opera, "Mazeppa," by Adam Müllenheimer, has been produced at Turin. Does the horse, a Tartar of the Ukraine breed, dance a leading part?

Mr. Macdowell's piano sonatas Nos. 3 and 4 are highly praised by the Musikalisches Wochenblatt of Leipsic, and Mr Chadwick's string quartet No. 4 in E minor is now advertised in the Signale of the same city.

* * *

The following interesting study of musical life in Paris appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette:

A new musical society has sprung into existence which has taken the appropriate name of "L'Ut Mineur," seeing that C minor is the keystone of much that is finest in musical architecture. This society, which meets for its first monthly dinner on Monday next, is formed exclusively of lovers of music who subscribe to the Paris concerts. The idea originated with a M. Schumann, of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, who observed that he was meeting the same persons time after time at the Chamber and Symphony Concerts. It occurred to him that here was a body of musical opinion running to waste, which only required to be concentrated to make its influence felt. So the society of "L'Ut Mineur" has come into being. Discussing the matter with me, M. Schumann, than whom there is no greater amateur of music in this city, said: "We feel that such a society may do a great deal in forwarding musical affairs. For instance, there are many fine works which are greatly neglected and others which are not performed at all. We might bring pressure to bear in the proper quarter to secure an adequate interpretation of these works. Then, again, our society has social aims, and the exchange of opinion is useful and interesting."

A delightful program has been arranged for the first soirée, and the artists include M. Pierre Sechiari, leader of the Lamoureux Orchestra; M. Marneff, the solo 'cellist in the same concerts; and M. Alfred Casella, a well-known violinist.

The moment is appropriate to examine into the present position of Paris in the world of music. Does she stand where she did? The question has its importance because, according to some critics which one hears, Paris has had its day, and the centre of song has moved to London or New York or, it may be, Berlin! I say the "centre of song" because it is obvious that in chamber music and the symphonies no important work has been produced out of Germany of late years. With the exception of Saint-Saëns, France does not count in such things any more than England does. But where is the opera that has gone round the world which is not French; of course, speaking of the last fifty years? There is Wagner and there is Leoncavallo, but beyond that? Charles Gounod, Massenet, Lalo, all enjoy a Continental reputation. During last week the operas performed in Berlin were all French. In that direction Paris is certainly doing better than the rest of the world. Now it is urged that it is in London or New York that the most distinguished artists are to be heard. That is undoubtedly true, and the reason is not hard to find. The fees are ten times as great in New York as they are in Paris, but it is in Paris that the singer makes that reputation which he afterward coins into other nation's money. Patti, Melba, Nilsson, all made their names here. Paris has long ago learned to reconcile herself to the departure of her great artists once they have tried their wings. She has always set her face against the "star" system, whereby a man or woman of particular merit is paid a gigantic salary. She knows that such a system means an impoverishment of the orchestra or an illiberal rate of pay for the rest of the artists. With her strong artistic sense, Paris has always set her face against that inequality in the cast which is the common feature elsewhere. Besides, the funds at the disposal of the Opéra and the prices paid for admission do not admit of extravagant salaries. Paris prefers, rather, the complete and harmonious presentation of an opera. It is this feeling which induces her to say "good-by" to her outstanding artists, in an attitude of resignation. She knows they must come back again, that is, if they are to retain their position in the world of art. They must come back for a season to an artistic environment, where they sing with artists as highly-trained as themselves, and where the traditions of the stage and the seriousness of criticism are a certain corrective for those faults that spring up in spite of themselves. It is as if they came to take the standard of themselves. It is for this reason that Jean de Reszke and Van Dyck are willing to sacrifice income and remain in Paris. Paris is the alma mater, and claims all the mother's privilege of plain speaking.

The concerts this year appear to be maintaining their popularity. The afternoon concert is not a Paris institution. The particular class of ladies who are attracted from the suburbs by these functions does not exist here as it does in London. It is the evening concert or the Sunday concert, the latter is the great and popular event.

## YESTERDAY'S MUSIC.

### An Extravagant Overture by Berlioz at the Symphony Concert—Mr. Kneisel Soloist—Mr. Kocian's Violin Recital in the Afternoon.

The seventh concert of the Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture: "The Fehmic Judges"..... Berlioz
Concerto in A minor for violin..... Bach
Symphonic Poem: "Tasso: Lament and Triumph"..... Liszt
Symphony, No. 3, "Eroica"..... Beethoven

It is easy to say that the overture to "The Fehmic Judges" is one of the sins of Berlioz's youth. It is something more than that. It gives an insight into the character of this extraordinary man; it is a note to the history of romanticism, which was influenced mightily by the thought of Napoleon, Scott, and Byron; and it well deserved a performance by the Symphony Orchestra. (Both this overture and Bach's concerto were played for the first time at these concerts.)

This overture was written for an opera which never was given, and we know little about the subject of the story except that the Fehmic Judges were introduced in some way or another. The libretto had nothing to do with Scott's "Anne of Geirstein," which was not published until 1829, the year after the overture was first performed. From fragments preserved we know that the libretto was full of horrors; there was a tyrant, there was an abducted maiden beloved by the exiled Prince, etc., etc. No doubt the story would be heartily laughed at in this calmer age.

But Berlioz took it all seriously. Here was a chance for him to shock the professors, to frighten women, to make an opera-audience sit up. He himself wrote to the librettist that there was nothing so "terribly frightful" as this overture. "It is a hymn to despair, but the most despairing despair that one can imagine, horrible and tender." He dwelt on the horror of it. And the overture did make a sensation at the time. Even the orchestral players were astonished and half-frightened while they rehearsed it, and when they played it in concert. But remember all this was in 1828, and since then we have all supped full of musical horrors.

Today the overture seems for the most part a curious mixture of the bombastic and the weakly trivial. But in 1828 Lara and the Corsair were heroes; young men seowled at the world and scorned conventional success and accompanying respectability; they assumed an "air fatal"; revolutionary theories charged the air they breathed; there was a wild desire to do something new, strange, monstrous.

There was the sublime, pathetic foolishness of youth. There was the extravagance in beliefs, theories, love, which after all enters into the savor of life.

And this overture was typical of the Berlioz of that period. He learned to express himself with more force; he mastered the resources of the orchestra so that all who came after him, Wagner, Liszt, Richard Strauss, the ultra-modern Russians, all, are his disciples; he was disillusionized in certain ways; he knew sorrow and neglect and scorn; but even in the darkest days, just before his death, he had the same extravagant enthusiasm for art, as he understood it, as when, not yet intimately acquainted with his own genius, he wrote the overture to "The Fehmic Judges." And we remember this when we find nearly 75 years after the first performance that the music is not nearly so intense as Berlioz thought it; when we are tempted to smile at the passages that struck terror at the famous declamation of the brass or at the solo for the big drum; when we are inclined to yawn at passages that were to him tender.

Bach's concerto is an excellent work of its kind, and it was played by Mr. Kneisel with the beauty of tone and the general display of taste that have long marked his performance. Whether the work be wholly suitable for a great concert hall and with the accompaniment of such a body of strings is another question. It was written as chamber music for the pleasure of a Prince who was musical and has his own small band. Some insist, as in Leipsic, that a piano should assist the accompanying strings, otherwise the music sounds thin and incomplete. Mr. Kneisel realized the danger and strengthened the accompaniment where there was need. The introduction of any cadenza in a work of this nature is a subject for discussion. Mr. Kneisel played the cadenza by Hellmesberger, and played it exquisitely. What charm there was in the two last movements—and they might well have gone at a still faster pace—was rather in the performance than in the music itself. The allegros of Bach's period sound more and more alike as the years roll on. The slow movements, many of them, still hold their beauty. Mr. Kneisel was heartily applauded and a wreath was handed to him.

Liszt's "Tasso" and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony are well-known to all concert-goers and do not call for extended comment. There are touches of Meyerbeer in the "Tasso," but they do no serious injury. The work is one of Liszt's best, and it is full of beauties. The scene at Ferrara is one of courtly elegance; the pathos of the lament is moving and free from suspicion of insincerity, which is not always true of Liszt, who had a talent for self-deception. There is a breath of inspiration throughout the piece.

Beethoven himself warned conductors against putting his "Eroica" as the final number. Yet the mighty music made its way last night. The performance of the orchestra, both in the symphony and in "Tasso," was, indeed, worthy of its great reputation.

This week the orchestra will show to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other cities that there are advantages, after all, in dwelling in Boston. There will therefore be no concerts here on Friday and Saturday. The program for Dec. 19, 20 will include Haydn's Symphony in D minor, No. 10, Tschaikowsky's concerto in B flat minor for piano (Mr. Harold Randolph of Baltimore, pianist), César Franck's symphonic poem "Les Eolides"; and the March of the Three Kings from Liszt's "Christ" (first time).

* * *

Mr. Kocian, the Bohemian violinist, assisted by Miss Julie Geyer, pianist, and Mr. Franz Spindler, accompanist, gave his second recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. He played Paganini's Concerto in D major; d'Ambra-Paganini's Canzonetta; Svendsen's Romance; Wieniawski's Scherzo-Tarantelle; and a Bohemian Fantasia by his teacher, Sevcik.

The audience would have been a cheering sight to a violinist in Steinert or Chickering Hall, but it was almost lost, as scattered in the great room; yet it was appreciative, and applause wherever started was contagious.

Mr. Kocian has a small but pure and pleasing tone. He is a placid player, not given to sensational display, although his technic might allow the constant exhibition of fireworks. He soothes rather than startles; and where there is any exhibition of brilliance, he gives it as a matter of course, conscientiously, as though it were all in the work of the afternoon. It might be unjust to describe him as phlegmatic; but he certainly has neither the grand style nor a pronounced individuality. He appears to be exactly what he is: a young man who at an early age took naturally to the violin—the envious Saxons have a cruel and unjust saying that when a child is born unto a Bohemian the father considers whether he shall make him a fiddler or a thief; he studied faithfully, acquired a decided proficiency, took all the prizes in his course, and then began the career of a virtuoso. He is a young player with an agreeable tone, who sings agreeably a melodic passage, and plays the brilliant passages accurately without fuss or affectation. A quiet young man of a serious face and manner who perhaps will broaden in style, assume authority, and learn the value of legitimately dramatic effects. Yesterday he played carefully and amiably rather than with any extravagant but promising burst of passion or the reckless enthusiasm that is one of the glories of youth.

Miss Geyer played Schumann's novelette in E major. Liszt's arrangement of a familiar Polish song that Sembrich likes to sing; Joseffy's Csardas, and a Rhapsody by Liszt. Her performance on the whole may be described as smooth and unemotional.

*Philip Hale.*

Dec 8, 1902

The N. Y. Sun, by which some live and dress, mentions the disappearance of the brown hat as an incident of this winter. "Now the brown hat retains its popularity only in one city. Boston likes it still and calls for it both in winter and in summer." Of course Boston likes it still. A noisy hat is unendurable. We have seen eminent citizens here wearing brown and quiet hats at the opera with evening dress. Thus do they show their philosophic indifference to the fleeting fashions. Is any deep thinker fussy about his hat? Did not Horace Greeley and William M. Evarts wear what are familiarly known as "shocking bad hats"?

What has become of the white plug that with its crape band or blue veil was once the mark of a well-dressed man in Summer? Gone into the dustbin of Time with the yellow linen duster, nankeen trousers, the blue coat with brass buttons, the high stock? What English statesman to-day would dare copy Charles James Fox with his broad brimmed white hat turned up with green? Would Edward VII. have the courage to don the brown beaver of George IV., which cost 15 guineas? Julius Caesar crossed the Alps with a fur porringer on his head; but where is now the fur cap that was the delight of boyhood in the sixties?

The Elizabethan men were braver than we, who, as Tennyson remarks, after the immoderate use of tobacco, are "a little breed. "They wore hats with raised crowns, sometimes with one kind of band, sometimes with another; as Stubbes said long ago, "now black, now white, now russet, now red, now green, now yellow, now this, now that, never content with one fashion two days to an end. And as the fashions be rare and strange, so is the stuff whereof their hats be made divers also." Black hats were originally worn in Spain because the Moors wore white turbans. The black hat today is the symbol of conventional respectability. Yet the austere Cromwell toward the end of his rule appeared in a hat of gray velvet with a carcanet of diamonds as a buckle, and always with a lone crimson feather.

Frlizi Scheff's husband, Mr. von Bardileben, is said to look better in uniform than in evening dress. This is true of most German officers. The gorgeous coat often covers a fatigue shirt, and sometimes conceals the absence of linen. So there are some men who should always be seen on horseback—as the Emperor William.

Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles insists that uncinariasis or the hook-worm disease, is the cause of so much laziness among the poor whites of the South. This at once demolishes all theories hitherto accepted concerning laziness in hot countries. In spite of Dr. Stiles's ingenious argument we shall continue to believe that some are born tired, just as some are born spellers—witness the case of Mrs. Hannah Bloomingdale, the champion speller of Cumberland County, New Jersey, who died Dec. 3rd, only 42 years old.

Boston, Dec. 6, 1902.

The Editor of Talk of the Day:

You ask the origin of the term "larrigan" applied to a certain kind of moccasin used by loggers and hunters in the maritime provinces of Canada. "Larrigan," or more correctly "lorgean," is a Scottish-Gaelic term, coined by the settlers in the Provinces who spoke that language, to describe the moccasin, an article of footwear which was new to them, and for which there was no descriptive term in the ancient language of the Scottish Highlands and the Hebrides. It is derived from the word "lorg," which means "footmark" or "track," and it refers to the quaint and distinctive marks made by the hunter or woodsman who wore them as he passed through the snow.

In a strict sense the word is Gaelic slang, and is being displaced in general use by the more modern term "moguis" (pronounced "moggish"), now accepted as the proper translation.

M. C. MACLEOD.

P. S.—I have worn them.

Boston, Dec. 5, 1902.

The Editor of Talk of the Day:

In accordance with our custom for several years, I with my family spent Thanksgiving Day with my wife's parents on the farm at Boxford, Mass. Young Barnabee, who is six years old, spent the short visit, when not gorging himself, in the barn with the cows and the pigs and the hired man, one Jonas, an ancient rustic who looks as tho' he might have sailed in the ark.

On our return home, Mrs. Witherspoon and I were both shocked at several spasms of bucolic profanity from Barnabee—cuss words, which, as I found by sharp questioning, he had learned from Jonas. I was hardly surprised at this; but when he burst out with "Odd Zoons," and I found that this picturesque oath had come from the same source as the more modern ones, I was astounded. Jonas is unable to read or write. How did "Odd Zoons," which smacks roundly of past centuries, creep into his vocabulary? I have a suspicion that Jonas may be five or six hundred years old. Here, if you like, is a problem for the editor of "The Dictionary of Profanity and Cussdom."

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

We think it more than probable, Mr. Witherspoon, that Jonas, although he cannot read or write, used in his earlier years to snatch a fearful joy by coming to Boston and seeing some of the "glorious old comedies" or the "sterling old comedies" at the Museum. It is surprising that he did not also from observation of these plays contract the habit of taking snuff from a shrieking snuffbox. Gone, alas, are the "glorious old comedies," together with the "screaming farces" that served as curtain-raisers or after-pieces. But Jonas still lives with his old comedy oaths, and it looks as though your young Barnabee would hand them down.

We spoke some days ago about the coquetry of female prisoners: how they obtained rouge, and how some by yellowing their hair baffled the curiosity of the jailer. It now appears that these convicts are sometimes set to clean brasswork and are given for the purpose a tin containing a solution of oxalic acid, which, by the way, works deadly injury to the roots of the hair. We much prefer a recipe of the 15th century; make a wash of ashes of boxwood; boil barley-straw for a whole day; mix the two washes; throw in walnut flowers and leaves and let the mixture steep for a night. Wash your head with it in the morning and you will have golden hair. Or you might try a recipe recommended by Catherine Sforza: Take cinnabar, saffron, and sulpher, distill them in an alembic, put the wash on your head by combing and recombing your hair in the sun; the comb should be kept wet; dry your hair in the sun "and you will attain to a blond condition of beauty that will rival gold." It is only fair to recall to you the sad fate of a currier's daughter in Italy. She was only 13 years old, and she "would wash her hair in the heat of the day (in July) and so let it dry in the sun, to make it yellow, but by that means tarrying too long in the heat, she inflamed her head, and made herself mad."

Dec 9, 1902

Mr. Alfred Hertz, the conductor of Wagner's operas for Mr. Grau this season, is only 30 years old, but he wears a beautiful bushy black beard so that he will not be accused of the atrocious crime of being a young man. They say that Mr. Mancinelli trims his beard cunningly so that he may not appear unto managers and audiences too old.

But does not an elderly, majestic person, whether he have a shock of hair or be bald, at once inspire confidence when seated in the director's chair? he has abundant hair, traditions may build their nests therein. Further

...e, he looks leonine and fierce, it command respect, to rule battalions singers and legions of players. If be bald, he has lost his hair in ratic campaigns by settling dises between prima donnas, by strug- with managers, by undergoing the and danger of innumerable per- mances. Only a stained and scarred ler of many years seems able to in the whirlwind and direct the m.

e should be uncommonly tall and n or impressively stout.

hould he wear spectacles? Spontini swered "No." He said to Wagner Dresden: "My left eye is for the t violins, my right for the second lins, wherefore, to work by a glance, must not wear spectacles as bad ductors do." From this it appears t a good conductor should have eyes.

t Spontini was a superb example the imposing orchestral general. No nary stick would do for him. He nded a baton of black ebony, g and thick, with a big ivory knob each end. This he grasped in the ddle with his fist and thus led his ops to victory or defeat.

e once saw a survivor of the Spon- i school. He was leading "Lucia" the Apollo Theatre, Rome, early in . The heroine was an American, m New Orleans, if we are not mis- en, Laura Harris, known in Europe Harris-Zegury. The conductor was faele Kuon. He looked as though had seen the first opera that was de, had a hand in the formation, erintended the development, se- ed the patents. Snow-haired, full- rded, awful when he frowned, oc- ionally benignant toward horn or bassoon, his face was not unlike that St. Peter at the gate in old frescoes. hing like him had been seen in this ntry. His nerves had been dead many years, and the imported con- tor is first of all distinctively ner- s.

r. Silo in New York sold at auction picture by "George Moreland" for and was discouraged, and with d reason. In the first place the nter spelled his name "Morland" hout the "e." In the second place picture is worth much more money. Mr. Henley says in his characteris- essay on Morland who "spreed" painting and "spreed" at life, "his ures are painter's work, and, what- er their morals, must ever live with eternal life of art."

stice Brewer of the United States reme Court, and a loyal Yale man, ot willing that South Middle should torn down. There are many who e the old shabby building. North s dismal: North Middle was also folding; the two were unwept and ung. South was for years the envied e of seniors. It was close to the ce; it commanded a view of Chapel eet; the rooms were heated, as a e, by good old-fashioned Franklin ves. What were Durfee and Farn- m in the seventies to South? In e of steam heat and general pre- ce they were as nought, they were ain show. South was pulled down; old fence has gone; can not South ddle be spared? At the time when knew Yale, the building was given r to the dens and lairs of Sopho- res, though the ground floor served reading rooms, where students in toric and composition studied the d lines of the Chicago Times. Spare South Middle. May it be jealously erved to show the passer-by the plicity of life that characterized the of past years, when Bob Cook brought in the English stroke, n the Rush at Hamilton Park and Thanksgiving Jubilee were cher- l institutions, when Ham Avery Cincinnati used the curve with dly effect against the Harvard Nine, n Hannibal was in early manhood, n Montgomery Sears, Edgar Saltus, Hammond of South African fame, ghton Webb, Walker Blaine, Lis- rd Stewart, were all students to- er and saluted President Porter the learned Professors on their ning walk to the Post Office.

inchester (England) has a Physical lth Culture Society whose mem- , all prominent citizens, find salva- in going without breakfast. This meal, whether it be tea and toast ausages and buckwheat cakes and p on one plate (the favorite break- of the Albanian) is a snare and lusion. "Food is not so much need- fter a long sleep as after prolonged k."

is is nothing new. We know men oston who have thus experimented the stomach. Some because they indigestion; some for the purpose ropping superfluous flesh. The an- t Romans, early risers, ate no kfast. Perhaps children and weak ons partook of the "jentaculum," the noble, manly Roman knew no kfast. That Vitellius took three or four meals was charged against him by Suetonius as an instance of "excessive belle cheere and crueltie." And when a Roman citizen ate "jentaculum" what was it? Nothing but a hard biscuit—bread twice baked—an olive, a date, or a few raisins. There was no sitting down at table, no reading of newspaper, no growling at the coffee, no complaint about the quality of eggs even when, as now, the best were 50 cents a dozen, no animated discussion with wife or child to awaken the mind to full activity for the day.

Breakfast is both a movable and an appointed feast. It should vary according to the individual. Nothing is so absurd as to insist on uniformity. We take a cup of tea with toast and apple butter; therefore Jones should not eat fruit, oat-meal, beefsteak, hot rolls, waffles or some form of cakes, eggs, coffee. Or Ferguson eats nothing before noon; therefore we, clammed and irritable, should also abstain till the whistle blows. Tut, tut, Mr. Ferguson; go to!

Dr. Venner (1650) advised persons of a "phlegmatic temperature" to take no breakfast; he also recommended a couple of poached eggs, "seasoned with a little salt and a few corns of pepper, also with a drop or two of vinegar if the stomach be weak," a little bread and butter and "a good draught of pure claret wine." Dr. Muffet said in 1655: "Where the air is pure, clear and wholesome, it is best to fast till dinner." At the end of the reign of James I. the breakfast, taken at 10 o'clock, consisted only of drink. Thus do customs change; thus do vagaries thrive.

Dec 10, 1902

## MRS. IDE AND MRS. HUNT.

**Their Song Recital in Chickering Hall—The Artistic Development of Mrs. Helen Hunt.**

Mrs. Idalia Levy Ide, soprano, and Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt, contralto, gave a song recital in Chickering Hall last night. Mrs. D. S. Fitts accompanied them. Mrs. Ide sang Grétry's "Je romps la Chaîne," Giordani's "Caro mio ben," Saint-Saëns's Serenade, Gabriel Fauré's "Clair de Lune," the Shadow Song from "Dinorah" and songs by Wekerlin and Clough-Leiter. Mrs. Hunt sang the romanza from "Gioconda," Lalo's "L'Esclave," Coquard's "Hai Luli," Schubert's "My Sweet Repose," Dvorak's "Good Night," Rubinstein's "New Love" and songs by three women, Augusta Holmès, Mrs. Beach and Miss Lang.

When Mrs. Hunt gave her recital about 11 months ago, it was observed that she had a rich, warm, womanly voice; that this voice had been intelligently trained; that the singer often moved the hearer by the quality of tone, irrespective of any association of tone with definite emotion; that she had not yet learned the art of individualizing emotions. She then sang songs of various sentiments pretty much in the same manner. And this was perhaps to be expected whe the singer had been devoting herself chiefly to the acquirement of technic.

Last night Mrs. Hunt showed that she has been pondering the emotional qualities of her art. There was a not too deliberate and too apparent endeavor to interpret the sentiment of each song, to sound the gamut of emotions as well as to display the compass and the evenness of the voice. In this she has made decided progress. It is true that she did not fully reproduce the wild and burning passion of the woman in Coquard's song; but she grasped the essential character of Schubert's "Sweet Repose" and the spirit of Mrs. Beach's song; and she sang Miss Lang's "Tryste Noel" with a sincerity of expression and a quiet intensity that made a deep impression. In this song by Miss Lang she showed to full extent rare capabilities. In Dvorak's "Good Night" she was less successful, and in Holmès's "La Belle du Roi" a more pronounced rhythm and a broader style might reasonably have been demanded. On the whole she gave ample proofs of intelligent study and decided improvement. She may still gain in freedom, aplomb and passion.

Mrs. Ide as Miss Levy sang here in public about two years ago, when her performance was distinguished by a natural charm of voice rather than by technical proficiency. Since then she has studied, sung here in private and abroad in public. Last night she chose arias of a florid nature and songs of a comparatively simple nature. I preferred her in the latter, and especially in Clough-Leiter's "A Maiden Loves a Little Boy," in which she was agreeably arch. In the more ambitious songs her bravura was alternately fluent and labored; but in them the dominating impression made by her performance was that of a task for which she was not yet fully prepared.

There was an audience of fair size and applause was frequent and hearty.

*Philip Hale.*

Cold air in the other extreme is almost as bad as hot, and so doth Montaltus esteem of it. If it be dry withal. In those northern countries the people are therefore generally dull, heavy, and many witches, which Saxo Grammaticus, Olaus, Baptista Porta ascribe to melancholy. But these cold climes are more subject to natural melancholy (not this artificial) which is cold and dry; for which cause Mercurius Britannicus belike puts melancholy men to inhabit just under the Pole.

When Mr. Thomas W. Lawson edits his complete works for publication—on vellum, wide margin, luxuriously bound—he must not fail to include his contributions to the Bean, a comic journal that was issued in this city by Mr. Lawson, Mr. Lorin F. Deland and Mr. Moses King.

Many are perplexed because the Bohemian baritone who will sing here tonight is now advertised as Boza Onmiroff and now as Bogea Oumiroff. We are told that in Hungarian the name is Boza, with a curious mark over the "z" which modifies the consonant so that the English equivalent is "ge." We state this on the authority of another, for our knowledge of Hungary is confined to paprika, the Kossuth hat, gulasch, Liszt's Rhapsodies and Hunyadi Janos.

Mr. Mancinelli, the admirable conductor of Mr. Grau's opera company, has almost finished an opera "Francesca da Rimini." It is a singular fact that no opera founded on the story of Francesca has yet been successful, although several composers tried their fortune during the last hundred years. Perhaps the most ambitious attempt was by Ambroise Thomas, whose "Francesca" was produced at the Opéra Paris in 1882, the year that Nordica made her first appearance (as Marguerite) at the same theatre; but of all that took part in Thomas's opera, Miss Mauri, the ballet dancer, was the only one who was universally praised. May Mr. Mancinelli have better luck than his predecessors! His "Hero and Leander," which was performed here with Emma Eames, Saléza and Plancon as the chief singers, was sung lately at Warsaw with genuine success. When it was given here, Emma Eames was never more beautiful and never more cold. She suggested the need of fur bags and pemmican, and even Mr. Mancinelli shivered now and then and held the stick as though his fingers were frostbitten. Yet she was well worth the swim across the Hellespont.

A Parisian, a correspondent of the Cri de Paris, has been studying London Clubs. He states that members of the Athenaeum nourish themselves exclusively on "le pale ale et les simples beef-steaks, accompagnés du batter-pudding"; and batter-pudding is described as "a sort of emulsion composed of maize flour bathed in sirup of molasses." It seems that the Garrick and the Savage are the resorts of play-actors, second-rate authors and newspaper men, "who take an early breakfast there at 3 o'clock in the afternoon." These two clubs are "agreeable pot-houses, where one does as he pleases, occasionally alarming oneself over the eccentricities of this or that member more drunk than another, or more drunk than usual." And why? Listen to this: "For one does not forget that the Garrick possesses Sir Douglas Straight, editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, and Sir Henry Irving, the actor."

This letter of the Parisian may be justly described as a far cry from London to the Cri de Paris. A pamphlet entitled "Clubs as they are supposed to be" would be pleasant reading; clubs as described by young female novelists, mothers-in-law, nervous wives, blackballed applicants, discharged servants. The young female novelist pictures clubmen as spending their time over brandy and soda, gossiping about horses, playing cards for high stakes, or even destroying reputations for the sake of a jest. As a matter-of-fact, there is much business transacted quietly in many clubs. Deals are made, slates are prepared, personal interests are advanced. Some use a club for the stationary and the magazines; others to show hospitality to visitors who for some reason or other would not be welcome guests at home. Then there are clubs which are true family receiving-vaults.

Dec 11 1902

## BOGEA OUMIROFF.

**The Bohemian Baritone Sings in Chickering Hall—An Amiable Singer Heard to Best Advantage in Songs of His Own Land.**

Mr. Boris Oumiroff, baritone, gave a song recital last night in Chickering Hall. Mr. De Voto was the accompanist. His program was a varied one. It included songs by Monsigny, Caldara, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Tschaikowsky, Georges, Fibich, Bendl, Grieg, Dvorak, Picka, Johns, Henschel, Strauss.

These songs were grouped in a manner that is unfortunately too common. A singer comes forward to pay tribute to masters that have long been dead. He looks back to ancient Italy and France. Then he presents a group by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms. After half or three-quarters of an hour he then remembers the existence of contemporaneous composers, local favorites, and personal friends. Down in his heart he prefers the modern songs, and often he sings them better than the old ones, or he would sing them better if he were in fresher voice. When he comes to the contemporaries, many of the audience have slipped out to breathe fresh air. The chronological tradition often works injury to singer, composer, audience.

Mr. Oumiroff is a Czech, born at Melnik, I am told, of musical parents. He played various instruments at an early age, studied composition with Fibich, and singing at Prague, Milan and Paris. He has sung in London, in Paris (both in parlors and in public—as at a Concert Colonne with the Bohemian Quartet at the Nouveau Theatre, March 20th, and at his own concert at the same theatre, May 21st of this year), where he was favorably criticised. He gave pleasure last summer to the lowly cottagers at Bar Harbor and Newport, but not content with their easy applause, and wishing to sing before the general public, he gave a recital in New York on Dec. 3. Last night he appeared here in public for the first time.

He was not effective in the first group. He comprehended the spirit of Alexis's song from Monsigny's "Deserter," but he was not master of his breath, and his tones were almost constantly below the true pitch. Caldara and Beethoven suffered in like manner from false intonation, and the song of the former was dragged beyond endurance. In the second group his intonation was somewhat better and he sang Schumann's "Du bist wie eine Blume" with a fine display of legato and with delightful sentiment; this was true of his second version; for his first was injured by false intonation, which the audience overlooked in its appreciation of other qualities.

But he first showed some spirit and dramatic force in the Wild song by Fibich.

Mr. Oumiroff is a singer who may well win success in the parlor, where his sweetness of sentiment is in place. His voice is a light, high baritone of agreeable quality. He has not yet made the art of tone-production his own, for much of his breath is wasted and not turned into tone, which, no doubt, accounts in a measure for his false intonation. In songs of a gentle, contemplative, sentimental nature he may give pleasure. In songs of lively emotion or deep thought or passion his delivery is placid and he does not realize the advantage or the necessity of color. Thus his delivery of Schubert's "Erlking" was not dramatic, and his interpretation of Tschaikowsky's nobly passionate song was tame and superficial. He is strongest in the songs of his own land, and it is a pity that he did not give a distinctively Bohemian song recital. It is a good thing to be a polyglot singer, but the ability to sing in various languages is not the one thing chiefly to be demanded. As a singer, pure and simple, Mr. Oumiroff has yet much to learn.

There was a good-sized audience that applauded heartily and more than once insisted on repetitions.

*Philip Hale.*

An English railway porter was ordered the other day to pay £50 damages for breach of promise. The jury was undoubtedly much influenced by this extract from a letter read at the trial:

"Mary, I swallowed the stamp, for I knew your lovely lips had touched it." Then after such knightly devotion the defendant married another woman.

We feel toward this foolish porter a tenderness that we must withhold from Prince Mirko, aspirant to the throne of Servia. Before Mirko married Natalie, "the daughter of the grand uncle of King Alexander," he had a love affair with a play-actress, and he wrote many letters to her. In these letters he criticised European politics, poked fun at the Emperors of Russia and Germany, and referred most unpleasantly to the Servian people. These letters were sold to the Servian Government. But why should anyone discuss politics in love letters? We could understand Mirko discussing the drama by way of compliment to his sweetheart, analyzing the part of Juliet to pay the actress a glowing tribute, or taking part in the politics of the theatre for the sake of espousing her cause, protecting her against envious rivals, the greedy manager and other natural foes; but why politics of state? He must have bored her indescribably. Miss Fotheringay, the fair Ophelia, replied to Pendennis when he asked her whether she was in love with Hamlet or not: "In love with such a little ojus wretch as that stunted manager of a Bingley?" and she bristled with indignation. Nor was she impressed by his book learning; but she asked her father with genuine interest: How many tickets did he take of you?" If Prince Mirko had shown toward this play-actress the pathetic devotion of the English porter and abstained from political disquisitions, she would not have sold the letters and he would be surer of the throne.

The Daily Mail calculates that there are in London 200,000 human beings who now live on food that is far inferior to the given prisoners, and that 30,000 are homeless.

On the other hand, the Sweetmeat Automatic Delivery Company in London paid last month the same dividend as before, wholly out of the profits.

The profits amounted to £73,456 against £51,621 in the previous year. And the present year began only in April because new machines ordered in the United States were not delivered on account of strikes.

Some time ago we discussed the thought of a man shaving and seeing his face in a looking-glass. We did not, however, allude to a singular mental phenomenon. The man each morning while he is shaving determines to go forthwith some specific thing: to collect or to pay a bill, to ask Jones a question; to take a book to the binder's; to find out whether Lucy Whirler, his playmate at school, whom he has not seen for 30 odd years, is still living and whether she is married. When he wipes his razor he wipes his mind of this or that purpose. When he takes up the shaving-brush the next morning, the determination returns and is uppermost in his mind during the operation. And so it goes for days and months.

How this news from Liberia—Dr. Crossland, the United States Minister, shooting Mr. Faulkner because, according to the Minister's report, Mr. Faulkner tried to carve him with a razor—would delight Sir Richard Burton if he were alive. The bitter Negrophobe would publish a new edition of his "Wanderings in West Africa" to use the incident as a foot-note to Vol. V., Chap. 2, page 281, where there is room for such an addition. Burton in his short sketch of Liberia refers to it as "Mrs. Stowe's most frouzy paradise," and alludes to the fact that in 1822 the new settlement was placed under an agent, Governor or Superintendent, and two magistrates appointed by the American Society for Colonizing the Free People of Color of the United States, "as by the laws of the then United States"—Burton, whose book was published in 1863, italicises "then"—"the Federal Government could not hold colonies beyond the sea."

Burton would also rejoice in the statement that the increase of Mormonism has been greater during the last two decades than in any other period. In Northwestern Canada there are 6000 Mormons, and there are 3000 in Mexico. It is said that there are 400 in the neighborhood of Boston. We remember that two or three summers ago a Mormon elder administered baptism in the ocean near the most fashionable street of Lynn, and that summer cottagers seated comfortably on back verandas had a delightful view of the ceremony.

Some are asking why Amelia Materna, the once celebrated Wagnerian soprano, should now be in need of money. The answer is simple: She always led an orderly and most respectable life, but she thought herself obliged to support an army of relations, who preferred such dependence to work. She herself was a Styrian by birth and came from a village near the birthplace of Mr. Gericke. Her father was a schoolmaster. After she had sung in church and concerts she began her career on the stage as a soubrette. She is now in her 56th year. Her extravagant stoutness had no doubt much to do with her retirement into private life.

They are now inquiring into the death of Charles Dickens; for it seems that each biographer or essayist has a theory of his own. Mr. Kitton says his death was due directly to the strain of his readings, and that the sum of $225,000 gained by them was dearly earned. Mr. Kent thinks the novelist never recovered from the shock of a railroad accident. Others insist that he walked too much and too violently; that Dickens fell a victim to "the English delusion that mental fatigue can be set right by severe physical exercise."

Dec 2, 1902

The Rev. Samuel H. Lee's remark about the disappearance of the Yankee type, or "the decadence of the Yankee," recalls an address delivered at the Porphyry daily by a New York painter of Yankee birth and ancestry. He insisted violently that the tall, lank, stern-jawed Brother Jonathan type is fast dying out. The face is now seldom seen, yet this face was worn by the men who established what is best in the American idea. These framers and builders of the country were weather-beaten; they were gnarled and worn by wrestling with Satan; gloomy from self-introspection, and a most trying diet; yet with a strange humor that ranged from cynicism to irreverence they talked of the eternal verities as though they could be bought at a hardware store, so real to them were high ideals.

The prevailing type in a few years, shouts this New Yorker, will be the thick-set, broad-shouldered, bald-headed, rather short man, with a projecting paunch, the symbol of gross and material prosperity.

The word "monopolium," monopoly, was first used by the tyrant Tiberius. He begged the pardon of the Roman Senate for introducing the strange and foreign word. In the 17th century monopoly was included in Blount's "Glossographia: or a Dictionary interpreting the Hard Words," and thus defined: "When a man ingrosses or gets Commodities into his hands, in such a fashion that none can sell them, or gain by them but himself," a definition that covers the ground, even the earth and the fullness thereof.

In this "Glossographia" "monopoly" comes directly after "monophagie"—a meal made of or a living always with one kind of meat."

They that have laughed and waxed wroth over Guy de Maupassant's "Boule-de-Suif"—the story was dramatized and produced lately in Paris—may be pleased to learn that the heroine was a woman named Adrienne Legay; born about 1848 at Eletot. During the Franco-Prussian War she was living at Rouen, and the famous episode in her career is said to have occurred during one of her visits to her lover, a militiaman in active service. She herself denied the truth of the catastrophe as told by Maupassant. Her ending, however, was more tragic than in the story. Poor, alone, deserted by her adopted son, she went out one day and bought four sous' worth of charcoal.

The English newspapers were deceived and they in turn deceived us. The Sarah Browning that died lately and to whom we referred was not Sarianna, but, as Mr. R. Barrett Browning writes, the daughter of the poet's grandfather by his second marriage. Sarianna, the sister of the poet, is still living. Here is an opportunity for discussion at the next meeting of any alert Browning Society.

The annual report of the London Commissioner of Police is interesting reading. During the last year only one murderer out of 24 went about undetected. There were 16,540 men licensed to drive cabs, cars and omnibuses; only 85 were convicted of using improper language; five were found guilty of over-charging; 66 committed assaults, 75 were convicted of cruelty and 163 of reckless driving. And how about the conduct of the passengers? 40,221 articles left in carriages were deposited with the police, and 20,184 of these articles were returned to the owners. Among these articles were live birds, dogs, cats, fowls, a rabbit, 18,164 umbrellas, cases of jewelry; and of men's clothing 2070, and of women's 2017. Crime increased and more persons were arrested for begging, sleeping out and tramping than in any previous year.

Mr. Boela, an Italian, played the piano at Trieste for 26 hours consecutively, with the exception of two rests of 10 minutes each. "A medical examination at the close showed that his physical condition was not affected."

How about the condition of the witnesses who were musicians and journalists? We have seen audiences in Boston knocked out within an hour.

When Mr. Henry Williams—he was hanged not long ago—heard the words of the sentencing Judge: "May the Lord have mercy on your soul," he replied calmly and reverently: "I hope so, too, my lord." He had killed his daughter under the pressure of the parental conviction that moved Virginius, and after he had done his duty as he considered it, he took his banjo under his arm and went out to a public house.

So New York is to have a bodega, which, it is said, will fill a long-felt want. Bodega in Spanish originally meant a cellar for wine; and on board ship it is the name given to the empty space below the lower deck where provisions and stores or goods are stowed. Later the word was applied to a wine-shop, and still later used specifically for a cellar or shop where wines only are sold. Beatty-Kingston gives an interesting account in "Music and Manners" of Don Pedro Domecq's "bodega or wine cellar" at Jerez. This particular bodega contains 9000 butts. "There is no cellarage in this depôt; the butts are stacked in immense lofty sheds paved with brick, so cool that coming suddenly into them from the hot outer air is like jumping out of an oven into an ice-pail." There is a locked division for 300 or more old casks, some of which are distinguished by the names of famous men, painted on the bellies: Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, George IV. and others, among them, of all men in the world, Ruskin. A tuneler helps the guest by the aid of a crystal gill and a whalebone wand tipped with a very small silver measure.

But the bodega in German, French and Italian cities is a room, with kegs and barrels ranged on the floor and along the walls. Men sit on kegs around a barrel and drink more than is good for them.

In Portland, (Me.) cemetery trees are to be used for fuel. Years ago Sir Thomas Browne remarked that mummy is become merchandise and Pharoah sold for balsams, and we remember reading that mummies were at one time used on locomotive engines when fuel was scarce.

A society for the prevention of seasickness has been formed in France: "La Ligue Contre le Mal de Mer." The director, Dr. Mardeuf, has founded a journal called "Le Mal de Mer," and published a complete hygienic guide, from which we learn a curious preventive. It would be rank selfishness to keep this for our own use on the East Boston ferry boat or the Sunday excursion to Nantasket. "On going on board the boat," says Dr. Mardeuf, "the traveler should walk about, whistle and sing." Playing the concertina or the ocarina is of no avail. Dr. Mardeuf also tells us that foie gras and cream should not be eaten just before embarkation.

## FELIX FOX'S RECITAL.

### A Pianist's Unmistakable Progress in the Emotional Qualities of His Art.

Mr. Felix Fox, pianist, gave his first recital of the season last night in Steinert Hall. His program was refreshingly unconventional: it included a theme and variations by Chevillard, the son-in-law of Lamoureux, and the conductor of the Lamoureux concerts; prelude, fugue and variations by César Franck written originally for organ and arranged for piano and organ; Liszt's sonata; C. V. Alkan's "Super flumina Babylonis;" a barcarolle by Philippe; a prelude (op. 21, No. 23,) by Felix Blumenfeld of St Petersburg—there is also a Sigismond Blumenfeld; and etudes by Chopin.

The piece by Franck is the third of the six grand pieces first published in 1868. It is dedicated to Saint-Saëns, and in its original form is alternatively of pastoral charm and solemn beauty. In the arrangement used last night the fugue loses in quality; the diapasons are missed, for nothing can replace them. Dr. Percy Goetschius was the assisting organist.

Chevillard's theme and variations gave much pleasure. The variations are not only admirably made; they are interesting throughout by reason of rhythmic piquancy, elegance of expression, organic structure, sense of contrast and proportion. And how well they were played by Mr. Fox.

Alkan's paraphrase of the familiar psalm, "By the waters of Babylon," is a curious piece, picturesque, striking on account of the various emotions crowded into such compact form.

Mr. Fox, like other young pianists, was at first inclined when he left his teacher to set an unreasonably high value on mere technical display. He was apparently more anxious about rapidity and the mastery of difficult passages than the singing of the phrase and the beauty of tone. And so his first concerts were chiefly exhibitions of mechanical proficiency the fruit of daily long-continued drudgery. He began to see that practise as he might, there would always be others who could play still faster and with more deceptive ease, and as his technic was sufficient for many serious demands, he set himself to the consideration of the emotional and aesthetic elements of his art. Assorted emotions are not imparted to a pupil in a course of 20 or 100 lessons. A pianist plays with true feeling, he moves and stirs and thrills after personal experiences, by acquaintance with disappointment, joy, sorrow, poverty, yes, by the fading away of long cherished hopes and illusions. The naturally phlegmatic would not play with quicker pulse though there were some perturbation of nature, though he saw a vision of the sheeted dead.

Last night Mr. Fox showed genuine and gratifying progress in emotional interpretation. As before he was brilliant, but there was elasticity where formerly there was too often metallic rigidity. His performance of Liszt's sonata—would that there were an abridged edition for chamber use!—was thoughtful, and there was true sentiment where there is the temptation to be only sentimental. Throughout the concert the melodic thoughts of the composers were sung with more sustained feeling; there was a greater variety of tonal force and quality; there was more color; and when the occasion demanded there was at least a suggestion of sensuousness. Mr. Fox has indeed accomplished much during the past year.

There was an appreciative audience of good size.

*Philip Hale.*

Dec 13, 1902

We read about the poor without coal, and we pity them as we sit near grate, register, or radiator. Then we are reassured by contradictory statements in newspapers or at the club. "There is plenty of coal. These stories of suffering are gross exaggerations." And then we are again made uncomfortable when some one whose word we trust tells of misery that he has seen and tried to assuage, and we say bitterly "Why does not Andrew Carnegie buy coal for the poor instead of sowing library-buildings broadcast?" We lay the burden on the shoulders of a multi-millionaire and hug ourselves for our philanthropic intention.

No doubt there is much suffering among the very poor; but there is also suffering among those who have not habitually known poverty; among those described as "decayed gentlewomen," lone and superfluous women, women who still cling pathetically to outward appearances. Their investments turned out unprofitably; a trustee was unfaithful; and when fuel and food are at a reasonable price they are barely comfortable through the constant exercise of a prudence that is well-nigh sordid.

The sisters greet you in the parlor. The air is chill, and you do not remove your overcoat. "You must take it off or you'll catch cold when you go out." The faces of the painted grandmother and the Judge and the Colonel are blue with cold, as they look from the walls on the shivering china shepherd and shepherdess who are dancing to keep from freezing. "We do not believe in overheated rooms," says Miss Lucy: "Almost all American houses are too warm." The younger excuses herself, and in a few minutes you hear a rattling and a rumbling through the register. You are sure there has been no fire in the furnace for days; and you see the deception of Miss Mary's absence. Soon she returns: "It is rather cool here. I'm afraid the maid has let the fire go down." The sisters are swathed in shawls, and yet their hands are as the hands of the dead. There is talk about the high price of meat and eggs. "I find that meat is eaten less and less," says Miss Lucy: "the idea of eating it was always repugnant to me, and now that it is so ridiculously dear"—she laughs lightly—"many will learn to do without it. And no matter what you pay for eggs they are all, as the English say, flavorish." Miss Mary adds: "Yes, eating meat is merely a habit. I am sure we are better without it."

What can be done for such? You know that they are shivering night and day; you wonder at the devotion of the old servant; you are sure that there is little to eat for these lorn women, proud with the pride of the New Englander of the old stock. How can they be persuaded to be helped? They suffer physically, and they experience a mental suffering which the so-called miserable are fortunately spared. They may struggle along till spring, but occasionally Death takes it upon himself to be the true philanthropist.

And now we are told that Mr. Mascagni is accompanied everywhere by armed guards. "I have heard of threats against my life, and I'll take no chances." Nonsense, Mr. Mascagni. No one deliberately goes a-gunning for composers in this country. Look at the prosperous condition of so many makers of comic operas, and then you will realize the kindly nature of the American audience.

Here is another story from Mr. Brookfield's reminiscences: "Lady Bancroft had cut her hand with a bread knife and was explaining to a group of actors that it was lucky for her she was not a drinker. 'A slight wound may be a very serious thing to any one with a quantity of alcohol in the system.' 'Oh, yes,' observed Odell from the back of the group, 'that's a well-known fact. Indeed, I often cut my finger just to see if I've had enough.'"

We commend to standing committees of churches that indulge in chimes the following work: "Why bells sound out of Tune and How to Cure them," by A. B. Simpson, 8vo, sewed, 2 shillings; London, 1897.

The Referee (London), always friendly to Mr. Robert Taber, the excellent play-actor who supported Julia Marlowe for some time, says he has played Shakespeare "a great deal in his native land, America," and adds: "(N. B. Some natives thereof do not like to hear it called, 'The United States' now.)" Pray, just what does the Referee mean by this statement?

One is lost in admiration of the French of the correspondent of the Daily News who, writing from Birmingham, purports to give the French view of the Penruddocke case. The letter begins as follows: "Monsieur l'Editeur.—Voulez vous me permettre d'user les colonnes," &c. Seeing that no Frenchman ever abbreviates "Monsieur" as "Mons.," that "Editeur" does not mean "editor," but "publisher," and that "user les colonnes" does not mean "use the columns," but "wear out the pillars," it would have been difficult to pack more "howlers" into the allotted space. The practical joker has "got home."—Pall Mall Gazette.

lerlin" of the Referee (Lond.) discourses wisely each week coning many things, has been considg the honesty of certain mediums, voyants, what-you-will. He is inled to take Mrs. Piper most seriousfor he does not see how she could during so long a time of fierce inigation escaped detection. "The culty seems to be increased by the that sitters are often introduced er under assumed names, and that multitude of tests to which she has submitted would involve a knowi of a perfect encyclopaedia of pri history." He quotes Paul Bourgs words concerning her: "All that I conclude from truly extraordinary ils which she gave me, a stranger a mere visitor, about a dead friend" is friend had committed suicidecerning whom I had never spoken ny one in her neighborhood, is that mind has methods of cognizance ch are not suspected by our analy." Merlin adds: "I confess that an lased review of the evidence leaves inclined to the belief that it is on whole on Mrs. Piper's side;" and erlin" is by nature a doubting mas.

Dec 14. 1902

HERE has always been a certain curiosity concerning the methods of a poet, novelist, painter, musician. Anthony Trollope told us is fixed hours; we know that Thackwrote by fits and starts, that Balisolated himself and worked at

t with the aid of coffee. Beetn's sketch-books show how he ted over a melody before he was fied; and Mozart, Rossini and bert wrote with amazing readiness fluency.

e of the most interesting letters lished so far in Modest Tschaikowk's life of his famous brother is the in which the composer tells his ner of composing to his dear friend s. von Meck, to whose generosity owed the comfort of his most imant years and the opportunity to te without thought of daily cares. ave not yet seen any translation of letter into English.

will be remembered that Nadeshda retowna von Meck, a rich widow a large family, admired Tschaisky's works to such an extent that 877 she determined to give him a of 6000 roubles each year. They er met; never did either one hear voice of the other; but they exged letters, often, at length; intately.

chaikowsky wrote in June, 1878:

o you wish to know how I com? Dear friend, do you know that hard to answer fully such a questi; for the circumstances under ch a new work sees the light are edingly different?"

chaikowsky divides his compositics into two classes: Works which wrote from an internal prompting, use there was something in him t must out; works to which he had urged by a friend or a publisher, ks that had been ordered.

cording to his experience the merit work did not depend at all on the e of its existence. Sometimes a ce which he was eager to write did answer his expectation, was a r failure. Or a piece to which he ed himself turned out to be one of rest. In either case, however, the oser must be absolutely at peace. "ey are sorely mistaken who believe a composer at the moment when affected by some emotion or circstance is able to express by means is art exactly what he then feels. owful or joyful feelings may be ospectively reproduced."

hen Tschaikowsky was fired by inprompting to create some work, he d that the work went quickly, proid he were not annoyed.

here is something sonnambulistic in condition of the mind. You are aware that you are living. Such dents cannot be described. Everyt that comes from the pen or is thought (for these creative moes often come at a time when there o opportunity of writing)—everyis good, and if no jostling by the de world recalls ordinary life, the t is the fullest, most complete that can be done by the compos. Unfortunately such disturbances unavoidable; a letter comes, or is the summons to dinner, etc. this is the reason why there are w pieces which are equally beauf from beginning to end."

for the works that are ordered omposer must often bring himself he proper mood, and fight natural tance or laziness. Inspiration may e to be caught, but the composer d constantly pursue. The Russian s by birth from the lack of mencentration.

halkowsky states that he seldom without musical thoughts: "If I n normal condition, I may truly hat I can compose at any mo of the day. I note my sketches on the first good piece of paper and write in a very abbreviated form. A tune never appears alone, but always with the harmony that goes with it. And in general these two elements of music together with rhythm can never be separated from one another; that is, each melodic thought carries with it a specific harmony and has necessarily a determined rhythmic organization. If the harmony be very complicated, then I carry out somewhat the leading of the various voices when I am making the sketch; but when there is simple harmony, I put down only the bass, or thorough-bass figures, and sometimes nothing at all. If the sketch be of an orchestral piece, then the thoughts appear in a particular instrumental dress, which is sometimes changed later on.

"Words can never be written after the music, for as soon as the music fits the text, this text requires a suitable musical expression. It is perhaps possible to insert words when the tune is a paltry one, but never when the piece is seriously intended. And so it is impossible to write an orchestral work and then foist on it a program; for each episode of a set program demands corresponding musical illustration.

"This period of the work, this sketching, is extremely interesting and agreeable and it affords indescribable pleasure, but it is accompanied by restlessness and nervous excitement. There is little sleep, and one forgets to eat. On the other hand the completion of the sketch is a peaceful task. To orchestrate a mature and thoroughly considered piece—this is gay work. I cannot say the same of finishing pieces for piano or the voice—this is often a bore."

Tschaikowsky in the course of his letter speaks in somewhat technical language about his ideas of form; and he says that "innumerable new and beautiful melodic combinations may be made with the artful aid of rhythm out of the harmonic notes of the scale alone." In this he does not agree, it appears, with Mr. Reginald de Koven, who when reproached for certain melodic reminiscences in his operettas, replied that there were no new tunes possible.

* * *

The first performance of the Choral Art Society in Trinity Church is looked forward to with peculiar interest. Much of the music is appropriate for the Christmas season, and pieces by the older composers will undoubtedly be more effective in a church than in a concert-room. Little is known about Giuseppe Corsi, except that he was a choirmaster at Rome and wrote music shortly after the middle of the 17th century. Sethus Calvisius, who died in 1615 or 1617 at Leipsic, was a singular person. The son of a peasant, he became widely known as an astrologer, musician, poet, historian. The stars told him that on a certain day in 1602 a serious accident would happen to him. That day he determined to keep his room, to be free from danger. His pen needed mending, so he took up a penknife, which slipped from his hands. He put his knees together to catch it. The knife entered his right leg, and he consequently limped the rest of his life. This story might go as a footnote to Bret Harte's "Fate."

* * *

Mr. Charles M. Bent has resigned the Presidency of the Worcester County Musical Association after some years of faithful and intelligent service. Col. Samuel E. Winslow is now urged to fill the position, and friends of the association hope that he will accept it. The deficit this last season amounts to $2300. There is much discussion in Worcester over the problem. Some think that there should be an endowment fund; that the annual expenses should not exceed $12,000; that "more popular programs would enlist support from the middle classes." I regret that there is any attempt to introduce class distinctions in Worcester, which is a thriving manufacturing town where all the leading citizens know the meaning of the word "work." Let us not take this too seriously. The Festival of 1902 was musically one of the three most important festivals in the history of the association both in character of works performed and in performance. Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Kneisel had the advantage of Mr. Chadwick's work as an immediate predecessor and pioneer. It seems to an outsider—and yet outsiders have long been interested in this association, that there are these courses: maintain the present high character of the festival and if necessary dispense with expensive stars; frankly return to the old-fashioned singing convention; or abandon the festivals. There are church singers in Boston who would have sung the soprano part in Parker's "Hova Novissima," better than Suzanne Adams did at the last Festival; at least they would have taken the trouble to learn the notes. And why should Mr. Campanari have been engaged to murder the baritone part in Fauré's "Birth of Venus"? He did not slaughter the music; he killed it by neglect. Fortunately for all an endeavor will be made to establish the association on a solid foundation, and there is no thought of replacing Messrs. Goodrich and Kneisel by cheaper and noisier men.

* * *

Miss Geraldine Farrar, formerly of Boston, sang in concert last month in Berlin songs by Massenet, Tosti, Rogers and others. Otto Lessmann paid her complimentary attention in his "Allegemeine Musik-Zeitung"; he did not gush over her performance, nor was he wantonly or flippantly destructive. He said her songs were not suited to the occasion—for the concert was for the organ fund of the American Church. "Her voice in the hall of the Hochschule sounded full and flexible. The middle tones are not very noble and she is inclined to force her upper ones, indeed, she should devote herself to the development of her upper register. The charm of her voice vanishes when she sings in German." And Mr. Lessmann urges this singer, so richly endowed, to study thoroughly the fundamental principles of vocal art. probable that he never saw it.

Mascagni's teacher, Alfredo Soffredini, wrote an opera founded on Lamartine's "Graziella," and it was performed lately at Pavia. "Both book and music are deplorably bad. The local critics, rather kindly disposed, use the words: 'empty, incongruous, diffuse, noisy, obscure.' There are said to be many reminiscences, and there is no originality except perhaps in the abuse of 'long violin tirades.'"

## MRS. HOPEKIRK'S RECITAL.

### Interesting Novelties by Vincent d'Indy and Claude Debussy, and Fine Piano Playing—Miss Webster's Lecture.

Mrs. Helen Hopekirk played these pieces yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall:

Sonata, G minor.....Schumann
Impromptu, A flat.....Schubert
From "Tableaux de Voyage".....D'Indy
Mazurka and waltz.....Chopin
Sonata, F sharp, op. 78.....Beethoven
Deux Arabesques, E and G.....Debussy
Fireside Tales op. 61.....MacDowell

Vincent d'Indy wrote in 1889 a group of 13 piano pieces entitled "Tableaux de Voyage." Mrs. Hopekirk chose for performance five of them: "?"; "La Poste"; "Départ Matinal"; "Lac Vert"; "Fête de Village." They are charming sketches, delicately conceived and colored, full of suggestion; little works that could be imagined only by a great master. They are so free from commonplaces. Think of how many times music; and then see how discreetly the music; and then see how discreetly he is employed by d'Indy. The "Village Festival" has jollity enough, but there is no foolish attempt at the realism of Teniers. A sensitive musician receives impressions during his journey; and these impressions were shaped according to his own eyes. As Baudelaire finely said: "The landscape is in the eye of the beholder." Most beautiful of all in romantic feeling was the page to which d'Indy gave an interrogation mark as a title.

Debussy's two Arabesques are also fascinating, though they come nearer to the Salon. They are distinguished by rhythmic grace and exquisite harmonic thought. Mrs. Hopekirk played the second one admirably. She did not catch the spirit of the first, which for the most part should be vague and fleeting, subdued, a twilight whisper. She made the music too formal, and it was all too pronounced, too precise, too clearly enunciated. And a pianist should remember that the French write for gentle and tinkling instruments. At times Mrs. Hopekirk was incongruously heroic. Debussy, even in his earlier works, is always a man of nuances and hints. He never deliberately addresses the hearer; and he never shouts.

Mrs. Hopekirk played MacDowell's "From a German Forest"; "Of Salamanders"; "An Old Love Story"; "Br'er Rabbit"; "By Smouldering Embers." These pieces will not enlarge the composer's reputation. They fall below the level of his "Sea-Pieces" and are too often as a twice-told tale. This composer of rare force and imagination has said these things before with greater authority.

It is a pity that the storm conspired against Mrs. Hopekirk, for her performance deserved a crowded house. Seldom, if ever, has she maintained such a high standard of excellence. Her interpretation of Schumann's sonata was poetic; she contrived to make Beethoven's sonata endurable—in spite of his affection for it the sonata is not one of his strong works; and the fastidious d'Indy would have been pleased with his interpreter.

*Philip Hale.*

## MISS WEBSTER'S LECTURE.

In Chickering Hall yesterday afternoon Miss Webster gave a concert lecture on the evolution of the piano. She had an interesting collection of instruments, including a spinet, a clavichord, a harpsichord, and early and modern pianos; and in the course of the lecture a number of selections were played illustrative of the subject. These were divided, according to the program, into four groups: English virginal music, harpsichord and clavichord music (including works of J. S. Bach and Handel), early piano music and modern piano music. The third group consisted of a fantazia by C. P. E. Mach, in five short movements; and the fourth of a MacDowell Prelude and Richard Strauss's "Traeumerei."

Miss Webster traced the growth of the instrument, from the ancient so-called monochord, through the clavichord, harpsichord and spinet to the modern grand piano. Her account was interesting and authoritative; she has a good speaking voice, considerable facility with the instruments, and a sense of humor. The audience was small on account of the storm, but very well-pleased and enthusiastic.

Mansey talks to Dec 15 1902

I remember one saying of General Lambert's: "That the best of men are but men at the best;" of this you will meet with divers examples in this rude and hastie collection.

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Somebody asked us why we retailed petty gossip about distinguished men and women, play-actors and play-actresses, singing-men and singing-women, fiddlers, politicians, jurists, lion tamers, colonial novelists, murderers, acrobats. "Of what use is this gossip? Of what profit to know that in some village a crack-brained person did a fantastic deed, or that in a police court a defendant brought forward a preposterous excuse? Great men have their foibles; beneficent women have their weaknesses: but would it not be better to record only heroic deeds and wise sayings?"

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It was a Frenchman who invented the term, "a human document," and we believe that human documents deserve careful study; that more can be learned from men, women, children, animals, plants, than from books. There are selfish and cruel plants, which may serve as warning-posts; there are four-legged animals, there are insects, from whom we may learn wisdom, prudence, courage, affection. In the daily routine of the meanest man there is something that will bear inspection and incite consideration.

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Generalities are of little importance, whether they glitter or be dull. John Milton is to you a shadowy person. You think of him as a blind man who wrote "Paradise Lost," a sublime poem for which he received £5. But if you should happen to read the sketch of his life by prying Aubrey you would become acquainted with these facts: Milton rose at 4 A. M. even after he could not see; he went to bed at 9; he rarely drank between meals; he had trouble in pronouncing the letter R; he used to walk three or four hours at a time; "he was visited by learned much more than he did desire;" he seldom took any physic and was cheerful even in a fit of the gout, when he often would sing; he was a spare man and his eyes were dark gray; he was extremely pleasant in his conversation and at dinner, supper, but satirical; when he was 10 years old his school-teacher, a Puritan, cropped his hair. Milton now assumes human form. He is more like men you would meet and with whom you discuss the weather, the coal problem, politics, business. He, too, was bored by the learned. And you may be tempted to look into "Paradise Lost" to see what he had to say.

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There was an ancient philosopher who insisted that the world would be better if each man had a window in his breast through which the workings of his heart, the mental clockwork, might be observed; for in those days the soul was not supposed to be merely gray matter in the head-box. We are all curious about the motives and the actions of others. We are too inclined to argue concerning another as though he should think and act as we should think and act in like circumstances; whereas the secret of social life and reasonable understanding is to put oneself in the place of another.

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Take the servant question. If you consult housekeepers you will be told that never was there such difficulty in securing good servants as now; that the girls are impudent in their demands and inefficient in their work. Cato had difficulty with his servants and he framed for them strange rules and regulations. We know this because a rare old gossip named Plutarch told us so.

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A negro is burned alive in some Southern State; a play-actress swallows a watch for consequent press notices; a rich man gives a public gift and makes a whimsical condition; a college President doubts whether a highly educated girl is naturally inclined toward matrimony; a pugilist whoops his defiance in grotesque language; a parlor-maid leaves a household because she is

made nervous by the piano of Miss Arabella; a well-to-do farmer will not live with his wife because she at last refuses to make the fire; Mr. Muscagni is escorted by policemen through New York as though Mafia ruled the city, a bit of opera-bouffe composed by his manager; all these things deserve notice and comment; they are illustrative of daily life.

Suppose that such incidents are told baldly, without rhetorical flourish or color: the cynicism is in the facts themselves, not in the narrator.

To understand one another: to appreciate the different material and mental conditions; to check impatience and scorn; to aid without implied superiority; to realize the common infirmities of poor human nature; all this cannot be learned from books, from labor in a secluded tower of ivory, from omphalic contemplation; we learn humanity from men and women, from their weaknesses as well as from their strength.

# VIOLIN RECITAL OF NEMES, THE HUNGARIAN

## Song Recital of Miss Janet Spencer and U. S. Kerr.

Mr. Dezsö Nemès, violinist, gave his second recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Mrs. Nemès was the pianist. There was a good-sized and well-pleased audience.

Mr. Nemès is a Hungarian, and while no one would reasonably expect him to suggest constantly the czardas or even the Kossuth hat, the advantage of birthplace arouses anticipation of piquant and dashing rhythm, freedom of interpretation and gypsy-like fancy. Temperament is supposed to be as characteristically Hungarian as is paprika or gulasch.

Now while Mr. Nemès played much better than at his first recital in Chickering Hall, he gave pleasure yesterday by the smooth and pleasingly sentimental interpretation of pieces of a salon order and by the appreciative simplicity of his reading of a sonata by Mozart in F major than by the display of native fire and fury. In Wieniawski's concerto in D minor his intonation was not always pure, and, although there were like lapses later in the concert, he infused the Romance with feeling and often showed fluency of technique, the interpretation as a whole was not authoritative, not even in the Finale, where his Hungarian blood should have told. On the other hand, he played Bach's familiar air without yielding to undue sentimentalism or affectation of any kind; he was poetic in the transcription of "Oh! Night," from Felicien David's once popular "Desert," which inspired John Phoenix's amusing analysis of the "Ode Symphony: The Plains"; and he was warmly applauded after d'Ambrosio's Canzonetta. In the Hungarian Poems" by Hubay one might have reasonably wished more recklessness. Saint-Saens's "Introduction and Rondo" was also on the program. The accompaniments were played more discreetly than at the first recital.

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Miss Janet Spencer, contralto, and Mr. U. S. Kerr, bass, gave a song recital last night in Chickering Hall. Mrs. Longley accompanied. There were songs by Schubert, Berger, Saint Saëns, Lalo, Holmès, Foote Chadwick, Lehmann, Allitsen, Fisher, and by others whose names are as misprints.

Miss Spencer's most ambitious number was an aria from Rossini's "Cinderella," the aria on which so many variations have been founded. It gave an opportunity of judging her proficiency in bravura. The art of singing such florid arias is well-nigh dead. Rossini wrote for peculiarly well-trained singers who were not in awe of any vocal difficulty. He intended that this song should be the outpouring of joy; but the singers of today make us think first of a task to be accomplished, a vocal exercise. Miss Spencer has a certain flexibility, but still the chief thought of the hearer was of a task that was bravely attempted. She was much more successful in Saint Saëns' "La Cloche," which she sang with marked intelligence, in Lalo's "L'Esclave," and in the group of English songs and ballads. The true alto tones of her voice are of beautiful quality, and they wield their full sway in contemplative or sombre measures. The singer has also her lighter moods, wherein she is arch without undue effort. Occasionally she would injure a phrase by heavy and unmeaning accentuation of the final word.

Mr. Kerr has a noble voice, large in compass, rich and vibrant in quality, and he is generally master of his tones. He has still much to learn in the matter of interpretation. He was best when he was simplest, and without the too evident desire to impress. He mistook the essential character of Verdi's Romance, and yet in this very song the voice itself was heard to marked advantage. Too often his idea of expression was an unreasoning series of strong contrasts, a continual see-saw between forte and piano. He has yet to acquire the art of subordinating details to the one chief idea of the composer; the art of leading to a climax or maintaining a mood.

There was a large and applausive audience.

*Philip Hale.*

They say that ex-Speaker Reed enjoyed photographers' show-windows. "He would study the pictures of public men, most of whom were personally known to him, as if they exercised a great attraction over him." All healthy and broad-minded persons are fond of shows, whether it be Leigh Hunt peering into shop windows in search of joyous copy, or Thackeray and Leech watching the animals at the Zoo or deeply moved by the fireside tragedy of Punch and Judy, or some shrewd New Englander looking with head askew and half-shut eyes at a coronation.

The child who finally frets the mother by the iteration of "Mamma! buy me that!" is father of the man that looks with philosophic eyes at astounding "neckwear," suits of clothes that shriek for an immediate trial, toys, prints, toilet articles—all exposed to the public. No wonder that a man of Mr. Reed's wit and knowledge of his fellows often stopped before the photographers' show case. No doubt he was especially amused and sometimes amazed by unexpected qualities and characteristics that were revealed for the first time, even to him, a keen observer, by the light and the photographer as conspirators together. Nor is it improbable that by this study Mr. Reed sometimes gained a useful knowledge of the foibles, as well as the mental processes of his associates.

You think you are well acquainted with Mr. Johnson, whom you have known from boyhood. You were at college together; you have served on the same committee; your wives have no cause to be unfriendly; and once a year at least you give each other conventional and mutually approved dinners. Asked, "what sort of a man is Johnson?" you would answer: "A solid business man and an excellent citizen; perhaps he is a little too conservative, but that is not the worst failing in the world." And you hand down judicially this opinion as though it were concerning yourself. That is, you would have made this answer last week; but yesterday you saw a photograph of Johnson, which revealed unexpected traits, failings. His hair was too deliberately arranged; his cravat was distinctively Corinthian, not at all the thing for a man of his age and standing; there was a self-conscious cock of the eye. You have been deceived: Johnson at heart is frivolous.

Edward Simmons, the artist, who now lives in New York—many distinguished Boston artists prefer a remunerative life in New York to fine and empty appreciation in this city—insists that when a man begins to be anxious about his facial decorations he shows a woful lack of self-confidence. The thought is rich in suggestion. A man may constantly be trimming his whiskers as sails for favoring winds. He says to himself: "I have been wearing a plain commercial beard, and although I have a good business, I am not treated with much distinction. Too many call me Bill. I think I'll wear a Van Dyck." Or Slapperton shaves his upper lip in hope of hearing favorable criticism from young women—something about "classic features," "a mouth like Cupid's bow." You know some who are solicitous about their whiskers; they educate them carefully; they water them and expose them to the sun; they are uneasy if nothing is said about their ornament, or if they do not detect any silent intensity of admiration. Occasionally such a one comes to the conclusion in the night watches that his life has been a failure; and in the morning he takes up the long abandoned razor. Beware of him that rejoices in hirsute surprises. He may be the upright man of the poet Horace, but he is not fixed in his design.

Punch says that the first sentence in Mr. Henry James's new story will run six months as a serial in an American journal. Stopford Brooke is named as his rival, because he built a sentence that fills 32 lines of small print in his book on Browning. Rufus Choate and William M. Evarts were famous for the length of their sentences, but we doubt if any one in a purely literary work in the English language ever equaled the magnificent, the incredible verbal burst of Hazlitt in his description of Coleridge's mind in "The Spirit of the Age." This sentence of Hazlitt fills over four pages. Yet the essayist is famous as the man of the short sentence: not the staccato, which has the force of the op-gun; but the sentence that carries an independent thought and speeds its way as an arrow to the butt.

The account of our old friend, Capt. Kidd, published lately in a magazine, is disappointing in this: there is no reference to the fact that some chroniclers refer to him as Robert, not William. Consult "The Pirate's Own Book," a volume that will be welcomed as a Christmas gift by any live boy. What do we find? Opposite the picture of the eminent pirate hanging in chains is this sentence: "Among the distinguished individuals who lurked about the colonies, was Capt. Robert Kidd." Furthermore, in the "exact copy" of the commission granted by William III., we find "To our trusty and well beloved Capt. Robert Kidd, Commander of the Ship the Adventure galley." It is the same old captain, who "previous to sailing buried his Bible on the seashore in Plymouth (Eng.) Sound"; but was his first name Robert or William? Fortunately there is no dispute about Moor, the gunner, whose skull Kidd broke with a bucket; his name was William.

Some are surprised that the late Mr. Crocker, a shrewd man of affairs, should have consulted his friend President Eliot concerning the advisability of a second marriage; but no one wonders because he did not follow President Eliot's advice. There are men who seek wisdom and thus court opposition merely to strengthen their own resolve. Acquiescence or approval is the last thing they desire; and often they that apparently are in doubt, they that say: "Now what do you think? What should you do? You know how highly I value your opinion"—these are the ones of adamantine resolution. They know what they want; but for some strange reason, perhaps for the sake of mere mental activity, they wish what may be called a posthumous debate. They are not like Panurge, who framed his questions before Pantagruel so artfully that the latter was obliged as a reasonable man to reply alternately: "Mary then," or "Then do not marry."

Count Scheremetieff will probably succeed Mr. Pobledonostzeff as Procurator General. It would seem from the former's name that the Russian Liberals will now have an easier time.

Which is the more useful system of penmanship in practical life, the "vertical" or the "slant"? This question is eagerly discussed. We hear an artist reasoning curiously on the subject at the Pophyry. He insists that the natural motion of the right hand of boy, woman or man is from right to left; the "slant" is natural; the "vertical" or the "back-handed" is an affectation. It is true that scriveners in law offices before the introduction of the typewriter followed as a rule the vertical system but this was an enforced style, just as many today in writing for the printer use the Greek "e"—that is when they do not forget themselves and follow early training. Experts on handwriting have fallen into disrepute both in court and out of it; yet when a man writes without thought of style he betrays certain characteristics. It is said that small men are inclined to write a big hand just as they stand erect, throw out the chest, assume a gruff and formidable voice; while big men often write a small, fine hand; and thus the doctrine of Schopenhauer concerning the natural selection of a mate—the theory of violent contrasts—may be applied to penmanship.

Some pride themselves on illegibility. We have known musicians who sinned in this respect because Beethoven was in the habit of penning a blind scrawl. Vanity is often betrayed by the signature, which with an accompanying flourish was in olden times something like a coat-of-arms and was not supposed to resemble the body of the letter. And often the more insignificant the name, the more impressive the flourish.

We have read somewhere that the "slant" system was an imitation of italics in type which first appeared in an Aldine. We do not vouch for the truth of this story. We know that few women of the highest rank in the 14th century could write, and the plays of Congreve and Wycherley show that writing was not a fashionable accomplishment for the women of their time. Our mothers wrote a fine, slanting, delicate hand, called the Italian, and in these days when so many girls are manly in handwriting the old faded letters are as sweet and refreshing as the odor of lavender which perfumes the bridal robe worn oh, so many years ago, but still sacredly preserved.

Who knows but it will yet be the fashion for women to adopt the perpendicular style of penmanship, the orbicular, or the boustrophedon, in which the lines are written alternately from right to left and from left to right, like the course of the plow in successive furrows?

The Evening Post (N. Y.) speaks of L. Frank Tooker's "The Call of the Sea, and Other Poems" as "one of the many volumes justly dedicated to E. C. Stedman by grateful young poets." Mr. Tooker is a Yale man, a graduate of the class of '77, if we are not mistaken, and he is now 45 or 46 years old. When does a poet, according to the Post, arrive at maturity? Keats and Chatterton were babes and sucklings; Byron a mere lad. Our ingenious contemporary, the Sun, insists that a man should have a "good time" until he is 90; "that is soon enough to begin work;" and we suppose a man need not put on his full suit of sing-song clothes until he is 75 or 80 and is on intimate terms with Life. Mr. Tooker in college was a quiet, retiring youth, whose graceful and fanciful verse attracted the attention of his teachers and impressed even his fellow-students, who were not naturally inclined to look kindly on a poet.

The question of longevity has always interested mortals, who regard it, perhaps justly, as a vital matter. You read the other day a list of men and women in the United States who reached or overstepped the goal of a hundredth year. Centuries ago the mocking Lucian drew up in all seriousness a list of persons who had lived to a very advanced age, and wrote a curious preface in which he addressed his friend Quintillus: "Though (insignificant as this short treatise may appear) you may nevertheless

from it a two-fold advantage, ie one hand encouragement, and hope that you may arrive at an lly advanced age; and on the the excellent lessons you may e from these examples, that pre- those who have taken the most of the mind as well as the body, hey who in perfect health have ied the extremity of age."

Dec 18 1902

# PV. ROBERT WHINEREY

# HE TENOR TO ROYALTY

## t Concert of the Boston Sing- ng Club Under Mr. Tucker.

e Rev. Robert Whinerey, who gave llad concert last night in Steinert l, is an extraordinary apparition. rs of great wealth have visited country. Jean de Reszke has vast sums by singing and horse- g. Tamagno has amassed a for- by his stupendous voice and a t that included, they say, the per- l washing of his more intimate ents. But they and such as they in all cases tax the resources of agers who would fain engage . Mr. Whinerey is rich in his right, in land and beeves and of the realm, and precious stones, word, in all manner of corporeal in corporeal hereditaments. He nself gratefully acknowledges the yet without arrogance or vain- . Nor does he use his fortune hly. In the ripeness of his years, oes about singing ballads of the and home.

A has not corseted his sweet sim- y. He is as unaffected on the as a little child creeping across loor. He is as frank and spon- ous as a phenomenon of nature.

A ital by him is literally an en- inment, an amusement if there y soundness in the definition of sement as pleasurable excite- or diversion. For the Rev. Mr. Whinerey constantly surprises; sur- excites; and last evening the un- ted was invariably pl rable. T him music is not son ng tic, literary, or e narrowly tional. He regards song as rly emotional; he insists on the e importance of melody, and he ittle sympathy with the art the- of Richard Strauss or the rules he radical hyper-modern French l. It is true that his idea of a oser's melody is fluid, not rigid, and he has his own views as to ation; but he believes in the tra- ns of the old English ballad sing- As these traditions are well- extinct, his interpolated ca- s were refreshingly novel. At s his emotions overcame him, his voice was so soft and low only the accompanist heard him; by a liberal use of gesture he stably conveyed his meaning e audience, which throughout the ng was deeply moved and wildly usive.

ere is more than one string to ute. He is not merely a senti- alist, a singer of love songs and and mother; he is a laughter- ker as well as a tear-compeller; so he sounded the gamut of hu- emotion from "Ye Banks and s" to "Little Pigs Lie in the Best raw" and "London Cries." To last ditties he played a singu- original accom animent that was cted, it seemed, according to cred musical canons of the al- -eyed Orientals.

paraphrase Liszt's saying about uelow, Mr. Whinerey is not the st tenor; he is not the greatest lan; but he is a great, a unique cter.

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Blanche Kilduff, soprano, sang lly d with a pure, agreeable songs by Henschel and others. Glenn Priest, violinist, played by Vieuxtemps and Sarasate much taste and with a display of true and more than ordinary ment.

*Philip Hale.*

## BOSTON SINGING CLUB.

The Boston Singing Club, Mr. Tucker, conductor, gave the first concert of the second season last evening in Chickering Hall. The club was assisted by Miss Maude Reese-Davies and Mr. Stephen Townsend. Miss Davies was suffering from a severe cold and an apology was made in her behalf. The program included motets and part songs by Gallus, Burdett, Pitt, Dvorak, Benedict, Tschaikowsky. A motet "Why Standest Thou Afar off," by the late Josiah Bradlee, sung last season, was repeated, and thus a tribute was paid the memory of a warm friend of the society. Ethelbert Nevin's "The Quest," a posthumous work, was performed for the first time. It will not enhance the reputation of this graceful melodist. The club sang as a rule without much attention to light or shade, and the concert as a whole was monotonous. The second concert will be on Feb. 11, when excerpts from operas rarely or never given in this country will be performed.

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Mr. Andrew Carnegie offered to give $500,000 to the Philharmonic Society of New York to put life into that venerable institution. If he should persist in spending any amount for the accomplishment of this object, he would soon have little left for library buildings, Gothic, Doric or pointed Ironic. Fortunately for him, his proposal was not accepted, probably because the canny Scot insisted that somebody else should raise another half million.

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Sir Charles Hartopp, Lady Hartopp and Earl Cowley have all been proved to be worthy members of the English aristocracy.

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The sufferers in Boston are not going to ask anxiously how coal is brought here. Their only cry is: "Let it come."

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Mr. Sothern in the defence of his wife against rash and frothy statements of a Chicago clergyman is not only chivalric but sane. The day when the sign "The Way to the Pit" was regarded as a sign-board to perdition is happily as one lost in the dark ages.

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Who wrote the memoirs of S. B. Arnold? His style is eminently Corinthian. He recalls the Western orator who never failed to introduce "eagle" and "bugle" in the same sentence, to the wild delight of his hearers.

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Gabriel Harrison, who died at an advanced age in Brooklyn, was a picturesque and extraordinary figure. Much has been said already of his dramatic career, his friendship with Forrest, Charles Kean, and Poe; but there has been little talk about his daguerreotypes. The picture of Walt Whitman in the 1855 edition of "Leaves of Grass"—the famous one of the barbaric yawper in his shirt sleeves and slouch hat—was taken by "Gabe," as Walt and many others called him.

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Dom Carlos made a great hit in Paris, especially when he put repeatedly a dozen pistol bullets into the circumference of a five franc piece with chronic precision.

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Now that Harvard has 4261 students she may reasonably expect an early crop of accomplished oarsmen, football and baseball men. If only the doctrine of the selection of the fittest be applied, without regard to entrance into the inner circles of Boston society!

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We do not understand why Nordica's seasickness should postpone her appearance as Isolde at the Metropolitan. This is an age of realism and in the first act of Wagner's opera Isolde sings on board ship.

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Santa Claus is forbidden by the clergymen of Hamilton, Ohio, to appear at the Christmas entertainments. Life is becoming more and more earnest for children. Soon they will be taught to deny the existence of Jack the Giant-Killer, Robinson Crusoe, Sinbad, and other worthy heroes. As though they will not lose illusions fast enough in later years! It is true, however, that Santa Claus at a Christmas Tree is given to burning his whiskers, and, incidentally, the teachers, children, and the building.

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The essay on longevity by Lucian, to which we referred yesterday, would well bear reprinting, for it reflects the curious theories and fads of his day. Thus the Chaldeans were said to live above a hundred by reason of eating barley bread, which also sharpens the sight; and Gorgias, who killed himself, sated with life at 108, when asked the secret of his great age and perfect health replied: "By going as seldom as possible to eat from home." The joy of living! But on the other hand what fate more terrible that that of the Struldbrugs, as described in the gloomiest, saddest chapter of "Gulliver's Travels"?

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There are college students who in summer drive street cars or wait attentively on the guests at seashore or mountain inns, but at Carnegie Hall, New York, there are students employed as ushers, who, in addition to their wages, "receive the advantages of the best orchestral concerts and other desirable musical entertainments." If one of them does not happen to like the symphony or the concerto, he does not, like Hood's usher, sit remote from all, a melancholy man; but he takes out a text-book and studies it, just as Mr. Henry T. Finck, the eminent critic, has the courage to read a volume of Schopenhauer or some German poet during the performance of a symphony by Brahms or some other austere laborer in the musical vineyard. The other day a subscriber to a concert in Carnegie Hall found some Greek books in a box, and when an usher came to get them, she questioned him, and she was so much interested in the account of his studies that she encouraged him substantially, not by giving him money, not by procuring for him a more profitable position: she introduced him to Miss Helen Gould and Mrs. Russell Sage, and he went away before the intermission ended, "a proud and happy Columbia boy."

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When you see a man in a photograph portrayed as reading a book, something in your heart tells you that he is not reading, but wondering how he will look and what others will say of him. Of course, if an author is represented as reading one of his own books, you do not doubt his self-absorption.

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A home for working girls without parents or natural guardians has just been inaugurated in Paris. It is said that there are 100,000 young women in that city dependent on their own exertions and only 1000 honest homes to receive them; therefore, it is not surprising that the demand for admission to the new home was immediately great. There is room for 90. Board and lodging "under the most pleasant conditions" cost about five dollars a week. Many girls in Boston are unwilling to take advantage of similar institutions; they do not like to be considered "objects of charity;" they find the reasonable rules and regulations irksome; they wish to be "more independent;" and thus from foolish pride or from a mistaken view of the scheme, they persist in being uncomfortable or extravagant. The history of the Stewart Home in New York has been repeated in other cities.

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Sacred music is most effective in a church, and the Choral Art Society wisely will give its first performance this season in Trinity next Friday evening. The music of bygone centuries needs such solemn conditions for proper enjoyment. The vagueness and the mysticism of early Italian and German choral works thus find a congenial home and suggest moods that are hardly awakened in a garish concert-hall.

* * *

So Scotti the handsome baritone of Mr. Grau's company will sing this season the part of the Count in "The Marriage of Figaro," which has been impersonated of late years by Edouard de Reszke. The part requires grace and dash in song and action, and it is not easy for a big man like de Reszke to be romantic. Brother Edouard is naturally logy, and some of the music is too high for him. One of the best Counts during the last 30 years was William Carleton when he sang with Clara Louise Kellogg. His voice was admirably suited to the music, and he was an actor of distinction and authority.

In New York they are still discussing Emma Eames as Tosca. The problem is a simple one: Can a lyric soprano sing effectively an intensely dramatic part? No one questions the beauty of Emma Eames's voice or her skill as a singer; but as Tosca these qualities of her art must necessarily take a second place. Puccini's opera is a melodrama, and the part of the heroine demands first of all an experienced and passionate actress. Scene after scene tries severely both temperament and histrionic art. Emma is fair to look upon; she is always handsomely if often incongruously dressed; she assumes in repose sculptural attitudes; but Tosca is by no means merely a model; she is a throbbing creature, whose quick nerves are racked by the cruel Scarpia. The very qualities that in their proper place distinguish Emma Eames on the operatic stage are those that must war against her success as Tosca. Yet it is pleasant to think of a prima donna anxious to learn new parts even when she must assume a widely foreign personality. You have seen the pictures of that beautiful creature, Lina Cavalieri, who began her career in the cafe-chantant. She worked hard, and won genuine success as Violetta in "La Traviata"; but now the news comes that she made a sad mess at Florence of the heroine's part in "Andrea Chenier," an opera, like "Tosca," dramatic rather than lyrical.

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"Florodora" will be produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens, Paris, early next year. Will Arthur Weld be engaged to conduct it? Here he divided honors with the double sextet; indeed, it is impossible to think of the operetta without him in his conductor's uniform.

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Lillian Blauvelt has been engaged for the next opera season at Covent Garden, where she will probably appear as Marguerite, Juliet, Zerlina, Micaela.

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Max Klinger, the sculptor, has been reproached for representing Beethoven as a demi-god, half naked, seated in an ancient chair. It now appears that this scheme is not original with the sculptor. In 1830 Franz Drake made a sketch for a monument to Beethoven. He represented the composer seated on a curule chair, the arms of which are adorned with heads of griffins; Beethoven is scantily draped, and his shoulders and arms are wholly shown; his legs are covered with a wrap classically folded, and he looks toward heaven for inspiration. In Klinger's statue an eagle looks at Beethoven, who in turn gazes skyward. Of course this does not prove that Klinger copied Drake's sketch, and it is highly probable that he never saw it.

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Hans Huber's new symphony, No. 3, the "Heroic"—for the composer is nothing daunted by the fact that Beethoven used this title—has been played in Zurich, and its success was great. Huber introduces the organ, as in the Boecklin symphony, and in the last movement a tenor voice. The first movement portrays the hero on the battlefield; the second is a funeral march; variations on the Dies Irae form the third movement, and each variation bears a motto: Child, Youth, Man, Greybeard, Hero, Ballet Dancer, Student, Sage, Simpleton, Master. The "Gaudeamus Igitur" is heard in the "Student" variation; and in the last the Marseillaise is rhythmically disguised. The finale is a hymn and the "Sanctus Dominus" is employed.

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The Stranger's Guide to Dresden published lately this paragraph: "Herr Kammersaenger Georg Anthes has informed the management of the Royal Opera of his intention not to return to Dresden. He has therefore broken his contract, which does not expire till May 1, 1905. Such dishonorable conduct needs no comment. During his two months' illness (!) Herr Anthes drew his salary as usual, although he

had already signed with Grau to sing in America for $500 a night, he is also said to have received at that time (a month before his illness) the sum of 50,000 in advance. Herr Anthes has sailed for New York on board the Kronprinz Wilhelm. Besides being excluded from ever again appearing on a German stage Herr Anthes loses his claim to a pension and incurs a very heavy fine." He was not the first Dresden singer to forfeit his pension in hope of becoming exceedingly rich in this country. Emil Fischer could easily tell Mr. Anthes queer experiences.

* * *

They keep on turning novels and short tales into opera librettos, just as the novel of today is soon pitchforked on the dramatic stage. Cesar Cui, the Russian General who writes music, has taken de Maupassant's "Mademoiselle Fifi," and the opera will be produced at Moscow.

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Dec 7 1902

The New York Sun insists that a talk-hall has long been needed in Boston. This view of the social situation here is surprisingly parochial and is born of Ignorance, clad in wretched garments. There are many talk-halls: Faneuil, the Twentieth Century Club rooms, the Subway—but why go through the familiar list? And there is the hall of halls, that stretches from Charles to Tremont and from Beacon to Boylston, the Common, Boston Common, which is to this city what the Porch and the Grove were to the older Athens. Here may be seen and heard philosophers of all schools, the Peripatetic, the Stationary, the Perpendicular, the Horizontal. Idealists are gracefully disporting themselves on the flying-rings of fancy; Materialists have both feet firmly planted near the Frogpond; Agnostics do not know where they shall eat. On Sundays all religions are discussed, maintained, exploded, and within one hour by Park Street clock. Forms of faith or dissent are here invented and discarded. Imperialists and Anti-imperialists lock horns in debate. The keys to wisdom and success hang by the side of the key of the street. The Stagarite himself would be staggered by the thick atmosphere of philosophy. A talk-hall needed in Boston? Go to!

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Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. Arthur Symons are firm in the Neo-Celtic faith. We too have a Neo-Celt in this country, whose style both conversational and literary is poetic and pungent, of lofty imaginative flight and of sledge-hammer force, and his voice is the very inmost voice of "Celtic longing for infinite things the world has never seen." Is it necessary to add that we allude to Dr. John Lawrence Sullivan, who is even now preparing himself for a cycle of other activities in some other life, and is making rigid his roots and branches?

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War has its uses. A Covent Garden seedsman is providing relatives of soldiers who were killed in South Africa with seeds of flowering plants from the battlefields where the soldiers fell.

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Arthur Scheel once led a blameless if noisy life in selling butter and eggs to Philadelphians. Something in his heart told him "You will yet be famous, not by selling indubitably fresh eggs but by singing on the stage." Already he heard the roaring and saw the wreaths after his grand aria. So he went to New York and lifted up his voice in the street, lifted it up in song. It chanced that he sang near the Lambs' Club, and as his tones had long been hardened by out-door practice, the Lambs heard him, ceased their frolics, called him inside, and wept while he poured out "The Holy City." And now his teacher prophesies——Ah, the old familiar story, the tale that serves as guide-board to a teacher. In a few days we shall all be told of Mr. Scheel's progress, Mr. Grau's interest——and the name of the teacher, who, of course, is master of the only genuine Italian method.

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Mr. George R. Sims is responsible for the following atrocious pun: "When the King of Portugal accidentally trod on the toe of the Prince of Wales his Royal Highness remarked that it was 'Dom Carlos' of him." This is worthy of the British Burlesque in its palmiest or "barmiest" days.

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Many Cape Cod cottagers will hear with regret that a trolley line will run from Sandwich station to a point near Chatham light "It is hoped that the line will be opened to Hyannis next July." One of the chief charms of Cotuit and Osterville has been the feeling of remoteness and seclusion. There were no whooping Sunday picnickers loaded with paper bags, canned foods, flasks and effervescent joy. And now back-yards and waterfronts will be a prey to the invaders terrible as an army of caterpillars or locusts.

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It is true the trolley cars will be a convenience to the villagers. Bearse will easily call on Bearse, Crocker on Crocker, Hallett on Hallett, Eldridge on Eldridge, like the deep on deep mentioned in Holy Writ, and the cottagers may be enabled to procure fresh eggs and vegetables at a more reasonable price. Yet some will mourn the sweetly scented privacy of the narrow roads, often merely wheel-traced through scrub-pines and by wild grapes and beach-plums. Only Cape Cod horses would follow such roads, which they prefer to the State highways from West Barnstable to Osterville, and from Osterville to Hyannis. There is no such air as Cape Cod air, no such sand or ponds or cranberries as are on Cape Cod. The trolley line seems an idle luxury.

During a performance of "Little Red Riding Hood," at Reims, the comic hypnotist was through with his business when it was noticed that one of the chorus girls was in a mesmeric sleep. She was taken from the stage, but it was not till 4 A. M. that she could be awakened. The actor-hypnotist knows nothing of the hypnotic art. We have been in theatres where a player who knew nothing of histronic art put the audience in a comatose condition; but to quiet a chorus girl in a comic show is indeed a psychological triumph. Did the manager at the end of the week dock her for lost time or inattention to duty?

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Ferdinand Van Doren died at the age of 95 years in New Jersey, and he was buried in a grave that he had made for himself 25 years ago, at the time his wife died and he believed he soon would follow. This recalls a Mohammedan saying concerning certain things known to no created beings: the time of the Day of Judgment, the time of rain, whether an unborn child shall be male or female, what will happen tomorrow, and when any person is to die. These they call the five keys of sacred knowledge. And they say that Azrael once passed by Solomon and looked earnestly at a certain man who asked the King: "Who is that person?" Solomon answered: "The Angel of Death," whereupon the frightened man begged Solomon to order the wind to bear him to India. Solomon gave the order. Then Azrael said to the King: "I looked so earnestly at that man out of wonder, because that being commanded to take his soul in India, I found him here with thee in Palestine."

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Dec 10 1902

The head of man is the seat of the mind, which insinuates itself into all places and times; reaches the heights, searches the depths and pries into all the recluse cabinets of nature, wherein she hath stored up the most choice and abstruse pieces of her workmanship; and these it contemplates and admires. No wonder, then, if Nature hath been solicitous to lodge so noble a guest "in sanctiore hominis parte," as the philosophers called the head, the most honorable part of man.

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Dr. Dwight showed at a meeting of a social club this week curious heads of old Mexican Indians, if they may be called Indians. It was their practice to remove the bones and then by some process unknown today—was it by baking, or by the use of drugs?—the head of the sage or warrior was reduced to about the size of two fists or one very large fist. The features are in a state of perfect preservation; there is a mass of matted hair; but the whole head is reduced, and in equal proportions, hair and all, as though it were looked at through a diminishing glass. There is nothing grotesque in this shrunken semblance. Say not semblance—for the heads are still intensely human; and they are also indescribably pathetic.

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Was this baking, or pickling, an instance of ancestor-worship, a form of religion that may now be observed in the remoter, more inaccessible regions of the Back Bay? Or was it merely the approved and fashionable form of burial? After Jeremy Bentham died, his body was stuffed and placed in an affable position as though he were welcoming any stray visitor as well as familiar friend. Some, mindful of the disposal of this man who was wondered at in 1825 because he heated and lighted his house by steam, approve, at least in theory, of such household or hall ornaments, especially if the hall be spacious, like unto the atrium of the Romans, in which family busts and, some say, portraits were displayed.

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There are grave objections to stuffed ancestors. In the ordinary flat they take up too much room; they require daily dusting, and a careless servant may damage them seriously, perhaps beyond repair. In summer they are eaten by moths, unless they be subjected to the naphtha process and boxed and sealed against the return of the family from the country, when the ancestors return for winter ornamentation with the ferns and the potted plants. All this requires care and patience, and so many are unwilling to waste these qualities on elderly persons who are alive and members of the household.

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Furthermore, familiarity breeds irreverence, and silence is sometimes considered as indifference. A visitor may easily use Uncle Eliphelet as a hat rack or throw an overcoat over his extended and oratorical arm. A wet umbrella stood up against poor brother John moistens the stuffing so that the hall smells unpleasantly of wet straw or sawdust.

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It is a pity that the process of shrinking heads was lost among these Mexicans. Heads of grandpa and grandma, Aunt Lucinda, Uncle Amos, Cousin Clarissa, and the others might be reduced to either a sitting-room and library or pocket size. They could be neatly arranged on a mantelpiece or bookshelf; there might be one in each room; the one that was so fond of music should be on the piano; in fact, there would be affectionate remembrance as well as an exercise of taste in continual rearrangement. And when the time came for shutting up the house or flat for the summer, a reasonable number of ancestors for cottage use could be carried safely in a hand-bag without extra expense or trouble.

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Mr. Gardner of Essex is a protectionist even in the matter of expectoration.

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The late Mr. Knowlton did not believe as a prosecuting lawyer or as a citizen in capital punishment, which in his report for 1900 he called "a relic of barbarism." When jurors were examined for the Blondin trial, many of the panel stated their insuperable objection to such punishment. Nine-tenths of them, probably all of them, told the truth, and did not invent the excuse for shirking duty. What sensitive man would not shrink from being an accessory to the legal murder of a fellow-being! And what a relief to the members of this particular jury when they found that they were not obliged to return a verdict of death!

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If the Commonwealth by a motion of her mighty arm could immediately after a murder take life for life, there would be at least the idea of romantic, heroic justice. But take a case where the evidence is purely circumstantial, where there is a possibility that witnesses make erroneous statements without any thought of deceiving. The accused is convicted. Then come the appeal, the sentence, the delay which is still supposed by some to be a time granted mercifully for spiritual preparation. If the convicted be guilty, think of the protracted torture; if he be innocent—and innocent men have been hanged by the neck until they were dead — imagine his agony and despair. A man might brave it out on the gallows; and there was a time when an execution was for a holiday, when the one swung into the air was for the moment a hero of the people. But now Death catches his victim in a chair by an unseen and terrible force, a force not wholly understood, and charged with superstitious terror.

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Mr. R. C. Lehmann, oarsman, poet, member of the Punch staff, will try for Parliament and for the fourth time. He would fain escape the gloom of the Punch office for the wild gaiety of the House of Commons.

# CHORAL ART SOCIETY

# MUSIC OF OLD MASTERS

## Motets of Serene Mysticism and Devotion Heard at Trinity.

(By Philip Hale.)

The Choral Art Society, Mr. Wallace Goodrich, conductor, sang last night for the first time this season at Trinity Church, which was filled with a deeply interested audience.

The word "performance" grates when used in connection with pure church music sung in its appropriate home. Nor am I inclined at present to speak in detail of the characteristics of the singing by the chorus, of an ordinary concert in a concert hall. Let us rather consider for a moment the nature and the effect of the music itself; although, it might be said justly that Mr. Goodrich conducted with fine appreciation of the various schools of composition represented, and that the chorus, in spite of a few perhaps inevitable slips in intonation, sang with both the needful delicacy and strength and with general discrimination. With such a chorus, under Mr. Goodrich, we may hope for excellent interpretations of old and new works, that were not intended to be sung merely lustily or perfunctorily.

The older masters were thus represented: Palestrina, "Hodie Christus natus est"; Praetorius, "Es ist ein Ros'"; Giuseppe Corsi, "Adoramus te"; Calvisius, "Christmas Song"; Vittoria, "O Magnum Mysterium" and Bach by two chorals: "Wer nur den lieben Gott" and "Er munter dich." The modern composers were H. W. Parker, with "Jam sol recedit"; C. M. Loeffler, "By the Rivers of Babylon," for female chorus, two flutes, 'cello, harp and organ; and Widor's mass for two choirs and two organs.

The feature of features last evening was the wondrously beautiful "Adoramus te," by Corsi. Not only is every opening the full expression of adoring praise and love, but the whole motet is ineffably spiritual throughout, far removed from thought of earth and care; it is the outpouring of a simple, devout soul to whom mere words were as vain babble. To be compared with this is the mysticism of the opening of Vittoria

et, so inimitably simple, yet as a
phic voice marveling at the birth
Bethlehem and lost in awe on that
lit night. Fine as the motet by
estrina is, it falls below the heav-
strains of Corsi and Vittoria;
le "Es ist ein Ros'" seems of
d German manufacture, sweet
dignified, but of a homelier
ol, and the Christmas Song of
visius seems a thing of naive repe-
ns.

he second of the chorals by Bach
the more effective; the singing
choral, without accompaniment,
ces the music to the level of any
song, nor does the average
al admit of too much and too art-
xpression. Mr. Parker's "Hymn"
ell wnown here, and it held its
last evening.

. Loeffler's "Psalm" was pro-
d by this society last season. It
highly imaginative work, with
continual suggestion of oriental
ntation and a foreign landscape.
e are passages where I could
for some more plastic instru-
t than the organ. The ending is
larly effective, and the whole
is poetic in the highest sense.

e Mass of Widor brought the
er securely back to earth with its
and circumstance. What a de-
brazen, heartless appeal for
y is this Parisian Kyrle! How
emoved from the spirit of the
masters, Palestrina, Corsi, Vitto-
is this music of Widor, with its
entional genuflections and polite
ring of thanks for success in
ess! The old music and the old
seem now as of another world.
e was one modern composer who
t the spirit and had the faith:
ame was César Franck.

Dec 21, 1902

he program of the eighth Sym-
ny concert was as follows:

phony in D (B. & H., 10)....Haydn
certo No. 1 in B flat minor.....
..... .....Tschaikowsky
phonic Poem "The Aeolidae"..
..... .....Franck
ch of the Three Holy Kings
from "Christus".....Lizst

he orchestra returned from its sec-
trip with fresh laurels. In New
k, although the weather was most
greeable, the hall was twice
vded, and the critics, whether or
they rolled one eye toward Mr.
ter Damrosch while they regarded
Gericke with the other, vied in ex-
sions of admiration and affection
the band of superb players, Mr.
isel as soloist, and Mr. Gericke,
next to Mr. Higginson and
ugh Mr Higginson is the founder
his splendid and renowned so-
ty.

he 100th concert of the Boston
phony Orchestra in New York
given on Thursday, Dec. 11, at
egie Hall, and Mr. Kneisel played
's concerto in A minor. The first
arance of the orchestra in New
was at Steinert Hall on Feb. 14,
when the program was as fol-
Overture to "Oberon;" Beetho-
concerto for violin (Mr. Knei-
Handel's Largo; Beetoven's
Symphony, and Mr. Gericke was
onductor.

s the custom to present a some-
lighter program than usual at
oncert that follows immediately
oncerts of the trips. The or-
era deserves this consideration,
he audience does not lose by it.
season of the year the conductor
arranges a program that suits
yous week and looks for some-
Christmasly, to use a good old
ete adjective. There is little or-
al music that is specifically
masly. There is the beautiful-
e page of Handel in "The Mes-
there is the more elaborate and
ealistic Christmas Pastorale of
but these should not be repeat-
ntinually, and I fear that Mr.
Rowe Shelley's overture "San-
us" would hardly fill the bill.
ericke went to Liszt's "Chris-
and found there two orchestral
: "The Shepherds' Song" and
arch of the Three Holy Kings."
ever one had been played, the
ice would surely have yearned
for the other not yet heard. Liszt is a dazzling figure in the history of music. The innate nobility, generosity and humanity of the man are more and more appreciated. His boldness and originality as a musician are more and more recognized. He and Berlioz gave the impetus to the modern movement, and 50 years ago he was doing many things much better—O so much better!—than composers of today, who are doing in their way the same things with shrieks of "Look at this" and self-appreciative patting of the head. But often when Liszt entered the door of the church he began to babble and chatter in ecstacy that was really an attack of the vapors. Then the expression of his emotion is artificial, his pathos is bathos, and the incense has the old familiar smell of the footlights. Better his bombast, however, than his simulated simplicity.

A Symphony by Haydn was appropriate, for in the lively movements is unpremeditated jollity, the gaiety that needs no stimulant, no spur.

César Franck's "The Aeolidae" may not be one of his strongest works, but it is charming in the infinite harmonic variety, and it is characteristic of the composer. We know little of the tastes of Franck. We know that he looked something like an honest country notary, that his heart was that of a little child, that his life was devoted to his family, which included his pupils, and the church in which he devoutly worshipped as organist and man. We are also told that, like some others deeply absorbed, he wore his trousers at half-mast. We are not instructed as to his favorites among authors, painters, musicians, or whether he were happier in town or country. He did not write music from the view-point of a landscapist, as Mendelssohn in his "Hebrides" overture and in the Scotch Symphony. And in this Symphonic poem there is more the delight of a composer playing with a whispering, caressing theme, the breath of a soft wind, and watching its freakish metamorphoses, than any attempt at pictorial delineation. Perhaps the work is first of all a tour de force; but it is of rare kaleidoscopic beauty, with the endless succession and rearrangement of exquisite tints and figures.

The concerto by Tschaikowsky must still be reckoned among the great works of that master and among the few great piano concertos of the world. That it was produced for the first time in this city must always be a plume in the musical cap of the town, although Von Buelow's choice of a birthplace for it was perhaps accidental. Mr. Harold Randolph of Baltimore was known here as a sound, musical pianist, more at home, we all thought, in the chamber than in the brilliant concert hall. His spirited performance of the concerto was, therefore, the more of a surprise. The concerto is not a work to submit tamely to scholastic treatment, nor will it be won by merely a soothing appeal. It needs a hot-blooded master. In connection with Mr. Randolph's performance, it is interesting to note that he has studied solely in this country.

* * *

Miss Helen Henschel will make her first appearance this evening in oratorio at the Handel and Haydn concert. Her mother, the exquisite concert, or rather chamber singer, also sang in "The Messiah" for the Handel and Haydn in 1880 and in 1897. If I am not mistaken Mrs. Henschel sang Dec. 19, 1897, for the last time with this venerable society. Mr. John S. Dwight wrote of her in 1880 ("History of the Handel and Haydn Society"): "Miss Lillian Bailey, singing here for the first time since her studies in Paris and her successful career in England, took the soprano solos, and considering her youth and the yet juvenile though much-improved quality of her voice in firmness, evenness and fulness, acquitted herself most creditably." She was married the next year to Mr. Henschel at the Second Church in Boylston Street.

To say anything in advance of the performance except to allude to the natural curiosity and to express the wish that the daughter may yet prove to be the admirable rival of the mother would be unnecessary if not impertinent.

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Yet it may here be said that in the performances of "The Messiah" four of the eight singers are taken from Boston rather than from New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Terre Haute. Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Hunt and Mr. Merrill are of this city, and Miss Henschel may call this city her home.

But for the first performance of Dubois' "Paradise Lost" who have been engaged? Mrs. Seygard, a graceful soprano, by training, elegance and finesse suited to the Opera Comique of Paris; Mr. Dippel, an earnest laborer in the German vineyard of song; Mr. de Gogorza, who is, I believe, a Spaniard, and Mr. Journet, who is a French opera singer. Mrs. Homer, the only American, once lived here. The announcement reads like a program of years long dead with its row of "Mme.," "Herr," "Sig.," "M." And will they sing in English? Or will the speech be amusing polyglot?

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There are so many young singers here who have no opportunity of being heard by the public and whom the managers of societies do not take the trouble to hear. The managers do not answer their letters of inquiry, even when the stamp of courtesy is inclosed. Surely there are singers imported who are inferior to available local singers. It would be so easy to name names. Is it really necessary to go to Bohemia or Russia when a baritone is needed?

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Then there are men and women here who are inclined to hide their light under a bushel. A pupil of Liszt will play only once a year! And then to a few friends. Another pianist after years of patient study abroad seeks relief for his nerves in the study of the law. There are amateurs who have studied singing seriously and intelligently, as Mrs. Francis Batcheller, who was advised by Marchesi to direct her musical course with the opera-comique steadily in view.

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We publish today portraits of Miss Henschel, Mrs. Batcheller and with them a peculiarly interesting portrait of Mrs. Jane Dieulafay, the explorer, archaeologist,—and in what direction has not her activity shot like quicksilver?—the woman who wrote a drama, "Parysatis" for Camille Saint-Saens, when he said in her presence that he had long desired a Persian subject to inspire him. And Parysatis is the heroine, the Queen mother, who was never so happy as when pulling out eyes that had seen indiscreetly and pouring molten metal into ears that had heard too much. Do you remember how she poisoned Statira at an informal luncheon? Let Plutarch through Sir Thomas North's mouth tell the story: "In Persia there is a little bird of the which all the parts of it is excellent good to eate, and is ful of fat within: So that it is thought it liveth by ayer and dewe, and in the Persian tongue they cal it Ryntaces. Parysatis, as Ctesias sayth, tooke one of these birdes, and cut it in the middest with a little knife, the which was poysoned onely on one of the sides, and gave that halfe which was poysoned unto Statira. * * * So Queen Statira presently fel sick of the disease whereof she died, with grevous pangs and gripings."

This drama was performed in the old open air theatre at Beziers. An extraordinary man this Saint-Saens; he is now at work on a comedy without music, "Le Rol Apepi," to be played in the same theatre.

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Felix Weingartner's sextet in E minor for piano, 2 violins, viola, 'cello and double-bass was performed in manuscript and for the first at a popular cert in London, Nov. 29. The composer was the pianist. Mr. Vernon Blackburn wrote as follows:

The work is unconventional, without being jarring; personal without being often eccentric; elaborate, without being obscure. Certain passages were exquisite; we may particularly mention the concluding portion of the first movement, which in one phase gave one a curiously delightful impression of bells pealing from some high campanile, glad, and yet with a distant joy, like larks of the morning. The second movement is not so definitely interesting. It opens with a most original little series of chords played pizzicato, and at first their repetition seems to the hearer natural and original; the movement is, however, too long-drawn out, and the first episode (in A major) has a perilous resemblance to the neo-Italian method of operatic writing. The third movement (Adagio, in E major) is decidedly clever; it is entitled—to translate the Italian phrase written on the score—in the manner of an improvisation, and its note of cleverness is sustained throughout. But it resembles with some unfortunate closeness an improvisation in that it is far too diffuse and (one may even say) rambling. The final movement is, however, extraordinarily original. It is entitled Danse Funebre, a curious calling up of a modern inspiration from the depths of the primitive past. As it progresses, however, the grotesqueness of its beginning gradually merges into beauty of expression, and the end is altogether lovely. It was interpreted throughout quite admirably, with its riot, its primitive sentiment, and the bizarrerie of its construction realized to the full during the first part, and with the expressive beauty of the end brought into wonderful contrast with that which had gone before. The songs by Herr Weingartner which were sung by Fraulein Therese Behr at the same concert do not show him in quite so interesting a light. The best was, perhaps, Schumacherlied (the English translation of which contained the extraordinary lines, and two such graceful little feet, with twenty rosebud toes—afreak if ever there was one); the two others, Wenn schlanke Lilien, and Rene, struck us as being just a trifle dull. The latter especially lacked tragedy because that quality was exchanged for dreariness. It is a fault into which many composers fall, this of mistaking that which is dismal for that which is tragic; and Herr Weingartner has not escaped what should have been too obvious a temptation.

again, are attentive and punctual at rehearsal. Their exclusion from the orchestra is due to little more than prejudice. But the fact remains, and accordingly the professor of music was, from the financial point of view, quite justified in recommending his daughters to study cookery rather than an art from the better paid ranks of which their sex is shut out.

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A. Blackwood of Irvington, N. Y., wrote this interesting letter to the Evening Post of New York:

May I call attention in the Evening Post to a matter in relation to music in New York City, which, in the interest of the English language, must sooner or later demand attention? I refer to the pronunciation of the language by English-speaking singers. It would seem as if the instruction of our public singers must be in the hands of those who speak a foreign language, and that its pronunciation is imported into the English, to its utter confusion. Men do not speak English with a German or Italian accent, and why sing it? If you pronounce English words as you would Italian or German you do not speak proper English. Distinct speaking and pronunciation in singing do not depend upon consonants being accentuated in the manner of the Italian. I sometimes hear consonants dwelt upon even to the diminution of the open vowel. For instance, in the word "will" the last two letters are dwelt upon as one would on a vowel, which is not only false, but ludicrous to boot. At a recent public performance I heard the word "them" treated in the same manner, which is dreadful, and the word "Lord," even at the end of a phrase, pronounced "Lorada," and that is grotesque. It is common to hear such an effect as "and a cried aloud a," or "and a said a that a they," which is shocking. In trying by such means to make an impression the singer succeeds, but it is a ridiculous impression, and, so far from covering up vocal defects, only makes bad worse, as a deformed or disfigured person is sure to dress to attract attention and make the deformity more noticeable.

Again, among public singers there are gruesome mispronunciation of vowels. At the same and other recent performances I heard, among other instances, "open'd" pronounced "opan'd," and "enemies" "enamies," to say nothing of words that are totally beyond recognition. We are not in the temper to appreciate a singer's art if we have no respect for his intelligence. The evil is widespread and exists also in the churches, and there it is a tenfold evil, for it is no way in which to assail "the ears of the Lord of Sabbath" when it is an offence to His humblest worshiper. Where such habits have been acquired it is next to impossible to eradicate them, but aspirants to fame should dread and avoid such things.

I wonder if, at performances of musical works, the majority of the audiences are Germans, and prefer and enjoy broken English better than the plain and undefiled tongue. It is, of course, very natural that they should; but it isn't right, and in a very marked manner and degree lessens the pleasure of

those who are of kin to the language in which the work is given.

I know that I have used one or two strong epithets, but I think they are accurate.

The Earnest Student of Sociology is now in Washington, D. C., studying the daily exploits of the Government's 12 "poison eaters." They are not the first. There is the leading case of our old friend Mithridates. There is Macumet of whom Butler wrote

> The Prince of Cambay's daily food
> Is asp, and basilisk, and toad.

If a fly lighted by accident on this Prince, it died; if the Prince was offended with any nobleman, the offender was stripped and a drop of the ruler's saliva put the subject beyond the possibility of offensive conduct. The very breath of Macumet was dangerous to those that came near him.

There is the young girl mentioned by Aristotle who began little by little to be nourished by poisons, and at last she grew fat and strong on this diet and could not brook the thought of ordinary food. "The heart of this girl," said the philosopher, "had but little heat in it, and the passages were small; so that, by the strength of the digestive faculty, the poison was exceedingly changed and altered before it could reach the heart." And she, too, was dangerous to close friends.

There is the man whom Avicenna knew: if any poisonous thing bit him, it died forthwith, while he went peaceably about his business. "At last there set upon him a larger sort of serpent, which having bitten him, the man was cast into a fever for two days, but the serpent died presently upon it."

And what should be thought of the man known to Garsias at Horto? This strange person was counselor to Nizamoxa. "He would eat three shivers of opium, which weighed 10 drams and more; and though he seemed always to be stupid, and as one ready to sleep, yet would he very aptly and learnedly discourse of anything propounded to him."

There is Thrasyas, who would often put down whole handfuls of hellebore without annoyance or harm. There is the sumptuously beautiful maiden portrayed by Hawthorne. There is the noble army of spider-devourers, from the German 'cellist high in ducal favor, who ate the insects immoderately because they seemed to him like luscious strawberries, to the maid of Cologne mentioned by Albertus—"at three years of age she would search about the walls of the house hunting for spiders, which she would not only eat, but delighted in that feeding, and yet continued in good habit of body." Ah, the spider eaters! See "The Theatre of Insects; or Lesser Living Creatures," a most elaborate work by Tho. Mouffet, Doctor in Physic (London, 1658), for the story of the great lady of England then living who would not leave off eating of them.

We cite the living as well as the dead in our praise of famous men and women. Glory be to the poison-eaters at Washington. Glory be to Mr. Dagin, the French entomologist, who has eaten several hundreds of species of insects cooked and raw—whose chief culinary triumph is cockroach soup. Infinitely superior to bisque: "Pound your cockroaches in a mortar; put in a sieve, and pour in boiling water or beef stock." And glory to the fearless consumers of Brussels sprouts and English muffins.

Gil Blas, the well-known Parisian journal, will soon change its character. It has been famous for tales and jests which would soil the hands of a deaf-and-dumb man in the repeating of them. It has also been famous for the drawings of Steinlein. They say the name was given to the journal because its readers were to be among the class familiar to Le Sage's hero. And now Gil Blas is to become a "really literary newspaper." It is doubtful whether among the new contributors there will be any more brilliant writers than they who in the past have graced and disgraced its columns.

Did party spirit ever run so high in this country as when in Scotland the act of sneezing would call forth the exclamation, "God bless the bairn, if ye binna' a Whig"?

They are trying in England to invent a cement that can be put on hot in cold weather and will gradually cool and stick bricks. We are still at work on our "changeable suiting" which, by the pressure of a buttton may be regulated while on the body to follow the caprices of a New England climate.

The other day we heard a young man say to another, as they were chatting in a car: "Where do you drink your tea now, afternoons?"

The Scots do not like khaki as a military uniform in war or peace. One of them wrote to a London journal: "Red is our national color, and heaven forbid that we should be ashamed of it. Wellington didn't make us what we are at the present day by crawling about on his stomach in snuff-colored clothes and a slouch hat." Take away the pomp and circumstance of war, and especially the gorgeous uniform, and what inducement is there when there is no wrong to right, for many to sell themselves as food for cannon.

It is a relief to turn from the luxurious life of dwellers in the stately homes of England, too often connected by a passageway with the divorce court, to the simple manners of the great army of the "lower class," the bone and sinew of Great Britain. The alleged assailant was a compatriot of Pietro Mascagni, one Orsi, whose name was readily anglicized as "'Orse-eye." The complainant testified as follows before the magistrate:

"Well, I don't mind tellin' yer, gentlemen, I knock off work abaht 'arf-past 12, and nat'rally I go into the public-'ouse to 'ave a glarse o' beer; and then gettin' a bit 'ungry, I leave me mates in the public-'ouse, and go over the road to the corphy-shop to 'ave two sossidges and some scarlet beans; and when the sossidges come they warn't no good, so I make a few observations. 'Take 'em away,' I says. 'Call them things sossidges!' 'Well, I dunno,' says 'Orse-eye; 'but if yer don't call 'em sossidges, wot do yer call 'em?' 'Well,' I says, 'if yer want to know wot I call 'em, I don't mind tellin' yer. Wot I call 'em is stooed-up saveloys. They're a good deal more like that than wot they're like sossidges.' 'Well,' says 'Orse-eye, 'saveloys is good enough for you, ain't they?' and with that 'e ups an' jabs me in the eye wiv a fork, an' one of 'is men comes out from be'ind the counter and 'olds me down while anuvver of 'em punches me on the nose."

THE first opera was a deliberate invention, invented as methodically as any piece of machinery or patent medicine. A little band of Florentine music lovers met over three centuries ago to try to catch the secret of the Greek drama and restore that form of art to the world; for music at that time had become the slave of contrapuntists and a sweet voice was not used to portray emotion or to accentuate a dramatic situation.

The first opera was given at Florence in 1594. It was given in the house of one of the music lovers and inventors and some years afterward the first public opera house was opened at Venice. The new form of art became fashionable but it was the sport of Princes and Cardinals. Grave dignitaries of the Church did not hesitate to write librettos, compose music, attend to stage management and costumes and often take part in the performance. For the last 300 years Opera has been one of the most fashionable amusements of the world.

## Caprices of the Singers.

Enormous sums have been paid favored singers. The caprices of these singers, their dress, their tastes, their quarrels, have played an important part in the social history of the periods in which these singers dazzled.

Monarchs such as Louis XIV, Frederic the Great and the Mad King of Bavaria did not hesitate to squander money in the encouragement of their own private tastes. But it is not the purpose to write here the history of the opera. The wish is merely at the present time to call attention to some of the more prominent opera singers who are now in this country, to speak a few words about their present purposes and ambitions.

As a rule, the operatic season in any American city begins with either "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet" or "Lohengrin," but this year, the season at the Metropolitan opened Nov 24th with Verdi's "Otello," an opera which possibly on account of its gloomy and, to some, repulsive subject, has never enjoyed the popularity which it so richly deserves, for although there is not the melody that is found in earlier operas of the great Italian master, there is dramatic knowledge and intensity, a grasp of the dramatic situation, a mastery wedding of music to text that are found only in his last work, the marvelous "Falstaff."

The singers who made their appearance the opening night this season at the Metropolitan were Emma Eames, Alvarez and Scotti.

## Boston Is Home to Mme. Eames.

Emma Eames has been known in Boston as student, concert-singer and operatic singer, and it may seem superfluous to speak at length about her personal beauty, her exquisite voice and her vocal art; but this season she has shown a laudable ambition to appear in still more dramatic parts than those in which she has previously succeeded. Some years ago she attempted to play Santuzza. She dressed the part incongruously as though she were the village belle on the Feast Day, and although she sang the music smoothly and with great purity of tone her impersonation lacked blood, fire and passion. As Juliet, Marguerite, Hero, the Countess in "The Marriage of Figaro," Mme. Eames charmed by her sculptural beauty, and her appearance in "Falstaff" as one of the Wives of Windsor was a most pleasing apparition. She is also known as Sieglinde and as Aida, parts that are not by any means purely lyrical; and in them she displayed a certain progress in histrionic art, that is to say, the composition of each part had been carefully prepared and there was at least an attempt at spontaneity, a desire to depart from the conventional grooves. Aida is another part which has been regarded as outside of her capabilities and yet this same progress was evident in her impersonation of the Egyptian slave.

## Mme. Eames's Late Experiment.

Her latest experiment has been in the trying and melodramatic part of Tosca, made famous here in theatre and opera house by Bernhardt and Ternina. We have yet the pleasure of seeing Mme. Eames in this part. Criticism in New York was kindly and encouraging. All admitted that the music was sung with infinite charm, but unfortunately the music of Puccini in "Tosca" is seldom purely lyrical. The opera is a melodrama and not first of all a singing opera. The part of the heroine is complex and makes imperious demands on the resources of the most capable play actress. The whole gamut of emotion must be sounded, from coquetry to the wildest agony.

Mme. Eames is not at all void of Yankee shrewdness, and she realizes that something more is demanded to-day of an operatic singer than a beautiful voice and knowledge of vocal art, a handsome face, a sumptuous figure, gorgeous costumes. It is refreshing to see that realizing these conditions which now surround success, she is not discouraged, does not give way to folding of the hands, but buckles herself resolutely to the task.

Alvarez made his first appearance in this country in this city where he triumphed gloriously. When the first came here his intonation was for the most part pure and the richness of his voice and the grace of his performance established him firmly as a favorite. After he left this city, and came the next season from Paris to New York he seemed to be under a sea-spell, for his intonation was frequently faulty, and he did not seem to have the same ready control of his tones; but when he last visited this city he was again a tenor of the first rank and in such parts as Don Jose and Othello, a player of remarkable intensity and authority. His Othello is not so boisterous and so elemental as that of Tamagno nor has he the phenomenal voice that distinguishes this heroic Italian from all tenors of this period, but in the art of phrasing and in the still greater art of dramatic self control or in the modulation of his passion, Alvarez proves himself a formidable rival.

## Scotti's Fourth Season Here.

They that saw the performance of "Othello" given at the Boston Theatre last season realized the enormous strength of Verdi's masterpiece. The Iago of the first performance in New York was Scotti, the baritone, who is now in America for his fourth season. One third of his operatic life has been spent in this country but he made his debut at Malta only 12 years ago when he sang in ten operas, it is said, during his first two weeks. Scotti is a baritone of singular quality and equally singular limitations. His Scarpia is a masterly performance, one never to be forgotten and so his performance of Tonio is most carefully studied and yet irresistible by reason of its realism and apparent spontaneity. His Don Juan was a disappointment. It was never chivalric; it was never gallant. The rakehelly hero appeared as an ordinary operatic masher. He was self-conscious and at times he was common. His Iago, while not so subtle as that of the superb unequalled Maurel, is vocally more impressive and sonorous, for Maurel's great stage art came, alas, when the splendor of his voice was gone. Iago is Scotti's favorite character, as he himself says:

"It is one thing," says he, "to sing a part with a beautifully modulated voice—it is quite another to interpret such a character. My four parts are Iago, Scarpia, Falstaff and Hans Sachs. Of the four Iago is the most human and the most philosophic.

"For it one must not only have the physique but the expressive features that are a part of the character. From the 'Dream' to the 'Credo' there is the very greatest opportunity for the voice. It is a part one never tires of studying, a part that always allures you on to still greater achievements. It is the greatest part I have in my repertoire—for my head."

## Why Scotti Likes America.

Scotti has made many friends in this country, for he has a most genial nature. He says one reason why he likes American audiences is because they never hiss.

"If a beginning is bad they have charity enough in their hearts to refrain from making you feel that it was all your fault. And so by the end of the act you can pull yourself together and by the time the play is finished you can make all sorts of amends for the bad start. Whereas, if you are once hissed, you are discouraged beyond recovery, and go from bad to worse and end ignominiously."

The season this far in New York has been characterized by the revival or rather by the unusual attention given to Verdi's operas, and there is reason for this. It is with great pleasure that every music lover hears the purpose of Mr Grau to revive "The Masked Ball." Bostonians may find a selfish pleasure in the performance because, by the caprice of the Italian censor, the scene of this tragedy is laid in Boston and the Governor (!) of the city figures in it prominently. The story, as is well known, is that of the assassination of Gustav III. of Sweden, but at the time this opera was written kings were not murdered on the stage, nor were such rulers as Francis I. allowed to sing either tenor or baritone in a dissolute part. This was true of Italy, for in France Auber did not hesitate to call his opera founded on the same subject "Gustav III," and the galop that is played in the ball room before the assassination of the king was heard in all the aristocratic parlors of Paris.

Another opera of Verdi's that will in all probability be revived is "Ernani," which was first given here by the famous Havanna Opera Company, drove the city Verdi-mad, and the spell then cast by this melodic magician has never been dissipated.

## Boston's Tuneful Weakness.

Boston still has a weakness for operatic tunes, which are despised by many composers because they cannot write them. The opera as a thing of fashion, varies in form from decade to decade, and many of the ornaments of these early Italian operas now seem curiously old-fashioned and out of place; but even in this early opera, "Ernani," there is the tremendous force, vitality of the greatest of Italian opera writers. There is the Italicization of the dramatic situation by simple, direct, passionate music, and there are but few things in opera more profoundly moving than the final trio in "Ernani." "The Masked Ball" is of the later period, and while the wealth of melody is still pronounced, more thought is given to dramatic truth, there is a firmer grasp, there is a greater concentration, and the germs of Verdi's later style are clearly seen in this first of the latter operas.

Prominent among the singers of operas by Verdi is de Marchi, who made a sensation here last season as the soldier in "Aida," and as the unfortunate hero of Tosca. An officer by profession, he has a distinguished bearing and while he is an actor of considerable self control, and does not push passion to frenzy, he is a striking figure and is always in the front of the dramatic canvas, boldly limned. His voice is brilliant, sonorous in passages which demand force, persuasive

tender moments, and his vocal without the blemishes that dis- so many French and Italian of the modern school.

### heff Comes Back Wedded.

l Scheff has married since she st here. She too is ambitious

dreams of singing all the parts, the possible exception of Isolde, have been considered the property er prima donnas. She is a sou- of sparking vivacity and fascin- manners. Whether she will be seriously in serious parts re- to be seen.

what shall be said of Marcella ieh? She is still the first of s in Mozart's operas and in the parts of Meyerbeer and other sers; her brilliance is still undis- Last year she made an un- ate experiment by appearing in ewski's opera: unfortunate, be- neither the part nor music was guished. This year she has al- appeared in "La Boheme," which irst made known to us by Melba. "Tosca," this opera is lyrical. The seems admirably adapted to her and the only question is whether ill be able to portray sympathetic- the life and the death of the poor te.

ki has been heard here in many in operas by Wagner and others. s a woman of experience, always l and conscientious, and as Elsa enta she has fine moments. All in ic is one of the most satisfactory n singers that have visited us of ears.

mann-Heinck is another singer s a favorite in this country. Her is one of unusual beauty and pow- l she has undoubted temperament at times leads her, according to anner of the German opera house, xaggeration both of dramatic and methods; when she does not give o her temperament and the desire ase an audience at any cost, she ving and impressive.

lise Homer, an American girl, was known here as a church singer and fe in opera has been told many in the Journal. She has unusual onal gifts and does not suffer from elf-consciousness that injures so ely the progress of many American n in their operatic careers. Prob- her finest impersonation thus far at of Amneris in "Aida." While performance may be reasonably sed in various detail, there is o in it to praise unreservedly. Mrs. r has studied carefully and intel- ly and realizes that she is by no s at the goal of her ambition. With atural gifts, her promise is bright e future.

### Seygard, Too, Has Married.

ille Seygard has had several iences since she was last seen among them her marriage with Fischer, which, it is reported, is lissolved. She is a singer who has polished methods of the Opera que. She is never extravagant, ard, or common, but her refine- is not too ladylike and her ghtfulness never leads to stiffness. has an agreeable, flexible voice, s she unacquainted with the means loring it for the sake of impres- More than once she has proved xcellent substitute for Calve.

rge Anthes is one of the new nerian tenors. He comes from len, where for some time he was rnament of the opera house. In of all remonstrances he broke his gement for the sake of an Amer- reputation. This means, of e, that he will be deprived of his on, unless in some way or other akes his peace with the manage- when he returns. He first studied violin. His father and younger ner are singing teachers and he t singing for a long time before ang in his first concert. His chief are Lohengrin, Tannhaeuser, her, Loge and Siegfried.

Campanari is still a universal favor- He is perhaps most keenly en- l by the vast majority as Figaro ossini's opera; but by all odds his t impersonation is that of the jeal- Ford in "Falstaff." It seems some- s as if he did not have full oppor- y for the display of his talents for artistic growth. As a rule he is in the same operas season after son, and it would be a great pleas- to see him in a new part.

Charles Gillibert is a most delightful . Perhaps his size has something with the contagious jollity which spires. He is admirable in every- ; he does, even in song recital, and s not merely a singing comedian, s an actor, who, in dignified roles, nands at once respect and admira- His voice, of liberal compass and ne quality, has been most admir- trained.

Dignac came from the South of France. He was at first an orchestral player. Later on he joined the Opera-Comique in Paris, sang for a time in Italy and then joined the forces of Mr. Grau. In large opera houses he is inclined to force his voice, but when he sings he is effective and sympathetic, and his performance of Canio is by no means to be carelessly dismissed.

### De Reszke Still Chief Bass.

Edouard de Reszke still is the leading bass of Mr. Grau's great company. He keeps his popularity through the years. In the absence of Plancon many bass parts will be sung by Marcel Journet, who has hitherto appeared in camparatively secondary parts. He is a man with a large repertory, and may be described as a serious, painstaking artist.

Miss Bauermeister was not here last season and she was sorely missed, for she has an astounding repertory and can fill, at a moment's notice, almost any part, from that of the Queen of Navarre to that of either one of the companions of Carmen. Nor would it be surprising to see her at any time come out in the dress of Desdemona or Isolde. It is a pity that she does not write her reminiscences, for she has been thrown in contact with so many prima donnas and tenors, she knows so well the weaknesses, the foibles, the vanity, the generosity and the kindliness of her companions, that a truthful account of her own experiences would be invaluable to the future historian of operatic conditions during the last—we shall not say how many years.

David Bispham is another of the Americans in Mr. Grau's company. The versatility of this baritone is not fully appreciated in America. He has sung many parts in England that are unknown to us here. In this city his Telramund has been justly applauded and his Alberich is a striking impersonation. He has appeared as Iago in New York, and it is to be hoped that he will repeat the performance in this city. Study in Mr. Bispham's case means much, for he is a man of remarkable intelligence and one who studies his impersonation from every conceivable view-point. He has long been anxious to play the part of Falstaff in this country, and may he do so, if only for the opportunity of hearing comic opera that disputes with "The Barber of Seville" and "The Marriage of Figaro," the proud position of masterpiece.

### Conductors of the Season.

The conductors this season are Mr. Manchinelli, one of the most successful leaders of opera now living. He has an authority that is unequalled, a fine and sympathetic taste, and not only the will but the knowledge to bring out the salient points of a composer's work. While he makes these points effectively, he never slurs the detail and this is the more surprising when one remembers that Mr. Manchinelli is himself a composer of operas. His "Hero and Leander" is to be revived this season and it is a pity his new opera, "Francesca da Rimini," will not be produced for the first time in this country.

Mr. Flon, an assistant conductor, has already displayed his capabilities in this city. He is more or less of the routine conductor, but excellent performances have been heard under his direction, and while he may not have the magnetism, the acuteness, or the flaming temperament of some others, the orchestra seldom goes wrong under his direction.

Mr. Alfred Hertz will conduct operas of Wagner for some time. He has been a conductor at the Breslau Opera House, where he enjoyed respect, and has appeared as conductor in the Netherlands and in London.

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All the Italian newspapers do not sympathize with Mr. Pietro Mascagni who is ground under the heel of the American oppressor. The Resto del Carlino published an amusing article which appeared, translated, in the Musical Courier.

When the news came that Mascagni had been arrested, the writer exclaimed: "It was time."

"The jails of Boston are neat and commodious. The Americans love art, the warden will give the maestro a nice room with a piano, with windows looking on the placid Charles, with flowers on the window sill, and Mascagni, at last away from Pesaro, from $400,000 and his terrible friends in Italy, will have brought from home his hundred pipes and written some music—a little bit of music."

He likened Mascagni to Dreyfus and the Town Council of Pesaro to the court martial at Rennes, and then said: "Every morning I awoke with a nightmare. Has Mascagni changed his stockings? Has he insulted the Mayor? Has he written a letter? Does he take vermouth and bitters? Is he at law with Sonzogno? Has he made friend again with Ricordi? Has he forgiven the bandit chief d'Annunzio? Once in a hundred times I timidly asked, 'Is he being performed?' and everyone howled back, 'Yes, the "Maschere," in seven cities to recall the seven wonders of the world, the seven hills of Rome, the seven stars in the Great Bear.' How glad I was that the practical Americans had locked him up; how I hated the idiot that bailed him out."

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"Bacchus," a new ballet in two acts, music by Edmond Duvernoy, was produced at the opera, Paris, Nov. 26. The scenario is founded on a manuscript libretto of Mermet, who has set music to it, impossible opera music they say. Bacchus invades India. King Darsatha, a sort of Indian King Cole, raises no army; he drinks deep, inhales perfumes, and watches the Bayaderes. An old fakir reproaches the King for his indolence, and advises him to send the beautiful priestess Yadma to meet Bacchus, who will welcome her, and she can then poison the invader's wine cup. Yadma is led to the demigod's tent, and just as she is about to pour the poison she discovers that she loves him. The people have taken advantage of the general debauch to attack the enemy, and they shut up Yadma in a cave to starve. Bacchus and his followers come to the rescue and there is a hint at future marriage. They say Duvernoy's music is not without color and dash, but it is at times noisy or dull.

* * *

The taste for the set ballet seems to be dead in this country, nor do any famous ballet dancers visit us. Yet there was a time in Boston when Mr. Emerson and Miss Fuller sounded forth orphic praise at the sight of Fanny Elssler.

Perhaps you smiled when you read that Miss Isadore Duncan had danced to the admiration of all beholders in some foreign city the "Spring" of Botticelli. Yet the ancient dancers praised by the philosophers and poets "danced Ajax" or "danced Europa" or "danced the banquet that Tantalus gave to the gods, the slaughtered Pelops and his ivory shoulder." Pantomime, comedy, tragedy, all found expression in the dance. And Lucian tells a strange story of a celebrated dancer who once was performing the part of Ajax crazed by the injustice of Ulysses: he "overacted it beyond all bounds of decent imitation, and instead of acting the madman, raved and behaved in such a manner that everybody thought him mad in good earnest. He tore the clothes off the back of one of the time-beaters, and snatched the flute out of a performer's mouth, and struck a bystander with it, and made a hole in the head of Ulysses while exulting in his victory; and, had it not been for the hat which by good luck he had on, that took off the force of the blow, poor Ulysses would have lost his life by the rage of a dancer. The maddest part of the affair was, that the spectators were infected with his madness, a number of them jumped up, stamped, shouted, and threw off their clothes as if they were out of their senses."

* * *

The Pall Mall Gazette praised Busoni to the skies for his piano playing in London on Dec. 3. "His playing was distinguished chiefly by four qualities—strength, delicacy, variety and right sentiment. . . . There is no doubt about it that Busoni in his most inspired moments is one of the greatest living piano players."

I gave not long ago the news about Manchinelli's new opera, "Francesca da Rimini" and commented on the fact that no opera thus entitled had been successful. It appears that Naprawnick is not at all disheartened by the fate of others. He has written an opera founded on d'Annunzio's drama, and it will soon be produced at St. Petersburg.

"Saul and David" is the title of an opera by C. Nielsen produced the other day at Copenhagen. Does David play a fantasia on the harp, and is there a chorus, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands?"

Reginald de Koven conducted the first concert of the Washington Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 9. Berenice Thompson wrote concerning him in the Concert-Goer: "As a conductor Mr. de Koven is more acrobatic than some others, though not so much so as is Emil Paur. In beating time he employs a rather large swing of the arm, and his body and head sway considerably. His baton is vigorous and commands attention and a clear-cut execution. He has his men well in hand and is decidedly master of the situation. If his instruments are inattentive as were the trombones in the opening number, he waves his stick furiously at them."

Eugen d'Albert, the pianist, lately stirred the enthusiasm of the Odessa public to such a degree by his performance that policemen were called in to disperse the audience bedward. The enthusiasm of Mr. Mascagni's manager was stirred by Italian music to such a point that he telegraphed Mayor Low from afar for policemen to escort the composer in streets of New York.

Nordica will sing the part of Sieglinde for the first time at the Prinz Regent's Theatre in Munich next season. She will apear this winpter, as a member of Mr. Grau's company, in "La Gioconda," and in a part that she has never sung. The opera itself is well worth revival.

The N. Y. Sun says that Mrs. Kirkby-Lunn, who is now at the Metropolitan, made her first appearance in opera last summer at Covent Garden. Dear, dear! She created a part in Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien" in 1896; she sang Ortrud, Brangaene, Fricka, Carmen, Siebel, with the Carl Rosa company, and she created a part at this same Covent Garden in MacCunn's "Diarmid" (1897).

Siegfried Wagner has almost finished a third opera. There is the customary, and foolish mystery about the title and the contents—customary, that is, in the Bayreuth household. The first performance wil be at Leipsic some time next year.

Ibsen's "The Festival at Solhang" turned into an opera with music by Stenhammer has been produced at Stockholm. At least, so it is reported. But some years ago Stenhammer wrote incidental music for Ibsen's piece. This recals the fact that music to this piece is among the manuscripts of Hugo Wolf, who is still living in a madhouse.

Kreisler was furiously applauded at a Colonne concert in Paris Nov. 23, when he played Mendelssohn's concerto and Tartini's "Devil's Trill."——Sibyl Sanderson is engaged for the Madrid opera season. —— The Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz has hired 20 French, German, Italian and Spanish sopranos and contraltos to give concerts in his harem. The engagement is for three months. Did not poor Laura Schirmer have a somewhat similar contract?

It is reported that Lord Byron's "Manfred" with Schumann's music will be brought out at the Nouveau Theatre, Paris.——Tasso is the hero of a new opera by the Count d'Harcourt. ——A new comic opera by Planquette will be produced simultaneously at Paris, Berlin, Rome and London early in April. Planquette is still the composer of "The Chimes of Normandy." "Willy" contributed some bitter lines to go with a caricature of this composer published in "Assiette au Bourre." "His mother helped him in the perpetration of 'Les Cloches de Corneville.' By himself he has manufactured a heap of operettas not much worse than 'Rip,' and he wonders why they have not succeeded as well as that one. Tunes for female boot-stitchers."——Henry E. Ford, organist of Carlisle Cathedral for 60 years, will soon retire from active duty.——Meyer Helmund's one-act opera "Trischka,; or, an Adventure of Taglioni," and August Enna's new opera, "The Hereditary Princess," will soon be performed at Berlin.

"Lancelot" in the Referee (London) makes the assertion that comparatively few public singers are acquainted with the best songs that are written: "Were it otherwise I feel sure we should have more of the series of fine songs by Sir Hubert Parry, the set of 18 by Sir A. Mackenzie, the best examples of Dr. Cowen's genius, and other composers." "Dr. Cowen's genius!" I do not blame singers for neglecting such songs, but I should like to hear Mr. W. V. Hurlstone's new tunes, esp ially "The Phantom Wooer," a blood-curdling ditty which illustrates:

"The little snakes of silver throat
In mossy skulls nest and lie
Ever singing, die, oh, die!"

Marie Brema who has been very ill for some time is singing again in concerts.

"The memorial to Rossini, for which subscriptions have been made during the last 10 years by the musicians of Italy, has been unveiled in the Church of Santa Croce in Florence. It is the work of Prof. Giuseppe Cassioli, who has designed a marble sarcophagus in harmony with the architecture surroundings. In front of the tomb is a fine figure of Music mourning the master's death. A frieze, in which various musical instruments figure, is said to be extremely original in conception. Unfortunately, the sculptor was hampered by lack of money, and the marble used is criticised as of inferior quality.

* * *

A new biography of Schumann by Reimann will soon be published by the "Harmonie" company, Berlin. It will be richly illustrated. The volumes in this admirably edited series cost only a dollar apiece, bound, and impartial

[illegible]

Dec 22 1902

# FINE SINGING IN THE CHRISTMAS ORATORIO

## Handel's "Messiah," as Given by the Handel and Haydn Society.

*(By Philip Hale.)*

"The Messiah" was given for the 106th time by the Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor, last night in Symphony Hall. There was a very large audience; there was a general appearance of enjoyment; there was most hearty applause for the chorus; and the festival character of the occasion was accentuated by boys crying in the corridors: "Playbook of 'The Messiah.'"

Oratorio societies, like magazines, have got into the habit of anticipating the day long celebrated as the birthday of our Saviour. It is true that many devout believers accept Dec. 25 merely as a traditional date. The learned Joseph Scaliger, for instance, insisted that our Lord was born in April. Insisted? Yea, he proved it, at least to his own satisfaction. But Scaliger was a man of whims and fancies; he thought he had discovered the secret of the Pyrrhic dance, and he was so delighted that he danced it solemnly in his doctor's robes before the Emperor Maximilian, much to the astonishment of that ruler and his court. Such a man should not be counted a safe adviser to either the old or the young.

Furthermore, inasmuch as "The Messiah" was written without reference to Christmas, was not first performed on Christmas, and for years was not associated peculiarly with Christmas, the most finical purist should not quarrel about the precise date on which it should be sung.

This oratorio is performed twice in the season by the Handel and Haydn, and it is so familiar that criticism is naturally reduced to remarks about the nature of the performance itself. It may be said, it should be said of the performance of last night that it was probably the most impressive yet given by the Society so far as the singing of the chorus was concerned. The results of the skill of the conductor and the attention, good-will, and capabilities of the members were everywhere in evidence. The chief choruses were, indeed, sung superbly, with the discrimination that is generally attributed only to a picked body, and with impressive volume of tone when there was demand for it. Too intimate acquaintance with a choral work begets the cock-sure spirit that leads to indifference or disaster. It was evident that Mr. Mollenhauer had realized this danger, and had contrived to maintain the interest of the chorus during the rehearsals, to quicken their zeal, by devising fresh and legitimate effects.

Dr. Prout, in his new and revised edition of "The Messiah," which is praised by some and censured by others, introduces many indications of contrasts desired by Handel, which, it is said, have never been reproduced in any of the editions hitherto published. However this may be, no sane person believes for a moment that Handel intended all his choruses to be sung with undeviating lustiness; and the contrasts made last night enhanced greatly the beauty and the strength of the music. And here so much depends on the general aesthetic taste of the conductor. Surely "His yoke is easy and his burden is light" should not be heavy and labored; but in the attempt to catch the proper spirit the impression of jauntiness may easily be made and the number may then be characterized as "sparkling" or "dainty." Either adjective is fatal.

Handel knew many things: among them, counterpoint, melody, the Bible, and the ways and the wiles of men singers and women singers. He was first of all an opera-writer; and for his oratorios he wrote solos in operatic style, as it was known in that day. When he went to Dublin to produce "The Messiah," Avolio, the Italian singing woman, followed in his train.

If there is to be discussion concerning the merits of the soloists last night Miss Helen Henschel, Mrs. Ernestine Fish, Mr. Glen Hall, Mr. Joseph Baernstein, it should be remembered that the airs in "The Messiah" were written for singers of the grand style, without thought of the church choir, and that, judged by this standard, all these solo singers were inadequate. There was obedience to undoubtedly mistaken tradition and in some cases disobedience to the elemental and eternal rules of vocal art. Miss Henschel uttered her native wood notes wild with considerable fluency in the florid part of "Rejoice greatly," but in sustained and emotional passages her vocal deficiencies worked harm to Handel's music. Yet her personal charm, her youth and her name were possibly an excuse for her engagement by the managers. Mrs. Fish sang placidly. Mr. Hall was inclined to sob, but his voice, when he allowed it to be naturally expressive, was agreeable, and he sang with an evident purpose. Mr. Baernstein should work heroically against the increasing ravages of tremolo, and study the production of upper tones.

"The Messiah" will be repeated on Dec. 25th, when the quartet will be composed of Miss Rio, Mrs. Hunt, Messrs. Jackson and Merrill.

# MOULDERS OF CHILDREN'S FLESH

By PHILIP HALE.

**The Dry Surgery of Dark and Cruel Ages, and the Beneficent Knowledge and Skill of Dr. Lorenz.**

In the dark and cruel centuries there were men and women who bought children. When they could not buy them, they stole them. They moulded the flesh of the little ones—not to turn them into acrobats, but to make them monsters. They took a child and kneaded and twisted him cunningly until he was like a grotesque piece of pottery.

Arms or legs were stretched to preternatural length. A nose was shaped into a snout or a proboscis; a mouth was stretched from ear to ear; a gigantic head crowned a puny body; a trunk was rounded into a circle of flesh; a face became a mask to excite uproarious laughter or to strike terror to the stoutest soul.

These moulders would confine a tender body for some years in a curiously shaped vase with the head and the feet exposed. The growth toward hideous deformity would be watched anxiously and encouraged with loving care. When the thing was ripe for the market, the moulders sold it. Kings and Princes and collectors of curios paid any price.

French travelers tell us that today in China such moulders ply a thriving trade. To describe the monstrosities produced startles the nerves of even the narrator. And it is said that the Boxers, knowing the terror of poor parents lest their little ones be thus twisted into merchandise, worked upon their fear by persuading them that foreign missionaries were moulders cloaked in the garb of religion.

And now a moulder of children's flesh, a visitor from Vienna, brings upon his head the blessings of mothers and their little ones. He, too, twists and shapes and rubs and moulds with tender patience and infinite skill. But the mission of Dr. Lorenz is to turn the monstrous into that which is normal; to make natural and beautiful that from which even the mother's eyes might well shrink; to bring comfort, and health, and peace to them that were supposedly superfluous and wretched, fit only, according to Spartan or barbarous rules, for exposure to the storm and the ravening beast. And the skill of Dr. Lorenz is at the service of the poor and the rich; for his own life is devoted to humanity.

The history of the martyrdom of children from the earliest record is yet to be written. The story of the boys and girls who perished miserably on their way to the Holy Land has been told by many, from Thomas Fuller to Marcel Schwob. But the terrible annals of what Victor Hugo calls "The Utilization of the Unfortunate by the Fortunate," whether the child were confined in mine or factory or flogged to death as cabin-boy on some lonely sea or pushed to his death by some greedy mountebank—these annals are, fortunately perhaps, only fragmentary. Occasionally some one, as Mrs. Browning, has voiced the agony of the little ones. But no future book in which the sufferings of children are portrayed will be complete without the figure of Dr. Lorenz, a beneficent apparition.

# War, the Geographer

## The Remote Country Becomes an Adjoining State; the Hitherto Unknown Hamlet a Household Word.

Before these troubles in Venezuela, how many of us thought of the country save as a patch of color on the map? How many were cock-sure as to the spelling of Caracas? How many knew that Venezuela means "Little Venice," or had read that the first invaders, after the Spanish discoverer, were the Germans, about three centuries before James Monroe framed his famous maxim?

Even the Buccaneers are not associated intimately with the country. There is only one reference in Esquemeling's brave chronicle where he writes: "Hence they departed, with design to take and pillage the city of Caracas, situated over against the island of Curacoa, belonging to the Hollanders."

The boy who studied geography in the sixties, when the earth was still comparatively romantic and unknown, was interested in land, or sea, or town, chiefly through color or name. Blue or purple countries on the map were necessarily delectable regions. No desert is as sandy as "the Great North American desert" then looked. There was Van Dieman's Land: a dismal, suspicion-exciting country, and after the boy had been persuaded that it was not inhabited by demons equipped with horns and hoofs and tails, he would nevertheless have sworn to the truth of Hazlitt's description: "barren, miserable, distant, a place of exile, the dreary abode of savages, convicts, and adventurers."

Baghdad, Damascus, the Galapagos, Andalusia, what fascination in their very names to the school-boy who delights in the smell of the wharves or knows his Arabian Nights and Washington Irving as a clerk his ledger!

As the boy becomes man names may still wield their spell, but they are vague, often imaginary localities, perhaps not far from Eldorado, or separated by a mighty river from Cockaigne. The Malabar is the coast of Spices; he forgets there is a Cape Malabar in this Commonwealth.

War breaks out; fleets meet and wage battle off some obscure fishing town; an army surrenders near some hamlet, which had hitherto slept peacefully by day as well as by night. The village is suddenly world-famous; the name of the fishing town is written on banners. It is not necessary to go over the classical atlas. Who of our knew Sedan in the sixties, or who had heard of Plevna? Think of our own Civil War. What in the fifties was the Wilderness, or Cold Harbor, or Lookout to the New Englander in his shop or on his farm?

The name of the birthplace of a great man is often disputed or wholly forgotten. The town that gave birth to some epoch-making discovery or invention is seldom lodged firmly in the memory. When there is war, the remote country is as an adjoining State; outlandish names of places as Gloucester or New London. To-day we are beginning to be familiar with Venezuela.

bring my breakfast—give to me
ad that is snowy and light of
eight—
alum and bone-dust let it be,
ilk and ammonia's carbonate;
phates of zinc and copper, too,
ster of Paris, finely ground,
ll make it evenly white clear through
ch the outside nicely browned.

o sang a sweet poet, George Ar-
d, who died too soon, in verses that
re published on the first page of
first numbers of Vanity Fair
c. 31, 1859), the best of American
nic journals, to which Artemus
rd, Charles Godfry Leland, T. B.
rich, William Winter, Fitz James
rien, Charles Dawson Shanly
ers contributed in the brave days
Pfaff's. The war finally killed the
nal, which had been praised even
he Atlantic, then the most aristo-
ie of magazines.

e me butter to eat with the bread—
lored with saffron and tumerac
orpiment, richer in tint, 'tis said;
t lard and sheep's brains make it
thick;
e me tea of a clear green hue,
de of soapstone, willow leaves,
senite of copper and Prussian blue—
eir flavor the palate deceives.

d Mullen drew a ghastly picture
company the verses: Satan in the
ground rubs his hands gleefully
e watches the skeleton Death in
's cap and apron, stirring a
epan from which a serpent
ls and bites a sack of flour.

read that butter today is kept
t with boracic acid; marmalade
mpounded of gelatine and glu-
or vaseline, like the world-re-
ed honey of the Swiss landlord;
s dust and oxide of iron; cream
eserved with formalin; and so on
so on. Mr. Johnson shakes his
and says there were never such
lly shop-keepers as now; the
ry has gone to the dogs and the
are yellow.

you see from Arnold's verses
there were the same complaints
is country nearly 50 years ago.
earn from the poem that in 1859
was sugar of lead, and iron,
sand; coffee was of ochre, Vene-
red and chicoree; pickles were
d in salts of copper and verdi-
and the best vinegar was full
lphuric acid.

Fi y years ago? There was once
nter, a famous printer, scholar,
ist, wit, named Henri Estienne.
wrote a strange book called
pogy for Herodotus," which was
hed in 1566, and because there
biting attacks on the monks, the
thr was condemned to be burned
y at Paris, his home. In freez-
ather he ran to the mountains
vergne and said that he had
been so cold in his life as on the
ey burned him at Paris. In this
pogy" he devotes a chapter to
icked adulteration of foods and
in the middle of the sixteenth
ry, and he asks this question:
ch is the more dangerous, to
rate the food of a healthy man,
medicine for one that is sick?"
scribes at length the cozening
shops. Oehre and brick-dust
sprinkled with full hands. Tre-
as brewed from rotten drugs to
ink gave the proper color.

thus we might go back to ear-
ays and find rascally dealers in
drink, medicine. Would the
have commanded the Children of
to have just balances, just
gts, a just ephar and a just hin,
shopkeepers had been honest?
ot Solomon say that divers
s and divers measures are alike
nation to the Lord? And would
se measurer hesitate to falsify
ality of his food?

ys the same complaint, the
rumbling heard in the spacious
r of the centuries. And no
there was always a Mr. Gard-
the debate endeavoring to
the disturbed and vexed by
that he himself really pre-
ferred boracic acid in his food, and that adulteration was a disagreeable word for piquancy.

Pitiable is he whose boyhood was never cheered by sound or sight of the sea. It is not easy to be on friendly terms with the ocean, it is impossible to be intimate with it when the introduction is deferred till man's estate.

Boston, Dec. 20, 1902.

Editor Talk of the Day:

This note from a correspondent was published in the Transcript of Dec. 18:

"I was pleased with the suggestion of your correspondent to 'Save the Steeple' of Park Street Church. It may not be generally known that this spire was copied from one in London designed by Sir Christopher Wren. Many a time I have stood on Westminster Bridge and recalled old Boston by the sight, far down the river, of the graceful steeple of St. Catherine Cree, as I think the old church is called."

Our archeological friend is mistaken. What he saw was probably the spire of St. Brides, which has some resemblance to that of Park Street Church.

St. Katharine (not Catherine) Cree is in Leadenhall Street, was built by Inigo Jones, and has no steeple. It has a belfry, similar to that on Faneuil Hall, which contains six bells.

E. S. C.

Dec 23 1902

Boston, Dec. 20, 1902.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

o you, for I am told that you are acquainted with the proverbs and even the anathemas of Ultima Thule, I appeal for information. What is meant by "Noblesse oblige?" I thought I knew. I know now I do not. I have always heard that Brookline, Mass., was—nay, is—the home of wealth, culture, refinement; that whatever happens there is as sweetness and light. Now to my tale.

A woman, a lady, if you insist and if the term suits better, has a husband who sacrifices chronically to Bacchus. He spends in drink all he is alleged to earn, and all that the poor little wife can earn. There is, therefore, a separation, not in law, but in fact. She has been obliged to earn such scanty subsistence for herself and children as she might by singing the song of the shirt—or if not that, the song of the shirtwaist. Among her children is a youngster who goes to school, and after school helps out the income by running errands for such as wish them, and especially for a swell tailor; a youth of this sort—when his mother noted that after his errands were done, he did not go out to play with the other boys, she asked the reason. He gave no satisfactory answer. Finally, she found out that he had been in the habit of spending his time in threading the needles with different kinds of thread which his mother had to use in her work that he might save her that much.

Now, when this youth, a rather frail boy, went out the other night to deliver a suit of clothes to a wealthy customer of the "noblesse," he was set upon, snowballed, pummeled, deprived of part of his parcel, namely, a vest, probably called by the oldest of the gang a "waistcoat," and finally let go with taunts as to the occupation of his mother and the habits of his father. This all by the sons of the wealthy and so-called refined of the richest town in New England, if not in the United States.

To the remonstrances of the poor lad one of the biggest and most important boys responded: "Oh, you can do what you like, but huh! you can't do nothin'; I've got money enough in my pocket to buy a dozen of those vests."

This sorry business was the work of a gang of well-to-do Brookline boys. How is "Noblesse oblige" translated in the excellent schools of Brookline?

The vest in question was found by a poor laboring man. He kept it. Finally he saw the advertisement that announced the loss. He took the vest back to the mother, and said: "You have no idea how I was tempted. The vest fitted me and I needed it. But the longer I kept it the worse I felt, and at last I saw the 'ad,' and then I had to bring it back." He was offered and he accepted a dollar. Some may cavil at that; but the mother was saved paying $12 from her scanty means, and perhaps the laborer was not of the "noblesse."

What does it mean when in a republic the children of the rich will assault and rob the child of the poor, a child who is trying to help a working woman, his mother? What does it mean when they assail with taunts that mother and her son because of things for which neither one is responsible? I confess my blood boils at the thought of it.

Perhaps boys were different in my boyhood. Why, when I went to school in Rindge, N. H., I was only too glad to swap my piece of mince pie out of the luncheon, which I had to beg to be allowed to carry to school like other children, for a big apple; and my only source of envy was the fact that I was not allowed to go barefoot like the other children. Are those days gone forever? Are the poor boys treated universally in our New England towns with snobbery, insult, brutality by the caddish sons of men some of whom in their boyhood undoubtedly knew poverty?

We sneer at the English schools; but what would happen to a gang of boys who should at Rugby, Sandhurst or any other English school act as these boys did in Brookline? Appeal to the authorities in such a case only makes a bad matter worse.

After all, what means "Noblesse oblige"?

F. A. H.

In Le Roux de Liney's "Livre des Proverbes Francais," O excited F. A. H., righteously excited and clamorous for vengeance, the maxim "Noblesse oblige" stands side by side with: "True nobility wounds no one," "Nobility comes from goodness," "What good to boast of his title of nobility when his dishonor stains it?" and other maxims and sayings to the same effect. But the French have always been a hot-headed, quixotic folk.

How few are the changes in style of the press-agent through the centuries! Here is a "literary note" published in 1566 apropos of William Painter's collection of stories, entitled "The Palace of Pleasure": "Pleasunt they be for that they recreate and refreshe werled mindes defatigated either with painefull trabaile or with continuall care, occasioning them to shun and to avoid heavinesse of mind, vaine fantasies and idle cogitations. Pleasaunt so well abroad as at home, to avoide the griefe of winters nighte and length of sommers day, which the travailers on foote may use for a staye to ease their weried bodyes, and the journeours on horseback, for a chariot or lesse painful meane of travaile in steade of a merie companion to shorten the tedious toyle of wearie wayes."

Dec 24 1902

We are told that an umbrella is "the most popular" gift of the season, whether the handle be straight or crooked, of silver, gold, ivory, horn, gun-metal, mother-of-pearl. A handle of Dresden-china is no longer recommended, and this is as it should be, for a stern-faced, or fat-necked man clutching with his fist a dainty shepherdess and soiling her pretty clothes as he trudges in a downpour is, indeed, a loathsome object.

But no umbrella should be sold without a handbook: "The etiquette of the Umbrella;" otherwise the gift is a menace to man-and-woman-kind. For the umbrella was invented to keep one dry; it was not primarily intended as a substitute for rapier, cutlass, spear, or bludgeon. As it is worn today it is chiefly a weapon of offence.

When Artemus Ward was going from Detroit "West'ard hoe," he met a "he-lookin' female" in the train who insisted that every woman should have "a Spear."

"'What is my Spear?' she axed, addressin the peple in the car. 'Is it to stay at home and darn stockins, and be the ser-lave of a domineerin man? Or is it my Spear to vote and speak and show myself the ekal of man? Is there a sister in these keers that has her proper Spear?' Saying which the eccentric female whirled her umbreller round several times, and finally jabbed me in the weskit with it." And Artemus said: "I hav no objecchuns to your goin into the Spear bizness, but you'll please remember I ain't a pickeril. Don't Spear me agin."

Time and time again we have been on the point of uttering this protest in the hope that some eminent citizen or leading citizeness, anticipative or retrospective shopper, would have mercy and spare us; but, like the shipwrecked couple in Gilbert's ballad we had not been introduced. We therefore dodged the deadly point without a word.

The Subway steps are favorite scenes of operation for the wielder of the umbrella. Sometimes he conceals it until he is nearly at the top, then he suddenly unmasks and bashes you in the chest by a quick, well aimed thrust as you are a step or two below him. Or he suddenly takes it into his head to swing it as a club; off goes your hat, or there is a smear on your overcoat. Or, wishing plenty of room for his imperial stride, he cuts now to the left, now to the right, backward and forward and soon, like Richelieu in the play, draws an awful circle.

Then there is the woman who stops cars, waves salutations, arrests the attention of acquaintances with her umbrella.

They are all hopelessly astray, through ignorance, let us hope, rather than perversity or Sadie cruelty. Therefore, we insist, any Christmas shopper should see to it that the handbook accompanies the gift. The chapter: "How to choose an umbrella at a reception" is piquantly written and full of sound advice.

We like to think of Mr. Winslow Warren, Judge Dewey, and others disputing pleasantly over ancestors. Really the only way to settle such disputes as to the worth of forebears would be to invoke their shades with the assistance of some Witch of Endor. We cannot help feeling that in many cases the invokers would use all possible haste in dismissing their ancestors who might not answer fully expectation; and on the other hand we can easily imagine a great-grandfather looking with surprise at his descendant and saying peevishly with Samuel: "Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?"

We have seldom met a man or a woman who had not had grandparents: in fact grandparents are by no means an exceptional family possession. Why then this pother about that which is common to all? Mr. Warren voiced both the dictates of common sense and the preeepts of history when he remarked: "The only pride a man can properly claim is pride in what he has accomplished himself and not in that which ancestors have accomplished. Pray, what have Americans to do with daddyism?

Lord Rosslyn, after he had perfected a gambling system guaranteed to break the bank at Monte Carlo, dropped a pretty sum at poker and screamed a little about "trickery." We smiled and remembered our old friend Hamlet's line: "For 'tis the sport to have the enginer hoist with with his own petar."

Whenever we hear about the sure

system for breaking a bank we recall the story of some New Yorkers who met a venerable croupier in retirement in some little German town. He was said to know the secret of roulette. The New Yorkers went to him and roused him from his dreams: "Tell us the secret and we'll pay you $10,000." "First, give me the money," said the croupier, whose face was wrinkled with nocturnal experiences. There was a long silence after the money was handed over. "The secret, the secret?" "But if I knew the secret of roulette, do you suppose I'd be here today, gentlemen?"

Dec 25, 1902

'E was a man's poor as us, very near,
An' 'E 'ad 'is trials and danger,
An' I think 'E'll think of us when 'E sees us singing 'ere;
For 'is mother was poor like us, poor dear,
An' she bore him in a manger.

Oh—
It's warm in the heavens but it's cold upon the earth;
An' we ain't no food at table nor no fire upon the hearth;
And it's bitter hard a-Christmassing; Carolling;
Singin' songs about our Saviour's birth;
Singin' songs about the Babe what's born;
Singin' of the shepherds on that morn.

We believe in Christmas as a day of good cheer, kindly thoughts, tender memories, holy associations. We believe in Santa Claus, the stocking by the fire-place, all the legends of all countries. We believe in the celebration of the day by religious ceremonies, pantomimes and jolly shows in theatres, reunion and gayety at home. We believe in the spirit of Dickens's "Christmas Carol," although we are told by grave, thin, beardless young men sitting in the seats of the scornful that Dickens was a sentimentalist without style, whose idea of benevolence was centred in "a nate buffet before them set, where lashins of good dhrink there was," to use Mr. Molony's fine sentence.

It should not be a day of arrogant ceremony or cold-fingered and condescending philanthropy. Men and women and children are without fire and food in this very city. The charity organizations are not acquainted with all the suffering. There are the proud and hungry as well as the proud and stuffed. And from blue-lipped and empty mouths there may well go up today the carol of the Wealden women, a bitter carol:

When ye've got a child 'at's whist for want of food,
And a grate as grey's y'r 'air for want of wood,
And y'r man and you aln't nowise not much good
Oh—
It's hard work a-Christmassing,
Carolling,
Singin' songs about the "Babe what's born."

Christmas should be something more than a date for giving a thing to somebody who does not need it and often does not want it. It should be something more than a solemn ceremony or a household party, or a swollen feast. The well-to-do should consider their poor neighbors; the rich should take account of their stewardship and consider whether a gift of a building to a college, a gift announced with blare of trumpets and rewarded at Commencement with a degree is after all seriously considered by the Angel of Record. The gift is splendid, it is said; but how about the condition of the workmen, in office, railway service, factory, or mine, who made the gift possible?

And there are the quaint lines of Henry Vaughan to ponder:

The brightness of this day we owe
Not unto music, masque, nor showe;
Nor gallant furniture, nor plate,
But to the manger's mean estate.
His life while here, as well as birth,
Was but a cock to pomp and mirth.

# A Christmas Clearing House

Dec 24

## Proposed Establishment in Boston and Other Cities of a Long Needed, Trouble Saving, Charitable Institution.

All agree that Christmas gifts have fallen of late into disrepute. The labor of making them does not balance the pleasure even when the gift be appreciated. There is the annoyance of the crowded shop, the surge of the desperate mob, the menagerie smell. There is the brain-tiring exercise of anticipation of others' wants and the gratification of the taste of another.

On the other hand the receiver is put to trouble. There is the nuisance of exchanging the gift for something he really needs or desires. There is the haunting thought that next season he must make a perfunctory return.

A banker of this city, a man of large wealth and benevolent impulses, has devised a scheme that will commend itself to all thoughtful persons. He proposes the establishment every December of a Christmas Clearing House.

Here is a homely explanation of the workings of this institution. Mr. Johnson wishes to give presents for selfish and unselfish reasons to A, B and C. He does not order a box of cigars, a valuable umbrella, a sumptuous first edition to be sent to his friends; he instructs the cashier or treasurer of the Christmas Clearing House to credit A with $20, B with $14, C with say $17.50. A wishes to give a present to Mr. Johnson. He orders the Clearing House to credit Johnson with $4 35. B, actuated by a similar desire, orders $13 to be put to Johnson's credit, and C, who feels poor, sends no present. On January first Mr. Johnson is informed that he owes the Clearing House $24 15; A receives from the institution $15 65; B the sum of one dollar; and C, the selfish brute, $17 50. If Mr. Johnson should give 20 presents and receive 15, of course there would be more complicated figuring, but the process would be the same, whether he came out creditor or debtor.

The beautiful simplicity of the plan must be evident to everyone. A, it is true, receives from Mr. Johnson only $15 65, whereas Mr. Johnson intended to give him $20; but with his $15 65 he is enabled to gratify a desire when the shops are not crowded; and Mr. Johnson is spared annoyance and fatigue, which would surely be more than the loss of $4 35. The scheme is undoubtedly more feasible than the establishment of a Bazar for the Exchange of Christmas Gifts; and inasmuch as the gifts are in cash there is the substantial evidence of remembrance and affection. Mr. Johnson, for instance, will remember C.

* * *

What you abound with cast abroad
To those that want, and ease your loade.
Who empties thus will bring more in;
But riot is both loss and sin.
Dress finely what comes not in sight
And then you keep your Christmas right.

We give this Christmas gift to all our readers. Ten to one wherever you dine today you will not have a good soup. There will be soup in many houses, but it will either be thin, watery or what Thackeray describes as a hell-broth; it will be conventional, formal, without any individuality or distinction, and, in nine cases out of ten, lukewarm. N. B.—When you are dining at anothers' house, and you find on entering the dining room that the soup is already on the table, pass the soup by or leave the house, if you think the stronger rebuke necessary. But to this soup.

Quarter tomatoes and put them in fresh butter—there should be a tomato to each guest—add sliced onions, a bouquet of parsley, thyme, bay and a clove of garlic. Skin a pumpkin and cut it into pieces and boil it. Cook white beans. When the pumpkin is properly boiled, when the tomatoes are stewed, take out the bouquet and the garlic, mash the pumpkin and the tomatoes in a colander, pour out the whole with the beans, let it boil, put in salt and pepper and pour the mixture on sliced bread. A little bouillon may be added, and a faint dash of crabs may please some. No, we did not take this receipt from any cook book. It was given to us by a singer from the south of France.

The Jim Crow car is seen not only in Southern States. It runs straight to the door of a Brooklyn Sunday School, as well as to those of certain inns in Boston. And the doors do not open.

Lady Hamilton—not the wondrous beauty who led Nelson captive and anticipated Loie Fuller by her dancing—but a literary and club woman in the London of today, spoke lately of the efforts to "salmonize" Tasmania. By this she probably meant to stock the rivers of Tasmania with salmon. Will Dr. Murray accept the new word for his Oxford Dictionary?

Dec 20, 1902

The satirist was feared and courted for centuries whether he were Ishmaelite or a dweller in the palace, poet or rhetorician, garret-bird or born in the purple. He shot his arrows tipped with gall and the crowd rejoiced at the squirms of the victim.

An epigram led to blows; a book to a duel. Sometimes the wretchedness of the assailant spared his life, or his physical uncleanliness kept off hands that would rebuke. If Kings and Cardinals were not spared by the venomous, Bishops did not disdain to take up the weapon of satire, and the learned employed it as the common tool of argument.

Satire ruled in play, poetry, romance, essay. The gentle Shelley as well as the tumultuous Byron used it deftly, used it, however, as a pastime, not as a source of income. Tennyson's satire pricked the swollen bubble of Bulwer's conceit. But little by little the weapon was not picked up for controversy. When Matthew Arnold tinged with it in gentlemanlike fashion his "Literature and Dogma," there were protesting cries, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert has lived to see his methods classed and labeled among theatrical traditions.

The professional satirist of today—who is he? Where is he? who is he? The late William Allen Butler stirred society fifty years or so ago by his "Nothing to Wear"; but who now rebukes the follies of the over-rich? The caricaturist or the paragrapher. Mr. Watterson's diatribe was a sermon, a tract, rather than a satire. When there was a great cause at stake, James Russell Lowell was satirical through the nose of a New Englander. The tremendous conflict between labor and capital has found as yet no satirist. Mr. Dooley is a humorist. Mr. Ade is a philosopher in slang. The former is too kindly; the latter too impersonal.

Perhaps the world has grown too amiable, too circumspect, too paternal in pretence. There is perhaps the contagion of fear. No publisher announces a forthcoming satire. The desperado and the swash-buckler of adventurous life no longer scream in print against their neighbors to call attention to themselves; they are quietly engaged in legitimate business; just as the modern poet has no longer the Byronic arrangement of hair and curl of lip, but is sleek, well fed, and as though he slept of nights. The satirist has gone out of his special line of business. It is no longer profitable.

The paint is off the wooden monkey, the toy automobile does not run, little Mary is not allowed to take any solid food; but what matters it, as long as the spirit of Christmas Day filled the hearts of all?

We were at Mr. Johnson's when the bundles were opened. He was highly pleased with a book which he had long wanted, but the card of the giver quenched his joy. "I ought to have sent him something; but I had no idea he would make me a present. He'll think me a shabby fellow." Mr. Johnson looked over the heavily loaded shelves to see if there was not a fresh-looking volume he could spare and leave at Tapperton's house. He could not make up his mind to part with any one. "I ought to be ashamed of myself to take the thing in this way. Tapperton is rich and he knows I am hard up. It would be snobbish of me to run to him today." And then Mr. Johnson examined curiously the labels on a couple of cigar boxes which had just arrived.

Mrs. Johnson deplored the arrival of potted plants and flowers. "They cost so much at this time of the year, and they last only a day or two. Why do people persist in giving presents? I never thought of the Hackets, the Binningers, or the Hooperups, and look at these presents. What can I do? What shall I say? I wish they wouldn't do it. It makes me uncomfortable. Now here is something I needed: isn't this fan really beautiful? I wish I knew where she bought it; I wonder if I could exchange it for a muff? you know I lost mine, Pickering dear, and furs are so high." "Yes, I know you lost your muff, darling," answered Mr. Johnson, in tones that chilled the air; "by the way, I never used that silver matchbox that Boulter gave me last Christmas; I think I'll leave it at Tapperton's this afternoon, and ask after the family. Where are you going to dine, Smithers? We are invited to Collop's. I hope we'll not have goose. What? You must go. Well, old man, Merry Christmas again."

The gasoline explosion wrought havoc with the poolroom of Hot Springs. There was no possibility of such an accident at the Pool of Siloam, once a favorite watering-place, and yet a tower fell in Siloam.

Mr. Richard Heard will never, no never forsake Mascagni. Such devotion has not been seen except in the Mleawber family.

Caracas sounds like a Spanish oath, fiercer than "Caramba," more terrible even than "Carajo."

Castro may well envy the fate of Blanco, who ran Venezuela in admirable fashion. Blanco knew that the office of President is not always remunerative, so he combined with his governmental duties the business of smuggler and inn-keeper, and by strict attention to this combination he grew rich. When he thought he had enough he left Venezuela to lead a life of sociological research and diversion in Paris.

Caracas is in the mountains and not on the coast. We found this out, to our surprise and after long meditation, by looking on the map. But what does Caracas mean? Is it from the Spanish "caraca" a carrack, one of those huge ships of burden, fitted for war, which the Portuguese used to send to the East Indies? Carrack is a good word, not so good a word as galleon or argosy. Or is Caracas a corruption of "Carranca," ugly face? Or does it come from the "Guarani" and mean "a defile?" As the town is in the mountains, the last derivation is probably the most likely. There is a Serra do Caraca in Brazil.

And La Guaira or La Guayra. Did not Amyas Leigh in "Westward Ho!" go to that barren strip of sandy shore and then pass down the Maddalena River? Somehow or other these out-of-the-way places are more interesting in books than in real and troublesome life.

We like to hear Mr. Jeffries' modest admission that he can finish any Mon-

a giddy in just one round, and r Monroe's coy statement that his uch will make him famous forever. ls as though we sat with Homer's roes in the pow-wow tent.

Nate Salsbury will be remembered by tny chiefly as the reciter of "The amp." "'Twas way down in the Leigh Valley." This recitation won the ghest tribute: the tribute of parody.

Don Carlos visited the Marquis of nsdowne at Bowood this month. The wspapers talked at the time about rlosand Lansdowne, but no mention s made of the ghost story of Bood.

Dr. Priestley was at one time libran there to Lord Shelburn, and one Mr. Petty, the son of Lord Shelrn, told Priestley of a strange dream. said he had dreamed he was very k: the whole household was preparfor a journey. He was put in a rriage alone; he could not speak, but was amazed at the number of carges and at the slowness of pace; lly after many miles the carriage pped at the family burial place; he borne into the church; looking k he saw his carriage was a hearse. Priestley told him he had a fevercold, and called the doctor. Mr. ty was soon convalescent, but as was in January the doctor ordered on no account to leave the house, next afternoon the doctor was in neighborhood of Bowood and ught he would call. To his amazent as soon as he had passed the ge the young man, hatless, ran ard him. It was bitter cold. The tor rode on to rebuke him, but Mr. ty vanished into thin air. When the tor reached the house he learned t Mr. Petty had just died.

ories about Krupp—who lived at Es, for he was not so vainglorious as change the name of his abiding-place Kruppville, Kruppthal or Kruppberg, still circulating in foreign journals. are told that he had a private raily station on his own grounds; and could step out of his billiard-room o a train which was ready to start anywhere at any time. He could lie bed and talk through a private telepne all over Germany. When anyone wit to Essen on business he was ged at an inn belonging to Krupp, there the guest "fared sumbustiously at Krupp's expense. No doubt the h was perfumed with benzoin. At rate the choicest wines, carriages, or-cars were furnished free of rge. We used to wonder at such gs in the "Arabian Nights," which ns today a mere compilation of s, and yet no modern inventor has nd out the secret of Bahram, the sian's kettle-drum of copper, which, en, would call dromedaries to him and his companions and gage a journey of seven years in a or two.

Dec 27, 1902

rs. Kate L. Ross of Morganton, N. C. lifts up her voice for a monument "The Mothers in the United States." scheme, of course, now includes Biggar. We are heartily in favor numents when they are deserved are in themselves beautiful; and re the quarries are exhausted we to see a monument to the Mothn-Law in the United States. The ers-in-Law, abused by the witless, he unfailing support of many sons-w! In London the noblemen ld dedicate in a public square or at me Tussaud's a monument, in ful recognition, to the Fathers-w of America! These will be days for sculptors.

M. Huneker of the New York Sun sses gravely the plot of Haupt's new five-act drama, "Der Arme rich," produced at Berlin early month, treats it as something new h "founded on an old German d," and says that the outline "somewhat depressing." Is it ble that Mr. Huneker in his multis reading has not come across Golden Legend," the work of one ellow, who wrote poetry the side of the Charles River?

re have been several versions of tory prepared for stage use, and ed on Hartmann von der Aue's arme Heinrich." One of the latest ns Pfitzner's opera, produced at ce in 1895. The idea that the blood irgin is a saving medicament was on even before the Middle Ages. is the story of the Emperor Con: the Amicus and Amellus Saga; ench legend of the Grail.

more we read about the life of own Princess Louise of Saxony the more we sympathize with her. "The officials were greatly shocked some time ago because she took bicycle lessons from an American dentist and rode with him about the streets." But the American dentist in Europe is a superior person. Did not the Empress of the French put her trust in Dr. Evans of Paris? An American dentist at Berlin, a Maine man, was confidential adviser to Bismarck and other mighty ones of iron and blood; furthermore this same dentist, a prodigious swell, was prominent in all grades of society. An American dentist, again a man from Maine, put things in the mouths of Humbert and Marguerite. We knew in the eighties an American dentist in Dresden who looked after the teeth of Richard Wagner and the imperial gums of Austria as well as Saxony. His influence waxed with the years, and only the other day we heard that he had persuaded our friend William II. to command the performance at Berlin of an opera by one Coerne, once a pupil of Professor Paine of Harvard. The American dentist has the Kings, Princes and counselors of Europe by the teeth of the head. If he condescends to give a bicycle lesson to royalty, royalty should be flattered.

At the same time we do not like the description of Professor Giron. "He has sparkling black eyes, black hair, and a fascinating manner." He must look something like a second rate Italian lyric tenor. By the way, "giron" in French means "lap."

We regret to hear that Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan is "flat broke." Someone has figured that Mr. Sullivan in the course of his brilliant career made legitimately about $800,000. What did he do with it? He himself tells us: "Well, Sullivan spent it and had a good time! But he never took a dollar that didn't belong to him and was always yours truly, John L. Sullivan, ever on the level!" Adversity cannot break his indomitable spirit.

The reproach is made against pugilists as well as against singers that they are spendthrifts. There are distinguished exceptions.

John Jackson, Gentleman Jackson, "Sole Prop and Ornament of Pugilism" (1759-1845), who put out Mendoza in 10 and a half minutes; the friend of Byron and George IV., who started the practice of making a purse for the beaten man, passed the last 20 years of his life in his house in Grosvenor Street, well-to-do and honored by all England. His monument—a couchant lion and a naked athlete (weeping) is in Brompton Cemetery. Robert Gregson, P. P. ("Poet of Pugilism," 1778-1824) died, a happy landlord. Jem Ward, who held the Champion's belt from 1826 to 1831, kept a public house and painted pictures, sold as "by old masters." And there were and are others.

The arrest in New York of Mr. Gaetano Postura, a countryman of Mr. Mascagni, the nervous guest of the nation, shows a woful ignorance of Italian daily life. Mr. Postura was haled before the magistrate on the charge of selling liquor from a coffee pot, and without a license. In Rome and in other Italian cities the breakfast served in the cafes is a small cup of strong coffee, laced with rum, which is taken with some form of bread or cake. Mr. Postura was merely serving the national breakfast to countrymen who have not yet learned to like health foods, beefsteak, eggs, and buckwheat cakes. There was no attempt at concealment, as when a prominent broker of this city was served some years ago with restaurant champagne out of a water pitcher to throw his creditors off the track.

Mr. Wu Ting-fang discusses, in a magazine article, American civilization, and reminds us that the benefits of such civilization are comparative: "The electric light is a case in point. Its superiority, as an illuminant, is obvious to all. But is there any one that blames the man who has experienced a shock from a live wire for preferring the kerosene lamp?" One might also reason in this way Is there any one that blames the man who has been burned by an exploding lamp for preferring the electric light?

They that live in daily dread of premature burial should introduce into their family a custom of the Tibetans as described by Sarat Chandra Das in his "Journey to Lhassa and Central Tibet." The cessation of the pulse and the suspension of breathing are not considered tests of extinct vitality. The Tibetans believe that the spirit lingers in the body for at least three days. On the morning of the fourth day a Lama takes his place by the corpse and after all the members of the family have taken leave of the deceased they leave the room, and the holy man extracts the soul by making an incision in the skull.

Dec 29, 9

# MR. PARKER'S NEW WORK

# A CONCERTO FOR ORGAN

## First Performance at the 9th Symphony Concert Last Evening.

(By Philip Hale.)

The program of the ninth Symphony concert given last evening in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Concerto in E flat for organ and orchestra.....H. Parker
Two movements from "Romeo and Juliet".....Berlioz
Symphony in C minor No. 1.....Brahms

Mr. Horatio Parker began his organ concerto in Munich and completed it in Paris during the winter of 1901-02. It was played last night for the first time. The composer was the organist.

Berlioz wrote strongly long ago against any attempt at blending organ tones with "the divers constituent elements of the orchestra." He gave his reasons at length. He went so far as to declare that there is a secret antipathy between the two musical powers. "Their mission is not the same, their interests are too vast, and too diverse, to be confounded together. Therefore, on almost all these occasions, where this singular connection is attempted, either the organ predominates greatly, or the orchestra, having been raised to an immoderate degree of influence, almost eclipses its adversary."

Since Berlioz wrote these words, the majority of organ builders have steadily endeavored to make their instruments more and more orchestral in quality. The rich, majestic diapason tone, the solemn and crowning characteristic of the organ and that which gives it pontifical pre-eminence, is found only in old organs. The modern diapason has a stringy quality. There are deliberate attempts to imitate the peculiarities of orchestral instruments. And with combination stops and pedals of all kinds, the modern organ is a complex machine which requires so much mechanical attention that the organist must have his mind occupied with everything except the music that is on the rack.

Composers have not stood in awe of Berlioz's opinion. There are works for organ and orchestra by Rheinberger, Prout, Guilmant, Boëllmann, Widor, not to mention others.

Mr. Parker has chosen carefully the contrasting orchestra for his concerto. He uses strings, harp, four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, tuba and kettle-drums. No flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons. He deprives himself of these means of coloring.

His concerto is in four movements; there is no pause between the first Allegro and the second movement, an Andante; the third movement is in the nature of an Intermezzo; the Finale begins with an introduction, which is followed by an extended fugato. The themes introduced are developed separately and together. The coda is introduced by a pedal cadenza.

The first movement is by far the best and the most effective. The first broad theme sounds sonorously on the strings against sustained organ chords. The contrasting theme is fresh and charming. The second theme is fluently written, and Mr. Parker, who is always fluent, here says something. The climax is stirring and the whole movement is well knit together, without superfluity, authoritative. And in this movement organ and orchestra work together; they do not seem utterly incongruous forces. The second movement, which may be called a romanza, contains some pretty passages, but it is without special distinction. The rest of the concerto is a disappointment. In the third movement there is an attempt at light treatment of the organ; as though the instrument could reproduce effects of wood-wind. But when the organ is playful it reminds one of Milton's elephant's desire to make mirth for Adam and Eve by unwreathing his lithe proboscis. The music that would fain be tripping or sparkling seems logy. Nor is the Finale in the invention of themes or in development and color equal to the first movement. The fugato seems perfunctory and there is nowhere a truly striking passage. After the first movement there is not marked concentration, there is not the suggestion of infinite revision. Too often in sentimental passages there is the thought of the organist who has finished his voluntary and rambles on more or less agreeably until the clergyman appears to begin the service. Nor after the first movement is the organ so shrewdly contrasted and blended with the orchestra. Mr. Parker played skillfully and was heartily applauded.

* * *

Two movements of Berlioz's Symphony were played instead of the three announced. The "Love Scene" is one of the most beautifully romantic pages in the great book of music. It was given to Berlioz to stand near Juliet's balcony and hear the rapturous words of the lovers. The only appropriate commentary to this "Love Scene" would be Shakespeare's text. It would be foolish, however, to discover Berlioz in 1902. This music, written over 60 years ago, is love music for all time. The interpretation last night was punctilious rather than dreamily romantic or wildly passionate. On the other hand, the performance of the "Queen Mab" was generally exquisite.

Brahms's Symphony brought the end. There is no disputing its austere nobility and deep thought; but if the concert was too long as originally planned, why could not a movement of Brahms have been omitted in favor of Berlioz? Would there have been a perturbation of Nature in disapproval; would the foundations of Symphony Hall have been shaken?

THERE is talk about the marked improvement of the acoustic properties of Symphony Hall. At first musicians were somewhat disappointed. Not only were there "deaf spots" in the hall, but there was a lack, they said, of general and pervasive sonority. Nor were they consoled by the laudatory article of a Harvard professor in spite of convincing diagrams.

Now all admit the great improvement. Is this improvement due to the fact that the walls are at least seasoned, charged with sonorous waves, as some insist? Are the walls now sounding-boards?

Acoustic properties are largely a matter of chance. The French Government took infinite pains with the Opéra and the Trocadéro; yet neither building is satisfactory. Charles Garnier, the architect, whose monument was lately or is about to be dedicated, admitted frankly the impossibility of absolute certainty in securing good acoustical results.

"For many months I studied conscientiously every thing; I read the books in all languages that I knew; when I did not understand a language in which treatises were written I had translations made; I talked with X, and disputed with Y, and after all my studies I came to this conclusion: a hall, to be sonorous and of agreeable timbre, should be long or wide, high or low studded, of wood or stone, round or square, with walls bare or upholstered; it should be built over running water, or on a firm foundation of earth; it should be nude or with projections; it should be hot or cold, empty or crowded, dark or light; I learned that some believed in the planting of trees within it, others wished it to be built wholly of crystal, while others pretended that snow is the best conductor of sound and that the walls should be furnished with artificial snow; while others, in accordance with the principle of Vitruvius, insisted that sauce pans should be put under the seats."

Garnier went over Europe. He consulted architects, learned professors, singers, players, conductors. He auscultated halls in Italy, Germany, France, Spain, England, the Netherlands, Scandinavia, and possibly in the far East. He then tried to derive a few laws from all his experiments and research. "But no; everything arranged, studied, compared, gave us as a result—certain uncertainty."

* * *

In his new "Treatise on Composition" Vincent d'Indy says: "The artist expects nothing from the time in which he lives. He knows that his mission is to serve others."

And d'Indy puts this speech in the mouth of the hero of his new opera: "To love others, to serve others, this is my only joy, this is my sole thought." The violins, divided, announce the chief theme of the opera, a solemn and serene melody drawn from the office of Holy Thursday, in which it accompanies the words: "Where charity and love are, there God is."

This is the story of the new opera, which is entitled "The Stranger." I hasten to add that there is no thought of the play that moved young Pendennis; there is no entrance of Mrs. Haller.

A silent, mysterious man takes up his abode in a fishing village. He wears a strange gem in his cap. The people think him a sorcerer, because he saved one of their number, because he catches fish in shoals and gives them away, even to them whose children hoot at him in the street. A young girl, Vita, betrothed to a customs guard, André, is drawn toward him. Worn by suffering rather than by the years, he does not wish to give way to passion. "Youth," he cries, "is created to please youth." Vita, hurt by this somewhat priggish declaration, sobs. Then the Stranger tells his love, and says he must away because he loves her. A mocking song is heard. André comes up with a smuggler, whom he proposes to put in prison, notwithstanding the entreaties of the Stranger and Vita. André will give Vita a silver necklace

bought with the prize money to celebrate the bans, "which will soon be published?" he asks. 'Perhaps," she answers coldly. André, astonished, looks at her and then at the Stranger, who goes away toward the setting sun.

The next morning, Sunday, the bans are not published in church. The folk wonder, and Vita's mother scolds. The caprice will not last long, she thinks, and she leaves Vita on the shore. The Stranger comes to say good-by. "Why do you leave me," asks Vita; "the half of me will go with you;" and she begs him to stay, not to abandon her, for she loves him. He is obdurate. "Who are you, then, so good toward everyone, so cruel toward me, your friend?" "Child," he answers, "I ought not to steal your affection. I am he that dreams, I am he that loves. Dreaming of happiness and of universal fraternity I have made my way through many worlds. Wherever I have walked, I have found contempt and hatred. See this magic stone: It once blazed on the prow of the boat that bore the resuscitated, the friend of Jesus; it can impose rigid obedience on wind and wave; by its aid I saved the other day the poor sailor. Now that passion dominates me, that my will has failed me, the holy relic is nothing to me. Keep it, in memory of me." He tosses it to her and disappears. The despairing girl vows herself to the sea: The sea alone shall possess her, for she cannot belong to him she loves. She throws the emerald into the water and is lost in revery.

A storm, long brewing, at last breaks. A ship is in danger. The crowd rushes to the shore, but the sailors are beyond help. Some pray; some impotently curse. The stranger appears and cries: "Man the boat!" No one steps forward. He will go alone. Then Vera, calm and radiant, is by his side. A mute embrace, and they set out. They are soon lost from sight. Now they are near the vessel; they will save lives. A gigantic wave sweeps the ocean, covers the pier. A tragic silence follows the catastrophe until a voice intones the "De Profundis." All heads are bared.

Here is a curious mixture of symbolism and naturalism. A comparison might be drawn between "The Stranger" and Ibsen's "Brand," as suggested by M. D Calvocoressi; but as he points out Brand squanders his will in vain efforts toward a sombre and superhuman ideal, while the stranger's only ambition is to comfort human misery. Brand is a man in revolt; the Stranger is a man thoroughly resigned. Brand dies by an accident, which is the punishment of his father's faults; the Stranger is the martyr of his own heroism.

This opera was published last May; it will soon be produced, not in Paris, but in Brussels, which is tenderer to the musical children of Paris than their own mother. The opera will also soon be performed at Rouen and Lyons, and as there will be orchestral excerpts for concert use, let us hope that we shall soon hear some of the music in Symphony Hall.

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You may have read of the Wanda de Boncza sale. The beautiful play-actress died in August months ago after cruel suffering and her torments and her debts were the talk of Paris and the outside world. Then came the opening of her strong box. Amazement and joy of creditors! Cash and securities were there enough to cover the debts of $100,000, and jewels, plate, curios, etc., to the amount of probably $400,000. One necklace of 43 pearls was sold at auction for $6000. Fancy prices were paid by seekers of mementos. There was a necklace with 216 brilliants and 224 pearls; seven smaller ones with sapphires, pearls, emeralds; 16 brooches, 37 rings, a diadem, six watch guards, earrings, combs, pins innumerable. There was costly furniture in her palace; there were pictures by leading artists.

Do you ask why there is mention of her in this column? Because she began life as a pianist. Wanda Marie Emilie Rutkowska, for that was her real name, was born in Paris of Polish parents in 1872, and in 1889 she took a third medal at the Paris Conservatory for piano playing. But she longed for the theatre, and in 1894 she took the first prize for comedy at the same Conservatory.

Mr. Harduin of the Matin writes that he remembers her ten years ago going humbly to the Conservatory in an omnibus. She made her debut at the Odeon in "La Barynia" of Judith Gautier in 1891, and she joined the Comedie Francaise in 1896. She was very tall and slender and dark, a gypsy type. Her costumes were marvelous.

Her life is a moral to young pianists: Go and do likewise.

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Mr. David Ffrangcon-Davies has been telling his Welsh countrymen that as a people they know nothing of musical art. "He dwelt on the stagnation of music in Wales, on the neglect of instrumental works, on the too frequent limitation of music to the sensuous side of religion, etc., etc." The Welsh not musical? One might as well say they have no rabbits. There are the Eisteddfods and any number of singers and players named Davies. Has not Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies himself said that he owes his realistic impersonation to the Prophet Elijah to his Welsh blood; that Elijah himself undoubtedly spoke Welsh? Did not Mr. Davies say: "When I sing the music given to the holy man I feel myself a preacher of the word of God in the little church among the Welsh hills?" And now he taunts his countrymen with musical stagnation!

* * *

Mr. Charles Bennett, who came from Bennington, Vt., and studied singing in Boston with the late Charles R. Adams, after lessons in Paris, went to London. He gave a concert in that city early this month, and the Pall Mall Gazette spoke of him as follows:

"Mr. Bennett has an excellent voice of fine baritone quality and sings with much earnestness and a considerable amount of distinction; moreover, he is intelligent and gives one the impression of having taken great pains in order to fulfill the very best that is in him. In that most trying but most lovely of songs, Schumann's 'Fruhlingsfahrt,' he was altogether admirable, singing with a subdued enthusiasm that was far more effective than any more vehement expression of emotion could have been. At times he reminded us strongly of Herr Van Rooy, particularly in his singing of Beethoven's 'Busslied.' This is, of course, to give him no slight praise, but he assuredly deserves it. He was not quite so good in Verdi's 'Ilalacerato Spirito,' or in D'Erlanger's ballad 'Alone'; but neither of these songs was, as a matter of fact, sufficiently weighty for his voice. We should advise m, in any future concert he may give, make selections for his program which shall not be so much an appeal to the public as a suitable medium through which he may be enabled to exploit the grander and more serious qualities of his vocal accomplishment. We applaud his energy and note with interest that he seems unsparing of himself entirely regardless, as he apparently is, of fatigue; yesterday his program contained no fewer than 15 songs, a fact which at all events proved his good will if not his discretion. That was perhaps, a somewhat exaggerated view to take of the kindness of the public, but at all events such a feat demonstrated his versatility."

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Van Dyck will create the part of Loge in Paris next season.——Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers" has been revived at the Variétés, Paris, with great success. ——Rubinstein's statue was dedicated at the St. Petersburg Conservatory Nov. 28, and his works were performed in concert and in the theatres. The ceremony of dedication was as follows: Prayers for the dead and a hymn, "Memory Eternal." While this was sung the Grand Duke Constantine and nearly all present fell on their knees. The veil was then taken from the marble statue, and 30 or more crowns were placed at the base. Two new pieces by Liadoff were performed: A polonaise for orchestra and an unaccompanied "Hymn to Rubinstein." "Nero" has been revived after a rest of six years, and "The Demon" was then playing in three theatres.

A new opera, "Occana," a fantastic comedy by Smarezilla, will be produced at the Scala, Milan, next season, and the third act of "Parsifal" will be performed in concert.

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There is a report that the Viennese composer Hugo Wolf will soon be able to leave the mad-house. This is a welcome contradiction to the story that the town authorities of Vienna have voted him a tomb near Beethoven and Schubert.

The costumes for the performance of Byron's "Manfred," with Schumann's music, in Paris, were inspired by drawings of Delacroix and Gustave Doré.

A symphonic poem, "The Sleeping Beauty," was produced at a Colonne concert Nov. 30. It begins with long sustained chords and harp arpeggios. A solo violin suggests the sleep and the dreams of the Beauty, while far off horn calls announce the Prince. The pace quickens and the music grows more passionate. The finale celebrates the drunkenness of love.

A son of the old Wagner tenor Jaeger has made his debut at Klagenfurt. Let us hope that he sings better than his sire.

The Meininger Orchestra brought out two novelties at Berlin Dec. 6: A Concert-piece for violin and orchestra by Robert Kahn and "Tragisches Tongedicht," by Walther Lampe. The first is in the nature of a theme and variations. It was criticised as being, on the whole, monotonous. The second was warmly praised by the critics.

Rudolf Buck of Berlin was disgusted at the revival at the Royal Opera House of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," which he characterizes as the weakest sugar-and-water. He also disliked Miss Farrar as the heroine, who sang for the first time in German at the Opera House. "Her voice sounded forced; the middle tones were veiled; the upper tones were often sharp." At the same time he was generous enough to wish her success in future—after more study.

Anton Arensky is at work on an opera founded on Tolstoi's "Resurrection." Humperdinck is at work on a new opera. Failure makes him the more confident of ultimate good fortune, and he is still, like Mascagni, the man of one opera.

The stage is gay and bright, the footlights gleaming,
You hear me sing tonight, with laughter beaming.
You see me laugh and play, you call me funny,
"How bright he is!" you say; "how gay and sunny!"
Ah, little laughing maid, you do not know
How many tears it costs to make one gay Pierrot.

And when the play is done, my little maiden,
Back to your life you run, with sunshine laden;
And if you think of me perhaps you're saying,
"How gay his life must be, it's only playing!"
Ah, little maid, you do not know
How many tears it costs to make one gay Pierrot.

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A man has been arrested on the charge of killing his mother by administering poison to her. It is said that the Coroner's physicians have cut off the head of the corpse for the purpose of showing it suddenly to the prisoner and thereby extorting a confession.

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And where is the scene of this story? In Bulgaria, Moldavia, Thibet, or among the Wagogo, Wakimbu, or Wanyamwezi? Oh, no. It is in the State of Connecticut, the State described even in 1796 by Jedidiah Morse, D. D., as one in which the inhabitants thirsted after learning, were unacquainted with the "base business of electioneering which is so directly calculated to introduce wicked and designing men into office"; the State of the industrious, sagacious husbandman, who, to quote Dr. Morse: "Toils cheerfully through the day, eats the fruit of his own labor with a gladsome heart, at night devoutly thanks his bounteous God for his daily blessings, retires to rest and his sleep is sweet." The State of colleges, inventions, and general culture!

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Think for a moment of the folly as well as the barbarous cruelty of such a test. Suppose the man is innocent of the charge; and by the old law which still exists in the text-books he is innocent until he is proved, not guessed guilty; would he not start and tremble and turn pale and weep at the sight of his mother's head? While, if a man were so stony-hearted as to poison his mother, could he not steel himself against any apparition?

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There is much talk against the indecency of the methods used by the French in their examination and trial of an accused murderer. There is a fine show of indignation against the questioning by the presiding judge or rather his continuous attacks on the prisoner. But how is it in our own enlightened land?

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A man is suspected of murder. There is no direct proof against him. There is a hostile neighbor; or the accused has been a shiftless, low, disreputable fellow. There is what is known as circumstantial evidence against him. The officers at once go to work to make it more circumstantial. As soon as the man is accused, he is believed to be guilty. Efforts are made before the trial to extort a confession from him, and in some States—we do not believe that this shame is yet tolerated in our own Commonwealth—there is practically preliminary torture, torture of the mind if not of the body; and this torture is conducted in the historically inquisitional spirit. There are newspapers that create a prejudice against the prisoner before the jury is sworn. The trial comes on. The prosecuting attorney assumes from the start that the accused is guilty; he bends all his energies to convict him no matter how remote or flimsy the evidence may be; and never for a moment does he remember that his first and chief business is to find out the truth. The more reckless, the more savage the prosecuting attorney, the more is he commended for his "vigilance," for his "high sense of duty."

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Fortunately for the prisoner in this State he as a rule finds a stern but just friend in the presiding Judge. For seldom if ever in the history of this Commonwealth has a Goff aided the prosecutor in railroading a Molineux to prison there to await execution.

It can not be that such a ghastly cruel, intolerable experiment will be made in the State of Connecticut. The report must be merely a canard of most execrable taste.

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There are some who in the dearth of coal are inclined to regard over-crowding in tenements as a beneficent arrangement. When grandparents, parents, the brood of children and a lodger or two all eat and sleep in one room, a sack of coal or a little kerosene will go a long way. We read lately in a report made by the Rector of Spitalfields to the Alien Commission of a two-room tenement where "at 10 o'clock the family retired from the kitchen to the bedroom, and a gentlemanly-looking man with a frock coat and silk hat entered the kitchen and made his bed upon the floor."

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And in the same journal we read this curious dispute that went into the court room. A tree had been growing for 40 years by the side of a wall. The roots spread and caused the wall to fall. Action for damages was raised by the owners of the wall against the owner of the tree. The judge decided that as the roots of the tree had spread under the wall and into the plaintiffs' land, the tree was joint property, and if the plaintiffs had chosen, they could have pruned the roots, or even cut down the tree. This is a case which Judge Bridlegoose might well have sentenced by the chance of the dice without risk of impeachment.

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We remember when the late Archbishop of Canterbury, who is now so sincerely mourned in England, was held to be a man of loose and deplorable religious views. For he was the author of the first article in the "Essays and Reviews," which provoked fierce discussion for some years after the publication. Nor did the storm soon abate. When Gladstone appointed him Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Pusey asserted that the appointment was "the most frightful enormity that has ever been perpetrated by a Prime Minister." When the Bishop was consecrated, a Church of England journal thundered, that "on that darkest day in the whole year (Dec. 21) was perpetrated the darkest crime in the history of the English Church." Yet as Archbishop of Canterbury this same Dr. Temple dealt most gently with the questions of candles and incense. By an ironical twist this rigid teetotaler suffered agonies from the gout.

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Here is a pleasant excerpt from an examination paper handed in at an English Church Training College.

Question: What instruction have you had in religious knowledge?

Answer: None.

Question: By whom was it given?

Answer: By the Vicar.

Dec 28, 1902

Dr. Lorenz is quoted as saying to a reporter: "Do not think that I am insensible to American hospitality. But so much eating! Why, it is wonderful! It is extraordinary!"

The eminent surgeon has been subjected to the ordeal of the "banquet." Now a banquet meant originally a sumptuous entertainment of food and drink; then a ceremonial or state feast followed by speeches. Of late years all formal dinners have been loosely described as banquets. An Alderman, for instance, never gives a dinner; he "tenders a banquet." But because a man gives or attends a banquet it does not follow that he stuffs himself. Professional diners-out are seldom heavy eaters; they are gourmets, not gourmands.

The Americans have never been famous for gulosity. They have been reproached for rapid eating, for eating in a perpendicular position, for an abnormal passion for pie and ice water, but they have never been reckoned among the heavy feeders of the world, the formidable trencher-men. For years they knew not the splendor of soup or the spell of salad. They ate chiefly from force of habit, merely to sustain dyspeptic life. They ate hurriedly, without relish, without nice discrimination. The consequent effect was stamped on the faces of at least two generations. If Dr. Lorenz had watched narrowly his fellow banqueters, he would have found an improvement in their taste, and a certain care in their selection of dishes.

Perhaps Dr. Lorenz thinks that the Tammany beefsteak dinner is a general household institution. Is he impressed by the prowess of "Cap" Milam, a son of Alabama, who sat down, unknown to eat six dozen oysters in rapid succession and arose famous; but there are Frenchmen and Englishmen who

nk nothing of a dozen dozen as an roit to the ceremony of dinner. Or may wonder at the ease with which ap" consumed 103 bananas. Even se rare exceptions in our country are feeble as the conies in comparison h English celebrities.

ook for a moment at the glorious onicles of England. Matthew Dak-, a mere boy of 12 years, swallowed six days 384 pounds and two ounces bread, meat, beer, milk, water, but- cheese, sugar, treacle, pudding, th, rye, potatoes, etc. Do you say t possibly he suffered from the dis- e known as bulimy, or canine han-?

? Consider for a moment the case Mr. Nicholas Wood, yeoman, who eat with ease a whole sheep, and t raw, at one meal; and on another asion 84 rabbits at one sitting. Near bridge Wells a shoemaker, whose e we have unfortunately forgotten, ourcd the length of himself in pork sages—5 feet 9¾ inches of sausage, ões two pounds of new bread, a rt of porter, and two glasses of ndy—and all in 22 minutes. Mr. ningham, a journeyman weaver, e way at one meal with four nds of fat bacon, raw, four pounds oiled potatoes, half a quartern loaf, pots of beer and a pint of gin in inutes by Church Street clock these are only a few of the famous whose deeds sound throughout land.

. Lorenz will visit in England be- he sees his home. Let him ob- e the English men and women in t and theatre as well as at table; im note their thick necks and full d. Let him watch a Frenchman at ner. Then will he look back us as a race of spare eaters, ea- to talk at dinner, intemperate in ch.

ackeray once described the wretch- t of a man who traveled through pe and always stopped at third-rate so as to give warning in the guide- to those who should come after Is not the woman to be equally d who meets all sorts of men and en for the purpose of formulating of etiquette from their behavior?

re is Mrs. L. Heaton Armstrong, uthor of "Etiquette and Entertain- a book published lately in Lon- One woman wrote to her asking her she should put on her bonnet ever she expected visitors to eon. Mrs. Armstrong saw a ner- girl tip her hostess in the excite- of a first visit. She knows women give luncheons "to introduce some star to some persons who are to write about him." Then there a sad misunderstanding at another eon given by a French visitor to on, who insisted on her guests re- ng their coats and bonnets. "More one lady who had dressed in haste, e had depended for her effect on putèr raiment, made fruitless at- s to cling to her becoming hat or ilor-made jacket, which, like char- ad covered a multitude of sins": palling instance of social degener-

books are undoubtedly needed in and of sudden wealth and no tra- s. There are many estimable per- who like to entertain, but the rules quette were not taught in the night

trouble is that in modern society are not fixed and immutable. True, pretty well established that the to enter a drawing-room is by the and not through the window or the chimney; but there are a ed and one whims of a month that l be indulged in only during their Thus, in Boston, we hear, it is now considered "good form" for ng lady to rise when an elderly n enters the room, and under no cration should she offer her any- but the harest civility. It is now k of low birth to thank any one favor or any courtesy.

ks on etiquette are a delight to ncral reader as well as valuable ents for the sociological student. a of high life in New York may ned from looking over "How to e in Society," published in that Whether your eyes rest on: "It too much to say that a young who elected to take claret with h, or eat peas with her knife, justly risk the punishment of banished from good society"; or d you injure a lady's dress, apolo- ply"; or "Members of one family not converse together in so- there is always some helpful hint climber, some revelation to them t in social darkness. No doubt . Cincinnati, Terre Haute, have their own rules and by-laws. And so from "Galateo" published at Milan in 1559 we learn that there were gallants of the city who were in the habit of singing between the teeth, or playing the drum with their fingers, or shuffling their feet, when in the presence of ladies, for which they were properly rebuked by Giovanni Della Casa, Archbishop of Benevento.

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We heard with regret the news of the closing of the Maison Dorée, the famous restaurant in Paris whose doors had stood open night and day since it was established. The proprietor said that the new generation does not appreciate good cookery, the old customers were dying off, and he would not offer Hungarian music instead of finely prepared dishes.

Not that we were in the habit of getting our meals regularly at this restaurant when we were living in Paris. We preferred Bignon's, in the Rue Lafayette, where you could buy a bowl of rice and milk for six sous and a portion of beefsteak for 50 centimes. Many a time have we seen artists, literary men, scientists, some of them with the little red ribbon in the button-hole, extolling the healthfulness of rice and milk and putting a few drops of vinegar in the drinking water. The world went very well then, for we were young and had hopes and illusions.

No, the Maison Dorée was beyond our most sanguine dream. Artemus Ward complained: "As regards eatin uses Baldinsville was allers shaky. But you can git a good meal in New York and cheap too. You can get half a mackril at Delmonico's or Mr. Mason Dory's for six dollars, and biled pertaters throw'd in." The Maison Dorée in Paris was still more expensive.

But there was good eating there. De Villemessant, in his always entertaining and often scandalous "Mémoires," names 11 crack restaurants: Le café Anglais, Bignon (not our Bignon), Le café Riche, La Maison Dorée, Brebant, and six others. A great dish at the Maison Dorée was a braised filet, with tomatoes, mushrooms, reddish brown on the outside and blood-rare within, and with truffle sauce. It was ordered the night before the dinner.

George Augusta Sala agreed with de Villemessant that the best dinner in Paris was at the Café Anglais. His idea of a simple dinner there was a dozen of Marennes oysters, a Crécy soup a tiny partridge braised with cabbage, carrots, and small sausages, some grupère cheese, a salade à la romaine, and a bottle of Pontet Canet. The flavor of this wine, as sold at the Café Anglais, "reminded you at once of the odor of violets and the taste of raspberries." Then there was a demi-tasse of coffee and a genuine Havana cigar.

An American epicure, Charles Astor Bristed, in 1855 wrote in discriminative praise of the Trois Frères Provencaux, the Cafe Anglais, the Cafe de Paris. At that time he ranked the Maison Dorée, or Maison d'Or, as it was called, B No. 1, and mentioned its "immense vaudeville and feuilleton reputation." "The name," he said, "is redolent of Carnival and mi-carême suppers."

We mourn the closing of this restaurant because it is a universal rather than a personal loss. The horizon contracts every time a famous tavern or restaurant disappears, nor does it expand again with the opening of a new hotel, however sumptuous the furniture may be or however pretentious the bill of fare.

Associations are torn down with the building or fade with the transformation of the tavern into a shop. A revival after an interregnum is usually a sorry failure. No Yale man of the early seventies finds in New Haven any "Quiet House" to be compared with that kept far down town by Frank Moriarty and his wife. Young Vanderbilts go to Yale, but only Frederick W. knew the old "Quiet House." Of what avail to the younger is their education? And so Boston is not the same since a once celebrated eating house was swallowed up by a huge hotel. It was not so much the chop, the steak, the broiled lobster, the musty ale—sometimes the dish disappointed, sometimes the service was indifferent—but there was the familiar crowd, the chair that expected you, the contagion of good-fellowship.

Would that there were old-fashioned taverns with the sanded floor, the solid furniture, the plain table equipage, the indescribable and savory smell, the sound ale in substantial pewter, and above all the honest talk, the generous rivalry in criticism and wit, the incentive to brave and original work. The club is a poor substitute. The club inspires insincere, plush literature; its atmosphere stifles independent thought; although women are supposed to enter only the ladies' dining room, Mrs. Grundy is in full membership and guides the conversation. As for the hotel—better the music of wild discussion in the tavern than that of Hungarian band even when the players are from Berlin or Hoboken.

In the old fashioned taverns there were such delightful types. There was a story told in Paris of Frontin when he was landlord in the boulevard Montmartre.

A man who looked like an officer on half-pay had been a guest for some years. He always sat at the best table near the boulevard window, and read slowly all the newspapers after he had eaten his luncheon of beefsteak and potatoes, cheese, beer and coffee. He growled daily at his steak, at the waiter, at everybody, and yet Frontin has not raised the price of his dish—15 sous—although the cost of food had gone up. One day the landlord could stand it no longer. He went to the guest and said: "You are an old customer here and I am exceedingly anxious that you should be satisfied. I have proved this by not raising my price for your luncheon; in fact, I have made you an exception. Yet you are never satisfied, and you complain, especially of the beef. Will you let me make you a proposition?" The old man nodded. "Please bring every morning a steak that you have picked out at the meat-man's. I'll cook it for you. I'll add plenty of potatoes, and you'll not pay anything for it. Don't thank me; I'll be the gainer."

Dec 30. 1902

# 4TH KNEISEL CONCERT

# NEW TRIO BY VOLKMAR

## A Work Introduced by Mr. Mark Hambourg, Pianist.

By Philip Hale.

A trio in F minor for violin and 'cello was played for the first time in Boston at the fourth Kneisel Quartet Concert given last evening in Chickering Hall. The composer of this trio is Andreae Volkmar, who, I hear, is a professor at a conservatory in Frankport-on-the-Main. He is evidently a professor of eclecticism with a decided prejudice in favor of Norwegian music as represented by Grieg. The first movement is of conventional and approved pattern so far as cut and trimmings of the musical cloth are concerned, but the cloth is cut and ornamented according to the fashion in Bergen and Christiania. The prevailing spirit of the music, in other words, in the build of the chief theme and its development, in rhythm and color is that of Grieg, although the composer occasionally breathes the hot air of the salon instead of Norwegian mountains and fiords, and in the salon hears tunes of Italy. This first movement is neither individual nor distinguished by facile imitation. Yet Volkmar is so enamored of certain passages that he cannot bear to dismiss them and make new ventures.

So the third movement begins frankly with the most common mannerisms of Brahms, and there is then a see-saw in Volkmar's mind between the advantages of Brahms and Grieg. There is also what may be called a grand apotheosis which suggests brilliant and varied lights, the full strength of the orchestra, the pet theme rising slowly with outstretched arms and an alluring smile through a trap to the Regions of Bliss, and the audience with eyes still on the stage, donning overshoes and coats, and reaching for umbrellas. Just as the curtain falls the composer declares his undying devotion to Grieg.

The second movement is perhaps the most original of the three. It is an adagio of a funereal nature with a most lively contrasting episode—which might be entitled "The Return From the Cemetery." The adagio is planned broadly in the composer's mind, but the hearer is not sure of the composer's sincerity. When the music should be most impressive, it is melodramatic, not tragic, and the sentiment is only plausible or superficial. I understand this trio is one of the composer's earliest works if not the earliest. A little crude originality here and there would promise more for his future than the spontaneous imitations and the labored bombast.

The pianist was Mr. Mark Hambourg, he of the Absolomic hair. Since he was last here Mr. Hambourg has almost perfected his makeup for the leading part of Rubinstein. It is a pity that this young man of undoubted gifts is not content to work out legitimately his own salvation instead of summoning to his aid external superfluities. Mr. Hambourg played with great fluency, and often with beauty of tone and color. Not infrequently he would rush the pace and play as though a thunderous orchestra were at his back. Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Schroeder lavished the treasures of their art on the mediocre music.

The program also included Brahms's clarinet quintet, played for the third time, and last night with the assistance of Mr. Lebailly, who appeared on the whole to his great advantage. His tone at times had a nobility that in orchestral performances has too often been drowned in sugary sweetness. Surely the opening allegro and the adagio with its rhapsodic passages for clarinet are among the most delightfully melancholy pages of Brahms. Here for once his gypsy muse sings without her choking corset. The quartet played with exquisite beauty of tone and finish and the performance on the whole, was a memorable one. Mozart's quartet in E flat brought the close.

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What is science when all is said and done? It is a confessedly partial and inexact encyclopaedia of ascertainable provable fact in a very limited corner of a universe. It is very like that famous catalogue which was once pomposly announced as being "now complete—so far as the letter A is concerned."

Crossing the Common the other afternoon we passed a thin, respectable-looking man, who was muttering to himself: "I don't know; O, I don't know." He was not saying "I dunno"; his enunciation was clear and precise. And after each public confession he shook his head. If this had been in Paris, the instant thought would have been "absinthe," the drink that sets men a-gibbering and inspired Marie Corelli to do her literary worst.

Who was this man? A philosopher of the Common in despair over the solution of a metaphysical problem? Had he escaped his room after a domestic quarrel? Was he debating the question of suicide? Was the universe too much for him, and was he inverting the motto of Montaigne: "Que scai's-je?"

Fragments of conversation as well as soliloquies heard in passing often suggest mysteries, tragedies. Waiting for a street car, in a crowd we heard some time ago a woman say to a man: "You think you can get away where I can't find you; but I want you to understand that I have money and friends." The woman was calm; there were no tears; her face was not melodramatically strained; her companion was not smoking a cigarette or shooting his cuffs after the manner of the stage society-villain. What was it all about?

Could Sherlock Holmes or Old Sleuth, or even a member of the State Police give the clue to this speech of a man to his companion, a speech heard 10 or 11 years ago in Washington Street, a speech that haunts us still though many bright smiles of 1891 have been forgotten: "It took me six weeks to find her, and the alley was only 10 feet wide." It is true that way down East some inanimate objects are classed as feminine.

Mrs. B. Van Vorst, who went about in this country disguised as a factory-girl, says the two topics of conversation among workgirls are "Young men" and "clothes." We might ask if these two topics do not absorb the women of the rich, the women of high station, whether they live in top-flat or in a house on the water-side of Beacon Street. There is no disputing Mrs. Van Vorst's statement. The shop girl begins her last sentence, which is so rudely interrupted by a customer: "And then he said——." After the customer is dismissed, her neighbor asks: "What did he say, Belle?" But who will explain this fragment heard in Boylston Street as two shop girls went by and charmed the air with: "Violet incarnate." "I said sharing, not shedding my affections." There is a fascination in thus being admitted to the privacy of simple hearts. Think of the joys of Harun-al-Raschid, the Commander of the Faithful, as he went about the city, peering, prying, straining ears, in company with Ja'afar, his Wazir, and Masrur, the Sworder of Vengeance.

The death of Jessie Benton Fremont brings the final chapter of a long romance. She herself was romantic; her husband was a most picturesque character, as explorer, soldier, politician, their adventures were romantic and at times almost picaresque. The couple might well have stepped out from a novel by Dumas.

The daughter of a politician, she was ambitious for her husband, anxious that he should take the centre of the stage, and she was always at the elbow of the limelight man. It was not the first time that the odor of patchouli charged the political atmosphere. Hamilton had his little friends; and was there not a Mrs. Eaton who tried to mollify Andrew Jackson and teach him the way he should go?

Fremont is best remembered as the explorer. His figure was most heroic when cast on virgin sheets of mountain snow. It is the Fremont of Whittier's poem that now lives in the memory; the Fremont whose description of the Western scenery proved to Sir Richard Burton "how easily men write well when they have a great subject to write upon."

Fremont's name was afterward a rallying cry.

> Put on the hunting-shirt once more
> And lead in Freedom's van!

And then the heroic figure began to fade away.

But Jessie's name was still fragrant; she was romantic till the day of her death. By a curious irony of fate, some hunters of derivations insist that the phrase "Give him jesse" came from some incident in her career: a wild absurdity. To give one jesse or jessie or jessy is no doubt an Americanism, used as long ago as the forties. Some think the phrase is an allusion to the jess of leather, silk, or other material fastened round the leg of a hawk; but was there ever a time in America when the language of falconry was familiar to all? And even if there were, why the phrase? Some deep thinker saw the words "jess" and "jesse." That was enough. He might better have taken "Jesse" the father of David.

We see the fur-cap is coming into fashion in Boston, the fur-cap so necessary to boyhood in the dear dead days beyond recall. And the cap is the real old thing, with a fur ball on the top, like the ball that covers the hole of a doughnut. Short, stubby side-whiskers should be worn with the cap to complete the picture.

Dr J. L. Wortman believes that life began at the North Pole. We have understood since the lectures of Professor Dana that life began in the Adirondack Mountains, where as late as the seventies the first forms of bread were served by the inhabitants to tourists.

The suffering in Paris from the cold weather is terrible. There are no cauliflowers in the market, and on account of the scarcity of oysters, night revelers are compelled to go without "puitres au vin blanc."

The South Americans are as fond of art as of revolutions. Fregoli was in a little town where he found there was not sufficient electric force for his performance. He therefore made an arrangement with a street railway company that when his serpentine dance came on a current would be furnished. Whenever a car passed, which was about every minute, the current was cut off and the theatre was in darkness. There were so many protests that another arrangement was made. The first night after that the car stopped suddenly. Passengers were in dismay. "Don't be frightened," shouted the conductor, "there's nothing the matter. Fregoli is dancing." And then the passengers rejoiced in their contribution to art.

Emma Calvé has been busy of late. She created the part of the heroine in Hahn's new opera "La Carmelite" at the Opéra Comique, and her betrothal to Jules Bois is now announced. Mr. Bois is an ingenious Parisian who has written books on Stanism and Magic. He has studied the occult in all its phases and ramifications. Perhaps his most thrilling volume is the one in which he gives the history of the Black Mass, the Sabbat and all forms of Devil-worship in France, the book with the nerve-shattering illustrations by Henry de Malvost, with the disturbing picture of the Abbé Gulbourg as celebrant on dthe luxurious Montespan as the human altar.

Calvé who is now interested in the simple songs of her native province and now in Esoterie Buddhism, was anxious a few years ago about a manager for Mr. Bois, who plotted a lecture tour through the United States. Tho attaek was abandoned. This was soon after the denial of the report that she was about to be married to Mr. Henri Cain.

Mr. Cain did marry a singing-woman the other day, and her name was Julia Guiraudon. Calvé was said to be in despair, to find solace only in the ironically appropriate part of the Carmelite, the forsaken Duchess de la Vallière, who passed her later and less sumptuous years in a convent.

Cain was born in 1859. Calvé in 1864, Julia in 1873. He is no ordinary follower at a prima donna's heels. A man of liberal education, he studied painting, exhibited in the Salon, was rewarded with honorable mentions and a medal, and he then turned librettist. He wrote, for instance, "La Navarraise," founded on Claretie's story, and Calvé created the part. He assisted in the operatic version of "Sapho," in which Calvé played the heroine and Julia the part of Irene, and thus Mr. Cain had an opportunity for comparison.

There was a story some years ago that this gentleman, who has been so deeply interested in operatic life, was betrothed to Marguerite Zinah de Nuovina, a Roumanian opera-singer, of unchallenged temperament. Calvé was then in this country. I took occasion to ask her questions concerning the artistic characteristics of Mrs. de Nuovina. Calvé was frank in answer. "She has fine moments as an actress—yes, she has temperament—it's a pity she is so enormously fat—she's like this'—and with her arms Calvé drew the circumference of a hogshead—"an interesting Carmen, but extravagant—what a pity her voice is cracked!" Ah, these prima-donnas, both male and female, after their kind!

Julia Guiraudon was born at Bordeaux She has been on the stage only five years—a member of the Opéra Comique. There is no doubt that Calvé was deeply attached to Cain, who, if he thought the time had come for sober matrimonial happiness, would have shown Calvé greater consideration by looking for a Mrs. Cain outside the theatre. If he had only chosen a young blonde, fresh from the convent. If he had only married a rich widow of discreet years. In either case his choice would have seemed to his old friends reasonable and "proper."

Concert-givers are still waiting for the death of the holiday season. For this evening at Steinert Hall Miss Marie L. Everett has arranged a concert at which some interesting songs will be sung for the first time in Boston. "Mystical Songs" of Bordese, with music by Widor, Pauline Viardot, and others. There will be songs by Mrs. Cade, who once lived in Charlestown, sang here in Boston, and then went to London. These songs will be sung by the composer.

Mr. Carl Faelten will give his third piano recital Wednesday night, when he will play pieces by Beethoven, Raff, Chopin, Liszt. Concerts that come later are the Longy Club, Jan, 5, when Roentgen's serenade, d'Indy's Fantasia on French Folk songs for oboe and piano, and Caplet's Persian suite will be played; Miss Augusta Cottlow's piano recital, Jan. 7; Miss Maud McCarthy's violin recital, Jan. 19; Miss Muenchhoff's song recital, Jan. 20. Miss Ethel Inman, a pianist, who will appear here Jan. 29, is of the family once famous in steamship business. She played in London and Paris a few years ago.

Mrs. Kirkby Lunn, the English alto, whose name in private life is Mrs. W. J. K. Pearson, made a double-barreled début in New York last Friday. In the afternoon she sang in "The Messiah"; at night she impersonated Ortrud, perhaps the most thoroughly disagreeable female on the operatic stage. Mrs. Lunn was well received, and applauded, especially for her performance in oratorio. The voice is described as that of a true alto, not "a dragged-down mezzo-soprano." She will sing at the Symphony concerts this week, and next Tuesday she will be Kundry in concert dress and with music in her hand.

At this performance of "The Messiah" in New York Mr. Frank Damrosch introduced some of the "improvements and revisions" made by Professor Ebenezer Prout in his new version of Handel's work. When an English professor does not know what else to do, he tinkers an oratorio of some predecessor. Professor Prout might have written an oratorio "Ebenezer," founded on the stone set up by Samuel after a defeat of the Philistines. The work, which would undoubtedly have been massive and concrete, might then have been produced appropriately at East Aurora, N. Y. Instead of which, as Judge Boompointer would say, he tinkered "The Messiah." Considering the number of tinkers employed since Handel's death, the vitality of his oratorio is amazing.

A Paris correspondent writes that he does not anticipate any success there for "Florodora" in French. The translation was made in six weeks. Adaptations of English operettas or musical comedies have seldom pleased in Paris. When "La Geisha" was produced there in 1898, the piece was not successful, in spite of what the critics called the "exotic jigs." Strange to say, the public was somewhat shocked by the goings-on of the Geisha girls, and could not understand how in London they had been transformed into mere frequenters of afternoon teas.

But what is "Florodora" in Paris, London, New York, or Stamboul, without the magnetic and at the same time imposing presence of Mr. Arthur Weld, conductor? He is the only one that knows how "Florodora' should go. He alone brings out all the subtleties of the double sextet. Others beat time; he inspires; and with him each performance is a separate and superb creation.

Dec 3. 1902

# TWO MYSTICAL SONGS, OTHERS NOT MYSTICAL

## Sung in Recital by Miss Metzger, Miss Smith and Mrs. Cade.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mis Marie L. Everett arranged a concert given last night in Steinert Hall, in which Miss Anna Metzger, contralto; Miss Marion Smith, soprano, and Mrs. Salome Thomas Cade, soprano, took part. Mr. De Voto was the accompanist.

Of these singers Mrs. Cade was known here formerly to concert goers as Miss Thomas. The other two are pupils. The recital on the whole had the character of a pupil's concert.

It is true that an ambitious singer is always a student. Mr. Docme, Nordica's husband, for instance, has worked steadily for some years after his one sole appearance at Bayreuth, with the laudable ambition of being the first tenor in the world. "Some day, some day," he sings bravely to himself. But Miss Metzger and Miss Smith are still in a state of pronounced pupilage.

Pupils may be seen but they should not be heard by the indifferent public. A teacher may say: "I wish music lovers to become acquainted with my methods of instruction as shown by the performance of my pupils. I wish honest, straightforward criticism. My girls sing well, or I should not allow them to appear in concert." This speech is made in every city where singing is taught. But consider for a moment the unfairness of the proposition toward teacher, pupils, critics and public. A young woman may show musical instinct, temperament, and as a result of skillful training a certain proficiency in mechanism when she is with her teacher at a lesson, or when she sings to a few friends. Put the same women in a larger room, with an audience made up of palpitating relations, well-wishers, pupils of other teachers, curious teachers themselves and other professional musicians, and in nine cases out of ten she is physically and mentally unable to do herself justice. Her intonation suddenly becomes uncertain, her rhythm is unsteady, she phrases at random, an unaccountable shortness of breath compels her to clip and condense or break asunder her musical sentences, her voice sounds to her as though it were passing through another's mouth. Grant that the young woman is not so nervous, yet she is not mistress of herself. Only toward the middle or end of the concert has she the ability to control fully her tones and think at all of interpretation. Thus is injustice done to all concerned. The excellent teacher is blamed; the pupil puts herself in a false light; the hearers seldom make full allowance.

It is enough, then, to say of this concert that Miss Smith has an agreeable pure soprano voice, which in certain ways shows the evidences of careful training, and that she was heard to her best advantage in "Pourquoi" from "Lakme"; that Miss Metzger can sing better than she did last night, for she was evidently not in voice; that she failed to catch the spirit of Elgar's "Where Corals Lie" and did not appreciate its rhythmic values, but displayed rich tones and a firmer control of her resources in Schumann's "Lotosblume"; that Mrs. Cade was fluent and occasionally careless in intonation in "The Soldier Tired of War's Alarms." The performance throughout may be summed up as the endeavor of pupils to show what they had learned.

The program included two of several songs entitled "Contes Mystiques," with text by Stephan Bordese, with music by various composers. This Bordese is a son of the old singing-teacher and he is a cashier in a music publishing house in Paris. His verses are of the sentimentally or mystically religious nature that is so dear to Parisians, and recalls the remark of Thackeray concerning the amusing spectacle furnished by a Frenchman at prayer. The songs by Widor and Pauline Viardot sung last night are by no means new for that of Mrs. Viardot was sung 1 years ago with orchestral accompaniment at a Colonne concert. The accompaniment was singularly bombastic for a big drum punctuated these sentences: "They tell me that in heaven (boum), the Lord on a throne of high (boum)," etc. The song of Widor is not without a certain charm. Mrs Cade sang five of her own songs—from an "Ave Maria" to a "Japanese Love Song." The best of these might please after a generous dinner. The other composers represented were Mozart, Martini, Schubert, Norton, H. W. Parker; and there were some old French and Scotch songs.

A witness at the Newton police investigation said he saw the Chief of Police coming out of the back door of a drug store where it was suspected that liquor was sold. The Chief might answer in the words of a Grecian philosopher who was jeered at when seen coming out of a disreputable place: "The shame is not in being caught coming out, but in going in."

So Mr. Jeffries, the eminent pugilist is led into captivity by a pretty vaudeville singer. Lulled by her strains, he forgets the upper-cut, the short, decisive punch, the kidney-masher; he hears no longer the shouting of the people; he dreams no more of purses or of fame. Helena is his Capua.

Let Mr. Jeffries take warning by the fate of Samson, for Delilah was a singer, a mezzo-soprano, who sang passionately in French. If the Helen of beauty is a soubrette, ten to one she has a coquettish nose. It has been said that the empire of the world has always belonged to the women with slightly tilted noses, and some deep thinkers, as Hippolyte de Villemessant have insisted that Cleopatra, Aspasia, Delilah, Alice Ozy and other noble dames have owed their power and spell to nostrils prettily flaring skyward. Thus we are far from the nose of the Shulamite adored by Solomon; the nose that was at the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus. We today speaks of Madame de Villiers and yet she was said to have "an eloquent nose"? Or of Madame de Nemours, whose nose above red lips provoked the speech of Vendôme: "It looks like a parrot eating a cherry."

Among the Tartars the most courtly woman is she that has the smallest nose: and the Bushmen insist that the cheeks should puff so as to hide the nasal profile. Could a man woo a woman, who, like the Norman carpenter had a double nose, each perfect in details?

The Sultan of Morocco defeated and besieged! He might now well play the leading part in the operetta "Morocco Bound."

Mr. Faversham and Julie Opp are now man and wife. Mr. Faversham has a divorced wife and the sumptuous play-actress a divorced husband. Nothing could be fairer than the fresh start. Here's to better luck.

The President of the Northwestern University has hired a drummer to swell the ranks of the students." There are universities in which the President himself is the drummer.

nd who now will play the part of cle Tom to little Eva Humbert?

he Neue Hamburger Zeitung questis many of its colleagues concerning excellences and the defects of nch journalism. A Viennese editor aks the dominant characteristic is looking at everything from the peral standpoint. Mr. Max Nordau, grows sourer with the years, says French journalists are not paid ugh to keep them honest. The editor he Westminster, Mr. de Blowitz, and e others consider that "the signature articles in France leads to the ter shoving his personality more usively upon his public than in Gerny or England, and in avoiding the y and 'extra human' air of the lish leader, while at the same time superiority of French papers on the ary side has never been chaed."

is reminds us of a criticism made Mr. Jules Huret, a brilliant member he Figaro staff, who visits this try to study our "institutions," ng them newspapers, and incidentalfind out how the interests of his nal can be advanced in the United es. At a dinner in Boston some ts ago he said in effect: "Your enrise in gathering news is admirable, cious. There is nothing like it in pe. The Figaro does not for a ent dream of competing with any class American journal in this re. But I have not yet seen in any rican newspaper an 'article' as we it. I mean this: Every day the ro publishes an article, political, logical, on economics or art or ture or the drama or what-you-an article signed by some one e authority is acknowledged by all. article may be said to be final, the nd the full word up to the day on it appears. And this article is of importance to Parisians than from London, St. Petersburg or zuela."

lf von Schierbrand finds in the ror Wilhelm certain Napoleonic cteristics. Wilhelm is fond of asng that he knows everything; he lay down the law concerning all s knowable, besides some other s. And von Schierbrand finds his about art crude and injurious.

s true that Napoleon meddled in atters. Mr. Henley declares that eon was himself an artist and he utes this to his Italian blood. eon often went astray in his judgon music, and yet on a far off ign he drew up admirable rules gulations for musical institutions is, nor should it be forgotten that did not like the austere music of bini, he encouraged Spontini and ur. He liked good acting and apted Talma and Georges and Mars. ew a good picture, and he stole ficently works of art in the Penin. Furthermore he had an individual y style.

ne could honestly praise Wilhelm artist. He is a hidebound conive without sympathy for any n movement. He has shown this arbitrary commands to opera and managers, painters, sculptors, ects. As for his literary or ora. style—Mr. Schierbrand himself that his more famous proclamand speeches have been inspired, ing to well grounded suspicion, by dulgeance in strong waters or the od of the Tuscan grape. No, Na. was almost always an artist as a romantic figure of heroic pro. s. Wilhelm is not much like him.

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at an equivalent for not being wise or to be always young! What a happiness to lose or gain anything in the game man life, by being never anything more a looker-on!

A woman applied lately to Mr. Lane, ndon magistrate, for a separation her husband on the ground that ways treated her with "studied dis." She did not allege that he had led her with an under-study. Mr. chirped cheerily in reply: "Con. is no conjugal offence." Yet there East Indian proverb: "Contempt s even the shell of the tortoise." nan comments on the magistrate's k as follows: "The husband comes from his daily work and is met sharer of his joys. 'Good evening, ar,' says the returning spouse. 'I e you—I have the utmost contempt u.'"

It is not necessary for a husband to wear a withering frown, a quivering, scornful lip, or what Artemus Ward describes as a "flashing nostril." Quiet neglect is perhaps the deadliest form of contempt. An occasional outburst of violent words may be overlooked as a rhetorical moment distinguished chiefly by bad taste. A calm and acidulated tone is much more to the purpose.

At breakfast the woman glances over the newspaper and asks some question, which on a honeymoon morning would be rewarded by a kiss and a soft moan of "Doesn't Tootsie-Wootsie understand?" But in the tenth year of wedded bliss the husband chills his wife's blood as well as her coffee by the remark: "Is the headline utterly unintelligible?" or "Is the article written in Sanscrit?" or merely by a look of infinite contempt, as though he said: "And I, the eagle, am wedded to this poor Jenny Wren!"

It is true that women often ask aggravating questions, and there are few husbands who do not understand how Dr. Johnson felt when he was pestered by Roswell. Then tact enters; and after a dozen years of wedded life tact is the final essence of love. The unfortunate feature of these domestic diversions is that the husband is often unable to answer the question and ashamed to confess his ignorance. If he is not imaginative and if he is without a sense of humor, the moment is dangerous—there are breakers ahead.

We remember a breakfast at which a wife questioned her husband about notes and indorsements. Finally she asked: "When were notes first used anyway?" He answered promptly: "Bills of exchange and promisory notes, my dear, were invented by the First Napoleon." He kicked us slyly under the table. She was satisfied; she was more than satisfied; she was proud of her husband. And he told us afterward that when a lawyer dined with them and in the course of conversation she credited Napoleon with the invention and cited her husband as the authority, he never turned a hair, although the lawyer looked at him quizzically.

Here are some headlines clipped from an Australian newspaper: "Boose, Boodle and Blows"; "Lash, Lush and Law"; "Lissome Ladies Larrupped"; "Mrs. Marr Marred. More Matrimonial Miserics." And yet some think that Australia is only a half civilized country.

In times of yore and in ages long gone before monarchs gave to the wandering musician as a token of appreciation a golden snuff box encrusted with diamonds, and filled with coins of the realm, or, when they were somewhat pasimonious, a plainer snuff box which bore on the lid the portrait of the giver. The form of gift varied with the period. Thus Queen Victoria was prodigal with shawls and stickpins. The Sultan of Morocco sends to young Kocian, the violinist, a scimitar, with which the Bohemian can now give to his critics the cut direct.

And so the Moulin Rouge, long frequented by American male shoppers, is no more. It was established in 1888 by one Zidler, who was then managing the Jardin de Paris. He was a queer manager, a composite of the Yankee and the Parisian, and he wore on his hat the motto "fin de siécle." He was a severe disciplinarian over his cohorts of dancers. He disliked newspapers, and it is said that he gave them over 100,000 francs a year to let him alone. When a dancer showed extraordinary agility, he applauded her wildly, as though he were the husband of a prima donna; but he looked skew-eyed at the poor wretch who showed no originality in step or kick or split. He was succeeded by one Joseph Oller, described as the "sympathetic manager" of the Olympia and the Jardin de Paris.

There was a concert at the Moulin Rouge every evening until 10 o'clock. The ball lasted till 12.30; but on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and on holidays, till 1 A. M. The bright particular star of the establishment for some years was "La Goulue," Miss Louise Weber, who finally married a courageous man, Mr. Joseph Drexler, a sleight-of-hand wizard. Under her tuition he became a lion-tamer, and "La Goulue" is still seen in the cages of wild beasts.

This distinguished dancer won her name "La Goulue" by eating a tremendous supper of ham and sauerkraut at the restaurant of the Rat Mort. She once paid a fine of 2000 francs in consequence of an incredible dance; for the police were not disarmed by the singular elasticity of her anatomy. Her fame had been established at the Elysée-Montmartre, and when she went to the Moulin Rouge, Maurice Delsol wrote of her: "Although she had not the freshness of first youth, this girl, contrived by Nature for a hurrah in the dance-house, still had beautiful remains. Never did a toe point skyward with such childlike grace. The principles taught by Nini Patte-en-l'Air she found too Academic." Tired of men she became a lion-tamer, and after an admiring lion had nearly eaten her, she became the owner of a traveling menagerie—the reward of virture.

Other dancers at the Moulin Rouge were Charlot, Valentin le Désossé, La Glu, Georgette Macarona, La Tonkinoise, Môme-Cri-Cri, Reine-des-Prés, Miss Lili—there is a long list of the charming girls.

Another "old Stradivarius" bought for four dollars. What would Old Strad himself say to such sales.

In London they are discussing eagerly the problem of laying bricks in freezing weather. Mr. E. C. Howell sees no solution except in the use of selenetic, a composition of hydraulic lime, lime putty and a certain proportion of gypsum.

The disbelievers in capital punishment will please note the fact that in England there are protests on every side against the execution of two young women, one 17 years old and one 20, who have been sentenced to be hanged. And yet the murder for which they were sentenced was peculiarly cruel and outrageous.

To H. E.: Puerto Cabello, which was bombarded by the allies, means "The port of the hair." The harbor is considered so safe that the old smugglers had a saying: A ship may anchor in it with a hair for a cable.

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It is said that Mr. Jean de Reszke, the eminent Polish tenor, was exceedingly nervous when he made his first appearance a few night ago at the Paris Opéra, as Canio in "Pagliacci," so that his performance was almost a fiasco. This may or may not be true, for we have all learned by bitter experience to be suspicious of cablegrams concerning the deeds of men singers, and women singers, and players upon the lute, sackbut, and psaltery in Europe.

Mr. de Reszke has long been anxious to play the part of Canio. Why, it would be impossible to tell? Probably for the same reason that a comedian is eager to appear as Hamlet the Dane. Mr. de Reszke was never a passionately heroic tenor, admirable singer as he was. An excellent Romeo, he was a wretched Othello; a chivairic Raoul, he was a weak and pitiable Don José. During his first visit in Boston he spoke to friends about his wish to impersonate Canio, a part that demands imperiously a singing tragedian of fire and blood.

Leoncavallo, the composer of "Pagliacci," however, was not nervous before the performance. We learn from foreign journals that he said to a Parisian reporter: "I am not playing a game of chance. This opera of mine has been applauded in every country in the world except France, and what could a man ask more?" The reporter, loyal to his town, answered: "A Parisian baptism is a great thing," to which the smiling Leoncavallo replied: "That is true, but in this case it is more a question of a confirmation than a baptism."

Then there was talk of the criticism that would follow, criticism that on other occasions has been ferocious. "Ah!" said the composer, "it will not be lacking on this occasion as well; of that I am sure; the critics will without doubt say that the music is too Italian, but that in my opinion will be the very best compliment they can pay me. We of the young Italian school have precisely this ambition, to write Italian music and to receive our inspiration from the school of the 'Gioconda' of Ponchielli."

And see how generously Leoncavallo spoke of Mascagni, the much enduring Pietro. "Mascagni had the general chorus against him, they even denied him talent. He is the first among us, and has the distinction of being the first to bring honor to our school."

Apropos of the reappearance of Mr. de Reszke at the Opéra, Henri de Curzon contributed a sketch of his career to the Guide Musical. To Mr. de Curzon the chief lesson of his career is the proof given of the advantage of knowing how to sing; for it was in 1874 that this tenor made his first appearance at Venice in a baritone part, the Duke in "La Favorita." "Three-quarters of the 'artists' whom we see jumping on to the stage have never taken the trouble of learning the art of singing or they have been radically deceived by blind teachers. And it is they, these poor singers, who declare that the supremacy of the voice is a thing of the past, that the voice is only an instrument as others in the ensemble, that perfection in the emission of tone, purity of timbre—these should be considered as secondary matters in the interpretation of the lyric drama."

And Mr. de Curzon finds that no young tenor has today a voice so perfectly placed, so pure, supple, homogeneous as this voice of de Reszke; that no young tenor approaches him in the ability to vary the timbre to suit the diction. All of which will please the New Yorkers who cry aloud that there is now no tenor at the Metropolitan, and will not be comforted by Alvarez, Di Marchi, or any one of the tenors made in Germany.

Some have wondered where Edward MacDowell, the composer, found the verses of certain songs written by him, and the lines that serve as mottoes for some of his piano pieces. A little volume of "Verses by Edward MacDowell" has been published. The edition is limited to about 50 copies and is intended for distribution among friends. It may here be said that the publicaton was a surprise to the composer, who is now giving concerts in the West.

There are poems in the volume which show the delicate fancy and the romantic imagination that characterize the best of his musical productions. There are some that in fantastic spirit remind one of Emily Dickinson. Here is a silhouette:

MOONLIGHT.

The house is dead:
And through black shadows
Creeps long wan fingers white,
That trembling, point the windows out,
And the night wind sighs, "long dead."

And here is

A VOICE FROM THE SEA.

The gaunt pines sway 'neath the north winds' wrath
And shrink from the roaring sea,
That writhes and twists on a rugged shore,
And mourns unceasingly.

From far on high mid the castle walls,
That look the north in the face,
A torch flames glaring and fitfully,
Braving the storm's wild pace.

And beside the flaming beacon
Sits a woman as carven stone;
She peers out into the darkness
And mourns, "Thy will be done."

The Symphony concert of the week will be distinguished by a repetition of Charles Martin Loeffler's two Poems for orchestra, which were produced here last season, and by the first appearance in Boston of Mrs. Kirkby Lunn, the English contralto, who will sing Kundry next week in Mr. Lang's performance of "Parsifal." The first of Mr. Loeffler's poems was performed at the last Worcester Festival under Mr. Kneisel's direction.

It is a pity that new works by such men as Loeffler and Richard Strauss are not repeated soon after the first performance. It might be well to follow the example of the Parisian conductors who put on two successive programs a new piece of importance. Then the audience has the opportunity of clinching a first impression. As it is, a fine and unusual work is produced after much labor in rehearsal; it provokes discussion; then it is put away for several months, and when it is again performed, it is to many as though they had never heard it.

Jan 2, 903

What we like about Venezuela is the true democratic spirit in the official life. When a correspondent called on Castro, that great leader did not suddenly assume the attitude of a statesman in a historical picture. Castro was dancing vigorously one of the wild dances of the tropics, and when he took time to reply to a question of the interrupter, a lady was so pleased by the answer that she slapped the President on the back and said: "That's the way to talk, old boy." No such pleasing informality has been seen in high life since Mrs. Langtry slipped a piece of ice down Edward's royal back, when he was only Prince of Wales—with 'opes.

Bremerton is now enjoying the reputation of being the wickedest town in

the world and Sodom and Gomorrah in comparison were only fashionable but dull watering places. Not long ago Port Said was the wickedest of all towns. Perim had its backers. And there are Bostonians who insist when on their travels that Boston is first in line, but somehow or other their speech is not authoritative, and while the polite listener does not contradict, he does not believe. The wickedest city is always the abiding place of our old friend, Mr. Blowhard.

There is Glasgow, for instance. Time and time again we all have been told that nowhere are there such fearful scenes of drunkenness and general debauchery. Yet, it was at Glasgow that there were protests against barmaids and even now the Town Council is investigating the abuse of tobacco. It seems that the cigarette habit has broken out among girls in the higher schools, "while in the lower grades of society the weed is becoming more popular every day among girls." A deputation of anti-nicotinists informed the council that out of 114 boys questioned only five said they had not smoked; 75 per cent. smoked when they could and 50 per cent. "smoked rather oftener than they can." The Glasgow magistrates, appalled, are about to do something legislative to put down the evil.

How the times change! When we were at the district, intermediate and grammar schools in a Connecticut River town, not one boy was ever suspected of smoking tobacco. The wildest dissipation was in sweet fern or rattan.

A maltese cat excited attention in New York because it had double toes, "which are signs of noble lineage." Then nearly all the Cape Cod cats are of blue blood. In Barnstable County the cat with the ordinary equipment of toes is looked upon disdainfully as a "plain person" is viewed by one of the F. F. V.'s.

Yet in Virginia it is usually the "plain person," who has the well-kept farm and comfortably furnished house, while the plantation of the old family has run to seed and the owner is land poor.

"Here to paint the Carnegies." We should advise Mr. Alexander Roche to paint them red. It is always a good, sound color. The engine house, in the fable, was painted red.

There should be no alarm among local oyster-eaters because their brethren in England die occasionally of typhoid fever. For some years English oyster beds have been fed with sewage, and the attention of the authorities has been called repeatedly to the evil. But the Englishman is conservative, and he prefers the sewage-oyster, which sometimes kills. We doubt whether the "souze" of a lemon would have much effect on the approved English oyster.

At the same time it is well to have a lemon in the house. Ebn Balthar, a learned physician, recommends it for exanthemata and palpitation of the heart. The lemon came originally from Persia, although some say that there were both wild oranges and lemons in America before the discovery.

Italian witches know the value of the lemon. In the neighborhood of Naples they take a green lemon, stick into it 24 clout-headed nails and half dozen wire nails, and twist a string round the heads. Then they put it above a brazier, and by dancing round it naked, impart to the thing a deadly power.

Casanova tells of a singular use of a lemon made by one of his sweethearts, but the story is too long to be repeated. It was an ancient belief that the small lemons, which are extremely sour, are males, while the less acid are females; a pleasing fable invented probably by a woman. Francois Pierre de Lavarenne, who published a cook book in 1651, recommends a salad of lemons; and J. B. de la Salle in his "Rules of Behavior and Christian Courtesy" (published about 1713), says that lemons should always be cut crosswise, which shows that they knew a thing or two at the beginning of the despised 18th century.

"Lemon" has not made much headway, if any, in the slang of any country. "Lemon holy" can hardly be called slang. The slang term in French for a lemon is "Persian pear." Curiously enough, the ancient Greeks called the lemon the Persian apple. Juba, the learned King of Mauritania says the apples of the Hesperides were nothing but lemons, and that Hercules introduced the fruit into Greece; but others state that the earth produced the lemon in honor of the wedding of Jupiter and Juno, which, on the whole, seems more probable.

Theophrastus gives us much valuable information about the lemon: how if one to be carried in a pocket, no stinging thing will harm the bearer, how the juice taken in drink will check the action of any poison—and thus we find the Chicago doctors anticipated: as for that, Lady Russell in 1594 wrote to a friend: "I drank water and limmons by Phisitions advise."

Pliny knew that the lemon is a singular antidote against all venom. Housewives in his day put the leaves in wardrobes to protect cloths against moth, spider and such like vermin. And the Lords and great men of Parthia seethed lemon seeds with their meat to correct their breath. The tree itself was much respected. Cicero paid 10,000 sesterces for a board of lemon wood; "a strange matter considering hee was no rich man; but more wonderfull, if we call to mind the severity of that age wherein hee lived." Tables of lemon wood cost between 11,000 and 15,000 sesterces. (Now, a sesterce in our money is about five cents.) As we said before, a lemon is a good thing to have in the house. We have seen it used in alcoholic compounds. The idea that it will avert intoxication is, we are told, not well founded.

We spoke of the abolition of the barmaid. She was one of the institutions of Johannnesburg, not of Pretoria, where the barkeepers were all men. "And what bar-maids they were," says a foreigner; "Duchesses every one of them, to judge by their fine raiment—better than which never left Regent Street—and the blinding masses of jewelry that bedecked their dainty fingers or hung around their snowy throats. Behind the bars they presided like queens; out walking of evenings they received the homage of the men, who walked around in their mining kits or sauntered in the frock-coat and tall hat that bloomed in the gold reef city, though nowhere else." And although she made the Briton feel that she loved his cause, she was thick with the Chief of Police and her first name was Delilah. Soon she will point stories of "Befo' the wah."

One word more about poisonous oysters. In 1784 the ship of the Swedish Gustavus III. was in the harbor of Toulouse. Oysters attached to the copper-clad keel of the vessel became so impregnated with verdigris that the sailors who ate them died. The oysters had not suffered in any way from the poison.

Jan 3, 1903

Mr. Joseph Smith of Lowell said on Thursday night—it is a good thing to be minutely accurate in important matters—that the Light of Asia had at last paled before the Leiter of Chicago.

The main thing after all is what the elephant thought of the show. The ancients believed that this sagacious beast discerned between kings and common persons, for it adored and bent before mighty rulers and pointed to their crowns. Did the State elephant on this occasion consider Curzon to be the real thing?

A London correspondent mentions a "New York business man who lives in our midst and has definitely adopted the title of Count." How any New York business man could live in the midst of a correspondent without disturbing seriously the correspondent's clock-work does not now concern us. Let us pass on to weightier matters. Who is this Count? He is not the first. Benjamin Thompson of Woburn, Mass., who kept store and taught school for a time, became Count Rumford. There is the case of the Chevalier Scovell. John Van Buren was known far and wide as "Prince John." The correspondent says that this New York business man "really looks and dresses the part." How does a Count look? Has he any special dress, and is he distinguished from common mortals by any superior cut of trousers or exuberance of cravat? We knew a Polish Count in Dresden who burst into a passionate flood of tears at the unexpected loan of a clean shirt, which reminds us that Dr. Maginn said any man might be considered a gentleman for dueling purposes who put on a clean shirt once a week.

The correspondent also says: "I know of a pretty little lady, quite one of the most decoratively haughty of the Anglo-American aristocracy in London, who was not so very long ago a teacher of children in a small California mining camp. Yet to see her in her motor-brougham, almost hidden by superb sables, you would think of one of Ouida's Russian princesses." "Decoratively haughty" is a euphemism we suppose for "with her nose stuck up."

There is much talk in Paris about Miss Bob Walter. In the first place she succeeded in summoning a cabman and seeing that he was fined for bad language, and then she lent her automobile to an eloping couple. You might think that Miss Bob Walter is of English descent, the daughter of some distinguished and transplanted English jockey or hookmaker; but no, she was born in Algeria and her uncle is the general of a brigade. She has sung in music halls and in fashionable parlors all over Europe, danced "luminous dances," and composed several pantomimes. In the book of French play actresses and singers she is entered as Miss X, known as Miss Bob Walter.

When Mr. de Blowitz was presented with a testimonial of "regard and esteem," he was deeply moved and in the course of his remarks said that the first interviewer was the Serpent. Perhaps Bismarck was of the same opinion when he referred graciously to the "reptile press."

Mr. G. K. Chesterton contrasts Pope's epigrammatic manner with the modern habit of saying things. A poet of today would thus transform Pope's description of men as "a being darkly wise and rudely great":

A creature
Of feature,
More dark, more dark, more dark than skies,
Yea, darkly wise; yea, darkly wise—
Darkly wise as a formless gate,
And if he be great,
If he be great, then rudely great,
Rude great as a plough that plies
And darkly wise, and darkly wise.

Mr. James L. Ford is fond of insisting that the master of English style is the boy who writes beneath a picture on a slate: "This is a dog" or "See the dog." The Englishmen that told great stories of human interest and importance, Bunyan, Defoe, Fielding, said their say in direct, manly fashion. They drove nails at one blow. And in like manner the masters of controversy, Swift, Cobbett, Law, Hazlitt, did not spend hours in search of the one word; the one, all-sufficient, inevitable word was born with the thought, just as the true musician thinks of the harmony as bound inseparably to his melody. When Hazlitt began his letter to William Gifford, that letter of "splendid savagery," he lost no time in preliminary sparring to show rhetorical form and grace: "Sir—you have an ugly trick of saying what is not true of any one you do not like; and it will be the object of this letter to cure you of it. You say what you please of others: it is time you were told what you are."

There was an Englihwoman that knew the force of directness, and who was the more subtle in consequence of the inimitable simplicity of her speech, the one great Englishwoman of fiction. Her name was Jane Austen, and the admirers of Marie Corelli find Jane Austen bald and dull.

It is stated on "the highest medical authority" that 16 dozen of oysters eaten daily are enough to supersede all other foods and will keep a man in perfect health. It is also stated that the prehistoric man lived on oysters. This contradicts the opinion of certain vegetarians, who insist that the first men ran nimbly up trees and fed on fruits and nuts. Would that these important subjects could be determined for all time and beyond doubt or peradventure.

We have read nothing of late concerning the fate of the Mad Mullah. Was he or was he not killed by a spear thrust while at prayer by some illiterate person who never read Hamlet's soliloquy, "Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying." We can ill afford to lose the Mad Mullah, now that the Akond of Swat is no more.

One more story from Mr. Brookfield's reminiscences: As Tennyson was going to the font with a baby and his godfather Hallam, the latter asked what the boy's name was going to be. "Well," said the father, "we were thinking of calling him 'Hallam.'" "Why not 'Alfred'?" inquired the modest god-father. "Aye," said the bard, "but suppose he should turn out a fool?"

"Bathhouse John" of Chicago will wear at the First Ward Democratic Club's ball, Jan. 6, a coat of white brocaded silk, trimmed in red, green and purple; a waistcoat of a deep golden shade; knee-breeches, green stockings and buckled shoes.

It is a pleasure to note this advance in the sartorial taste of prominent Chicagoans. No gentleman now would endure the thought of wearing evening dress at a breakfast-party given to a distinguished visitor. There was a time in New York when men were fussy about fine apparel; their dressing-tables were furnished with cosmetics, essences, oils, butters, pomatum, powders; and the hair of the wig was combed every day. But although the editor of the Providence Journal is still the Petronius Arbiter of America, daring experiments are made only in Western towns. It is true that New Yorkers occasionally make timid ventures, as when some tried to substitute gray cloth for waiters' black, and a mouse-colored cravat, known as "London smoke," to replace the white choker; but there is no Bathhouse John in the city that still calls itself the metropolis.

London journals contradict the cablegrams about the "brilliant quality" of the audience at the special performance of Mrs. Langtry for the King at the Imperial Theatre. "A very much larger number of the members (and their wives and daughters) represented that kind of finance which is frankly of the commercial and retail kind—a kind of finance which, judging by the ropes of pearls and larger-than-life-size diamonds which abounded on all sides, is very obviously profitable. Also, there were several Americans."

"Also there were several Americans." This reminds us of Mr. Chevalier's lines:

It ain't exactly wot 'e says
It's the nasty way 'e sez it!

Jan 4. 1903

# MR. LOEFFLER'S POEMS

# MRS. KIRKBY LUNN, ALTO

The program of the 10th Symphony concert, given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

"Ocean" Symphony.....Rubinstei
Stanzas of Sappho.....Gonno
Two Poems for orchestra.....Loeffle
Two Sea Pictures.....Elga
Prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagne

The features of this concert were M Loeffler's "Poems," which were pr duced here last season, and Mrs. Kirk by Lunn, the English alto, who ap peared here for the first time.

Rubinstein, not satisfied with tl original version of his symphony, pe haps fearful of the teeth of Time, add two movements and then another, though the mere bulk would discoura the Shatterer as well as the avenger reputation. Mere bulk never saved poet or musician. Who would exchan Collins's "Ode to Evening" for a wild ness of epics? Or César Franck "Lied" or Debussy's "Il pleure da mon coeur" for any oratorio in thr parts by a sound and solid English Do tor of Music?

When the "Ocean" Symphony w played as originally written, only t first movement found favor, and was characterized as grand, full the majesty of the sea, etc., etc. T other movements were voted dull operatic. And then Rubinstein ke adding to the original, a piteous spe tacle, for the Eternal Judges are r thus to be placated. Today the on admired first movement seems for t most part ordinary, with here and the a flash of inspiration, and the speci cally ocean music a desert without oasis, without a caravan, rather th a representation of ocean's moods. H much better the sailor-composer Ri sky-Korsakoff did the thing in "Scheherazade"! There was a misu derstanding as to the slow movem chosen for performance and the o played was not the one referred to the program-book.

The Love-Death from "Tristan" s fers when the voice-part is omitted, matter how passionately or ecstatica the music be played.

* * *

A short symphony of Haydn or M zart would have been more to purpose, or better yet, an overture the classical period; for Mr. Loeffl two Poems are long enough and portant enough to take the place o symphony, and they deserved thoughtful attention of the unjaded.

When Mr. Loeffler's Poems were yed for the first time last April, first in illustration of Verlaine's vant que tu ne t'en allies" was the re quickly appreciated, partly no ibt because the performance itself s then more spontaneous and con- cing than that of the second, which a paraphrase of Rollinat's "Devil's lanelle." The performance of the er limped at times in April, and re was no continuous irresistible ; it was as though the players not fully mastered the inherent culties and were cautious where should have been reckless.

ow the second of Mr. Loeffler's ms is by far the more subtle and lit- y. A full appreciation of it pre- poses an exact knowledge of the tex also an acquaintance with the points c by the composer outside the text in the nature of a gloss or com- tary, such as his use of the tunes, ira," "La Carmagnole," revolu- ary ditties, and Aristide Bruant's (sung here by Yvette Guilbert) all its vicious and jail-bird sugges- s.

e first is the more truly musical e common acceptation of the term. second is remarkable for malice, super-refinement. It is not too h to say that it is a prodigious tour orce, and I know of no other com- r now living who could treat the ect so adroitly. Richard Strauss not so fine and light a touch.

Villanelle of the Devil with him d become a witch's Sabbat and instruments would say monstrous obscene things. But Mr. Loeffler is adroit as he is imaginative; his ors wear masks of beauty; he does insist, he suggests; his Prince of ness is the gentleman in his as- s on mankind.

ere are few things more exquisite in expression of love than these verses Verlaine's "Bonne Chanson," and Loeffler's love music is pure and sensuous. It is the love of the morning, not of the mad, sum- night. To this lover all awakening e is in sympathy; the sun hastens his couch to anticipate him in the age to his sweetheart, to shine on ace of the sleeping girl before the 's thought stirs in her heart. And is music is charged with elemental ever youthful emotion, and as it tensely human, it must be ranked e the "Villanelle," diabolically in- us as the latter is.

the Villanelle is more than dia- ully ingenious. It is more than a in the macabre. There is nlac swing, unforgettable inuendo, ery, the thought of the gallows, iend's sneer at goodness and hy- sy alike. Study of the detail ex- more and more wonder and admir-

It is the work of a most accom- d musician of rare and subtle ect; it will always be for the few r than for the many; and this, too, s ribute. The "Bonne Chanson" is er, fuller, more eloquent. Both were read by Mr. Cericke with e care and played superbly.

Kirkby Lunn is a contralto who ertain tones of rich and sombre y which would make their way ut undue pressure. The voice as ole is made up of various tonal ities. She handles the weaker and ike tones with considerable skill. n interpreter she was exasperat- phlegmatic. As Sappho she said ye to the world with well-bred osure, as though she were leaving asant afternoon tea at Mitylene. hose from Elgar's cycle, "Sea ipper Song" and "Sabbath Morning s." They are of the salon order, he did not vivify them by any nal display. Perhaps it is as that she did not sing "Where Lie," which is by far the most al and characteristic of the series.

SPOKE the other day about the wis- om of inviting outside critical at- ention to the performance in pub- c of young singers who are still un- e care of a teacher. A correspond- ent writes: "But if these students do not ng in public, how are they to find out where they stand, and how is a ter to learn whether her labor has bor good fruit?"

question is a reasonable one, but it is outside of the lines of this particu- lar seussion. Let us suppose a case.

Me. Portamento is an excellent teacher, who has studied under able masters and improved her opportunities. She has the gift of imparting knowl- edge. She is conscientious; she is not avacious. But she is not a hustler. Ste n does not come out of her shoes as she walks about the room. Neither is she constantly sounding the cornet of her own praise, nor sending paragraphs of nature complimentary to herself to the editor of society columns.

S is, perhaps, lacking in push. At la she sees the pupils of other teach- ers attracting attention, when she kn s that they are no better than the pupils of her own flock. She there- fore says: "I must give a recital, so that my pupils will be heard. It will be a dignified affair, and to put it properly before the public, I shall advertise in the newspapers, and I shall invite the critics and ask them to treat the concert without prejudice as they would treat a concert given by any professional."

It is not necessary to repeat here the remarks I made last week about the natural and handicapping nervousness of a pupil who sings under such conditions. There are two kinds of nervousness: That which is felt by many virtuosos of the first rank every time they appear in public, and this nervousness leaves them the moment they hear the sound of their voice or instrument; this nervousness is a stimulant and a symptom of a highly-strung and temperamental nature; the other kind is benumbing, paralyzing nervousness, which robs the sufferer of natural beauty of tone and puts to flight the wise precepts of the teacher. In 99 cases out of 100 a young singer in a pupils' concert is attacked by the second kind, and is not able to shake it off until the concert is nearly over.

Critics, as a rule, are not ravening wolves; neither are they chronically dyspeptics, sufferers from cancer of the stomach, oppressed constantly by painful, gloomy doubts concerning the immortality of the soul and the worth of existence in this vale of tears. They do not wish to treat any one brutally; to hurt the feelings of a beginner for the sake of writing an entertaining article. The weapons of satire and sarcasm should be used only against the pretentiously incompetent; against the unworthy that have been boosted into prominence on the shoulders of well-disposed but ignorant patrons and patronesses; against all forms of snobbery in art. And pray what is the critic to do when a young girl, a pupil, gives a sorry performance, sings out of tune, phrases badly, makes no rhetorical or musical point? He knows that the teacher is intelligent; he realizes that the singer has naturally a good voice; but there is the fact: the girl in spite of her natural advantages and faithful study is singing badly.

Does he do his duty if he goes to the office and writes with molasses instead of ink? The teacher and the singer, if they know anything about singing, will be the first to speak contemptuously of his judgment. If he tells the truth, a calm statement of the facts will seem brutal to the friends of the singer, and there will be this comment: "He should have remembered she is a beginner." What is there left for him to do? To write an agreeable article on the advantages of living in Boston where there is so much music to be heard, with a digression on the vocal methods from the time of Nero to that of the Western teachers who create prima donnas by a weekly correspondence, and with this for a finale: "All the singers last evening showed marked improvement"—even when he heard them then for the first time—"and reflected credit on their teacher. Their future will be watched with much interest." Or he might follow the formula of a critic in the interior of New York State: "He done noble, and the audience went home well pleased with the evening's entertainment."

Pupils' concerts are undoubtedly of advantage to singers and teacher when they are given as pupils' concerts. Young women gain in experience and confidence. The teacher's reputation spreads. But such a concert is not a subject for critical attention in a daily newspaper. A pleasant paragraph in the society column answers all ends.

* * *

Several unfamiliar pieces of orchestral and chamber music will be produced here this week. At the Longy Club, Monday night, Vincent d'Indy's Fantasia on French folk songs for oboe and piano will be played by Mr. Longy, the admirable oboist, and Mr. Gebhard. The piece was written for oboe and orchestra, and Mr. Longy was the oboist when it was first produced in Paris. Caplet's "Persian Suite," for wind instruments, is one of the latest works of a gifted young composer, who was inspired in this instance by three rhapsodic Persian poems. He has used themes of the same country, and his work was highly praised when it was produced in Paris.

WAGNER'S "Parsifal," a sacred stage Festival Play in three acts, was first performed at Bayreuth, July 26, 1882. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Parsifal | Winkelmann |
| Amfortas | Reichmann |
| Titurel | Kindermann |
| Klingsor | Hill |
| Gurnemanz | Scarla |
| Kundry | Materna |

Winklemann is still living in Vienna, a member of the Imperial Opera Company. Reichmann, who visited this country, is still going about Germany and singing out of tune. Hill and Scaria died in a mad-house. Kindermann is dead, and subscriptions are now being made in Boston for the benefit of Materna, who is enormously fat and poor. "She never knew the value of money," her friends say; and therefore we should all cheerfully make her comfortable.

It was Wagner's express command that "Parsifal" should not be performed as an opera except at Bayreuth, and even now his widow and son are trying to secure the exclusive rights of stage performance for many years. "Parsifal" has been sung in concert form in Boston. Mr. Lang brought it out in Music Hall, April 15, 1891, with Antonia Mielke, and Messrs. Dippel, Reichmann, Fischer, Meyn, and May 4, 1892, with Antonia Mielke, and Messrs. Dippel, Henschel, Fischer and Meyn.

### Five-Hour Performance.

Mr. Lang now announces a private performance of "Parsifal" led by him at Symphony Hall, Tuesday, Jan. 6: Act I. from 4.30 to 6 o'clock; Act II. from 7.45 to 8.45 o'clock; Act III. from 9 to 10.15 o'clock. The cast will be as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Kundry | Kirkby-Lunn |
| Parsifal | Gerhaeuser |
| Amfortas | Van Rooy |
| Gurnemanz | Blass |
| Klingsor and Titurel | Muehlmann |
| Esquires | Wilhelm Heinrich and Stephen Townsend |
| Knights | Adelaide Griggs and Adah Hussey |
| Solo flower maidens | Mrs. Follett, Mrs. Kilduff, Mrs. Rice, Miss Knight, Miss Miller, Miss Van Kuren. |

About 125 members of the Cecilia will take part, and about 50 local singers have been engaged to sing in the unseen chorus and to assist the Cecilia. There will be an orchestra of 70 players.

When Mr. Lang produced "Parsifal" in the early nineties, he used Jackson's translation for a text-book; but Mr. Jackson is dead, and it was not easy to communicate with his widow for the purpose of obtaining permission to use her husband's book; therefore the version will be that of the Corders.

### Some Already Known Here.

Messrs. Van Rooy, Blass, Muehlmann are already known in this city. Emil Gerhaeuser made his first appearance in the United States as Tannhaeuser at the Metropolitan, New York, Dec. 1, 1902. He began his career, it is said, in Munich, was for a time a member of the Carlsruhe Company, and returned to Munich, where he appeared at the Prince Regent's Theatre, established as the rival of Bayreuth. At the late Munich Festival he sang Tristan to Ternina's Isolde. Mrs. Kirkby-Lunn was born at Manchester, Eng., and she made her début in a performance of Schumann's "Genoveva," by the students of the Royal College of Music, London, Dec. 6, 1893. She studied with Visetti, and created the part of Norah in Villiers Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien" (Opera-Comique, London, March 2, 1896.) She then joined the Carl Rosa Opera Company and sang Ortrud, Brangaene, Fricka, Carmen, Siebel. She created the part of Ella in MacCunn's "Diarmid," at Covent Garden, Oct. 23, 1897. Her first appearance at Covent Garden, during a season of grand opera and in an important part, was on May 8, 1902, when she sang the part of Ortrud. In 1896 she had sung the music of one of the Walkueres. She is the wife of Mr. W. J. K. Pearson of London. She was the first to sing Brangaene in "Tristan and Isolde" in English (Liverpool, April 15, 1898). She made her first operatic appearance in this country at the Metropolitan, New York, as Ortrud the 26th of last month.

Mr. Ellison Van Hoose is prepared to sing the part of Parsifal if Mr. Gerhaeuser should not be in condition.

### When Wagner Got the Idea.

Although "Parsifal" was the last of Wagner's operas, he entertained the idea as early as 1854 in connection with "Tristan and Isolde," and Parsifal was to appear in the third act of that opera. It was in the fifties, probably in 1857, that at Zurich and inspired by beautiful spring weather he sketched the Good Friday music. The first sketch of the detailed poem was in 1865. The poem was finished in 1877 and read to Wagner's friends at Mr. Dannreuther's house in London. It was published in December, 1877. Wagner was 65 years old when he buckled himself to the task of writing the music. The sketch of the first act was finished in the spring of 1878; the second act was completed on Oct. 11; the sketch of the third was finished in April, 1879; and the opera was completed at Palermo Jan. 13, 1882.

I must refer the reader who wishes to know the legendary sources from which Wagner derived his story to the superb work of Maurice Kufferath: "Parsifal de Richard Wagner" (Paris, 1890); and the Lives of Wagner by Mr. W. J. Henderson. There he will find curious tales. In that told by Chrétien de Troyes Percival or Parsifal is foolishly simple in mind as in the opera; there is the King suffering from the incurable wound; there is a strange wild woman; Parsifal vows never to rest till he knows what the Grail is and finds the bleeding lance. Parsifal's mother, "Herzeleide," is in the version of Wolfram von Eschenbach, and here, too, we find old Gurnemanz, Amfortas and the bleeding lance, the Good Friday scene, etc.

### Wagner's Story Considered.

Let us consider for a moment Wagner's story. Monsalvat, the temple of the Holy Grail and the dwelling of its knights, stands on a mountain above a valley in which lives the wicked magician, Klingsor. Envious of the knights, he tries to corrupt them through the aid of his garden in which beautiful maidens disport themselves. Amfortas, keeper of the Grail, was tempted. He succumbed, was wounded by the sacred lance which pierced the Saviour's side and was in the keeping of the knights. The lance is now in Klingsor's possession.

Amfortas suffers terribly, and a strange creature, a composite re-incarnation of wondrous women of antiquity, a slave to Klingsor and yet a servant of the Grail, brings a balsam for his relief. The old Knight Gurnemanz says that the King will be healed only through the aid of "a sinless fool, enlightened by pity." Parsifal, the fool, appears. He has just shot a wild swan, for which he is rebuked by Gurnamanz, who asks him many questions, to which he answers, "I do not know." Kundry suddenly falls into a magic sleep, after she has told Parsifal that his mother is dead. Gurnemanz thinks that the saving fool may now be standing before him. He takes him to Monsalvat to see the unveiling of the Grail. Amfortas in agony prays for death, but his aged father Titurel begs him to endure to the end. Amfortas unveils the Grail, and there is the ceremony of the Lord's Supper. Parsifal stands dumb and foolish; he will not partake, and when the Grail is borne away Gurnemanz pushes Parsifal out of the hall.

### Temptation of Parsifal.

In the second act Klingsor in a tower of his castle plots against Parsifal, who is nearing his garden. He summons Kundry and orders her in the shape of a sensually beautiful woman to tempt Parsifal. Parsifal, amazed, looks over the wall of the garden. Girls, half nude, half-flowers, tempt him. His foolishness saves him. But Kundry calls; she tells him of his birth, his mother's woes, and when his heart is as wax, she kisses him with a long and passionate kiss. The fool sees the suffering king; he exclaims: "Amfortas! The wound, the wound!" Through pity for his mother he now knows the mystery of life and pain. His one desire is to save Amfortas. He spurns the sorceress, who in a hurst of anger tells him that Klingsor wounded the king. Klingsor and the flower-maidens rush to the rescue, and the lance is hurled at Parsifal. The weapon is suspended above his head. The hero makes the sign of the cross with the lance, and the magic garden is a waste, the castle a wreck. Parsifal tells Kundry she knows where she may again see him.

### "Heavenly Mercy's Marvel."

Gurnemanz is now a very old man, a hermit at the edge of a forest. It is Good Friday. Kundry enters clad as a penitent, eager to serve. Parsifal, a knight in black armor, with visor down and with the sacred lance, approaches. Gurnemanz recognizes him. Many and strange have been the adventures of Parsifal, but his one thought is to bring solace to Amfortas. Titurel is dead; Amfortas will not perform the duties of Grail-warder; the holy vessel is not shown to the worshipers. Parsifal well nigh swoons at the news. Kundry runs up, washes his feet and anoints them with oil. Gurnemanz baptizes the knight, who, in turn, baptizes Kundry. Clothed in a garment of the Grail, accompanied by the hermit and Kundry, Parsifal enters the great hall of Monsalvat. Amfortas is borne in on a litter, after the body of Titurel, and Amfortas, in answer to the entreaties of the Knights to show the Grail, reveals his gaping wound and begs them to plunge their swords in it. Parsifal and his follow-

ers advance. He says that only one weapon will answer, the lance that made the wound. He touches the side of Amfortas and the wound is healed. He opens the pages to uncover the Grail. Kundry, dying, sinks to the floor. Gurnemanz and Amfortas kneel before Parsifal, and in the dome voices are heard singing. "O heavenly mercy's marvel, redemption to the Redeemer."

### Bostonians Contribute.

The chorus in the early performances at Bayreuth was composed of 84 men and women and 50 boys; there was an orchestra of 105. Contributions to a fund for the production did not answer expectation. There was a call for a fund of $250,000 as a national present to Wagner, on his 70th birthday, but the proposal excited inextinguishable laughter. In 1881 the "Parsifal" fund amounted to about $32,500, and then the Mad King of Bavaria offered the forces of the Munich opera house.

It would be interesting to know whether any money was sent from Boston for this special purpose. Contributions were given by Bostonians present at Bayreuth for the production of "The Ring," and the sum amounted to between $4000 and $5000.

Of course there were wild and antipodal opinions expressed concerning "Parsifal" soon after its performance and the discussion is kept up. Mr. George Moore is still bitter against it on account of the unmanly lesson taught by the drama, and the general unhealthiness of the pervading idea of self-renunciation, just as in the early eighties even unbelievers protested against the drama on account of its pseudo-Christianity. Mr. Runciman is as bitter as Mr. Moore, and some think he sharpened the latter's arrows. Others, on the contrary, now as then, find the work shot through with the purest religious spirit. And some in their worship find "Parsifal" an instance of plenary inspiration. Has not a German considered on his knees the symbolical meaning of the morning awakening cry, which to the uninitiated or the ordinary opera-goer is no more than the cry of Ferrando to his men: "Arouse ye," at the beginning of "Il Trovatore."

(The Bayreuth calls, by the way, will be sounded in Symphony Hall, next Tuesday.)

### Wagner Not a Philosopher.

The book of "Parsifal" shows curiously the metaphysical and philosophical vagaries of the great composer; but Wagner was first of all a musician; he was not a philosopher to whom it occurred to write music. His scheme of philosophy is Buddhistic rather than Christian, although he introduces in "Parsifal" symbols of the Christian church. Nor are his introduced beliefs solely confined to philosophy. We recognize in Gurnemanz's sermon to Parsifal on the sin of killing the wild-swan the same spirit that characterizes Wagner's eloquently hysterical pamphlet against vivisection.

The genius of Wagner is seen not in the text-book, not in his illogical and preposterous theories, but in the wonderful music that vitalizes the shadowy characters, makes reasonable that which might otherwise be grotesque, and leads us to forget absurdities of every sort. As Mr. Newman well says Amfortas is to us not a symbolical character but a suffering man, and the music is that of a suffering man and so understood by the hearer, who does not bother his head about any doctrine of happiness brought about solely through pain and anguish. Kundry is a heroine as in any other opera.

### Absurdities Inherent.

Hearing her music we do not ask how she can serve both Klingsor and the Knights of the Grail, how she is transformed as in a pantomime, or why she dies the moment the grail is raised. For call the work by whatever name you please it is an opera, and in opera all absurdities are permitted—the very fact that a man or woman sings instead of speaks is an absurdity—provided the music move the heart or dazzle the understanding. An opera that would be wholly free from absurdities would be indeed a dreary affair.

Some find in the text of "Parsifal" symptoms of the cardiac affection that finally killed the composer; and they say that the text is a falling-off from the imaginative and literary viewpoints. This statement would be hard to prove. There is no dispute, however about the music, many pages of which must be ranked for splendor and beauty with the noblest in all the literature. For Wagner to write such an opera at his age was a great feat, unsurpassed until Verdi, in still more advanced years, [illegible] gave forth his "Otello" and "Falstaff."

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Mr. John Yost, in a far Western town, drives a grocery wagon. He was fined $20 the other day for kissing the mistress of a house at which he delivered things in cans and paper bags. She is pretty and Mr. Yost gave as a further excuse that he thought she was the hired girl. To kiss the domestic has long been considered one of the natural perquisites of grocery man, ice-man, and milk-man. The only lesson to be derived from this sad incident is that the mistress should keep out of the kitchen—especially when she is pretty.

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We can readily understand the willingness of the Austrian Emperor to abdicate. He must be a-weary of the world. Scandal after scandal, disaster on disaster has come upon his house, till the family bears a resemblance to that of the famous Jukes of our own land, to which sociologists and all interested in heredity point with horror and pride. An amiable, simple old man—Beatty-Kingston said that it was less difficult to be admitted to his Majesty's presence than to that of a chief clerk in a Government office—he may well wonder why he has been so afflicted and tortured.

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The horrors of the Atreid house that were the soul of so many plots dear to the Grecian playgoers have been paralleled by those of royal families under the Christian dispensation. To show the tincture of madness in blue blood it is not necessary to go back to the Cesars nor to dwell upon the performances of the Borgias. Look over the history of the Romanoffs, or the Savoy, Spanish and Portuguese dynasties; or remember England. Jacoby went so far as to say that the rival houses of Lancaster and York were both degenerate: the former was a family of fools and imbeciles, the latter of knaves. The Tudors were degenerates: the best of them, Edward VI., died, a lad, and a tendency to early death is reckoned as a sure sign of family degeneracy; Mary was fanatical and childless, Elizabeth was malformed, wildly eccentric, cruel. The Stuarts were insane or depraved, epileptic, imbecile, treacherous, cruel, paralytic, dissolute, or, worst of all in a ruler, contemptibly ridiculous. Insanity brooded over the Hanoverian family.

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And how is it today, no matter how agreeable a person the ruler himself may be? How is it with the chief royal houses? Is there one sound among them? The Economist, a serious journal, stated in 1889 that there was a list of more than 20 princes and princesses of royal families of Europe under medical treatment for affections of the rain and there was a dangerous tendency toward a still larger number.

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Strange and tainted blood is in the veins of the Austrian Imperial family. No wonder that the Emperor is tired of his business and no doubt envies John Orth his freedom or the mystery of his life. Epistemon found in the Elysian Fields the great Alexander, mending and patching on clouts upon old breeches and stockings, and the conqueror was more at his ease—though making a poor living.

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A young man—he was not over 50 years old—said to us yesterday: "I wish I could find a subject for a novel. I have lots of documents for one—plenty of local color, incidents, anecdotes, character-sketches. I should introduce one of my aunts with doughnut front-curls, and there are many queer types I knew in my boyhood that might figure. But I have no subject, no theme."

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And then we told him the story of Ponson du Terrail and his advice to a beginner.

"To write 100 feuilletons a man should have more imagination than you have; and then he should not have a subject."

"What!"

"Well, it should be a very simple one, one that will not keep getting in the way. Since you propose to try your hand, I'll give you a subject on which you can easily hang a long romance. It is a true story, one that happened in my own house. The landlord, who likes to go about collecting his rents, called on one of his tenants, a good-natured bohemian, who lived in the garret. The bohemian, always bad pay, had no money, and the landlord came out cursing and swearing with his bill. As he was going down the stairs, he slipped, rolled down two or three flights, and of course lighted on his feet—a landlord always falls on his feet—and there you are."

"But is that all?"

"That's all."

"And you say I can make 30,000 lines out of that?"

"Of course you can. In the first place you will kill the landlord by making him tumble down stairs. The bohemian will be accused of pushing him. He will be arrested; during the trial it will be discovered that he is a natural son—but whose natural son? There will be an investigation. The landlord's widow will join in the hunt. She will rummage her husband's papers and there she will find that the innocent bohemian—understand, he will be proved innocent—is a natural son of her landlord-husband. Ah! How does that strike you?"

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It has long been a standing reproach against the Germans that they have no sense of humor. We have been inclined to doubt the justice of the charge in view of Jean Paul Richter and the famous comic weekly of Munich; but the noisy protests of German poets, politicians, newspapers, against the "coarseness and brutality" of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "The Rowers," almost persuades us. Is it possible that anyone takes Mr. Kipling seriously in his great impersonation of the World-Shaker? Germany might as well make faces at the United States on account of the Breitmann Ballads.

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Has anyone tried of late years this remedy for whooping cough? Ask a man riding a piebald horse for advice and do whatever he may advise. This will probably in any event be more pleasant to the sensitive than to eat food which a mouse has nibbled, a remedy strongly urged by our wise ancestors. And there were some who believed that three hairs taken from the back of a donkey will cure whooping-cough, but the ass from which the hairs are taken will die.

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They are discussing the question whether right-handedness is natural. Is Charles Reade's "The Coming Man" so soon forgotten?

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Jan 5. 1902

It pleases the observer of social conditions in the country to learn that the neighbors of Miss Richardson believe in her and stand by her. We say this without any inquiry into the merits of the strange case, without expressing or even forming any opinion. For dwellers in small towns or hillside villages are inclined too often to think the worst when any charge is brought against a man or woman known to them since childhood, especially when the accused has had greater advantages, risen above the level, or displayed in any way mental originality.

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Some years ago a young woman was by force of extraordinary circumstances accused of an atrocious murder. Some of her own set in the little town believed her guilty and still believe her guilty. "Jenny had always been a queer girl. She never had much to do with other girls. She would sit in her room moping or reading books. She liked to take long walks alone; and then there would be a strange look in her eyes." Furthermore the girl had committed an unpardonable offence. A rich aunt, who lived in the city, had taken her to Europe. "When Jenny came back, she was worse than ever; a stuck up' was no name for it." Fortunately Jenny was not brought to trial; for the murderer was discovered. Did the vile gossip cease? "Well, she knew all about it, if she didn't have a hand in it."

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It is the old story of the prophet. What successful city man going back to the village of his boyhood is fully appreciated? Old Jones says at the store: "I don't see how he did it. Bull-luck, to be sure; you remember his father, a shiftless fellow, not a bit practical; his son was just like him, and now they tell me that he is rich and is in all the trusts. I talked with him last night and he seemed just as stupid as ever."

Any departure from the strictly conventional, any attempt to pass beyond the parochial horizon is a symptom of madness or criminal inclination. We remember a family in Western Massachusetts that was looked on with suspicion because it dined at 6 o'clock instead of sitting down at the stroke of the noon church bell. We remember a boy whose life was made miserable because, near-sighted, he put on eye-glasses through the advice of a city oculist. The first day he went to school he was called "gig-lamps." Boys and girls leered and made faces at him behind their geographies. At recess he was openly mocked. There were cries of "Smarty! Stuck-up!" And then they fell upon him and smashed his glasses. Men and women smiled when he wore a fresh pair to church. The Sunday School teacher asked him if he couldn't see his way to the class without them.

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Some years ago a man sojourning in a New England village went a-fishing. He had attended to his own business since his arrival, but he had not thought it worth while to ingratiate himself with the natives. Some of the idle thought it would be well to teach him to be more sociable, especially as they suspected him, utterly without warrant, of having given information concerning the illegal sale of liquor. His luck with the fish was great, and he was late in returning home. On his way, masked men with clubs whooped and yelled, and then knocked him down and pulled him up alternately, and for some time. They became weary of this simple sport. Then they stripped him, besmeared his body with coal tar, covered him with goose feathers, kicked him until their legs ached, and left him to his meditations. Looking like some strange, monstrous bird, the sojourner found his home with difficulty and without the fish, which he forgot by reason of the press of other matters.

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The treatment of the boy with eyeglasses differed from that of the reserved sojourner only in degree. The animating spirit was the same.

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We do not say that such a spirit of revolt against the unconventional is universal today or so bitter when it exists. We know New England villages in which the inhabitants, however careless they may be in the regulation of their own households, are as hospitable as the blameless Ethiopians in Homer's time. But in these days, when the accused is at once believed guilty by hundreds of thoughtless readers, it pleases the Earnest Student of Sociology to find villagers loyal to one of their number, even though the ways of the accused had not always been their ways.

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Prominent Rhode Islanders are asking: "Was Roger Williams an agnostic?" We have not yet heard from Roger Williams Park.

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Mr. Howells's article on "Henry James's Later Work" reminds us of a remark by Mr. George Moore: "Henry James went to France and read Turgenieff. W. D. Howells stayed at home and read Henry James."

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A correspondent of the New York Sun contends that the word "'gown' is applied solely and exclusively to a one piece garment and not to the dress of women of the present day," and he wishes to know whether there "is any authorization, so far as the generally accepted authorities which exist at the present time are concerned, for the use of the word 'gown' as being descriptive of the dress worn by women at the present time." The Sun answers learnedly and pleasantly, and finally says: "You can't prevent a word from growing, and 'gown' in the twentieth century and the tailor-made age is properly applicable and applied to a woman's dress, be it tight, loose or medium. In the last few years 'dress' has been losing and 'gown' gaining. * * * What skills it to kick against fashions, whether of gowns and dresses or words?"

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The Sun did not go back far enough. In the 18th century "gown" was the ordinary word, and "gown" was used frequently as far back as the 14th century. In the old ballad of Adam Bel and Clym of Clough (16th century) we find: "The gave to her a ryght good goune." Pepys entered the fact that the Queen had "bespoke herself a new gowne." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had not yet been to court "being forced to stay for my gown." In Maria Edgeworth's "Angelina" (1801) Betty Williams set her heavy foot on "the train of Clara's gown." A note in the "New English Dictionary" tells how "gown" was afterwards superseded to a great extent in colloquial use by "dress," "but has latterly been somewhat more common, especially in fashionable use, as applied

dress with some pretension to ele-
ce. * * * In the United States it
wn) has always been the current
d."

ere are irksome custom house du-
in German seaboard towns as well
n this country. An American who
ved recently at Hamburg was
ged, as we are informed by the Ger-
Times, to pay the equivalent of 87
a half cents on a turkey and the
e amount on a mince pie, which he
brought with him from his beloved
. Furthermore five apples were
n from him and thrown away, on
ground that the importation of fruit
orbidden.

ese two statements were made sim-
neously and cabled: The value of
Harte's estate is fixed at £360 6
ings 9 pence; the debts of Col. Fitz-
ge, eldest son of the Duke of Cam-
ge, amount to £33,806. Now what is
moral?

again invite the attention of dis-
vers in capital punishment to the
sts of influential London journals
nst a hideously solemn mockery in
al procedure. These protests were
oked by the trial of a woman for
ler. (We spoke the other day of
hudder that went through England
hc thought of hanging two young
en.) Honest men ask what is
d by a Judge going through the
of pronouncing a death sentence
, as he and every one else knows
ertain, will never be carried out.
regards the prisoner, the audience,
indeed, the Judge himself most
, it is a singularly cruel piece of
acting, with the addition of a
ingless invocation which must be
sive to all truly religious persons.
There is always the danger in
legal fictions that a jury of the
ntelligent class may endeavor to
nvent them by a verdict in which
e fails to receive its due."

can now buy for 10 cents a so-
of "The Riddle of the Universe"
professor of the University of

Jan 6. 1903

# GY, OBOIST, LEADER.

## FIRST PERFORMANCES

### ber Music by Roentgen, d'Indy and Caplet.

By PHILIP HALE.

second concert of the Longy
given last night at Chickering
was more interesting than the
The first two movements of
gen's serenade for flute, obo,
t, 2 horns and 2 bassoons, op. 14
onventional and dull, and no rays
other Roentgen could find origi-
or true beauty in them. They
he work of an honest Leipziger—
tch descent, it is true—but a
ger born and bred and the music
e familiar smell of Richter,
mann and other worthies. When
movements are on a program,
should be a foot note: "Conver-
is allowed during the allegro and
herzo." The andante was a little
and the finale, still better, but
onventional.
ent d'Indy's Fantasia on folk
of Cevennes, op. 31, was com-
originally for oboe and orches-
d it was first played at a Lam-
concert, Paris, Dec. 23, 1888. The
was Weiss, afterward a member
Boston Symphony Orchestra, un-
went down, alas, with the Bour-
Mr. Longy has played the piece
chestra at a concert of d'Indy's
Last night he and Mr. Geb-
oduced the version for oboe and
No doubt the composition would
uch by the substitution of or-
for piano, but the performance
as gave Mr. Longy a great op-
ty for the display of his unap-
ble tone and exquisite artistry.
musician honors the town which
ses for his abiding-place. The
osen by the composer are mel-
, as are nearly all mountain
en when they are used for the
Every now and then there was
estion of moods found in the
mposer's Symphony on a Moun-
which is a broader, nobler work;
erest in this oboe piece lies
n the airs themselves, yet the
is that of a musician of lofty ideals, pure taste, and a rich invention.

Caplet's Suite Persone for 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 hornes, 2 bassoons was produced about two years ago in Paris. The suite is in illustration of three fantastic Persian poems, and the composer has used Persian melodies, as Saint-Saens and Claudius Blanc did in groups of songs. The first poem, "Scharki," is an erotic nocturne. The second, "Nihawend," is as follows in paraphrase: "As in a misty distance, dancing shades approach and take on human form to laugh in the sweet joys of love. They bloom in postures of grace and pleasure. Becoming human, they seem to diffuse the odors of flowers and sunbeams." The third poem, "Iskia Samaise" describes the dancing fakirs, who fall in weariness, ecstasize, and then leap all the more furiously. The three pieces are of more than exotic interest; but the one that seems to a Western hearer the most expressive of the poetic mood is the second, which is beautiful in many ways, such music as caused the lovers in "The Arabian Nights" to swoon with rapture and desire. The opening of the first is effective, and the constant return of the theme, "the sob of love" is skillfully managed. The third disappoints from lack of the frenzy that is rightly anticipated by the poet's description, and there is little suggestion of the madness of the scene. Caplet has succeeded in coloring passages vividly, even when he does not take refuge in sheer exoticism. The Suite is well worth hearing and it was played with marked effect. The Club was assisted by Messrs. Brooke, Lenom, Vannini, Helleberg, Hein. The third and last concert will be on March 5th.

The first concert this season of the Orchestral Club, Mr. Georges Longy, conductor, will be given Wednesday night in Chickering Hall. The program contains two or three pieces that are not known here. Among them is Chevillard's symphonic poem, "Le Chêne et le Roseau," after a fable of Lafontaine. Chevillard, the son-in-law of Lamoureux, succeeded the latter as the conductor of the well-known concerts in Paris. He studied the piano at the Paris Conservatory—he was born in Paris in 1859—but he studied composition chiefly by himself. As a pianist he took a second prize. He has written interesting chamber music, and his Theme with Variations was played here earlier in the season by Mr. Felix Fox. Chevillard's "Chêne et le Roseau" was produced at one of his father-in-law's concerts in 1891, when it was described as a skilfully made and sonorous meteorological composition.

Mr. Longy's "Impression" was written for Mrs. Richard J. Hall, to whom it is dedicated. It is for saxophone solo, which will be played by Mrs. Hall, three horns, harp, strings and antique cymbals. The repertory for saxophone is limited, and it is a pleasure to learn that Mr. Loeffler has already written a piece for Mrs. Hall, and that Debussy and d'Indy are now at work on pieces for this sombre, melancholy, mysterious instrument. Mr. Loeffler's piece is for saxophone, piano and a few other instruments. It will be produced at a Longy concert of next season.

Henri Rabaud's symphonic poem, "La Procession Nocturne" is in illustration of an episode in Lenau's "Faust." Faust is in the forest at night. Suddenly he sees a peculiar light and hears the sound of hymns. A solemn procession is passing, and children, carrying torches, advance two by two. It is St. John's Eve. Virgins with crowns in their hands follow the children, and behind them are those that have grown old in religious service. Faust envies the happiness of the faithful. The glimmer of the torches disappears; the song dies away; but the forest is alight with a magic glow. Faust sheds burning tears.

Liszt wrote an orchestral piece on this subject, a companion piece to the Mephisto Waltz, and it was his earnest wish that the two should always be played together.

Rabaud's tone-poem was performed at Cincinnati, Dec. 1, 1900.

Four orchestral pieces by d'Ambrosio will be played. Andantino, Paysanne, Ronde des Lutins, Tarantelle. D'Ambrosio has hitherto been known here by violin pieces. He was born at Naples in 1871, studied at the Naples Conservatory, where he took prizes, lived some years at Paris, and then made Nice his home.

The program will also include Saint-Saëns' Marche Héroique, written in memory of Henri Regnault, the painter, killed in the Franco-Prussian War. The march was first played in 1871. There will also be a Flemish Dance by Jan Blockx.

The success of Miss Elizabeth Parkinson, who made her debut at the Opéra Comique, Paris, as Lakmé, Dec. 15, if it be as great as reported by friends with their cablegrams, is peculiarly gratifying, for it comes after long waiting and several disappointments.

Miss Parkinson is a Kansas City girl, who inherited her voice from her mother. Her mother, who was never a public singer, died when her daughter was young. Friends in Kansas City and Philadelphia provided the means, and after Miss Parkinson had studied with Mrs. Lawton, she went to Paris about four years ago to study with Marchesi. Her voice has been well known in Paris for some time, but her contract with the Opéra Comique was not signed till last spring.

A short time ago she appeared at Marseilles at the Sapho of Massenet's opera, but she failed.

She is described as small, with a round face, large eyes, and a quiet, almost shy manner. She is the fourth American woman now at the Opéra Comique; the other three are Sybil Sanderson, Mary Garden and Miss Courtenay, or Courtenay Thomas, who came from St. Louis.

French music journals just received confirm the report of her success.

Miss Augusta Cottlow, pianist, will give her first recital in this city, Wednesday night at Steinert Hall. Her performance of Grieg's concerto last season at a Symphony concert was one of peculiar charm. She will play at her recital pieces by Bach-Busoni, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Chopin, Zarembski, Liszt.

Mr. Joseph P. A. Hanlon of Boston has invented a system of musical notation. He considers the system now in use to be complicated and perplexing.

The scale of G major in Mr. Hanlon's system begins on the third line of the staff, and the G clef is placed on the third line.

The scale of F, one flat, begins in the second space of the staff, and the F clef is placed across the second space.

The characters representing the clefs, notes, sharps, flats, naturals, etc., and the fingering of the notes are the same as in the old system.

"The inability of beginners in the old system to read the notes and finger with both hands the keyboard of the piano or organ correctly renders progress so slow and tedious that the task becomes so irksome that many fail to persist and finally become so discouraged that the art is entirely abandoned, perhaps resulting in the loss to society of beautiful and instructive compositions. By the use of this new system students writing examples in thorough bass and harmony and also writers and arrangers of music are relieved of much of the mental strain commonly experienced in the use of the old system."

Mr. Ovide Musin declares Mr. Reginald de Koven to be the best of American concert conductors. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Musin was the solo violinist at the first concert of the Washington Symphony Orchestra, led by Mr. de Koven. Mr. Musin has settled it. Mr. de Koven is first, like Eclipse, and the yacht America: Messrs. Gericke, Thomas, Herbert, Van der Stucken, Damrosch are nowhere.

A tournament of old fiddlers was held at Emporia, Kansas, a little over a week ago. All "Violinists" were excluded; the contest was for fiddlers only, old fiddlers. Persons under 40 or over 100 years old were also excluded. Three judges were selected, and their duty was to determine which competitor was most heartily applauded; so the audience was the real judge of the respective merits of the 20. Here is a list of the tunes played: "Over the River (sic) to Charley" was the first, then came "King's Head," "Beef Steak," "Natchez on the Hill," "Dixie" "Fisher's Hornpipe," "The Arkansas Traveler," "Old Hen a-Cacklin'," "Pigtown," "The Devil's Dream," "Sugar in the Gourd," "Leather Breeches," "Cincinnati Hornpipe," and "Came To a River and Couldn't Get Across." Uncle Jehu Truman, born in "West Virginny" July 4, 1820, was the winner. He did not sit down, as the other fiddlers had done; he played standing and kept time with both feet. Will he not be engaged for a Symphony concert before the season closes?

Not long ago we read of an energetic business man in Philadelphia, a partner in an importing notion house, who turned out to be a burglar of more than ordinary distinction. His originality in methods was undisputed, and even the leading members of the fraternity admired him and never spoke lightly of him as an amateur.

And here in Boston a coachman, who was considered sober, faithful, intelligent and humane, was arrested as a burglar.

There were articles written about these two men, articles of description rather than analysis. There were the usual remarks about "a double life" and there were the inevitable allusions to our old two friends in one—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. But there was no inquiry into the cause of this diversified employment.

The poet Horace ennobled the truism that no man is satisfied with his calling. The merchant envies the man of professional life, the soldier would fain be a sailor, the sailor would be happy if he were only a husbandman, and so round the circle. We have used the term "truism." The statement of such general uneasiness might be disputed; and no doubt there are exceptions to the rule. Perhaps of all in the catalogue the sailor is the most contented with his lot. Yet there are few men who have not at one time or another wished for any employment save that by which they gained their bread.

Take the two cases to which we have referred. According to tradition a coachman varies the monotony of his life by eloping with the daughter of his employer. The marriage is seldom a happy one. Few women are sufficiently interested in horses to maintain an interesting conversation through the years with the man of their romantic choice. Divorce follows hard upon the marriage ceremony, for still fewer women have the courage and good sense of Betty Fitzgerald, who ran away with a coachman or groom, became his wife, crossed the Atlantic and settled in Maine. She was, in many respects, an uncommon person: a woman of great administrative ability, she smoked a pipe, drank in moderation, but with zest, used violent language when provoked by the meanness of a neighbor; all in all a heroic figure, whom Moll Frith, the Roaring Girl, would have held in high respect. Betty soon found out that her husband was unworthy. She kept him in the stable and never allowed him to enter the house. She saw that he was comfortable, but she did not wish him for a constant companion. Her descendants are many, and some are now living in Boston. They are honored citizens, and they in turn are proud of their illustrious ancestor.

But a coachman of fine instincts will not abuse a confidence. A daughter is given into his care. He will guide his horses with a full sense of his responsibility and not head them toward Gretna Green. Furthermore, if he is shrewd, he knows that however much he may admire as an artist the beauty of his fair charge, as a wife she would soon bore him. He may reason to himself that if the horses are not ordered at night, his time is then his own, and he may well improve his mind by seeing the interior of houses which he might not otherwise know, and satisfy his taste as a collector by removing superfluous silver, pictures, books, clothing, or curios.

The case of the energetic business man in Philadelphia is still easier of explanation. No doubt he is a muscular person, in the glow and exuberance of health. He was confined to a shop in the day time, where he breathed foul air, heard petty complaints about petty matters, and there was something ironical in his being so closely in contact with "notions." His life was mean and monotonous. No wonder that he longed for the excitement and the joy of adventure. No wonder that he dreamed of mask and sneakers and jimmy and dark lantern. He did not value the booty for itself. He was prosperous; he had enough of material things, but he craved action, he sighed for deeds of daring. Probably he could not leave the shop to play golf; and, so far as we know, golf is not played at night, either by the light of the stars or of torches.

So he took to housebreaking, an old and honorable profession. What boy of blood and imagination has not dreamed of such a career after reading the ac-

count of the attempt at burglary in "It's Never Too Late to Mend" or the exploits of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's heroes?

These nocturnal adventures gave the energetic business man both out-door and in-door exercise. His nerves and eyesight were quickened; his muscles were tried; his liver was well shaken; his blood flowed purer. After a well-spent night, he awoke after deserved sound sleep refreshed and ready to begin the drudgery of the day. He was then amiable to his clerks, patient with his customers, ready to lend an ear to any tale of want or distress.

Always treat a stranger courteously. He may be by night a burglar, and he will then remember to your advantage a pleasant word or a helpful action. Nor think for a moment that the burglar is necessarily a rough person with blackened hands. Many of our leading cracksmen are men of education and good breeding. They are generally models of deportment at home, tender husbands and fathers, who tear themselves away from the domestic hearth only through a stern sense of duty. They are often of elegant address. Did not the head and front of a burglars' association in London bear the familiar name of "Sir John"?

A paralytic bank forger named Solomon Barmash, shot himself in a detention cell in London, and the question is how did he happen to have a revolver to serve his purpose. The ingenuity of a despairing criminal has long mocked official vigilance. Some time ago we remember reading about an accused man in the north of England who was allowed suspenders. He arranged them one night between the leg of his bed and the leg of a table so that when he lay down on the floor and put the back of his head upon them, they stopped the flow of blood to the brain and he slept in death.

And only a few days ago we read of a Russian convict sentenced to Siberia, who was permitted to farewell his wife. She contrived to hand him a capsule, and his journey, his last one, was not to Siberia. So in a novel by Delvau a woman who wishes to save her brother from the guillotine kisses him in prison and in the kiss conveys into his mouth a capsule that holds poison

Parsifal Jan 7, 1903

Siegfried Wagner went to Vienna some weeks ago to conduct a concert in aid of Materna, and he was then severely criticised because he refused to give excerpts from "Parsifal" which had been announced. He said in answer that the excerpts had been chosen without his will or consent and that he was unwilling to disobey his father's wish that "Parsifal" should be performed only at Bayreuth. "For years past," he said, "these concert performances of scenes from 'Parsifal' have been a thorn in our flesh. We cannot prevent them, because the publisher owns legal rights of permission. But to demand that I should offer my own hand to something that is considered profane by us, to demand this of me is simply absurd." Siegfried admitted that his father had given permission for the performance of such excerpts in concerts; "but he had financial needs, which no longer exist."

Of course the Wagner family wish "Parsifal" to remain a Bayreuth show, for pecuniary and possibly sentimental reasons, but it is not given to every one to go to Bayreuth, and there is no good reason why "Parsifal" should not be given in concerts except this: that the opera loses in significance when it is taken from its setting. By a concert performance that which is musically beautiful is presented to persons who would not otherwise know it. As soon as the restrictions are removed and the opera is free to every one, there is no reason why Gurnemanz should not prose interminably to the inhabitants of Waterbury, Conn., or Amfortas exhibit his mental and physical torture in Montpelier-on-the-Onion.

I use the word opera, for "Parsifal" is composed of dialogue, action, and music, and it is performed in a theatre with costumes and scenery. There are also stage tricks, and there is a singing ballet. Furthermore this ballet comes in the second act. Wagner profited by his experience with "Tannhäuser" in Paris. The members of the Jockey Club would not find fault with "Parsifal." If the ballet had served to amuse the guests at the tournament of song or entered with Venus in the third act, the members of the Jockey Club would have been obliged to leave their dinner to be able to dine comfortably. It is true that Wagner characterized "Parsifal" by an imposing title, but it is an opera for all that. M. Saltus introduced the Saviour in one of his novels, but no one would therefore call the novel a sacred work. There are religious ceremonies and scenes in other operas, but the composer in no case insisted on recognition of his work as a species of Passion Play. It is well to speak of this, for some have been taught to consider any criticism of "Parsifal" as a sacrilege.

Nor is "Parsifal" in any way a Christian play. Even Mr. Krehbiel, a staunch Wagnerite, finds the libretto "mediaeval and monkish," and Mr. Runciman, an equally zealous Wagnerite, condemns it as immoral and vicious. They take Wagner, you see, too seriously.

The story of Wagner's opera is to me no more sacred than the story of "Il Trovatore," "Carmen," "Tosca." It is Buddhistic, not Christian. Nowhere in the New Testament is there authority for Parsifal saving the soul of Amportas; a man must save his own soul. Parsifal is at the best a weak-kneed hero, who dares not contend with the world. It prefers the safety and narrowness of a selfish life at Monsalvat. As for the so-called philosophy of the libretto, it is often rank rubbish, as when Gurnemanz tells Parsifal, "Here Space and Time are one," so as to help out the stage carpenter and machinist. Nowhere in "Parsifal" do we find the poet of "The Ring"—the creator of Wotan, Siegfried, Bruennhilde. The eye had begun to tell on him. Here we [illegible] diluted Schopenhauer, and here [illegible] from the mystical Orientals; but everywhere we are far from the Four Gospels.

"Parsifal" was given in concert form yesterday at Symphony Hall. Mr. B. J. Lang was the conductor. The chief solo singers were Mrs. Kirkby-Lunn, Kundry; Emil Gerhauser, Parsifal; Anton Van Rooy, Amfortas; Mr. Muehlmann, Klingsor and Titurel; Robert Blass, Gurnemanz. The chorus was made up of Cecilia members and other local singers. The players were members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

There was a time when it seemed as though Mr. Lang had acquired the habit of performing "Parsifal," for he led it at Music Hall in 1892 as well as in 1891, and at least he had the advantage of an orchestra that had been trained carefully by Mr. Seidl. Last night his orchestra had had comparatively few rehearsals, and "Parsifal" is not a work to be trifled with. The wonder is that the men played as well as they did; there were times when there was danger of shipwreck; and there might be long discussion concerning the matters of tempi and reading and general interpretation. When you consider the difficulties of the undertaking, you may well say that the performance was much better than might reasonably have been expected.

At any rate it gave many some idea of the general scheme of Wagner, and they are now better prepared to hear the work at Bayreuth and to appreciate it there with a certain degree of familiarity, rather than vague and fashionable rapture. And they that have heard "Parsifal" at Bayreuth were constantly reminded, and at times they forgot Symphony Hall in the recollection of the stage scenes and famous singers and emotions aroused in the smelly Bavarian town.

The first act is still the one great act. It is superbly planned; there are marvelous pages; and the finale is among the masterpieces of man. The rest of the opera is a long anti-climax, relieved by a few beautiful episodes, as the chorus of flower girls, a page or two of Kundry's music in the Garden, and the Good Friday music. With these exceptions, the music is often labored, dull, inexpressive; the music of a tired brain.

As Amfortas is the character nearest the hearer, for he is a suffering man and therefore intelligible and sympathetic, so Mr. Van Rooy made the strongest impression. Not only an account of his noble voice and intensity of expression, but also by reason of his sense of proportion, his general artistry. Mrs. Kirkby Lunn's most effective tones are those of the true contralto. The music of Kundry is not wholly without the fruits of her working voice, but it makes in climaxes imperative demands to which her voice cannot fully respond. Mrs. Lunn had fine moments, but her Kundry for the most part was no the wild, strange woman, an enigma to the Knights, only half-understood by Klingsor. Mr. Gerhauser, who appeared in Boston for the first time, has nearly all the ladies of the popular German tenor who is decorated and finally pensioned. Mr. Blass sang the music of Gurnemanz with dignity and Mr. Muehlmann was excellent in whatever he undertook. The chorus had evidently been more thoroughly trained than the orchestra, and it was often effective. It is not necessary to speak of a few slips; the wonder is that there were no more. Nor would it be just to omit mention of the exquisite singing of one of the choruses in the dome in the first act.

There was a very large and attentive audience, generous with applause at the end of each act.

There are subjects that return at regular intervals for discussion, like any self-respecting comet. The derivation of the word gin, the Moon Hoax, the Man in the Iron Mask, Marshal Ney in Georgia, etc., etc. Among these subjects is the ever fresh and strife-stirring question, Should round dances be tolerated? The question was again asked in Boston last Sunday and the propounder answered it with a withering "No!"

Square dances—ah, whistle the old familiar lancers—lalala, la, la, la, la, la—are all right, so long as they are on the square, but the round dance, however reserved, stiff, angular the dancers may appear to the unprejudiced looker-on, is the pet invention of Satan. As Mephistopheles bawls "Faust": "Satan, Satan, Satan, Satan, Satan, now conducts the ball."

Yet in old days dancing was a religious rite in Christian churches. Bishops and priests opened religious balls in the sacred buildings, and one of the early Fathers declared that "the glorious company of the Apostles" should read, "the glorious dancing chorus of the Apostles." The Christians of Antioch danced near the graves of martyrs. The Council of Trent of 1562 was opened with a ball. Basilius urged the faithful to learn many steps and leaps as a preparation for the noblest enjoyment of the angels in heaven. Under Leo X. religious ballets were fashionable, and court ladies danced to the admiration of all, the parable of the wise and the foolish virgins. In a religious play "The Birth of Jesus," brought out at Hamburg, there was a dance of joyful peasants who had paid their taxes and secured rooms in the inn. Choir boys dance today in the Cathedral of Seville.

On the other hand, even among heathen there was violent opposition to dancing as a scandalous practice. Chrysostom wrote: "The Devil is present where there is dancing." The Bretons said to the maiden whose feet itched to take part: "When thou seest dancing think of the bloody head of John the Baptist on the charger, and hellish longing will not fill thy soul." It should here be remarked that the daughter of Herodias did not waltz: she danced a pas seul, a straight stunt. The good old Germans said: "No dance where the Devil does not curl his tail."

To lend force to their censure Satan himself, according to the legend, was fond of attending balls. Thus in 1507, disguised as a handsome young man, superbly dressed, he appeared at Leybach in the market-place, and chose for a partner one Ursula, a maiden of a joyous disposition and easy manners. The couple, after furious dances, disappeared, and Ursula never came back. So when Satan danced with a bride at Naumburg he leaped into the air with her, and with such force and agility that he disappeared with his partner through the ceiling, while the other dancers uttered vain cries of distress.

Thus has there been a see-saw throughout the centuries. Byron, a stern moralist, thundered against the waltz in language that even the Rev. Mr. Dixon might envy. And yet a ball moved the pure De Quincey to write one of his most gorgeous descriptions: "The blaze of light and jewels, the life, the motion, the sea-like undulation of heads, the interweaving of the figures. . . . Such a spectacle may happen to be capable of exciting and sustaining the very grandest emotions of philosophic melancholy to which the human spirit is open. The reason is, in part, that such a scene presents a sort of mask of human life, with its whole equipage of pomps and glories, its luxury, of sight and sound, its hours of golden youth, and the interminable revolution of ages hurrying after ages, and one generation treading upon the flying footsteps of another; whilst all the while the overruling music attempers the mind to the spectacle, the subject to the object, the beholder to the vision."

There is needless dissipation in the dance as it is conducted in Boston, and here we are in hearty sympathy with clerical objecters. The hours of fashionable dances for young men and maidens are absurd and injurious. There is to be a dancing party. Invitations bid the guests to arrive at 10 P. M. Carriages, however, are not ordered before 10.30 or 11 o'clock. The guests go home at 4 or 5 A. M. Nor is this for one occasion; the rule holds for party after party. The girls can sleep out and thus in a measure retain their health but not the beauty of complexion. But the young men are supposed to be at their work the next morning as though they had gone to bed at a decent hour after a recreative game or the reading of an improving book. Such hours are possible in countries where there is a leisure class. In Boston the members of the leisure class betake themselves to the highways, steal rides on freight cars or sojourn on the island.

Mr. Escot thought the sight of a magnificent beau in pumps and silk stockings, bounding, skipping, swinging, capering and throwing himself into ten thousand attitudes till his face glowed with fever and distilled perspiration, an unpleasant one. To us the dance is a beautiful sight when the dance itself is beautiful, as was the waltz of the seventies; but what grace or charm is there in the angular and rigid performance now in fashion? There is no danger in the dance so long as it is ugly; so long as each one of a couple seems anxious to be as far distant as possible from the other, and shows his wish by his features convulsed in agony and by his aversive hand.

A school for advertising has been started in Oxford Street, London. We have not seen the list of professors, but surely Mr. Hall Caine will be the dean of the Faculty. It would be easy to say that the school will be largely attended by politicians, novelists, and play-actresses, but some one suggests that there are subjects which can be "self-taught, without a master."

Again the question is asked, and not without alarming symptoms of hysteria: "Shall our girls study Greek?" This question was answered in the negative and for all time by Hazlitt in his most serious mood, about the time of the Battle of Waterloo:

"It has been asked, Why a woman should not learn the dead languages as well as the modern ones? For this plain reason, that the one are still spoken, and have immediate associations connected with them, and the other not. A woman may have a lover who is a Frenchman, or an Italian, or a Spaniard; and it is well to be provided against every contingency in that way. But what possible interest can she feel in those old-fashioned persons, the Greeks and Romans, or in what was done 2000 years ago? * * * No young lady in our days, in conceiving an idea of Apollo, can go a step beyond the image of her favorite poet."

This reminds us that Julius Caesar Jr., killed himself in New York; they say from excessive cigarette smoking. The son of Julius Caesar and Cleopatra was named Caesario. "Jr." seems incongruous.

Jan 8 1903

# Orchestral Club

The Orchestral Club, Mr. Georges Longy, conductor, gave the first concert of the fourth season last night in Chickering Hall. There was a large and brilliant audience.

Saint-Saëns' "Marche Heroïques" has been played here by two or three societies. Written in memory of Henri Regnault, who was killed in the Franco-Prusian war, the march is never one of mere pomp and circumstance, and, on the other hand, the contrasting sentiment is sombre and virile where other would have given way to sentimentalism.

### From a Little Acorn.

Chevillard's symphonic poem, in illustration of La Fontaine's fable "The Oak and the Reed," was played here for the first time. Great oaks from little acorns grow. This long-winded, pretentious, swollen symphonic poem grew from a very small acorn of musical thought. There is bombast where there should be strength. The various episodes are not well contrasted; the landscape:

not skilfully drawn or colored, and
e dialogue the oak storms in a
er to make the tempest that up-
d it an anti-climax.

there are some fine moments in
ud's symphonic poem, "The No-
l Procession," suggested by an epi-
in Lenau's "Faust." The opening
the close are more successful in
stion of moods than is the music
e procession itself. The close is
nt with emotion, and there is a
ity in the whole work of this
composer that I do not find in
llard's piece.

### Four Pretty Movements.

pieces that gave the greatest
re to the audience were the four
nents by d'Ambrosio. The
tino is frankly pretty; the "Pay-
" and "Ronde des Lutins" are
t and knowingly scored; and the
ntelle" is gay, even if it he
ced after a familiar device. Mr.
's "Impression," a piece for
cone, dedicated to Mrs. R. J.
who played the solo instrument,
made for the purpose of dis-
the best characteristics of the
ent itself, and tone and senti-
of the accomplished player.
x's "Flemish Dance," No. 5,
ht the close.

villard's work was evidently diffi-
but the orchestra of amateurs,
by a few professionals, made a
attempt and succeeded in giving
cellent idea of the scheme of the
ser. Rabaud's symphonic poem
more within the present capabili-
the players, and the performance
ffective. The orchestra was heard
st advantage in the March and
by d'Ambrosio, and here much
be written in terms of warm

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### MISS COTTLOW'S RECITAL.

Augusta Cottlow gave a piano re-
last evening at Steinert Hall. The
m included a Bach prelude and
arranged for piano by Busoni;
dissohn's "Variations Serieuses";
umbers by Chopin, Brahms, Liszt
arembski. Miss Cottlow played
ieg concerto last season with the
Symphony Orchestra, but this is
st recital in this city. She is a
woman, and of very attractive
ality; full of grace, and pleas-
moderate in manner. Of her
, there is more to be said.
uite missed the spirit of the Bach
r, treating it as a concert piece,
brilliant ellmaxes. In like man-
r Chopin playing was faulty. Not
he lacks intelligence or technic—
s both in abundance—but she ob-
the original spirit, the composer's
ality, by her own. The Chopin
were sentimental, rhapsodic; so
e Brahms intermezzo. There was,
r, a tendency to force tone, and
up at contrasts. On the other
she can get a tone of exquisite
y. In the C sharp minor scherzo,
was the best Chopin thing she
is was especially noticeable; at
ginning of the Bach fugue her
was charming. A study by Zar-
was capitally done.
Cottlow knows, at least, how to
r time. She juggled badly with
opi, and occasionally made them
w. But she plays without nerv-
, and gave much pleasure, if the
e be any indication. There were
t recalls.

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with infinite weariness outworn,
gard with endless nights unblessed by
sleep,
ed by thoughts unutterably forlorn,
ged in despairs unfathomably deep,
old and pale and trembling with affright
e desert vastitude of Night,
and wild and black;
ing no oasis of sweet slumber,
g beforehand all the countless number
ls that are its minutes on my desolate
rack.

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were amazed at seeing the state-
that insomnia was not known to
cients; that it is a modern af-
and curse due solely to ab-
intense application to business
asure; to constant observation
ar of the clock, which is always
e ahead of the watcher's en-
strive, agonize as he may.

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Bible is not read so thoroughly
v England as it was 30 or 40
go, when the speech of the old
tors was in the mouths of men,
and children; when it entered
e language of debate at town-
; when Moses and Elijah and
l Haman were as real and alive
re Baker or Zenas Field, or old
ho drove about with a yeast-
d blew his horn before the
of his customers. Or surely the
writer that made this confident statement as from a tripod or behind a veil would have remembered our old friend King Ahasuerus. "On that night could not the King sleep, and he commanded to bring the book of records of the chronicles; and they were read before the King."

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And yet there must be a revival of interest in the Bible, for the Authorized Version is announced as the next series of volumes in the Tudor Translations. There will be six volumes and the net price is fixed at £3 15s. There will be a "terminal essay" by Mr. W. E. Henley, who says that this version is "a piece of literature: outside Shakespeare, there is no such numerous, full and various an exampling of Tudor English: in all its strength and in as much of its sweetness as may be expressed in prose; in its capacity alike for plainness of statement and the rush and lift and heat of high poetry; in its union of canorous majesty with the broken expressiveness of passion and doubt and despair." It looks as though the Bible might again come into fashion, now that there is to be a sumptuous and limited edition, with an essay of appreciation by Mr. Henley.

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Did not Jacob tell Laban that, as his faithful servant, sleep departed from his eyes? Did not the Preacher say that the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep? Did not the sleep of Nebuchadnezzar break from him?

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And is the "Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night" so clean forgotten? Was not Harun al-Rashid constantly complaining of insomnia. "So that he ceased not to toss from side to side for very restlessness, till, growing weary of this, he called Masrur and said to him, 'Ho, Masrur, find me some one who may solace me in this wakefulness.'" Nor was he to be comforted by bloom of palace-garden, beauty of constellations or concubines, disputations of sages of science, witty sallies of cup-companions—this Commander of the Faithful, the supremely bored of rulers.

Did not Shakespeare's Henry the Fourth lament eloquently his inability to sleep? And are there no other victims in Shakespeare's plays?

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As for ancient remedies, the books are full of them. When Khamarawayh, Governor of Egypt in the ninth century, could not sleep, his physician ordered a pool of quicksilver 50 by 50 cubits to be laid out in front of the palace. "At the corners of the pool were silver pegs to which were attached, by silver rings, strong bands of silk, and a bed of skins, inflated with air, being thrown upon the pool and secured by the bands, remained in a continual state of agreeable vacillation." Some were soothed by the gentle sound of waters. Others mixed the green leaves of the black poppy with condiments, and ate light fish instead of meat. When they went to bed their heads were anointed with rose oil, or oil in which the heads of poppies or mandrakes had been boiled. The oil of dill was an esteemed remedy. Galen cured himself by eating freely of lettuces. Rhases recommended this liniment: Pound the bark of mandragora, the seed of black henbane, and opium, with the juice of lettuce, and rub into the temples. The oil of the water lily applied externally is also soporific.

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When Southey's doctor could not sleep he thought of the humming of bees, the motion of a boat, the waving of a field of corn, the nodding of a mandarin's head on the chimney-piece a horse in a mill. At last he remembered Dr. Torpedo's divinity lectures and was soon dead to the world.

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Other cures were a wolf's head put under the pillow and, by the way, boots made of wolf skin will never hurt the feet; an ointment of a pound of frogs steeped in a pint of oil and applied to the temples; the left eye of a hedgehog fried in oil and infused into the ears with a quill; pieces of burned goat's horn with a vinegar made of sea-onions, put in a vial and placed under the pillow; African crickets kept in cages and sold at a great price, worms of the eglantine; the application of the fat of a dormouse to the soles of the feet—there are hundreds of old remedies. Insomnia a "modern" disease, forsooth! Think for a moment of Caligula: "For a great part of the night what with tedious wakefulness and weariness of lying, one while sitting up in his bed, another while roaming and wandering to and fro in his galleries (which were of an exceeding length) he was wont to call upon and look still for 'the daylight.'" And when the poor wretch dozed for a moment he saw "the very form and resemblance of the sea talking with him."

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Dr. Johnson would laugh at the statement, for he knew the horrors of the night watches. "I used formerly when sleepless in bed to read like a Turk," and he wrote Dr. Taylor: "When you cannot sleep and are beginning to think, light your candle and read. At least light your candle; a man is perhaps never so much harassed by his own mind in the light as in the dark."

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Even if you sleep little, there is consolation in the thought of Scanderberg, who never slept over two hours a day from the time he seized Epirus, and yet he lived to be sixty-three years old. Mecaenas lived three years without sleep. Nizolius, a man of parts, did not sleep for ten years. The Swiss physician Schenk of Graffenberg (1531-1598) tells of a noble dame who for 35 years lived in good health without sleep, "as both her husband and whole family could and did witness."

Jan 9. 1903

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It is said that there is to be a reform in formal dinners; that there are to be fewer courses. This is welcome news; for few sympathize with the joy of the late Mr. Quinn of Albany, once congressman from New York state; he was describing a dinner at Washington: "It was a grea t occasion. Twenty-seven courses, and we never changed a plate."

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Formal dinners are at the best boresome, and we doubt whether any amount of reform could make them tolerable and to be endured. There is a kind of dinner, however, that could easily be made delightful at the time and a joy in recollection: the monthly dinner of a few congenial souls. There are many small dining clubs in Boston, but the meal itself is a conventional and liver-distressing affair. There are too many courses, from oysters to cheese. The oysters have stood till they are warm, tired and watery; soup, fish, meat, a made-dish, that vile thing known as Roman punch, game served after the stomach is loaded and taste blunted, salad, a sweet or an ice—it is always the same. No wonder that with cocktail, sundry drinks, and too much tobacco, repentance wakes the sleeper the next morning.

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There should be only six or eight at table. When there are more there is babble, screaming, confusion. And why should there not be a simple, substantial meal? Oysters, if you are not afraid of typhoid fever, a good thick steak with potatoes, or chops, a vegetable, salad, cheese and crackers, and by cheese we mean a real cheese out of which each guest gouges a liberal allowance. There should be plenty of bread. A preliminary cocktail is an abomination. If you must drink, let there be some ale in its native pewter, or a glass of well-watered whisky. Yet there are many who would object to such a dinner and characterize it as coarse; or they would say that they had nothing to eat.

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Ham and eggs, liver and bacon,—there are many excellent dishes, but they should be of the best. The guests should feel that the dinner was prepared and served only for them; they should not suspect for a moment that they were served with dishes that had been disdained or rejected by the feeding herd in the general room.

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And if any one insists on game, let it be brought on before the appetite is jaded.

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Each member of a dining club should be prepared at any moment to pass an examination in "Aristology; or the Art of Dining" by Thomas Walker. Here are two dinners that Mr. Walker ordered, the first a simple one: A dozen and a half of small oysters, flounders water-zoutchied with brown bread and butter, grouse, sent up hot and hot, not together. The second is more elaborate, and yet how simple in comparison with the customary meal of the dining club: Soup, boiled turbot with lobster sauce, cucumbers, new potatoes, ribs of beef, roasted, and smoking from the spit, with French beans and salad, a dressed crab, some jelly, and for dessert, oranges, biscuits, with occasional introductions of anchovy toast.

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But there never should be more than eight at table, otherwise the conversation is like that heard in the restaurant of a railway station.

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"Mr. Landor is on his way to the Philippines, where he will make a study of conditions for literary purposes." But will he visit the Philippines? Is it necessary to know a country and people to describe them satisfactorily and picturesquely? Alexander Dumas wrote some of his delightful books of travel without the prejudice or annoyance of personal visitation. Auber was never in Italy, yet his "Muette de Portici" is a masterpiece of Neapolitan sound, color, bustle. Jean Paul Richter wrote nobly about the ocean—as seen from Bayreuth, Bavaria. And some persons say that Mr. Landor's book on Thibet is all the more delightful on account of his vivid imagination.

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"The Real Diary of a Real Boy." But a real boy does not keep a diary. There are so many more important things for him to attend to—yard sheep, hockey, birds' nests, slings and buck shot, chestnutting—if there were 48 hours in a day, he would make no entry in a diary.

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Superintendent Wood of the New York State Forest, Fish and Game Commission reassures us. In his affidavit to the effect that certain oyster-beds near New York are not polluted by sewage, he speaks of "Blue Points" as realities, eternal verities, not merely a pleasant tradition handed down to this generation of gray-haired epicures. Furthermore he intimates that the Blue Point is found in the neighborhood whence it derived its name. O wonder of wonders! For Parmesan cheese is not made at Parma; olive oil of Lucca is not fit to eat at Lucca; the claret at Bordeaux is vile; Toledo is without a Toledo blade; no one ever saw a Strasbourg pie at Strasbourg; and does any one suppose that the inhabitants of Dundee subsist on marmalade?

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An English woman, traveling in this country, says she is constantly impressed by "the exquisite delicacy of feeling, an instinct which seems to be the attribute of the African woman transplanted in Western lands. As nurses, maids, waitresses, they are almost incomparable, soft-voiced, gentle creatures; often marvelously pretty. Childishly sensitive to praise or rebuke; ready for sympathetic tears on every occasion." She is surprised that they are not more generally employed in Northern States. Cooks are mostly Swedish or Irish—domestic tyrants both."

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It is now said that Zola would not have met his untimely death, had he during his exile in England burned his "Christmas greenery" before midnight on the last day of the Old Year. There seems to be no doubt that holly and mistletoe allowed to remain in position after Twelfth Night will bring all sorts of disaster.

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We add to our list of remedies in the case of insomnia. Sir William Laird Clowes suggests gazing long and steadily at a speck of light. To which the answer is made that the centre of the retina gets too much wear anyway, and that nothing is worse for the sight than to dull it by such prolonged staring.

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An architects' magazine publishes an analysis of a newly invented architecture for American use:

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| Moresque Spain | 10 per cent |
| Moresque | 10 per cent. |
| Moresque California Mission | 10 per cent. |
| East Indian | 5 per cent. |
| Newly reclaimed land | 10 per cent. |
| Chinese ornament | 5 per cent. |
| Modern invention, pure | 50 per cent. |
| Anglo-Saxon home atmosphere | 00 per cent. |

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The Saturday Review of the New York Times says there is "certainly a new idea in Dr. George M. Gould's forthcoming book entitled 'Biographic Clinics' * * * " Dr. Gould proposes to discuss in a scientific spirit the physical ailments of great writers. "He considers this matter of vast importance and marvels that here has been hitherto 'a total absence of any work dealing with the subject.'" Did Dr. Gould never hear of Dr. Cabanes, who in his series "Les Curiosites de la Medicine" has written concerning the ailments of George Sand, Alfred de Musset, J. J. Rousseau, the Marquis de Sade, and other distinguished writers? Furthermore, Cabanes in his "Balzac ignore" discusses freely the life of the great novelist from the view-point of a physician.

Some have marvelled that so many paid a high price to hear a concert performance of "Parsifal." Many were glad of the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the work, and there were also many who were allured by the announcement that the performance would be "private." This announcement was necessary in order to produce the work so long as the restrictions are in force; but to many "private" included the idea of something "exclusive," in which the mob could not participate, though each member of the mob should approach the altar with a five dollar bill in the hand. There are some who go to the opera only when the price of admission is unusually high. Thus they are enabled to show their own ability to enter into any form of amusement however extravagant it may be. The word "private" is as a lodestone to many. Artemus Ward used to whack his leopard over the head and stir him up with a pole "for the purpuss of makin him yell and kick up in a leopardy manner." The children inside the booth would scream with fright, "which would make fathers of families outside the booth very anxious to come in—because there is a large class of parents who have a uncontrollable passion for takin their children to places where they will stand a chance of being frightened to death."

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The only unfamiliar piece at the Symphony concerts this week is the Ballet of Spirits from Goldmark's opera, "Merlin," which was performed in New York as well as at Vienna, but was not brought over to Boston by the Metropolitan Company. The ballet of spirits of air, earth, springs and ocean is in the magic garden of Merlin. Satan persuades Vivian to knock at Merlin's temple; it opens; he goes in and takes out a veil, which, thrown into the air, remains there, and works a spell by summoning the spirits. The other pieces are Dvorak's symphony "From the New World," Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," and Saint-Saens' 'cello concerto (Mr. Schroeder, 'cellist).

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The choir of Emmanuel church, assisted by Dr. D. Crosby Greene, tenor; Miss Jewell, violinist; and Mr. Schuecker, harpist, will hold its annual festival at the church in Newbury street, this evening at 8 o'clock. Barnby's evening service in E flat, Stainer's "I Desired Wisdom," and Villiers Stanford's setting of the forty-sixth Psalm will be sung.

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At the dress rehearsal of "Pagliacci" at the Opera, Paris, Mr. Jean de Reszke, the eminent Polish tenor, "committed the mistake" of coming forward alone instead of leading with him Mrs. Ackte and Mr. Delmas, for whom the applause was likewise intended. When reminded of his breach of courtesy, he turned to bring forward his colleagues. They sulked and would not be persuaded. "The matter has been much commented upon, both before and behind the scenes." Of course, of course. An eminent tenor has few friends, and there are many stern judges of niceties in operatic etiquette. Emma Eames is more thoughtful. Even when she sings the "Letter" duet with Sembrich, she insists that Sembrich should share in the applause. She's a good soul, and does not know envy, malice or any form of uncharitableness.

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A Roman correspondent talked with Puccini the other day. He found the composer in his "modest lodging, the chief, one might almost say the only, feature of which is a huge piano, which the Maestro can never be induced to touch when not alone, and a magnificent picture of Melba as Mimi in his 'Boheme.' 'There never was such a Mimi,' he said. 'How I wish I could get her for my "Madame Buttrfly!" It is a character which requires dramatic power, but above all, a pure, true voice.'"

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And Puccini talked about the music of his opera: "Well, one is never too old to learn even in his own line of business. The wife of the Japanese minister to the Quirinal was good enough to give me hints about the costumes and scenery, so I asked her if she could procure me some real Japanese music for me to introduce with effect. She said, in my country there is no written music. Our composers teach from memory, and the music is thus diffused; it comes down from father to son, or in the different musical academies. But I have a friend who is the director of a musical academy in Japan; she has gone to Paris to learn how to write music, and I'll get her to write out some of our most charcteristic themes.' So no matter if one like it or not" said Puccini, "the genuine article will be there, and no one can find fault."

A bust of Sir Arthur Sullivan will be erected next March on the Thames Embankment opposite the Savoy Theatre. Furthermore, Mr. Vernon Blackburn will write the life of this delightful composer of operettas. Mr. Blackburn's appreciation of Sullivan has long been known to readers of the Pall Mall Gazette—the appreciation is almost idolatory. There is already a life of Sullivan, but it is not authoritative or of any use as a bundle of documents to the future historian of music in England. It was said of an indefatigable biographer of lord chancellors that he lent an additional terror to death; but what English composer, doctor or professor of music would not gladly die today were he sure of embalmment in Mr. Blackburn's exquisite prose?

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Father Hartmann is a rival to Perosi in the ease with which he writes oratorios. He said to a reporter at Naples a fortnight ago: "Well, yes, I have begun another oratorio. 'The Last Supper,' which I shall divide into three parts—'Easter,' 'The Washing of the Feet' and 'The Holy Sacrament'; but you know it will be my last. I must say so, and think so, and really convince myself of the fact, or the inspiration is wholly lacking. Everything I have written has been to me, for the moment, the last I shall write." He then said his idea is to follow the old masters of oratorio up to a certain point: "Certainly they would not now write as they did in their own day. The world is no more what it was, and I am of the opinion that the romantic and realistic element may well enter into modern oratorio. Oratorio tends to lift man out of himself, to give him sensations above this life. This is why art and religion have always been one." Then he denied the report that he is about to write secular operas: "One must have two natures to write both opera and oratorio—which I have not got."

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The German Times (Berlin) published the following:

WHAT THE PRINTER MAKES US SAY.

On the whole, he sang with extinction, and the audience were plainly alive to the fact.

The name of this pianist was quite enough to draw a large proportion of the fair sex.

Coon songs are decidedly out of place at a concert of this character.

This young lady, whose vocal technique is as yet incomplete, was hastily applauded.

9 . 5 . 1903

"A good-looking, well-dressed young man" fell on his knees in a slushy street of Chelsea and began to mutter in prayer. When it was discovered that he was from Philadelphia, his actions were explained. He was thanking the Lord that he was at last in a lively town.

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There should be no speeches, there should be no poems or essays read at the ideal dining-club. How can a sensible man eat with any enjoyment when he knows that his neighbor may at any moment be called on to read "those sparkling verses" coyly hidden in an inside pocket, and that his neighbor will not take any interest in the dinner until he has recited the "mere trifle," the "something that occurred" to him as he was in a street car or in a restaurant. You know the familiar scene: the uneasiness of the poet or the essayist, the strained compliments, the deliberately set and maintained smiles of the hearers, the remark: "Old man, you ought to send that to the magazines. Why don't you?" The author's reply: "O it's nothing; just an idle fancy; it's not worth while"; nor does he tell you that the poem was returned a fortnight before with a letter of appreciation and regret. (There are dining-clubs that might bear the title: "Salon of the Rejected.") Then after the dinner, as you are waiting on the corner, Jones looks over his shoulder and says bitterly: "Did you ever hear such rot?" You are mightily pleased with his honesty.

"You are prejudiced; but you cough and say: 'There were two or three good lines in it;' but Calverley expressed the same idea in much neater fashion."

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Hippophagy—the word sounds better than "eating horse flesh"—at Berlin is nothing new. Students at the Athens of the Spree have asked for beef and been given horse for many, many moons. Over forty years ago the convicts in Denmark were fed on horse, and Tartars have been hippophagous for centuries. In Scythia the Less, the people ate horse and made cheese from mare's milk. In Poland the choicest bit was the part under the mane. The horse meat in Paris restaurants has long been celebrated. This dinner in Berlin does not excite our wonder, but as a former student we should like to know if it is now safe in that city to order a hare in any form. Cat does not appeal to us, whether it be boned, potted, in a pie, in a ppuree, or jugged.

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Of course no frequenter of "banquets" will indorse our opinions concerning dining-clubs. Nor will Aldermen of any city, for they are victims of the banquet as well as the hack habit. The Alderman has always been the same in his regulation of life's duties, and the lines that were published in the Gentleman's Magazine about a century ago might well serve today as chief motto on a civic bill of fare:

All boons in one, I ask of fate—
At city feasts, to eat my weight,
And drink enough to swim in.

To C. E. M.: You ask the derivation and meaning of the word "durbar." The olden form in English is 'darbar," Persian and Urdu for "court." The meaning is (1) The court kept by an Indian ruler; or a public audience or levee held by a native prince, or by a British governor or viceroy in India; and (2) the hall or place of audience. Moslem Kings are expected to hold "darbar" at least twice a day, morning and evening. The neglect of this practice brought on the ruin of the Caliphate and of the Persian and Moghul Empires; for the great lords were left uncontrolled, and the subjects, unable to obtain justice, revolted. The Guebire rulers had two darbar places, and one day in the week the sovereign acted as supreme judge, or "Mufti." The accent in durbar is on the second syllable.

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The splendor of Curzon's darbar is as mere glitter and tinsel to the gorgeousness of the ancient ceremonies before the English grasped the land. Read the account in Ogilby's "Asia" (London, 1673) of the court of King Choram. He was waited upon daily by 12,000 retainers besides 1200 concubines and 600 trained slaves. The man that fanned him to keep off the flies was no less a personage than the lord over 150,000 horse, and even the drummers and pipers rode on elephants. When he gave audience, he wore an armlet of diamonds "valued at 10 tuns of gold, the biggest thereof weighing above 120 carracks, was ground oval, and as big as a Hen's Egg; about his Neck hung four Strings of Pearl, each Pearl being as big as a Musquet Bullet." When he sat on his throne, his elephants, horses, dromedaries, cameis, and mules were drawn before him, so that he might see whether they were fed and kept as they should be. And read the account of King Choram's cavalcade from Agra to Lahor, with the 150 elephants bearing blunderbusses and field-pieces; with the thousands of horses, caparisoned with golden saddles and bridles beset with diamonds, rubies and sapphires; with the hundreds of elephants which carried tents and ammunition; with the chancellor sitting on a cabin plated over with silver and on a female elephant; with innumerable troops of horse, with golden and begemmed dishes, basins, urns, kitchen, bedsteads, pole tents, and candlesticks which 10 men were scarce able to carry; with a mighty train of horse and foot; with Zackebbegem, the King's daughter, famous for her beauty, "sitting in a Chair, which being cover'd with Cloth of Gold and rich embroidery was carry'd on the Backs of two Elephants, accompany'd by 400 Ladies on Horseback and in Sedans, besides 60 or 70 Elephants, which in Houses cover'd with Sarsanet, carry'd also many Ladies of Honor." What was Curzon's show, or Mrs. Curzon's splendor, to this?

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The city corporation of London has given Mrs. Albani as a souvenir of her services at the royal visit to the Guildhall in October, an Irish bowl which weighs 100 ounces and is suitably inscribed. Why "Irish"? Albani is a French-Canadian. And just what is an "Irish bowl"? "Irish blackguard" is a kind of snuff; "Irish diamond" is a name for rock crystal; "Irish daisy" is the dandelion; there is an "Irish stick" in needlework; in the sixteenth century a kind of peddler-beggar was called an "Irish toyle"; "Irish work" is embroidery done in white thread on a white ground; we know the meaning of Irish stew as well as Irish bull, and there was an old game something like backgammon called "Irish." Dr. Maginn in his essay on Sir Daniel Donnelly, the pugilist, admitted that his style of boxing was disfigured by "Irishisms," although, as Maginn finely put it, "the native vigor of the man prevailed over the imperfect institutions of his country. Potatoes are called by mad wags "Irish lemons"; a fire that burns only at the top is an "Irishman's fire"; the sedge warbler, known to even the Bostonian school girl as the acrocephalus phragmitis, is the "'Irish nightingale." The Irish stone is a stone brought from Ireland to England and never allowed to touch English soil. It brought and used by an Irish person it cures a sore or aching leg, and it keeps frogs, toads or any kind of serpent from entering the dwelling house of the possessor. But what is an "Irish bowl"? Perhaps some Irishian will tell us.

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The program of the 11th Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, given last night at Symphony Hall was as follows:

Overture, "Genoveva".....Schumann
Concerto in A minor for 'cello.....Saint-Saens
Chorus of Spirits and Spirits' Dance, from "Merlin".....Goldmark
Symphony, "From the New World".....Dvorak

This concert does not call for extended comment. The overture to "Genoveva" is familiar, and there is no pressing need of discussing the question why Schumann was unable to write an opera of any dramatic interest. He abused Meyerbeer like a pickpocket, and yet as an opera-maker he was not worthy to tie the shoes of him jeered at by others, who stole from Meyerbeer with both hands even while they scoffed.

The 'cello concerto by Saint-Saens has been played at these concerts by Mr. Schroeder and before him by Mr. Bayrhoffer, and before them Mr. Wulf Fries played it at a concert of the Harvard Musical Association. Saint Saens is seldom if ever guilty of writing music for mere virtuoso display, and his concerto must still be ranked—it is, at least, thirty years old—with the best works, and they are few—so very few—in the repertory of the violoncello. The concerto is thoughtfully planned, and while it is not on the whole melodiously rich—the minuet is exquisite—there is often the polished charm of expression that characterizes the composer, a master of the clear, logical thought and the elegance of speech that were once supposed to distinguished the French, who now are given up to symbolism and mysticism or are anxious to be literary in their music. Mr. Schroeder is always artistic in his purpose and performance. Custom does not stale the pleasure in hearing him. His tone last night was nobly beautiful and his taste a joy.

Nor is it necessary to revive the discussion concerning Congo-Indian-American music, with Dvorak's symphony as Exhibit A, for there is now no possibility of such discussion. Dvorak's symphony is familiar; it has been duly ticketed as No. 5 by the Czech Dvorak, and not as No. 1 of the C. I. A. school. What if the composer did take this theme or that theme from transplanted and Americanized negroes? A theme does not make a symphony. We listen to "From the New World" as to any other work of absolute music, without any patriotic thrill, without the conviction that a "National" school of composition is a crying necessity. And it is pleasant music to hear; much of it is frankly pretty or gay; there are pages of gorgeous orchestration; and there are, as in all of Dvorak's later works, pages that are nothing but swollen salon music, of the same order as "Falling Leaves," "Twilight Thoughts," "Moonlight on the Hudson," etc.

But ballet music from Goldmark's "Merlin" had not been played in Boston. We have got along comfortably without it. It is not to be named in the same breath with the sensuous ballet in Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba"; it is not impressive, or characteristic, or delirious, or charming. The melodic thought is cheap, and even the appearance of Wotan as the Wanderer in the enchanted garden does not console us. Mr. Gericke and the orchestra made as much of it as possible, but it was a case of love's labour lost.

And now the orchestra goes to favored cities, among others New York, where there is again talk, as we gather by yesterday's papers, of a "permanent orchestra." The visiting orchestra may well serve as a working model.

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The program of the 12th concert, Jan. 24—for there will be no concert this week—will include Arensky's overture to "Nall et Damaïanti"; some Hungarian

es by Brahms; Mozart's "Jupiter" phony. Mr. Mark Hambourg will he pianist. He will play with the estra Liszt's concerto in E flat, 1.

were reminded last week Tues- "dear Bayreuth" by the signals d in Symphony Hall before the "Parsifal" and also by the op- ty of dining at a restaurant near ween the first two acts. They and with considerable emotion, orted "local color."

y the weather was not Festival , for, even had the day been the Bayreuth performances are July and August. But let us too "beastly particular." The may have persuaded some that ere in the Temple, but where e darkened hall without the of libretto pages, the hall with sh of deep attention broken now n only by the heavy breathing— ot snoring—of some enthusiastic ite overcome by loss of sleep copious draughts of beer?

e sat at table d'hote at Bay- with leading singers in "Par- It was in 1882, the first year pera. The dinner itself might ribed as massive and concrete. oup, then the boiled meat from

the soup had been made, and so rough the traditional courses of nd-rate German inn.

e New Yorker wrote an article her day in which the table prac- of the members of the Metropoli- era House were described: how ich and Eames have their private rooms at their inns; how Gadski n her own house; how Edouard szke may occasionally be seen in blic dining room of his tavern; he singers are afraid of draughts public rooms, etc.

e are men and women who like to celebrated persons at table; to ether they put vinegar and sugar eir lettuce, one lump or three in the coffee; to be able to say Signor Leopardi Gussando tucked apkin under his chin and that Hemfelbanck wiped her fingers table cloth.

curiosity is perhaps natural: a s person must do extraordinary . Otherwise he would not be s. And so I shall never forget Malten, who was to alternate with a as Kundry, Miss Malten the and glory of the Dresden Opera . She sat at the head of the watched by strained and expec- yes. She ate heartily and vigor- After the manner of her coun- men she scraped the soup-dish her spoon; and when her portion f was set before her—what daz- knife-play! Sergeant Troy's per- nce when he cut the air all about heba to her intense admiration elight was nothing to the feats an honest table-blade displayed eminent dramatic singer. There othing shocking, nothing dis- g in the spectacle. It was a he- ight.

doubt Bruennhilde and Siegfried ate during the happy days, or s or years, between her awak- and Siegfried's departure on his ually conducted tour. The few cans who saw Malten were all by the spirit of emulation. When re at Bayreuth do as the Wag- s do. How was it at the dinner Symphony Hall? Was there this of "local color"?

The is a lull this week, and then the ts will again begin their fell work he singers will come armed with most effective long and short-range Mrs. Helen Hopekirk will give cond piano recital Saturday after- n Steinert Hall at 3 o'clock, and will play again the interesting by Vincent d' Indy and Claude sy which she introduced here on ormy afternoon of her first con- She will also play Beethoven's a op. 81a, pfleces by Chopin, s, Paganini-Schumann, and with Blanche Best Sinding's Variations o pianos. The Symphony Orches- ll be out of town.

come Miss Maud MacCarthy, st (Jan. 19), who will play with elix Fox Beethoven's sonata for and piano, op. 30, No. 2, and as ieces Saint-Saens' concerto in B and Wieniawski's "Russian Airs," Miss Mary Muenchhoff, soprano 20), who will sing songs by Mo- Schumann, Brahms, Grieg, Rich- rauss, Dueoudray, Gahm, Cowen, Proch. And others are coming, among them Mrs. Roger-Miclos, the French pianist of renown (Feb. 5), and Miss Ethel Inman, a pianist who has played in this country and abroad (Jan. 29).

There is one concert of unusual interest, which will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Dolmetsch of London, assisted by Miss Mabel Johnston (Steinert Hall, Jan. 28). For we shall hear old-fashioned music sung to the accompaniment of the lute, and played on the forerunners of the piano, and on the viola d'armore and viola da gamba, violone, and cithern; both solo and concerted music.

Mr. and Mrs. Dolmetsch appeared for the first time in this country at New York Jan. 6 in one of Mr. Sam Franko's concerts of old-time music, and Miss Johnston took part with them. The entertainment was described the next day as one that gave rare pleasure.

When Mr. Dolmetsch landed he told a reporter that it was not necessary for him to write out an interview; that he had been described minutely as artist and man by George Moore in "Evelyn Innes," by which he meant to say that he had sat for the portrait of Evelyn's father. (It has been rumored that Mr. Moore gained most of his knowledge of music as displayed in the study of a prima donna from Mr. Dolmetsch and Mr. John F. Runciman, a warm admirer of Mr. Dolmetsch.)

And here is Mr. Moore's pen-portrait. Mr. Innes is described as repairing an Elizabethan virginal:

"Iron-gray hair hung in thick locks over his forehead, and, shining through their shadows, his eyes drew attention from the rest of his face, so that none noticed at first the small and firmly cut nose, nor the scanty growth of beard twisted to a point by a movement habitual to the weak, white hand. His face was in his eyes; they reflected the flame of faith and of mission; they were the eyes of one whom fate had thrown on an obscure wayside of dreams, the face of a dreamer and propagandist of old-time music and its instruments."

And here is a word about his concerts: "Painters and men of letters were attracted by them; musicians seldom. Nor did Mr. Innes encourage their presence. Musicians were of no use to him. They were, he said, divided into classes—those who came to scoff and those who came to steal. He did not want either sort."

The Amsterdam correspondent of the Musical Courier tells of a curious disagreement over a recent concert performance of "Parsifal" as a whole in Amsterdam. The society Toonkunst had hired all the music from the publishers of "Parsifal," Schott, of Mainz. Now the Deutsche Wochenzeitung in den Niederlanden has published a protest of Mr. von Gross from Bayreuth, who represents Wagner's heirs, against these performances of the whole drama. He argues that Mr. Schott had not the right to allow them, and that moreover such performances go straight against the intentions of the composer, and are unartistic. Against this Toonkunst argues that Mr. Schott did inform him of Cosima Wagner's discontent, but after the music had been dispatched and the soloists had been engaged, and that Mr. Schott was not disposed to make good the damages that would have been caused if the performances had been countermanded. Furthermore, it was discovered that the Bayreuth people had persuaded certain singers engaged for Amsterdam to stay away.

Hahn's "La Carmelite," in which Calve took the part of Louis de la Valliere is said to be a weak and sugary opera. The dress rehearsal was almost postponed because some one in the management of the theatre objected to a first performance on Saturday, the 13th, especially as Mlle. de la Valliere mentioned in her memoirs that Saturday had always been fatal to her. But Hahn need not worry over the reception of his opera. He has just inherited $35,000 and a fine house from Mrs. Mery-Laurent, who long ago sung at the Gaite Theatre.

We read the other day of a woman in New York who owns more than fifty wigs. "There are several tints of hair, and there are varied styles of coiffure. The colors range from a Titian red to a deep brown."

Some may protest against her "vanity" and hint that at her age, for she is presumably at least mature, she should be thinking of the tomb and the future life rather than of her personal appearance; but we sympathize with her intentions and applaud her frankness.

A bald-headed man is often a grand, a heroic sight. There is the high and polished dome of thought; there is the head with striking bumps and crevices, the head of no ordinary mortal; there is the broad expanse that begins just above the fat and purple neck, at first with a slight fringe of hair, and then it shoots upward like some snow-clad peak above the line of vegetation. There are unwholesome bald heads, but we are not concerned with that which is abnormal and uncican. There are men born to be bald; just as some are born to furnish heads for postage-stamps or advertisements of cheap cigars; just as some are born to serve on committees. For them to wear a wig would be to thwart nature, to be false to their better self.

But a bald-headed woman needs a kindly disguise. There are remedies recommended by the wise. Snails plucked out of their houses, pounded with horse-leeches, bees, wasps and salt—an equal quantity of each will make hair to grow if the head be anointed with the moisture from this mixture after it has been buried eight days in a hotbed. Croton oil is also said to start the hair. The Rev. John Wesley used to rub his head morning and evening with a raw onion and he then applied honey. Is not a wig preferable to any one of these remedies?

Painted wigs were known to the ancient Romans, but they were worn by men, not by women. And yet how often in the course of the centuries have women envied other women on account of the shade, not necessarily the length of their hair. There was a period when the superb brunette with tresses of ebony wept and sulked until a metamorphosing lotion came to her aid. The chemical blonde was the glory of Venice. Look over Holbein's portraits of illustrious persons of the court of Henry VIII.; were all the beauties blonde from birth? Elizabeth wore false hair, said Paul Hentzner, the traveler, "and that red." Queen Margot, ashamed of her gloriously black hair, covered it with ashy locks clipped from the heads of her pages. But to pursue this line of investigation would be to write the history of noble dames.

As long as one fashion in the hue of hair succeeds another, it is short-sighted to dye the hair a determined color, or to confine oneself to a party-wig and a house-wig. The New York woman is far-seeing as well as artistic. Is she tired of black? She chooses chestnut; and then if her latest ball dress should clash with chestnut, how easy for her to be harmonious from crown to sole. A shade for each nuance of bodice, ribbon, jewel. And the honesty of her changes at once disarms malice. A friend may say to her without a sneer: "How well your purple hair goes with your green gown! There are not many of us who could wear such a combination."

W. T. writes to the Journal: "You said a few days ago in the Talk of the Day that Venezuela means 'Little Venice.' Why was this name applied to the country?"

Maracaibo was the place which gave the name Venezuela. When Ojeda discovered the lake in 1499, he found lake-dwellers living in houses built on the Venetian foundation of piles, and he at once thought of the name Venezuela, "Little Venice." This name at last extended to the whole country.

The friends of Elizabeth Parkinson who made her debut at the Opera-Comique, Paris, last month were remarked by the Parisian critics. "It is doubtful if there have ever been more Americans gathered under one roof in Paris. It was perhaps something of a shock to see the dress of so many transatlantic visitors unconventional. The tailor-made gown is hardly suitable to such an ocasion." And so it jars American visitors in Paris to see concert singers or wedding parties in the day time in what is described as full evening dress. There are many things that are purely a geographical affair. Thus during the short opera-season in Boston, when there is any attempt at display in dress, the display ends at the waist. Any ordinary skirt is donned, for the wearer argues that as she is not on exhibition in a box and as there is no broad and long corridor for walking between the acts, why should she wear a costly skirt that will surely be hidden and yet possibly trampled under the hoofs of men.

This is a day to be observed solemnly by all that think nobly of the human race, for on Jan. 11, 1613, masons digging near the ruins of a castle in Dauphine, in a field long known as the Giant's Field, discovered a huge brick tomb, at the depth of eighteen feet. There was a gray stone set in the brick and on the stone was carved, "Theutobochus Rex." When the tomb was opened they found a human skeleton entire, 25½ feet long, 10 feet wide across the shoulders, 5 feet deep from the breastbone to the back, with teeth each about the size of an ox's foot, with shin bones that measured each 4 feet.

Do not think for a moment that the art of circus advertising was unknown to our ancestors. There were not perhaps so many polysyllable words; there was not so much artful alliteration, but there was a brave and nervous style and no one of the old school could have been lured into characterizing his circus as a "grand monohippic entertainment." The following extract from an advertisement of the Royal Circus in 1772 is an excellent instance of the direct appeal to curiosity:

"Hughes with the celebrated Sobieski Clementina, the famous Miss Huntley, and an astonishing Young Gentleman (son of a Person of Quality), will exhibit at Blackfriars road more extraordinary things than ever yet witnessed, such as leaping over a Horse 40 times without stopping between the Springs—Leaps the Bar Standing on the Saddle with his back to the Horse's Tail, and—vice versa; Rides at full speed with his right Foot on the Saddle and his left Toe in his Mouth; two Surprising Feet. Mrs. Hughes takes a fly and fires a Pistol—rides at full speed standing on pint pots—mounts pot by pot, higher still, to the terror of all who see her. H. carries a lady at full speed over his head—surprising. The young gentleman will recite verses of his own making, and act Marc Antony between the leaps."

There is no more agreeable reading than the confession of a scamp, witness the memoirs of Cellini and Casanova, the Newgate Calendar, the lives of celebrated pirates, and of certain generals and statesmen. It is a pity that the journal and letters of Mr. Underwood are not accessible to the many. Mr. Richard Fryce has dug the man himself out of the rubbish of the early nineteenth century, or he has invented him; it matters little. And Mr. Underwood had his colleagues in polite letter-writing and in keeping a diary. Here is a delightful extract from an unknown artist:

"June 20—Addressed the Duke of Richmond under the name of John Smith: case, leg amputated, out of work for six months, and wife and seven children starving. Result, £2. Not amiss, but hope to be more successful next time.

June 25—Letter to Bishop of London: name, William Anderson: case, licensed clergyman of the Church of England, but unemployed for four years, and wife dead three weeks ago, leaving five motherless children. Result, no go; too old a bird to be caught with chaff.

"June 30—Addressed Sir Peter Durham: case, lost a leg and arm in the service; was one of his men on board the ship Pallas; great destitution; not even as much as to get my timber leg repaired, being broken by accident; name, Jack Scraggs; Result, £5; Sir Peter a regular trump; drink his health in a bottle of best Madeira; have at him again in a fortnight or so."

Jan. 2 1903

So Mr. Whitney is no longer librarian of the Boston Public Library and another rules in his place. The position of a librarian might be an enviable one if there were no trustees to confer with, no letters to dictate, no subordinates to govern, no policy to be framed, no bother of any kind. We should like to be librarian if we were allowed at a handsome salary to sit undisturbed in a well-ventilated room and read books all day, especially books that are starred. The fact that a book is starred at once arouses curiosity even when the subject is drearily respectable and the book is written in a remotely foreign language. The modern librarian, however, seldom has time to read a book. His position is more deplorable than that of Tantalus, for mental torture is more agonizing than physical.

In former days a librarian was supposed to be familiar with literary history, the mechanism of printing, and the arts associated with printing, as drawing, painting, engraving. He was able to give an exact description of any rare or curious work; to identify the date of a manuscript by the handwriting of the period; to be skilled in medals. He was a master of classification. He was not the priest of any cult, the minister of any sect, the chief of any faction, a member of any coterie, a member of any academy, not even a candidate for any academy, the fanatical partisan of any system. He was to

the general public a talking library; a sure, affable and prudent guide to curious youth; a useful colleague to professors. Such a librarian, they say, was Demetrius, who organized the library at Alexandria; and such a one was Guillaume Bude, first librarian to Francis I.

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Just as the successful college president today is he that raises sums of money for his college, so the great librarian of 1903 is he that secures sufficient quantities of anthracite coal, for soft coal is a sworn enemy to books.

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The most gorgeous sunset is that which awakens memories in the beholder. The sunset itself is nothing, if he does not remember when some loved one watched with him the death of the day or if he does not mourn the absence of some one that might watch it by his side.

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The confession of a gambler who squealed on Mr. Canfield's place of entertainment and methods of play in New York is mighty interesting reading, whether the charges made therein be true or false. There are curious slang expressions that invite discussion. The word "gambler" itself was characterized by Dr. Johnson as a cant word; and how delightful his definition: "A knave whose practice it is to invite the unwary to game and cheat them." The polite word was gamester.

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Take for instance the expression "brace-game," or the "crooked box—lever, rotary, front-plate, end-squeeze" used in faro. When did "brace" for crooked come in? But we miss old, familiar terms. Does any gambler of today describe a card that has lost three times in one deal as an "anti-goss" or a "hotel"? Is the ring with a sharp point on the inner side worn by the dealer still called a "gaff"? Is the last card in the box the "hock"? Are chips of $25, $50 and $100 "lamas"? "Playing on velvet" is an old, old phrase; but is a big player ever called a "russer"? Is the top card in the box still the "zodiac" or "soda"? Is the "tell-box" still used to the dismay of the dealer? Perhaps the Providence Journal will tell us, for all queer boxes, according to the confession, are made in Providence. There is no truer statement in this same confession than this: "The odds are enough against a player without working any crooked roulette wheel."

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Slang is an inexhaustible study, one that is full of surprises. In the New York of the fifties "boodle" was a quantity of bad money, and the "boodle-carrier" was the man that carried the bulk of the counterfeit money to be passed, to give a piece at a time to the "shover" and to receive the good money in change.

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The detail of any adventurous business is interesting to timid souls who stand agape on the outside. Some years ago a man in this city had the reputation of being a brilliant space-filler. He was called on suddenly for a two-column article. Not a moment of hesitation; nor did he go to the Public Library. He sat down and wrote a most entertaining account of the superstitions of gamblers. He knew no gambler; he had never been in a gambling house. He simply put himself in the place of a gambler and imagined what his superstitions should be. It was a delightful article, written with the superb authority of a man who was full of his subject. No self-respecting gambler read it without the instant resolve to adopt all the superstitious practices described.

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"Ten burglaries in block of millionaires." Where might you more reasonably expect active and successful operations? And furthermore what victims would suffer less? Wealth has its disadvantages as well as its responsibilities.

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We have received the following letter:

Boston, Jan. 6, 1903.

Editor Talk of the Day:

Why the American "line," or Fall River "line"? The New England Dictionary does not say, and begins with a quotation of 1848. The term originated at Boston, in 1786, and if it had a father, as is likely, that author of the term was Levi Pease. And thereby hangs a tale. In 1785 Congress took it into its head to get the mails carried by coaches, partly to protect the mail from robbers, who might easily get the better of a lonely mailrider, partly to accommodate travelers. And so the mail was ordered to be carried by coach from Portsmouth, N. H., to Savannah. Levi Pease, a master mind in transportation matters, undertook a part of the contract, and arranged a line of mail coaches to ply between Boston and New York. One coach went from Boston to Spencer, another thence to Hartford, whence a third went to Stratford, and a fourth from Stratford to New York. Pease thought the service would continue in similar style as far as Georgia, and the long succession of coaches he called "a line of stages." He himself literally conducted a line of stages, and when he issued his advertisements, early in 1786, he could not reasonably guess that the English language, all over the globe, would call a regular public conveyance between two points a line, yet such is the fact. And following Levi Pease, we say stage line, freight line, steamship line. What a pity that the Oxford English Dictionary should be imperfect in that part of our language which was evolved here and accepted in the old country. What a story its latest number could have made of Lily Whites, of Limed Eggs, of Limited Trains, of Linotyping. X. X. X.

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No wonder that the land owners who have so long fancied themselves exclusive at Beverly and neighboring shore-towns view with alarm and disgust the prospect of trolley cars rumbling near or through their domains. Privacy will soon be the most extravagant of luxuries. Even the rich will be driven finally to Patagonia, which is still the country of enormous distances. On the Atlantic coast of Patagonia it is often five days' ride to the nearest farm. The standard of holdings is the square league. One farm in Tierra del Fuego is 400 square leagues in extent. There is a refuge for the oppressed rich; but their grandsons will probably see the establishment of the Patagonian trolley-line system. Then will the mylodon, the gigantic pre-historic ape, leave his forest home, drawn out by the unusual sounds.

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Some one stated the other day that starboard was derived from the abbreviated Italian "questa borda"—this side, and larboard from "quella borda"—that side; and as "sta borda" and "la borda" were easily confounded "port" was substituted for "larboard." And so one might say that the "star boarder" was so named because he sat on this side of the landlady.

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According to the Oxford English dictionary, larboard comes from the middle English "ladeborde"—or "latheborde," altered in the 16th century into "ler-leere-larboard"; the second component is Old English "bord," ship's side; the origin of the first component has not yet been determined, although some would connect it with the verb "lade," "taking it to mean 'the side on which cargo was received,' or on which deck cargo was placed."

Jan. 3. 1903

Orazio: Sweet, did you like the feast?
Armida: Methought, 'twas gay enough.
Orazio: Now, did I not.
'Twas dull: all men spoke slow and emptily,
Strange things were said by accident. Their tongues
Uttered wrong words: one fellow drank my death,
Meaning my health; another called for poison,
Instead of wine; and as they spoke together,
Voices were heard, most loud, which no man owned:
There were more shadows, too, than there were men;
And all the air more dark and thick than night
Was heavy, as 'twere made of something more
Than living breaths. There were deep hollows
And pauses in their talk.

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Boston, Jan. 11, 1903.

The Editor of Talk of the Day:

Your remarks about dining clubs remind me of a group of men who were accustomed to meet once a month for several years in Dresden. There were never over eight at the table and sometimes only four sat down. When they came together they shook hands heartily and looked volumes at each other; but no word was spoken. There were no empty compliments, no anecdotes or stories purely or "impurely confidential" preliminary to the dinner; there were no boisterous anticipations of the feast. At table no word was spoken, except possibly as the expression of a wish for salt, or pepper, or bread. After the coffee was served friendly glances were directed toward each other; there were healths proposed in pantomime; there was gregarious and refreshing silence until digestion was well at work; then at a signal from the head waiter the guests arose, shook hands fervently at parting, but without any production of sworn affidavits as to the honesty of the enjoyment just behind them. I was a member of this club for two years, and I assure you those silent evenings are among my choicest memories.

Lest you accuse me of trifling with your credulity, I hasten to add that we were not deaf mutes, and we were without a keeper. Among the regular members of the club were a leading comedian at the Royal Court Theatre, a brilliant essayist and journalist, a banker, a lawyer, two physicians—all men whose wit and fancy and shrewd observation were well known in cafe, restaurant, club, society—everywhere, in short, except by their own firesides.

LUCIEN B. HENDERSON.

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The yearly essay on how to stand and walk gracefully appeared Sunday in a New York newspaper in the section that is devoted to the interests of women, and we read it with pleasure. The women of this city might read it with profit. For participation in manly sports has given many of our young women a manly stride which is not without arrogance when it is anything more than a merely grotesque gait.

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"And in her gait the goddess was revealed." But what was the precise nature of this revealing gait? Donna Rodriguez said of her Lady Duchess to Don Quixote: "Do you mark that beauty of my Lady, that smoothness of her face that is like a polished sword, those two cheeks of milk and vermilion, in one of which she hath the sun, in the other the moon, and that state with which she goes, trampling and despising the ground, as if she went dealing of health up and down?" An artist saw Marie Antoinette at Versailles. He was standing in a corner of a little antechamber, and she was obliged to pass sideway with her hoop, for the doors were narrow. "She glided by him in an instant, as if borne on a cloud."

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The Bedouins compare the movement of a woman that walks well to the "slightly swinging" gait of a thoroughbred mare, who bends her neck and looks from side to side as she passes. In the Arabian Nights, the beauties sway, however slight the waist. Peg Woffington in Charles Reade's story placed her foot on the ground, "as she might put her hand upon her lover's shoulder." The haughty daughters of Zion walked with stretched forth necks. What says the prophet Isaiah? "Walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet." A languorous limp has led mighty rulers into captivity.

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One of the noblest dames of antiquity was undoubtedly Delilah. She had no mannish strut, no golf-course-gait. Bedeck'd, ornate and gay, she sailed, to use Milton's verb:

"Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd and streamers waving."

And she smelled, O so sweetly, of ambergris, from which Dr. Galopin would infer that Delilah, although a woman of the Philistines, was an ash blonde, just as Agnes Sorel, Diane de Potier, Mme. de Maintenon, who had hair of a chestnut hue, gave forth a natural and bewitching odor of violets; just as darkest brunettes of white skin exhale the perfume of ebony.

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No amorist has eulogized in rapturous song the manly stride of a woman, and no sour moralist with averted face has censured maiden or matron for stiff, angular gait. How did the goddess walk to call forth the famous line of Virgil? Surely she could not have been mistaken for a ploughman or a jockey. Nor do we believe that she glided swiftly from sight as though drawn on castors in a set groove.

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"Motion is beautiful as it implies either continuity or gradual change." This was the opinion of Hazlitt, who was enamored of everything that is beautiful. But when motion is contradictory to itself—when there are interruptions, jerks, bumps—then there can be no beauty. How superb the flight of the turkey-buzzard! Charles Lamb's Hester had "a springy motion in her gait, a rising step," but they were indications of joy and pride, which enchanted the beholder and did not call to mind a summer horse with the spring-halt. The woman of the most riotous health should always suggest curves, not angles.

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"Statistics for 1902 demonstrate that Vienna still stands foremost among European capitals in the number of suicides. * * * Most of the deaths are attributed to love and hunger."

"Still stands foremost"? Twenty years ago Paris led easily all other cities in this tragic race for fame. It is not unlikely that the spread and cultivation of Brahms's music in Vienna have put that city far ahead of her competitors.

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If anyone is interested in the statistics of suicide he should consult "Le Suicide ancien et moderne," by A. Legoyt. Although the book was published in Paris in 1881, it is a volume of permanent value, for it is a monument of learning and of personal investigation. The bibliography published as an appendix is not the least important feature. All modern students of suicide must found their education on Legoyt's observations and conclusions.

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Is there anyone today that can eclipse the glory of Mr. Gallaspy of blessed memory, who, when he smoked, always blew two pipes at once, one at each corner of his mouth, and threw the smoke out at both his nostrils? We use the very words of his biographer, Thomas Amory. And Mr. Gallaspy, even until his death, drank seven in hand; "that is, seven glasses so placed between the fingers of his right hand that in drinking the liquor fell into the next glasses and thereby he drank out of the first glass seven glasses at once." A rare accomplishment, but Mr. Gallaspy was no ordinary toss-pot; he did not swallow a quart like other people, "but if it was a quart poured it in as from pitcher to pitcher."

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Kirkby Lunn sang Brangaene at the Metropolitan Opera House last Wednesday and Mr. Henderson of the Sun said she was a Brangaene to delight idolaters of German traditions of song: "She sang out of tune much of the time, and scooped up and down her intervals in a manner merciless to her hearers. Her enunciation of the text was extremely bad. It was quite impossible to tell what she was saying at time. Furthermore she seemed wholly unable to throw herself into the spirit of the part." When she sang here in "Parsifal" her intonation was uniform and excellent. Her enunciation is not good, there is no need of a dispute over it. The trouble with Mrs. Lunn, who has a luscious alto voice, is that she sings parts not suited to her. Brangaene and as Kundry she is often obliged to be passionate in her well upper tones. At the Symphony concert she flatted lamentably on the last scream of Gounod's Sappho, but an alto has no right to attempt such high tones.

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Punch publishes entertaining musical gossip in 1920 when Humpers Chenc's great symphonic poem will be produced. "The work in question, which is entitled Tohu va Bohu, is a superbly successful attempt to express in musical terms the salient features of the formation of millions of years which elapsed between the cooling of the earth's crust and the birth of Khu-fu (alias Cheops), the great Pyramid builder. It is laid out in twenty-two movements, and alike in length, complexity of structure, and sonority of orchestration, exceeds the efforts of all composers, ancient and modern. The full score occupies twelve large folio volumes, each weighing one on two hundred-weight. To give the scenic effect to this massive and monumental manifestation of the Teutonic Zeitgeist, the King's Hall has been entirely redecorated by a firm of Berlin upholsters, and only German will be allowed to be spoken in the intervals."

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The Sun pays Miss Maud Powell, the violinist, a high compliment and adds: "Here in her own city she is prized by the few who know what high art is, but she is not given opportunities to be heard. Instead, children and pigmies are imported from abroad."

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Another tenor will soon descend upon us. Barney Landesman, the son of Russian parents, began life as a newsboy and bootblack. The intelligent reader will at once see the future greatness of the lad. Nearly all railway presidents are popularly supposed to have laid their schemes of ultimate greatness when they carried ice water and popcorn in the trains. Landesman's voice attracted attention. It was at first a high soprano; when it changed it turned into a tenor "of remarkable power and purity." Bernard Landino, as he is now known, has already travelled with Mascagni, and therefore and therefore by gained valuable experience. Unless I am mistaken Landino came from Cleveland, where he first studied.

Europe it is the cab driver or the lion who makes his fortune as a . Wachtel and Boetel are by no s the only ones. Krauss, the Wagenor, was a waiter in a restaurant; that is probably why he made such ss at the Adams House when they him that smoking was not allowed e general dining room. As an exber of the profession he thought waiters might have made an exceptin his case; and should Siegfried, blond hero that knew not fear, down a cigar on account of some ish American prejudice? But Siegd was borne by vulgar hands from dining room, together with his chair.

aude Debussy, whose "Pellcas et isande" is still a drawing card at Opera Comique, Paris, is at work an opera founded on "As You Like Has an opera ever been written Rosalind as a heroine? What sort character would Touchstone be in ic? A tiresome person, probably; as Mercutio in Gounod's "Romeo Juliet" is a sorry figure. Jacques ourse would be a bass with a beard; yet the true Jacques was probably er fastidious in his dress and spoke thin, acid voice. He should be igh tenor, just as Samsen in Saints opera should have been a bari or a bass. I see how Debussy his love of impressions in music well be fascinated with the wood life and the sweet mystery of the h Rosalind. To attempt to follow kespeare's play closely would be .

varez sang the part of Canio in gliacci" for the first time on any e at the Metropolitan Jan. 5. Per s he was spurred to it by the ght of the creation of the part in s by Jean de Reszke. The opera f did not please the Parisians. They ired the song at the end of the act, but they found the greater of the music brutal and yet inptive. Furthermore the manager he opera house was severely critid for allowing the work to be ed to the repertory. The critics reid him that the object of the Nationcademy of Music is to maintain and ourage French composers, as well as preserve the glorious national traons. As it is, many French comers are obliged to go to Brussels, te Carlo or even to Germany, unes they are willing to leave their uscript scores in their portfolios.

iss Rose Louise Samuels, a young inist, whose home is Jamestown, Y., a pupil of Ysaye, has been playin Berlin, Angers and other foren towns. A French critic began his wing review as follows: "Miss Samus seems a Burne-Jones descended m its frame. In the attitude and cut the fact she has the pre-Raphaelite ice of the young virgins who stand the Golden Stair or on the border of us's Mirror. Ruskin would like to e filled her hands with his dear May mones." I quote from the Musi Courier (N. Y.): "In the attitude cut of the fact" is no doubt intendfor "in the attitude and cut of the ae," otherwise many will have to e it up.

ere is a pleasant story about Donizetti published in the Era (London): e master died at Bergamo in 1848, ile Northern Italy surged with the ti-Austrian upheaval under Charles bert, and during an autopsy of the y a shell fell in the room, scatterin the doctors, who left the body behind them, and it was afterwards hurrilly wrapped and buried by a domestic. In 1850, when the remains e exhumed, the head was found to b missing, and an appeal was made advertisement for its restoration. A ll-to-do resident, who had for two rs been using a skull as blottingsdholder, thought it answered the cription, and, being found to exactfit the neck, it was buried with the ly."

r. Victor Benham, "American pians and composer," who now lives in gland, is aggrieved by certain paraphs which have been published in ding journals of New York. Mr. ham played in Boston ten years more ago. He then included in his gram a "sonata by Saint-Saens spite of the fact that Saint-Saens er wrote a sonata for the piano.

*Jan 14, 903*

When I looked around the assembly room the last time I was there, and found every glorious girl of my acquaintance was gone, and that years had rendered me almost unfit to join with the ladies then present in the dancings of the night, a philosophical sadness came powerfully upon my mind, and I could not help sighing in the midst of harmony and a blaze of charms. This life, I saw, was a fleeting scene indeed.

Miss Eustacia went with her young niece to a dancing-party the other night, and she described the scene to us in her calm and pleasant fashion. One of her potent spells is that she never screams or squeaks or giggles or sings in conversation. Her voice is reposeful, richly sombre, the voice of Monna Lisa speaking from the canvas to a trembling adorer.

It seems that now no maiden favors the youth with a set and determined dance. In our dancing days, names were entered on a card or fan, as though the swains were applying for membership in a club. The coquette would pretend for a while that all her dances were taken, or she would forget that the third waltz was promised to Jones, and when the wretched youngster would seek her "with all the trepidation of youth," he would find her radiant and flippant on the arm of Ferguson, whom he never did like. Now there is one preconcerted and appointed engagement, the supper-dance; but the other dances are catch-as-catch-can. The girl is pounced upon, whirled for a few minutes, and then some other bird of prey swoops down upon the pavid kid and wrests her from his rival, who does not glare or say "Sir-r-r!" in a withering tone, but proceeds to rob a youth of his fair capture. The girl herself has nothing to say, no more than the football in the game.

"The trepidation of youth!" The phrase is Charles Reade's when he describes Alfred addressing Julia in "Very Hard Cash". Today youth knows not trepidation. The saying of Michelet is his motto: "The male animal is very fierce". The modern youth chooses his partner in the dance as men of certain tribes selected wives in the dawn of the world: he sees her and bears her off in triumph.

There are four matrons, who might be called umpires and referees. To them the youths bow at the beginning of the exercises, for exercise rather than entertainment is the word, and before they leave the arena again they bow to the matrons—that is when they do not forget this perfunctory courtesy. It is a wise youth that knows his own hostess.

And it appears that the "Portland Fancy" is in fashion. It is a violent sport, and a young girl pulled and hauled and well-nigh torn asunder by two athletic undergraduates might well recall the fact that "fancy" is a good old term for the prize-ring or those who frequent it.

"Portland Fancy"! When was the dance introduced? Is it as old as "Speed the Plough," "Major Malley's Reel", "The Triumph", "The Bridge of Lodi"; or the dances once well known in New England, "Old Father George", "Miss Foster's Delight", "Petty Coatee", "The Lady's Choice", or "Leather the Strap"!

And do not think for a moment that dancing was looked at skew-eyed in the primmer days of Boston. There was a ball here in 1713 that lasted from 6 P. M. to 3 A. M. "Abagail Hutchinson was entered to lern to dance" in 1717. The gravest men in revolutionary times all over the land then frequented by the whites danced intrepidly: thus the great and good General George Washington footed it with wife of General Greene for over three hours without once sitting down.

Our mail-box is stuffed daily with all sorts of circulars, appeals, dodgers. Laundrymen, manicurists, curbstone brokers, philanthropic persons who wish us to be made rich by owning stock in some strange Western mine, petition us confidently and in confidence. But here it is the 14th of January and as yet we have not received the Annual Report of the Society for Providing Indigent Working Girls with Birds and Bottles. The society was firmly established in the spring of 1900. There were praiseworthy efforts in Boston before that date to better the condition of the working girls, but they were scattering, isolated, without organized system.

Here is an example of the courteous and daily invitations for us to pull our boots out of the mire of poverty and stand on firm financial ground. The "kylnd gentleman" lives in New York and see how disinterested he is.

Dear Sir: I have a friend—an Order Clerk in one of the largest Stock Exchange houses on the "Street," who, by virtue of his position, learns occasionally of a good move about to take place in the market. He is prevented from taking advantage of this information by reason of his position, but nevertheless thinks, that as others profit, so should he. He is no tipster, discretionary broker or advisory agent, nor (sic) information bureau—neither is he the writer. We neither ask for, nor would we handle any moneys sent us. You handle your own money entirely and select your own broker. Will you agree to carry fifteen shares for my account if I advise you of these movements in advance? Do not pay me a cent untill the close of deal. I simply wire you at your expense when to get in and when to close. If you are interested, kindly let me hear from you and I shall send code so that information may be entirely private. If desired I can refer you to a number here who have of late been receiving this information from me and who made a large amount of money thereby.

Very truly yours,
X. X. X.

It is pleasant to know the heat units of various kinds of fuel obtainable for one cent. "Coal, $12 a ton, 23,000; Coke, $10 a ton, 24,000." We are told this by a professor. It is also pleasant to learn that "over 26,000 tons comes by sail and by steam," and that plenty of anthracite arrives from the middle states," but is coal in Boston any cheaper, any easier to get?

We are told that Mrs. not Mr. Mascagni is the one that upsets the plans and temper of managers. There is a story that it was she who saved the manuscript score of "Cavalleria Rusticana" in her husband's darkest days, and that the composer has a superstitious reverence for her opinions.

A Baltimore clergyman spoke recently of the "superb" life of Phillips Brooks as "an evidence of Christianity." The term "superb" was an unfortunate one, well-meant but unfortunate. For into the word "superb" enters inevitably the thought of haughtiness, pride, pomp. A superb Christian is a contradiction, or else the New Testament is without meaning; and "the superb life" of a Christian is merely a bit of hifalutin.

Is "drake-neck blue" merely an American expression?

How are we to shape our conduct in this world? Here's Dr. Dixon saying that the theatre is bad, and that "to be found standing before the average theatrical poster is a reflection on one's purity of mind"; and on the other hand we find William Hazlitt writing in 1817: "Wherever there is a play-house, the world will go on not amiss. The stage not only refines the manners, but it is the best teacher of morals * * * it stamps the image of virtue on the mind * * * it regulates the passions * * * there is no class of society whom so many persons regard with affection as actors."

*Jan 15, 1903*

"The best poultry exhibit Boston has ever had." And ye no one has traced satisfactorily the origin of the expression "so is a hen."

And how many bright-eyed school children fresh from the show can explain the meaning of Milton's "tame villatic fowl"? In Clare's line "bawls the restless cock," is "bawl" the proper realistic verb for the "shrill clarion"? We miss Ibsen's wild duck in the show, and it is a finer bird than any owned by Mr. Beals of Nahant or Mr. Lockwood of Orleans on Cape Cod, painter and fancier, Duc d'Orleans.

The Crown Prince of Saxony is convinced that the elopement of his wife was due to temporary mental aberration. Due rather to absent-mindedness, or what is called involuntary abstraction; or perhaps she is not good at remembering faces and mistook Mr. Giron for the Crown Prince. In future the prince should always wear his crown for purposes of identification.

It seems that Mr. Giron has a mania for elopement, but a providence shapes his course, for when the fit's upon him he chooses the wife of a rich man or some royal personage. The prince is willing to postpone divorce. A divorce can always wait; it is a movable feast; and the chief pleasure no doubt is in anticipation.

How angry and disgusted would the courteous Peter Marie be if he could read the stuff that pads the notices of his death. He had collected for years miniature of New York women famous for their beauty, and to be invited by him to sit for a miniature was the compliment of compliments. Now listen to the voice of the padder. "In the home where he passed away Mr. Marie could see in rows of delicately tinted ivory faces of radiant beauty. * * * Where are they now? * * * Faces that flashed upon him as their loveliness first dawned upon him in the heydey of youth are seated now, some by sorrow, some by sin. The loves, the delights, the triumphs, the scandals of this galaxy of beauty crowded in upon him, for his intimacy with the inner life of Manhattan's socially elect was marvellous."

"Seared by sin"? "The scandals of this galaxy"? Is it possible that Mr. Watterson's diatribes against the most fashionable are charged with blistering truth? Mr. Marie would never have admitted it. He would have been the first to defend the glories of his collection.

That the lives of an audience in a theatre were endangerd by an escape of natural gas seems to have been invented as a spur to the jaded paragrapher.

If you happen to find arsenic in the house, in your wife's shopping bag or on her dressing table, do not jump to the conclusion that she is plotting your death. A leading physician of this city told us Tuesday that in his practise he found many arsenic-eaters among his female patients in the Back Bay. For arsenicophagy is by no means confined to the peasants of Styria and the Tyrol. Sometimes a longing for a fairer complexion superinduces arsenicism or arsenisis. Or perhaps your wife uses the poison for a depilatory. So sleep peacefully and drink your coffee or beer without blood-chilling suspicion. Say to yourself: "If she can stand it, I can."

A recent visitor to Hampton Court scratched the face of Henry VIII. as represented in the family group ascribed to Holbein. It is now thought that the act was committed by a member of the anti-divorce league. One of the guardians of the place thus explained the act of vandalism: "Ah, to you and me what Henry VIII. did may not seem a matter to bother about now. It's past and done with, and we wouldn't think to bear any personal malice. But women—well, they're made differently to men. They don't forget. You take it from me, sir—the scratching of Henry VIII.'s face was the work of a woman."

Mr. Edward H. Griggs says that "It was the conscious intention of Dante to teach the deep pilosophical truths of human life," and the lecturer explains the symbolism of the dark forest, the three beasts, etc. Virgil is not our old friend of arma virumque cano, but the "unaided intellect in its struggle to know the truth," and Beatrice is all sorts of wonderful things, anything and everything but the girl whom Dante loved and made famous in song.

We doubt if many will be encouraged by such explanations to read Dante's poem. The Inferno is far better known that the Purgatory or the Paradise, and why? Because it is a personal document as well as a thrilling description of fearful punishments. The man Dante put his private and politcal foes in hell and he saw to it that they suffered intensely. The small boy in his dream is captain of a pirate ship. His friends are under-officers and sailors; the boys he dislikes walk the plank or are hanged, cut in pieces with a cutlass, filled with bullets. He has the spirit of Dante.

The word allegory. What harm it has done to Spencer and Bunyan!
done to Spencer and Bunyan! Readers are afraid of the allegory in "The Faery Queen," and yet, as has been well said, the allegory will not bite them: "If they do not meddle with the allegory, the allegory will not meddle with them." The youngster reads "Pilgrim's Progress" as he would read "Jack the Giant Killer," or "Sinbad." Has any one found symbolism in "Robinson Crusoe" or "Tom Jones"? A taste for allegory came near ruining the genius of Hawthorne.

Mr. Curtis could be right. There should be memorial tablets all over the city of Boston. What a pity that no one knows the birth-house of Edgar Allan Poe, the supreme name in the literature of America! A tavern that gave joy to hundreds and then disappeared should be commemorated by a tablet. There might be mural remembrance somewhere in Marlborough street of the fact that horse-cars once passed through that grassy and weed-grown lane.

These tablets should be put in place while there are men of sound memory. The Minister of Public Instruction in Rome thinks that monuments and ruins of that ancient city should be marked clearly with a marble tablet setting forth the ancient names. Archaeologists say that unfortunately the authorities are not in unison on many of the ruins which the minister proposes to mark. Professor Huelsen, for instance, says the only truthful thing that could be put on the Temple of Vesta would be: "This is not the Temple of Vesta." Let there be accuracy in Boston. Nothing disconcerts a stranger so much as to find out that he has been erroneously emotional.

We sympathize fully with Governor Ferguson of Oklahoma in his warfare againstt bloomers. "While I am in a position to do so, I will see that our institutes do not countenance such apparel. I believe in the young women and girls getting as much good as there is in physical culture and athletics, but it is going too far when the young ladies appear in bloomers."

Bloomers are immoral because they are hideous. The costume of the trapeze girl is much more decent. And to think that the dress invented by Mrs. Amelia Bloomer was first publicly worn at a hall in Lowell, Mass., on July 23, 1851! Mrs. Bloomer was the editor of a temperance journal, the Lily, published at Senaca Falls, N. Y. She admired the dress of the Polish women, with their fur-trimmed boots and short tunic skirt. The bloomer boots were supposed to rise some three or four inches at least above the ankle. "This boot," she said, "should be trimmed with fur, or fanciifully embroidered, according to the taste of the wearer." She also suggested that the boots should be made waterproof. Somehow or other, a young woman wearing fur-trimmed, waterproof boots at a hall in July does not appeal to us. The strangest feature of the passing Bloomer craze was that the costume incurred the reproach of immodesty. There was no suggestion of immodesty in the dress, but the costume was and is hideously immoral.

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We think it equally absurd when we sometimes find people objecting that such an acquaintance of theirs, who has not an idea in his head, should be so much better off in the world than they are. But it is for this very reason; they have preferred the indulgence of their ideas to the pursuit of realities. It is but fair that he who has no ideas should have something in their stead. If he who has devoted his time to the study of beauty to the pursuit of truth, whose object has been to govern opinion, to form the taste of others, to instruct or to amuse the public, succeeds in this respect—he has no more right to complain that he has not a title or a fortune than he who has not purchased a ticket, that is, who has taken no means to the end, has a right to complain that he has not a prize in the lottery.

We read of young Mr. Barstow suing to recover bets lost at roulette. Why should not a man stand or fall by the chances of roulette as a soldier by the chances of war, or as a true man by the grab-bag of marriage? We can understand the feelings and motives of the prince who, checkmated, hashed the head of the conqueror with the board, for chess is a game of skill, and defeat is a reflection on ability. But roulette? Mr. Barstow should have left the room with a jaunty air hands in pockets, singing the sweet, consolatory lines of Tennyson:

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Some one commented lately on the devotion shown by public men toward the little newspaper of their town or village. This devotion springs from a sense of loyalty, policy, or humor. We saw a Pennsylvania newspaper the other day that has in its employ correspondent at Cherrytree. He furnishes society notes. We read these notes with genuine pleasure and now republish one:

"Our village blacksmith, Thomas Ray, is at the anvil again. He was rusticating a few days with the pleurisy. Dick Bower's hammer lies idle on the anvil part of the time, on account of the illness of his mother, who has been quite low for some time. We have a blacksmith in reserve for emergencies, who is ever ready and willing, and he knows how to fix anything from a sewing machine to grain binders. The ring of his anvil is heard early and late. Bill says, 'Make hay between showers.'"

Some may smile at the simplicity of this "society paragraph," but the note is as interesting to the good people of Cherrytree as any note concerning "the rich and gay, who nightly visit the resplendent and delusive scenes of vitiated life among the higher orders" is to the dwellers in Berlin, Boston, Budapest or Baltimore. It is merely a question of degree, and the impartial looker-on is as much pleased to learn that Melvin Deeter, who cuts logs by the hundred not by the day, is going to move his saw mill, as he is to know the weekly plans of the Slapperdashes or the Hogsworths.

Furthermore the village newspapers continue to publish the good old brand of poetry that is flouted today by poets of the Angora school, although it has cheered and delighted thousands. It was only yesterday that we read in a little newspaper of a neighboring county some sweet verses entitled "A Boyhood Reminiscence." The clergyman was preaching in the old-fashioned meeting house and saying in accents quite strong, our punishment comes as our lives move along, when a rude person stood at the open door and shouted "That's a lie!"

That man's a false prophet, he's told you a lie!
And God has decreed that by me he shall die!"
He sped up the aisle with but little restraint,
While some of the ladies sank down in a faint.

Mr. Waddy K. C., died the other day and the English journals spoke of him as a good lawyer and a kindly man. He once defended a woman indicted for poisoning her husband. The circumstantial evidence broke down, and she was acquitted. She thanked Mr. Waddy effusively, and he replied with a smile: "I accept your thanks, madam, but I should not like you to cook my dinner." If this was an instance of his kindliness, what, pray, was Mr. Waddy when he was brutal? The answer was heartless, caddish, unprofessional.

They are still troubled in France over the question of depopulation; for there is an excess of births over deaths of only six by the thousand, as against an excess of 138 and 116 respectively in Germany and England. Colonel Toutee, who believes that the fear of being unable to provide for the new mouths is the chief obstacle to a growth of population, proposes that the father of a family should have the free disposition of his property, so that the present inequalities might be avoided. At present a son with children receives exactly the same proportion as a son without children. Would not obedience to the scriptural command "Be fruitful and multiply" be a simpler solution?

Here is a good ghost story, and it has the supreme merit of truth. The Dean of an English cathedral told it to the Duke of Argyle and neither one of them would deceive even a blind man. The Dean's niece dreamed a dreadful dream: She witnessed a brutal murder. Some time afterward she was visiting her uncle and he took her to look at a vacant house which he thought might suit her. She would not go into it, for it was the dream house. She described the interior to him, even to the pattern of the wall paper in the room of the murder. He was curious, and he went over the house. Her description was correct in every detail. In answer to questions he was told, "A very strange death had taken place lately in that house."

A Philadelphia newspaper published a story told by a young man who accompanied Professor Hilprecht to Nippur. It seems that every person who goes to Baghdad and stays there for six months suffers from a peculiar boil that leaves a scar about the size of a half-dollar. "Children who are born in Baghdad always come into the world with this mark, which is known as the Baghdad button."

This is an old story. It is told in James Morier's entertaining "Adventures of Hajji Baba," which was published in 1824. The oriental Gil Blas sojourning at Baghdad, was attacked "by a disorder from which few residents as well as strangers ' Baghdad are exempt, which terminating by a large pimple, as it dries up, leaves an indelible mark on the skin." Hajji was inconsolable on account of his disfigured face, but Osman Aga said to him: "If you are not afflicted with any greater calamity than this in life, look upon it as a blessing; although one side of your face be deformed, still the other is perfect. The turquoise is the perfection of color on one side, but is black and dirty on the other; still it is a turquoise, and a precious stone."

Curiously enough, there is no allusion to this button in Burton's description of the gorgeous city, nor does he speak of it in his notes to the Arabian Nights. Boils and pimples were supposed by the Orientals to come from broken hair-roots.

The only concert this week of importance is the piano recital to be given tomorrow afternoon by Mrs. Helen Hopekirk in Steinert Hall. The Symphony orchestra will be back next week and Miss Mary Muenchhoff, the soprano, who gave pleasure earlier in the season, and Miss Maud MacCarthy, the violinist, who played so well at a Symphony concert, will give recitals respectively the nineteenth and the twentieth, in each instance at 3 P. M., and at Steinert Hall.

Mrs. Hopekirk is one of the few pianists who have the courage to produce unfamiliar pieces. She is never weary of declaring her undying devotion to Beethoven and his sonatas, and she is inclined to favor the duller ones —thus Saturday she will play the "Good-bye, Absence and Return"; but, catholic in her taste, she does not shy at the works of the ultra-modern French, Russians, Scandinavians. Thus she will repeat the exquisite little sketches by d'Indy and the two moodpictures by Debussy, which she produced here earlier in the season, and with Miss Blanche Best she will play Sinding's variations in E flat for two pianos. The remainder of the program is given up to Chopin, Brahms and Paganini-Schumann.

Claude Debussy is a name to be seriously reckoned with. The Orchestral Club has played his "Afternoon of a Faun," and the Kneiseis have performed his quartet, but there is other music by him that should be made known to us; as, for instance, his setting for solo voice, chorus and orchestra of portions of Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel." This little cantata is of subtle and exquisite charm. Mr. Goodrich's picked chorus might do it. No other body of singers in town should attempt it, the music is so vaporous.

Mr. Jean d'Udine does not like the poem itself or the music. Of course he speaks of the verses in the French translation, but the idea of comparing the moon at a certain phase to a feather floating in space is to him "stupid." And so Mr. Max Nordau could not abide the poem in English. Now if a critic cannot see beauty in such a work of poetic art, what is to him any music associated with it? No wonder that Mr. Udine, who, by the way, writes extremely well, should find Debussy's music "obscure."

Mr. Malherbe was rash enough to put in the program-notes of the concert at which the "Blessed Damozel" was played, "Obscurity here makes a past of the beauty." To this Mr. Udine shrieks, "No, a thousand times, no; an obscure work can be beautiful in spite of obscurity, never on account of it. Never, never, do you hear? Never;" and he waxes hysterical. "Obscurity is a source of errors; and error is never beautiful."

The noblest, finest music is not that in which there is merely an attempt to reproduce the mood of a picture or a book. There is absolute music, that is, music without any program or without any determined associations, which is ineffably beautiful, on account of the very vagueness of longing, on account of the euphonious expression of the unattainable. Just as deep taileth with deep, so spirit would often fain commune with spirit. There is mute ecstatic contemplation. And all this is to be found in certain symphonies or symphonic poems, or even in music wedded to unworthy words when the music soars above the hampering text, as the spirit forgets a crippled or ugly body. Such music may seem to the literal obscure; for the best music is not literal, epigrammatic or distinguished by hard common-sense.

Arthur Hochmann, a young Russian-American pianist, will make his first appearance in Boston on the evening of Feb. 17 at Steinert Hall. There is a report that Adelina Patti purposes to undertake "for the very last time" an American tour, when she will bid us a weeping farewell. She has said good-by so many times and with such soul-whacking emotion! And her demands are little. She wishes $10,000 down, in London, as a guarantee of good faith; 40,000 more deposited with the accommodating Rothschilds 30 days before the tour begins; besides $5000 for each concert, and wherever the receipts of a concert exceed $7500 she is to receive 50 per cent. of the excess; transportation is to be furnished for her and her suite of six persons, and there must be a private car for her, her husband, the Baron Cederstroem, and their servants. In consideration of all this she will sing some familiar aria, appear in a scene from some familiar opera, and sing that sparkling novelty, "Home, Sweet Home."

Richard Burmeister of New York has been offered and he has accepted the position of first teacher of the piano at the Dresden Conservatory of Music. He will begin his work there on Sept. 1.

The critic of the Referee (London) finds one of the most satisfactory signs of musical progress in the increased appreciation of the humorous. "Our immature composers still largely affect the gruesome and the tragic; true nobility and wit only come with knowledge and wisdom." We have heard modern English music of "a humorous nature," and these musical jokes are as gloomy and depressing as a London fog.

This Mr. Aloys Burgstaller, the tenor who has just landed, will sing heroic parts in operas by Wagner. He was a watchmaker in the Bavarian mountains, when he was discovered by the late Hermann Levi. He was born at Holzkirchen, Sept. 27, 1871, first studied at Frankfurt, then at Bayreuth, where he sang in the chorus, then as Froh, later as Walter in Tanhaeuser, in 1897 as Siegfried, in 1899 as Siegmund. He has sung at Paris, and in Brussels, as well as in German cities. He is described as one of the "leading examples of modern Bayreuth vocal art," so we know at least what to expect from him. He is also described as a large person.

The Baron Franchetti, a rich man, amuses himself by writing music, as others indulge a passion for yachting, exploration, cards. His latest opera, "Germania," met with a cool reception at Naples—it was produced at Milan last March—but he took the matter philosophically: "Ah, well, Naples could never be Hamburg or Leipsic with regard to coldness; the former can be roused to some enthusiasm; while the Germans study and know music perfectly, they do not feel it. I do not pretend that 'Colombo' and 'Asrael' are masterpieces, but they treated me as though I were a dillettante or worse. With Germania' we shall see."

Nothing daunted, the Baron has two new operas under way. One is "Lancelot and Guinevere." He has rare courage, for no opera founded on a story of Arthur and the Round Table has yet been successful. (The story of "Parsifal" comes from another source.) Neither Elaine, nor Vivian, nor Guinevere as an operatic heroine has yet moved an audience. The other opera is on a Grecian subject, and the Baron will first go to Greece and "study the atmosphere." Gluck wrote masterpieces on Grecian legends, but did not find it necessary to visit Athens, Aulis or Tauris. How hard it is for a rich man to write music!

Jan 17, 1903

So long as boys coast there will be coasting accidents. The word "coast," both noun and verb, is an Americanism. Back in 1775, a Bostonian wrote: "Some of our school lads * * * improved the coast from Sherburn's Hill down to School street. * * * Their fathers before 'em had improved it as a coast from time immemorial.' The term was for a long time local. Boys in Hampshire county in the sixties never said "Let's go coasting." They said, "Let's go sliding."

And to these boys whom we remember the mad and fearsome joy in sliding

ther on spring-runner or double-runner was not so much the rush through the bitter cold air, the drunkenness of swift motion, as the thought of the road at the foot of the hill which, must be crossed at express train speed. Would or would there not be a team directly in the way? A sleigh with a single horse was as nothing. But if there were a heavy, slow team dragging cord-wood? The ecstacy of bliss beyond compare was to rush and bump over the road-ruts almost under the feet of the horses. To be conscious for a moment of startled animals, to hear as in a dream and from a great distance the country oaths of the driver—ah, thus was the long tug up the hill repaid.

We have received a copy of the Dillon Douhlejack of Jan. 10, published at Dillon, Carbon County, Wyoming. The newspaper contains many items of human and contemporaneous interest. A local restaurant is highly recommended by a correspondent. "It's a new grub house hardly warm yet. * * * Any book can find things handy in the kitchen. The dish pan and griddle and even the spoons have places of their own, and the cook never yet has put in salt or sugar.

"Embry has found the Frenchman who cooked for Napoleon, and the boys like his way of delivering the grub, and Embry told him not to use any French names, so that everybody could pick out what he wants, and nobody eats bacon any more.

"Upstairs are two private dining rooms, but none of the boys eat there. They say it looks like you're mad at the rest of the fellows to go up there; but Embry says the Eastern folks will like them because our boys don't dress well enough."

Fez stands in a pear-shaped valley, and orange and pomegranate orchards are all around it. It has been a sacred city for over 1000 years, and they say it smells like one. The manufacture of fezes was moved long ago to Tunis, and Switzerland is the home of imitations of the tarbush as well as honey.

The best book ever written about Morocco is R. B. Cunninghame Graham's "Mogreb-El-Acksa." The author is a man of violent, mediaeval prejudices, a bitter foe to modern civilization; he never loses an opportunity to jeer at the United States, but he is brilliant, observing, never dull. And when you have read the account of his adventures in Morocco, read his "Thirteen Stories" and then the book of verses just published, you will entertain a personal affection for him. One moment you will be irritated to the point of foaming, and then you would walk miles just to see the man. Only a fortnight ago he wrote in his most caustic manner to a Scottish newspaper that nine-tenths of the news that now comes from Morocco is false, the invention of newspaper correspondents.

George Bernard Shaw appreciates Cunninghame Graham, witness the dedication to Shaw's delightful comedy, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." He describes Graham as an incredible personage: "There are moments when I cannot myself believe in his existence. And yet he must be real for I have seen him with these eyes. * * * His tales of adventure have the true Cervantes touch of the man who has been there—so refreshingly different from the scenes imagined by bloody-minded clerks who escape from their solitude into literature to tell us how men and cities are conceived in the counting house and the volunteer corps. * He is, I regret to add, an impotent and unashamed dandy; such as, such a hat would have dazzled Disraeli himself."

The latest popular song, a ballad of the heart and home, is: "Peeping through the Knot-hole of Grandpa's Wooden Leg."

Dr. W. E. Henley has contributed an article on "Slang" to the January number of an English magazine. Would that he were in a hurry to bring out the remaining volume of "Slang and its Analogues," edited by him and John S. Farmer. The first volume wes published in 1890; three followed, the last "I to Z" in 1896. The subscribers were asked to pay in advance a substantial sum, $60. They now have four volumes, which they can not use with a show of authority slang-words beginning with every letter after M. There seems to be no redress. The booksellers that cheerfully took the orders and received the money now smile and say, "Yes, there is an extraordinary delay. We don't understand it." During the last six years Messrs. Farmer and Henley have been editing all sorts of publications—but where are the missing volumes of "Slang and its Analogues"?

The trouble with any dictionary of slang is that it is necessarily incomplete on the day of publication and soon becomes old. Such works should be issued interleaved for constant additions in pen and ink. Eternal vigilance is the price of argotic proficiency.

A collector can easily spend much money in a library of slang-dictionaries. Yve-Plessis's "Bibliographie raisonnee" of slang-books in French from the 15th to the 19th century fills 161 large octavo pages. Lists of rogues' words in English go back to the 16th century, and slang is in the pages of Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, Athenaeus, Apuleius. The first really great work on English slang is the masterpiece of Captain Grose, "A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue." The latest in French is Aristide Bruant's "L'argot au XX e Siecle" (1901). The great dictionaries, as those of P. J. Le Roux, Grose, Vidocq, Farmer and Henley, Delvau, Larchey, Bruant are grotesque, sad, fascinating instructive, disgusting, tragic reading. "But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we man, which are made after the similitude of God. * * * And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity * * * it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell."

The trials and tribulations of Princess Louise of Saxony remind the historical student of the manner in which her father, Archduke Ferdinand, was treated when he lived with his parents at the Pitti Palace, Florence. When Ferdinand married, he used to go driving with his wife and he held the reins. The Grand Duke heard of it, and summoned him into his awful presence. "Do you know, sir, that in the Hapsburg-Lorraine House no one has ever followed the trade of coachman? This you are told once for all! You ought to be ashamed." How different the conduct of the murdered Humbert! We have often seen him driving his wife, simply, in citizen's dress, without attendant of any sort, in and about Rome; with more consideration for pedestrian or cart than that shown by the automobilist of today; always careful to return the salute of the humblest. But Humbert was every inch a man as well as King.

Theatre managers in this country should send yearly respectful greetings to their colleagues in China, who put on programs:

"The man who pays for his tickets renders homage to the gods.

"The man who loves his family takes it to the theatre with him."

Jan 15. 1903

# MRS. HELEN HOPEKIRK'S PLAYING O' YESTERDAY

## Her Second Recital of the Season in Steinert Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Helen Hopekirk gave her second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a warmly appreciative audience of fair size.

She began with Beethoven's program—Sonata, "The Good-by, etc.," in which there is a naive attempt to picture scenes of farewell, absence, and joyful meeting.

### Beethoven's "Good-by."

The sonata has been described as "an occasional piece made by a man of wit and talent," but this description is appropriately dated 1812, when hearers were easily startled by any departure from the conventional and welcomed easy riding in accustomed ruts. The piece was orchestrated by one Gottlob Blery, a fertile and versatile composer, whose works are now all safe in the dust bin of Time; and for some years the sonata in its original form was quoted as a fine instance of precise and definite expression in music. Today it seems singularly pointless and dull, but Mrs. Hopekirk, with the spirit of the true artist, played it as though it were a marvel of freshness and beauty, and almost made it specious.

### D'Indy's "Pictures of Travel."

By repeating some of d'Indy's "Pictures of Travel," which she produced here last December, and by adding "Dream," another of the thirteen pieces, Mrs. Hopekirk put in pleasant juxtaposition examples of ultra-modern impressionism. D'Indy, as well as Beethoven, here suggests moods; but the moods are those awakened by incidents and scenes of travel; they are not the mental moods of the one left behind or of the one going and returning. These "Pictures" are charming pieces; now subtly, now frankly poetic; always euphonious; impressions that are without pretence and are within the frame. Stephen Heller, according to his lights, tried the same thing, and it is a wonder that some of his pages, as "In the manner of Tenlers," "A Pen-Sketch" and the like, are not played today in a group. Mrs. Hopekirk was here a sympathetic interpreter, and there was no suggestion of the correct but neutral touch noticeable occasionally in the performance of the sonata.

She also repeated the exquisite little Arabesques by Debussy, and in the first of the two she showed a finer appreciation than in her December concert.

### Sinding's Variations.

With Miss Blanche Best she brought out Christian Sinding's Variations in E flat minor for two pianos, one of the composer's earliest published pieces, if I am not mistaken. It is said that Sinding destroys works with which he is not satisfied. This shows that a composer is not the best judge of his own achievements, for the variations are monotonous in tonal color and they display little richness of invention. Great cry and little wool, might serve as their motto. The performance was not always of hair-trigger precision, and the chief charm in hearing any work for two pianos is the absolute "togetherness" of the performers. Thus wondering at exact mechanism, the hearer may forget that there is a double dose of variations being administered.

The program also included Brams's Intermezzo in A major op. 118, in which Brahms is less granitic and inhuman than is his wont; the Paganini-Schumann Caprice in A minor, and two mazurkas, a valse and nocturne by Chopin. The caprice was played with true virtuoso brilliance.

THE last week brought a well-earned rest to judicious concert-goers. There was an opportunity for digestion. There was also an opportunity for anticipation.

It may be asked without slant or prejudice if there are not too many concerts in Boston during the season. To begin with there are forty-eight concerts; twenty-four public rehearsals of the magnificent orchestra and twenty-four concerts. The public rehearsals are no longer rehearsals, they are concerts; for how long is it since the conductor stopped the men, to correct an error, to bring out a hidden but vital progression, to enlarge an effect? Those afternoons of public rehearsal are gone, as are the days when there were vacant seats and prevailing low prices.

### The Many Concerts.

There are the Kneisels, the Longy Club, the Adamowskis, the Hoffmann Quartet, and some come together irregularly to play chamber music in public. There are the choral societies, the Handel and Haydn, the Cecilia, the Apollo, Mr. Goodrich's Choral Art Society, Mr. Tucker's Society.

There are the local singers and pianists who give their yearly concerts for the sake of reputation, advertisement, press-notices, and in some instances pecuniary gain—for some men and women are born sanguine.

Then there is the invading army, made up of those who have already been here, and others who have come to spy out the land or pick up coins that fall from the pagoda-tree which is supposed to be in every American's back yard. They that already succeeded are confident of a renewal of favors; they that were unfortunate hope at last to be valued at their true worth, which is the same as at their own appraisal; then there are some who, like the daughters of the horse-leech, cry "Give, give."

There are so many local institutions that the wayfarers often play or sing to empty houses, and the most deserving are often the most shamefully neglected. It would be easy to name names, but let us abstain at present from personalities even in righteous indignation or compassion.

### What Is the Consequence?

And what is the consequence of this musical activity, which does not necessarily make for musical righteousness?

There are comparatively few music lovers who can afford to hear one-half or even one-third of the concerts each season. Money is saved and spent, first for the Symphony concerts—a wise choice, for the subscriber argues that not only will he hear the superb orchestra play many pieces old and new, but that he will also hear the great majority of virtuosos who will visit the town. It may also be said that if there were only a dozen Symphony concerts and rehearsals, there would be a keener appreciation of the blessings we enjoy, a deeper interest in the older works, a fiercer curosity to hear the new ones.

Then if this subscriber buys tickets for one of the chamber clubs, one of the choral societies, he has done all that he thinks he can afford to do.

The Handel and Haydn is to many a storehouse of associations, and this is the choral society first considered. The subscribers wish to hear "The Messiah," just as they wish to celebrate Thanksgiving by a family dinner or Christmas by an attempt to renew the joys of youth. The subscriptions are not invariably on account of a burning desire to hear music for its own sake, though it should be cheerfully admitted that some have the oratorio habit and are incurable.

### The Choral Societies.

Is there really room for more than two first-class choral societies in a city of this size, if they are to be supported as they deserve, if they are to be maintained by those who cultivate the muse on a slender purse? I have not mentioned private musical societies, as the Orchestral Club, which by reason of its unusual programs and production of novelties has awakened public interest.

A choral society that is merely a swollen church choir, that sings without fine effects and in a good-natured boisterous fashion is no doubt a source of pleasure to its members and it gives them a certain amount of salutary exercise for throat and lungs, but it contributes little toward the understanding of art.

And so it may be said of chamber clubs; if they are not of the highest rank, they are only for the entertainment of the players and their personal friends.

When the music lover is able to give support to all the local institutions, he has nothing left for the visitors, unless he sells all that he hath. He will go to a second-rate performance of a familiar work, and if he is tempted to yawn, he will console himself by the thought of a performed duty. If you ask him why he did not hear the recital of this accomplished singer or that remarkable pianist, he answers: "I really couldn't afford to go; you know I subscribe to so many things now." Then he goes over the list on his fingers. How can his taste be anything but parochial?

No wonder that managers complain of the indifference of the Boston public; no wonder that visiting singers and pianists shrug their shoulders when the musical pre-eminence of Boston is mentioned.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

Miss Maud MacCarthy, violinist, who will give her first recital here Monday afternoon, was born in Ireland in 1884. Her father was a physician in New South Wales, where she lived until her ninth year, when she went to England. She studied in London under Arbos, a Spaniard, and made her debut in London in 1894. She visited the United States during the season of 1898-99, and played in Boston for the first time at a Symphony concert Nov. 15, 1902, when she made a most pleasing impression.

Miss Mary Muenchoff, soprano, will give her second recital in Boston Tuesday afternoon. She is an Omaha girl, who after long and serious study in Europe, chiefly with Marchesi, sang with great success in leading cities, and came back to this country at the beginning of the present season. Her voice has much natural charm; it is of generous compass; and it has been carefully and skilfully trained.

Mr. Augusto Rotoli will give another performance of his Roman Mass on Friday evening, Feb. 20. This time in Symphony Hall. Mr. Herbert Wither-

Jan 1[illegible] will give a recital in Steinert Hall, Feb. 10; Mr. Arthur Hochman, a piano recital Feb. 17; Miss Ethel Leman, assisted by Mr Hastings, baritone, and Mr. Schnitzler, violinist, a piano recital Jan. 29; and Mr Arthur Whiting's concert will be on Feb. 11.

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WHEN it was announced some weeks ago that Henri Cain had married Julia Guiraudon, the friends of Emma Calve shook their heads in sympathy for the woman who, at the time of Cain's honeymoon, was studying the part of the Carmelite, Louise de la Valliere. These friends were not surprised at the news of Cain's choice, although there have been many rumors for some years of his approaching marriage with Calve.

Was this sympathy wasted? Soon after the news of Cain's marriage came the report of Calve's betrothal to Jules Bois.

### Calve's Early Life.

A famous singer is often a legendary character before her golden voice is choked with dust. The mists arise, Already they enwrap the early years of Calve.

She herself says that she was born at Aveyron, in the south of France, but Jules Martin, who is usually accurate, gives Madrid as her birthplace. In this instance, Mr. Martin is probably mistaken, just as he is when he states that Emma Eames was born at Pekin and that her father was United States minister to the Chinese court! Mrs. Eames-Story was born at Shanghai, but Captain Eames was never a minister, never a diplomat.

The Calve story, or legend, is that her father was Spanish, her mother French; that she was one of six sisters all renowned for their beauty; that she did not think of music as a profession before her father died, when she was 16 years old; that she was educated at the convent of the Sacred Heart in Montpellier; that she was extravagantly fond of reading and a worshiper of Balzac; that she studied singing with Mme. Puget, Pauline Viardot, Marchesi, and first sang at Nice at a charity concert, when she replaced the once famous Sophie Cruvelli, who left the stage nearly fifty years ago when she became the Countess Vigier.

### Her Debut in Brussels.

It is a matter of record that Calve made her operatic debut at the Monnaie, Brussels, Sept. 23, 1882, as Marguerite. She was praised for her sympathetic voice and "sculptural beauty." There was no promise then of her dramatic intensity; she was a lyric soprano who moved in conventional grooves at the Monnaie—where she received only $140 a month—and in Paris at the Théatre Italien and Opéra-Comique, and it was not until she went to Italy and saw Duse that the sacred fire was kindled within her.

When she first sang at the Monnaie she was 17 years old, for all are agreed on 1864 as her birth year.

She was conventional, to use her own word, until she went to Italy, and in that country she first knew romantic attachments. Among those who wooed her, according to report, were de Lucia, the tenor, Mascagni, the composer, whose name has been mentioned occasionally in American newspapers this season; and Sonzogno, the music publisher. (It was early in 1887 that she first sang at the Scala, Milan.)

Calve was then thin and brown, with burning eyes. She was nervous, emotional. She met Mascagni, so the story goes, when he was poor and obscure. Sonzogno would not look at his music, but he was rich; he saw a future for Calve, and furthermore he appreciated her charms.

There are stories of plots and counterplots, but the absurdity of one of these tales is easily proved. That Sonzogno gave the prize to "Cavalleria Rusticana" because he thus schemed to fill Mascagni's head with an ambition that would drive out thoughts of Calve, and at the same time saw that Santuzza would make Calve famous, is a delightful instance of Italian shrewdness.

Unfortunately for the truth of the story, the part of Santuzza was created by Bellincioni, not by Calve. And before "Cavalleria Rusticana" was produced, Calve had sung (1889) at Paris as a member of Sonzogno's company.

### First Met De Lucia.

When did she first meet de Lucia, the passionate tenor? He was not with her in Paris, but Navarrini, of the ill-starred Mascagni company of this season, was there as bass. In 1891 at Rome she and Lucia created the parts of the lovers in Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz." He sang in London with her. He was the Don Jose when she appeared in Boston for the first time, Feb. 27, 1894—at the Mechanics' Building—as Carmen. And what a performance that was! There has been none like it in this city, for Calve then had not been carmenized by American audiences into all manner of wild extravagances and contempt for composer and librettists. And de Lucia was the Wilhelm Melster on that memorable night when Calve sang Mignon for the first and last time—the one conspicuous failure in her illustrious career.

But Italy and Italians were forgotten when she first met Henri Cain. In 1893 in New York, Calve was never weary of describing the opera that Massenet was writing for her: "La Navarraise." She then said that the librettist was Jules Claretie, the present manager of the Comedie-Francaise. But when the opera was rehearsed, the libretto was announced as the work of Henri Cain, who had arranged for the stage a story by Claretie. The two names were on the bill.

### Phonograph Her Hobby.

In 1893 Calve's hobby was the phonograph. She amused herself and her friends by listening to the voices of singers, friends, reproduced by the machine. "By the phonograph," she then said to a reporter, "I keep in touch with my many dear friends in Paris. Every week I dictate a long message to the cylinder. This I send instead of a letter to my friends, who can thus hear my voice—a voice from across the water." And among the friends was Henri Cain. There was then no talk about spirits, "Satanisme," the Black Mass, Buddhism. And Jules Bois had not written his celebrated book.

There is no doubt about the sincerity of her affection for Cain. He was the older, a Parisian, born in 1859. After he had studied at the Lycee Louis-le-Grand he resolved to be a painter. He studied under Laurens and Detaille; he exhibited in the Salon pictures "de genre" and portraits; he received honorable mentions and a medal. His first libretto was for Godard's "La Vivandiere"; then came "La Navarraise," produced at London in 1894; and among other stage works by him are the librettos of Massenet's "Sapho" (1897) with Calve as the heroine, and "Cendrillon," also for Massenet (1899). In "Sapho" the young painter—for he was still known as a painter and as young in 1897—was assisted by Bernede.

Calve was not allowed to be at peace during her visits to this country. Amiable friends in Paris sent her alarming accounts of Mr. Cain's attempts to console himself during her absence. There are sad tales of stormy scenes when she went back to Paris, stories of quarrels that do not redound to the credit of the painter, but show the pathetic devotion of woman and her willingness to forgive even though it be seventy times seven. There was talk of de Nuovina, Marguerite Zinah, the Roumanian dramatic soprano, of this one and that one to whom Cain was to be married.

### No Talk of the Woman.

But there was no talk of the woman whom Cain did marry, Julia Guiraudon, for she was then a pupil of the Paris Conservatory. She was born at Bordeaux in 1873, and after she had taken the first prize for opera as well as opera-comique in 1896 she made her debut by creating the part of Tiphaine in a speedily forgotten opera, "Kermaria" (Opera-Comique 1897). She created other parts in rapid succession. As Irene she sang in "Sapho" with the unconscious, unsuspecting Calve, and one of her chief successes was as Suzel in Erlanger's "Le Juif Polonais" (1900), the story of which is known here better as that of "The Bells." She has been described as pre-eminently "a sympathetic artist, whose agreeable voice, gentle and pure, and expressive and charming face, destine her to impersonate heroines of tenderness and grace." Mr. Pougin, an elderly person addicted to antiquarian researches, made valuable notes about her when she competed for the prizes at the Conservatory.

We learn from him that her smile is "intelligent," and that her face without being "pretty" is "expressive. In summing up her qualities he added: "She has warmth and pathos and charm and passion; she moves and thrills." And she is only in her 30th year! Poor Calve.

### Calve's Superstitions.

Calve always admitted that she was naturally superstitious, and she proved this in the conduct and routine of her life; but for some seasons her talk was about the pleasures of country life, the simple joys of peasants. "I am a peasant, you know," she would proudly say—books, painting. Naturally she was interested in what is narrowly known as art, and she knew thoroughly the slang of studios. She liked with discriminative appreciation artistic things. Her taste was irreproachable. A piece of jewelry was not valuable to her simply because it was costly; but a ring, fashioned curiously and made solely for her, by an ingenious Parisian artist, was to her a deep and abiding joy.

But when she came to the United States toward the end of 1899 her talk was of esoteric Buddhism, spirit-rapping, mediums, clairvoyants. Occasionally she would grow enthusiastic over the pungent charm of the folk songs of her province, but she was soon again in Oriental mist. She longed to give up the stage, to study mysticism in India, to become an adept.

She tried to see Mrs. Piper for consultation, and she wrote for an appointment, but the manager, or he that had charge of Mrs. Piper's engagements, answered that it was impossible; some celestial "Imperator"—so the person was called—was unwilling; Queen Victoria herself could not gain an audience. Calve was all the more eager, but found some consolation in the Japanese play at the Tremont Theatre, and in a frantic burst of admiration gave her diamond-studded comb to the leading playactress. The next morning she regretted her enthusiasm, for the comb was one of her best-loved ornaments.

### Lecture Tour for Bois.

In the summer of 1901 she wrote to friends in this country and asked the name of a responsible manager, to take charge of a lecture tour of Mr. Jules Bois.

And Mr. Jules Bois, who, as they say, is now betrothed to her?

He has written poems and novels and essays, but he is chiefly known as a student of the black art in all its branches. A volume of poems is entitled "Les Noces de Sathan," but the two books that made him famous are "Le Satanisme et la Magie," which had reached a fourth edition in 1895, and "Le Monde Invisible," which was published in 1902.

Let us look first at the later volume. The title is misleading, for it is a study of the sects and societies founded in Paris for the investigation of the occult. The author describes astrologists, palmists, diviners of every kind, the tradesmen known as "Marchands de l'esprit."

There are some strange tales, as that of the duels he fought some years ago in an occultists' quarrel with the late Marquis de Gulta and Dr. Papus. In the first the horse that was to draw him to the gory field of honor balked so that he was late; in the second the carriage was overturned and he arrived in a wounded condition; and there is a strong hint that the accidents were due to the incantations of his opponents' backers.

There are revelations as to the hold that occultism has on many leading Parisians. President Carnot was a follower of Allan Kardec, yet no medium foretold the attack of Caserio with his knife. There is also a singular conversation between Bois and Monsignor Battendier, in which the latter says that the Papal Court is no longer interested in Protestantism, which is fast becoming merely a philosophy, but is sure that the coming struggle will be between Catholicism and some form of Spiritualism. There are certain villages in Belgium which have gone over bodily to a Spiritualist cult.

### Worship of Satan.

Mr. Bois's book on "Satanisme" is most extraordinary. It is not only an exhibition of uncommon learning; it is filled with startling statements concerning the worship of Satan and the celebration of the Black Mass in these latter days. The author discusses the history of the sorceress, the woman as the wife or daughter of the Evil One, the sorcerer, the mage, the invocations that will summon the Devil; but 200 pages are given to a study of Satan's church and magic rites.

That Satan has worshipers, that the Black Mass is celebrated today is a fact beyond doubt and peradventure. Nor is this worship confined to savage or Latin countries. Not long ago in Providence, R. I., an Italian named Quaranta was murdered for being a sorcerer and in league with the Devil, and among his goods was found a book in Italian and with no publisher's address, in which there was an agreement signed by Lucifer and Quaranta.

In 1901 in Dubois county, Indiana, the 60-year-old wife of a German farmer was driven from her home by neighbors who accused her of being in league with the Devil, and through his power a witch. Scarcely a month goes by without some curious but authentic story of demoniacal possession and power in American newspapers.

### Worship Is Historical.

That the Black Mass has been celebrated for centuries is a historical fact, admitted by historians without sectarian bias as well as by fathers of the church. Perhaps the most conspicuous instance of such celebration is the mass in which Madame de Montespan gave her body as the altar, and the Abbé Guibourg acted as celebrant, and the blood of a little child still quivering was put into the chalice, that the Montespan might regain the heart of Louis XIV.

Nor are such stories of incredible blasphemy found only in the book by Bois or Huysmans's novel "La-Bas," or in the preface contributed by the latter to the former's volume.

In May, 1899, the Matin, an eminently respectable journal of Paris, described one of these horrid orgies in that city. The Black Mass was celebrated with all its venerable and traditional rites. Prayers were offered to the goat on the altar; women and men, nearly or wholly naked, cut and stabbed themselves, offered their blood to Satan, invoked his appearance, and then gave themselves up to more than savage debauchery.

There was in Paris not only a journal, "Le Bulletin du Diable," the organ of a sect, but another, "Le Diable au Dix-Neuvième Siècle," which pretended to expose Satanic mysteries.

Miss Lucie Claraz of Fribourg, Switzerland, was described by the latter journal as a devil worshiper, who procured consecrated communion wafers for the purpose of having them defiled by Satan's ministers. Now she had led a blameless life, had organized a church at her own expense, and had been specially honored by the Pope; but on account of these stories she was refused communion at Fribourg and she therefore brought a libel suit against the said journal.

The lawyers for the newspaper asserted that there were four churches in Paris where Satan was worshiped and served by unfrocked priests. The case was tried in Paris and Miss Claraz was awarded the sum of 400 francs in damages. All this was not in a long-forgotten year; it was not over six or seven years ago.

### His Religion Mixed Up.

In 1896 there were diabolical manifestations at Tillysur-Seuilles, the birthplace of that great exorcist Vintras, a foreman in a paper factory, who established a church of his own near Lyons and said it was his mission to combat the Black Mass. His religion was mixed up with the claims of Naundorff to the throne of France, and at last he was condemned as a swindler to a fine of 1000 francs and five years' solitary confinement, but as Vintras possessed the power of levitation or bilocation, what were stone walls to him?

The Abbe Boullan, a figure in Huysman's novel, succeeded Vintras in his war on the Black Mass, and he was the sworn foe of the distinguished Satanist Canon Docque. Boullan fell dead at his altar, a victim, as many still believe, to a Satanic spell.

In 1894 throughout France there were thefts of consecrated wafers, as well as at Rome and other Italian towns just as in 1895, at Port Louis, nine churches were pillaged in like manner in a single night. It must be remembered that at the Black Mass the crowning act of worship is the indescribable defilement of a consecrated wafer.

Strange to say, General Albert Pike was believed by many to be the Vicar of Satan, the pontiff in the Infernal Religion at Charleston, S. C., and after his death Adriano Lemmi, an ex-convict, succeeded him, but held his state at Rome.

### Sidelights of Bois's Book.

These tales are here brought together as sidelights on Bois's book. They are mere tapers before the lurid glare of the book itself. The curious should read

e larger edition, the one with the illustrations by Henry de Malvost, not the cheaper "popular" edition.

Does Mr. Jules Bois take himself seriously, or is he a practical joker, with an eager taste for forbidden learning and a rare instinct for research? Was Calvé drawn toward him through the fascination of occultism, or was her interest in the esoteric merely an echo of his interest and her desire to share in his investigations?

She is, indeed, a remarkable woman, a woman of subtle yet simple mind, an Oriental and yet a French peasant, fantastic yet very womanly, adorable and undoubtedly trying. In this country she is known as the twin of Carmen, yet no woman was ever less like the Spanish gypsy. Nor is her versatility fully recognized here. The Marguerite of Gounod and Boito, the Leila of Bizet's "Pearl Fishers," the Ophelia of Thomas, the Santuzza of Mascagni, the Messalina of de Lara, she has created these parts: Bianca in Dubois' "Aben Hamet" (1884); Hélene in Joncières' "Le Chevalier Jean" (1885); La Naverraise (1894); Sapho (1897); La Carmelite (1902). Will she find happiness in marriage or will Mr. Jules Bois find material for further study of Satanisme? There are women whose sole happiness is in unhappiness. Perhaps Calvé is one of them.

The health department of New York has discovered wholesale adulteration of phenacetin in that city. Out of 373 samples collected from well-known drug stores 315 were adulterated or contained a substituted drug; 267 samples were mixtures of phenacetin and acetanilid. The latter is a heart depressant, dangerous to health, and especially dangerous to persons whose heart action is abnormal. Phenacetin, it should be remembered, is a household remedy. It is a patent drug made in Germany.

pure phenacetin is sold at an average at 20 cents for ten grain powders, ounce that costs $1 is sold for $3.20, which would seem to be a fair profit. Acanilid, which is substituted, costs but two and a half cents an ounce.

Here is a fine example of reckless foolishness. And what is to be thought of them that adulterate drugs for the sick? The question is not a new one; Henri Estienne asked about the middle of the sixteenth century, "Which is more dangerous to society: to falsify the food of a well man or the food of the sick?" And he then exposed at length the avarice and the rascality of certain apothecaries of his day.

There was a rude rhyme of the sixteenth century which shows that Estienne voiced popular indignation. Englished into prose the lines read: "God deliver us from several things: all women that paint themselves, a proud servant, corned beef without mustard, a dinner long delayed, lances and the smoke of the Picards and poison of the Lombards, the et cetera of the notary and the qui pro quo (sic) of the apothecary."

And Cornelius Agrippa in the same century was furious against the apothecaries for "mixing some old rotten drugs whose virtues are quite lost," and for their deadly mistakes. Nor was this all: "as concerning the sophistication of costly drugs, which are sometimes counterfeited with so much art, that even knowing persons are deceived; it would be better for the general health of man, and for the Commonwealth, to forbid the use of all exotic medicaments, which are brought in by piratical merchants at such miraculous prices, to the ruine of the inhabitants."

How is it with phenacetin in Boston? We like to think our apothecaries reasonably honest. When one tells the buyer of a prescription that he does not carry one of the ingredients recommended by the physician, but he has something much better which he will substitute, this apothecary has no intention of deceiving; he is anxious that the patient should get well; the physician, a good fellow, should have prescribed the thing substituted, probably didn't know. The zeal of his shop has eaten up the smiling, sleek apothecary.

We hear of apothecaries in Boston who instruct deliberately their clerks to make substitutions in prescriptions. We know clerks who leave the employ of their masters because they are unwilling to cheat the sick. We believe that these apothecaries, although they may enjoy a large reputation and wax fat with prosperity due to over-charges, are few in number. We prefer to believe this at the risk of being dubbed gullible.

So the English Thames is frozen over again. The water has not been fit to drink since the King's bear was washed in it in 1256. The river was frozen hard in 1814 and there was much merriment in consequence. A sheep was roasted over a coal fire placed in a big pan; sixpence was paid to see the sight, and the meat was sold at a shilling a slice for "Lapland mutton." There were many booths in which beer, gingerbread and cool, refreshing gin were sold. There was a Frost Fair with swings, bookstalls, skittles, dancing. Printing presses were set at work on the ice and dodgers urged the people: "Now is your time to support the freedom of the press." Incidentally, several were drowned, among them, "two, genteel-looking young men," and a plumber with lead in his hands.

There were perhaps even gayer scenes when the Thames was frozen over in 1684 for seven weeks. A printer drove a roaring trade on the ice, for he made about £5 a day by printing the names of "among the prominent persons present" at sixpence a line, and by printing ballads. Before that, in 1564, there were football games on this historic river.

Mr. Sims uses the oyster-scare in England for melodramatic purposes. Lucrezia Vavasour was married at the age of 17 to a man who turned out to be a forger, and was imprisoned. She goes on the stage, and at the end of fifteen years is about to marry a marquis when her freed husband visits her at her magnificent flat. How can she rid herself of him? She journeys to Southampton and asks a fisherman for a dozen oysters. "Well, ma'am of course I can; but just now you know our oysters ain't reckoned pertickler safe." "I want to see what they are like, not to eat them" is the reply, and in two hours' time Lucrezia returns to London with a dozen. She bids her husband to supper. He eats the oysters with joy, the first oysters in fifteen years. A fortnight later the doctor shakes his head. "Typhoid." The husband is taken to the hospital. Too late; for every day he has eaten at his lodgings game pie, galantine of chicken, or something of that sort, sent him by his spouse. "Solid food and typhoid; he'il die," says the doctor. Lucrezia marries the marquis and wonders at the folly of wives who administer arsenic with loving hands.

One word more about the extraordinary Mr. Gallaspy. We have spoken already of his immoderate smoking and drinking. His biographer further relates that Mr. Gallaspy had the habit of sleeping only every third night, "and that often in his clothes in a chair, where he would sweat so prodigiously as to be wet quite through, as if come from a pond, or that a pail of water had been thrown on him." Yet he was never sick. In health, joy and plenty, he passed life away, and died at his house in the county of Galway, without a pang, or any kind of pain. R. I. P.

C. E. M. writes: "I see by a poster that Mr. So-and-So describes himself as a characterist. Is there any such word?" There is. A characterist once meant, one who employs magical symbols or charms; it now means one who depicts traits of character. Richard Grant White described Du Maurier as "a characterist rather than a caricaturist."

It is not yet safe in South Carolina to go about branding persons as liars and scoundrels. Here in the cool north lies are nailed every day of a campaign, and there is an enormous amount of branding done; but it is all taken in a Pickwickian sense, and brander and brandee smile on each other after the operation. Mr. Tillman describes the late shooting affair as an "unfortunate accident." Why "unfortunate" and why "accident"? Mr. Tillman intended to kill Mr. Gonzales and he shot an unarmed man in most deliberate fashion, with the brutality of a coward. That Mr. Gonzales was without a gun was an unfortunate accident.

Jan 19. 1903

"I had fifteen dollars in my inside pocket."
— Old Song.

G. B. calls our attention to a sentence published in the Toronto Mail and Empire: "We are but imitating the Roman politicians, who bought their way to the Consulate by appeals to the pocket." The author states that the position of Consul was ultimately worth $500,000; that Caesar's political experiences cost him $1,250,000; that our old friend of declamation days, Mark Antony, spent a million and a half, and Milo no less than two millions. G. B. does not dispute the corruption or the figures. He asks: "Did the Romans have pockets? The lubbers wore their togas in such a way that there was a sack, or 'sinus,' in front of their ribs, where they carried their canteens and other precious junk."

The Earnest Student of Sociology in his colossal work—the introductory chapter, which will be in three volumes, is almost ready for the printer—will devote a large section to pockets. He has allowed us to look over some of his notes on this important subject of sociological investigation. He himself treats first of all the kangaroo, but we will skip, much against our will, and begin with the ancient Romans.

"Sinus" was, first of all, the fold of a garment. Then there was the special meaning, "The bosom or full part of a garment which covers the breast," "also as we say, a pocket or a purse (which was worn in the folds of the bosom)." And when Pliny spoke of Scaurus as "sinus rapinarum," he described him thereby as one that pockets plunder, a boodler. With the other and figurative meanings of the word we are not now concerned.

No, the Romans had no pockets as we understand them, and if there must be speaking by the card the Toronto newspaper is in error. But for the sake of rhetoric, the anachronism is allowable. Gifford in a note to his translation of Juvenal makes a poet draw out farthings from his pocket, and a critic took him to task, "for the pocket was unknown to both Greeks and Romans." Mr. Fosbroke says the men used the girdle—remember that "sinus" also means lap—and the women their bosom.

It has been well observed that birds have their craw; ruminating beasts their first stomach; the monkey his cheek; the opossum his pouch; there are African negroes and other savages who make a pocket of their hair; but man depends on the tailor. Nor is it irreverent to ask whether there were pockets in the coats of skins made by the Lord for Adam and Eve (Genesis, iii, 21). It is true that the word pocket is not mentioned in the Bible.

There are plenty of pockets in Shakespeare, who was so liberal in this matter that his Brutus puts a book in the pocket of his gown. But the first pockets were in sleeves. Thus a character in Massenger's "Old Law" says:

Their pockets in their sleeves, as if they laid
Their ear to avarice, and heard the devil whisper.
Now ours lie downward, here, close to the flank,
Right spending pockets, as a son's should be
That lives in the fashion.

Furthermore, in the Elizabethan days it was an expensive affectation to have the pockets perfumed. See the scene between young Penny-Boy and Fashioner, the tailor in Ben Jonson's "The Staple of News." Penny-Boy complains: "I think thou hast put me in mouldy pockets," and Fashioner pulls them out and answers:

As good, right Spanish perfume, the lady Estifania's,
They cost twelve pound a pair.

The term "cut-purse" throws light on the subject. When purses were worn at the girdle or borne at the side, the thief cut them away. When he was hanged, the purse was suspended from his neck. The pick-pocket came with the real pocket, just as the thief was born with the first idea of the value of property.

What questions arise with the thought of pocketless Greeks and Romans! The apple was then the symbol of love, but the youngster had no pocket from which to pull it warm and shiny at recess for his sweetheart. Where did the little Marcus or Quintus carry his top, marbles, and the all-necessary bit of string? And the comedians of those days? What could John Drew do in a toga, or how could he make his points? Patience; the Earnest Student of Sociology will answer all these and a thousand other questions.

Boston, Jan. 17, 1903.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I was so favorably impressed by the letter of Mr. L. B. Henderson concerning the advantages of a silent dinner-party that I persuaded five of my friends to make the experiment last night at the Porphyry Club. We had a most successful meeting. Silent from beginning to end, we ate with discriminative taste, we drank wisely and of course in moderation, and when we left the dining-room, our eyes were not dim, nor our natural forces abated. The temperature of the dining-room was delightfully cool, for nothing heats and befouls a chamber so soon as animated conversation. I noticed also that the waiters were as respectful to us at the end as at the beginning of the meal.

I am surprised that you have not dwelt on one great advantage of a silent dinner party, which is this: Each guest congratulates himself after he is alone on the irresistible anecdote, the wise opinion, the sparkling reply, the astonishing feat of memory—he kept to himself, as well as on his abstinence from verbal foolishness. Each one leaves the table knowing full well that he is superior to the other guests. And no headache, no stomach reminds him the next morning that he, too, is mortal.

CHATTERTON BLOW.

Ten to one Sarah Bernhardt's memoirs when they appear eighteen months from now in three volumes and in four languages will be a disappointing book. Not that she lacks memory or courage; but expectation will be extravagant. "I have looked at life, and I think I know how to look and how to see," says Sarah. "The journalists have helped me materially. They have written a great deal about me. I have merely to state the truth on these matters, which is nearly always just the contrary of what has been published."

Jan 20 1903

# MISS MAUD M'CARTHY'S FIRST VIOLIN RECITAL

## An Interesting Performance, but One of Uneven Quality.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Maud MacCarthy made her first appearance here at a Symphony concert early in the season. The young violinist then chose Brahms's concerto, and was therefore declared by the Brahmsites to be a player of pronounced intellectuality, whereas if she had chosen Mendelssohn's or Saint-Saens' or any other concerto, she would have been dismissed, no doubt, as girlish and promising.

### This "Intellectual" Music.

Why Brahms's concerto or Brahms's music in general is "intellectual" has never been clearly explained. Music is emotional, not intellectual. There may be problems in the form of music, as in old fashioned and ingenious canons, but they are solved by the reader, not the hearer. Music that is of any true importance, music that is beautiful, poignant, mystic, noble, awe-inspiring, does not appeal first of all to the intellect. Perhaps obscure, cryptic, dull are synonyms of "intellectual" as used by the Brahmsites; for when the music of this composer is beautiful, the beauty is in the emotional quality, and then the hardened member of the cult speaks of the work as "one of the master's lighter pieces, which should not be considered too seriously."

Into this same concerto of Brahms Miss MacCarthy put her own feelings and emotions, and thereby gave it fictitious and plausible interest if not beauty.

### The Choice of Program.

Yesterday her program was planned to show her degrees of seriousness rather than as an opportunity to please an audience by pronounced versatility or direct emotional appeal. She first played, with Mr. Felix Fox, Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2; then Saint-Saens's concerto in B minor, with Mr. Zach as pianist; and after Mr. Fox had chosen a Rhapsody by Brahms and Liszt's "La Leggierezza," she put down on the program Wieniawski's "Russian Airs."

Groups of smaller pieces would have been more to the purpose. We do not go to hear Miss MacCarthy as a chamber-player; and a concerto without orchestra is generally a tame affair; not unlike cold mutton two days after the roast, and the day after the minced meat on toast. Chamber-music must be of exquisite ensemble to be endurable. Violinist and pianist must be thoroughly accustomed to each other; they must not only be in sympathy, but they must display toward each other tact and forbearance, after the manner of a happy married couple. When the players meet as though by accident, and are without due knowledge of each other's merits and infirmities, the performance is as though each one were reading a work for pleasure or as good practice. Now, Mr. Fox showed himself yesterday to be thoughtful and punctilious in ensemble, and he displayed a pretty technic, but, as was inevitable, the performance of the two fell far short of perfection.

### The Violinist's Performance.

Miss MacCarthy did not maintain so high a level of excellence as when she played here at the Symphony concert. She did much that was interesting and praiseworthy. Her song was often passionate, and her technic admirable, but, on the other hand, her intonation was often false, she was inclined to rasp and fret the G string, and there was seldom either the elegance or the authority that distinguished her on the former occasion. She probably has been playing too much and without due time for rest and self-examination.

There was a good-sized and warmly applausive audience.

"Information regarding de Blowitz's early career is vague." Yet we are not wholly without information.

His real name was Henry Georges Stephen Adolphe Oppert, and he was born at Plisna, Austria, Dec. 28 1825. He was of a Jewish family.

The greater part of his youth was spent in the town of Blowitz—hence his adopted name.

He was a teacher of German at the Lycee of Tours, and he afterward held a similar position at Limoges, Poitiers, and, finally, Marseilles.

At Marseilles he espoused the cause of Thiers, who in turn protected him and at one time saved him from expulsion.

De Blowitz was naturalized Oct. 5, 1870. He served in the National Guard at Marseilles, was a sergeant-major, and in the insurrection there saved the life of the prefect, who in turn was later of much use to him.

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De Blowitz was in the employ of Oliphant, then correspondent of the London Times, succeeded in getting news at Versailles, when Thiers was there and inaccessible even to diplomats. De Blowitz got his news by going into the kitchen. Oliphant was grateful, and when Thiers, after the treaty was signed, offered him the grand cross of the Legion of Honor, he declined it, but asked that the French correspondent of the Times, Yriarte, should be appointed consul to Venice. De Blowitz took Yriarte's place. At least this is the story recorded in the Journal des Goncourts.

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De Blowitz had an old worn-out dog, and he was advised to kill it. He answered: "A man does not kill his old friends when they are sick, just to get rid of them," and on the strength of this he passed for a man of a warm heart. Luque caricatured him as a carrier-pigeon. Sarah Bernhardt wrote on her photograph which she gave him: "Au plus fin d'esprit, la plus fine de corps," for Sarah was then adorably thin.

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It is a curious fact that he is not mentioned in the "Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala written by Himself."

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The body of this famous correspondent de Blowitz was likened unto a tobacco-jar, and "Willy" in a review of a concert spoke of the "tyrannical chords of the 'Egmont' overture, massive like Blowitz, but better built." The correspondent was an easy mark. He was described as "mastedonic," the storm at the beginning of Verdi's "Otello" is black, "black as the soul of Blowitz"; he was accused of snoring at concerts, of steadily gaining in flesh; he was a "chef-d'oeuvre de polysarchie"—a masterpiece of fleshiness; he was "in relations with all the enemies of France."

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Here is an example of the vicious attacks made against him. The same "Willy" mentioned among the persons at a Conservatory concert "the Countess d'Andigne, the Princess de Poix, the Marchioness de Polignac and a very ugly man, who looked like Blowitz at his best." It would be easy to fill a column or two with such pleasantries. They were never good natured, they were often coarse and indecent. As Hector Pessard said: "When a man has such an important position and the talent to fill it worthily, he cannot help having enemies. Mr. de Blowitz has enemies. And as they cannot dispute his intelligence, shrewdness, humor, they accuse him of not loving France."

Yet by his silence, when other correspondents, if they had had his information, would have rushed their despatches, as well as by his published articles, de Blowitz more than once kept the peace that meant so much to France.

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The fireman in the Bowery last Sunday beneath a heavy bale, suffocating, besought his mates to save themselves. The fireman of whom Walt Whitman sang in 1855:

I am the mash'd fireman with breast-bone broken;
Trembling walls buried me in their debris;
Heat and smoke I inspired—I heard the yelling shouts of my comrades;
I heard the distant click of their picks and shovels;
They have clear'd the beams away—they tenderly lift me forth.

I lie in the night air in my red shirt—the pervading hush is for my sake;
Painless after all I lie, exhausted, but not so unhappy;
White and beautiful are the faces around me—the heads are bared of their fire-caps;
The kneeling crowd fades with the light of the torches.

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Of course the speeches at the indignation meeting on the St. Louis were "fiery and bitter." No doubt the passengers in this particular instance had reason to complain of the delay and disappointment, but we have been on steamers when there were grumblings and indignation meetings over matters of trifling importance. We remember a man who was desperate in speech because after eight days at sea an egg served him was not taken fresh from a hen in the captain's cabin. His language was violent, and you would have thought that his wife had been put in irons, for gossiping or asking the steersman how he could see the course at night. Much of the grumbling on board ship comes from monotony of daily life or extravagant self-appreciation. The man who bullies waiters at the club shows that he has little authority at home, and grumbling at sea-food is not a sure sign that the grumbler is a man of fine taste who has been accustomed to luxury from his youth up.

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The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

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So Professor Delitzsch as a Lowell lecturer in Boston is going to talk about the Bible. His late lecture before the Emperor and Empress of Germany was probably in the nature of a dress rehearsal, and it looks as though Wilhelm had kindly undertaken the duties of press-agent.

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The medical men of London are "not ready fully to accept the new method of surgery" as explained and demonstrated by Dr. Lorenz. This is not surprising. The Englishman is constitutionally not ready fully to accept anything that is new. Our old friend "the prominent person who does not wish his name to be mentioned" appears again, smiling and voluble. He is omnipresent and omniscient. What a pity that he insists on remaining the great unknown.

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What was the cost of the recent show at Delhi and just how much did the Boer war cost England? It is interesting in connection with this question to observe that distress is "far greater in London than for many years," and that thousands of the unemployed, wretchedly poor, walk or rather hobble in procession, asking for work or alms.

J Mc Z 1 1903

I had a chair at every hearth,
When no one turned to see,
With "Look at that old fellow there,
And who may he be?"
And therefore do I wander now,
And the fret lies on me.

The roadside trees keep murmuring,
Ah, wherefore murmur ye,
As in the old days long gone by,
Green oak and poplar tree?
The well-known faces are all gone;
And the fret lies on me.

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Boston, Jan. 17, 1903.

The Editor of Talk of the Day:

In these days, when public service corporations, so-called, enjoying public franchises, such as the occupation of our streets, disregard the rights of citizens, it is necessary that individuals should know their rights and assert and defend them.

A growing evil is the custom, almost a habit, of the street cars to run by stopping points, even when signaled by would-be passengers. In New York this is very common, and it is becoming frequent in Boston, and unless checked will grow to be, as in New York, a flagrant abuse.

Individuals have the remedy in their own hands. If everyone who desires to board a car at a stopping point will stand, not at the side of the track, but squarely upon the track, the car will stop. Fortunately, the law as to manslaughter is as yet so clear and certain of enforcement that neither the corporation nor the motormen will risk indictment by deliberate injury, and while it may require nerve to assert a right so vigorously, we have come upon times when heroic measures are necessary for the preservation of personal rights.

Judge Gaynor has, in his admirable article on the abuse of police power, sounded the key-note of the duty of the citizen to defend his rights. Edward Everett Hale has tersely and wittily said: "Eternal slavery is the price of liberty," and while this may seem a trifling matter, it is nevertheless important as a proper resistance to a serious abuse of privileges granted by the public to a profit making corporation.

B. K.

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We are with Mr. B. K. in spirit, but we are not yet prepared to sacrifice our life for the advantage of lazy and too good-natured fellow citizens who are themselves to blame for the loss of their rights. Some months ago,—or is the time to be measured by years?—we insisted in this column that the only way to stop an electric car is to lie down across the track near a stopping-post. No one followed our advice, possibly from the fear of being arrested for gross intoxication.

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No doubt some motormen are crazed by the knowledge that power and speed and space are under their control. The rush maddens them. They see a puny man or woman with a strained face and semaphoric gestures commanding or entreating them to stop. "What! check this glorious flight to oblige a poor mortal? Will the eagle swoop to earth for a grasshopper?"

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And some motormen are humorists. They like to watch expectancy, fear, rage and disgust passing over the face of a would-be passenger. They chuckle as they think of the impotence of such rage; of the disappointment of the man, especially if the car be the last one, and the air be bitter chill; of the anxiety of those at home. And after the last trip and in bed, these motormen wake and laugh again at the mere recollection.

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Then there are motormen who are philanthropists in disguise. They see a fat man blowing off steam and ringing his bell, and they say to themselves, "How much better for that man to walk home. It is a clear night; the stars are bright; the air is a cold but bracing bath. He has probably just left his club; no doubt he has made an alcoholic attack on his liver; exercise will do him a power of good. I guess I'll let him walk. He'll thank me for it tomorrow morning. The air is so foul in the car that it would finish him."

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Yet Mr. B. K. is righteously indignant, for the people of Boston did not give the use—give? say rather abandon the use of their streets to a profit-making corporation for the purpose of being the victims of puffed-up, humorous or philanthropic motormen. Nor are the motormen always the sole offenders. Time and time again, as Cambridge or Newton or Brighton cars round the corner of Massachusetts avenue and Boylston street, have we seen conductors hurry inside the car to avoid the look of those waiting at the stopping-place. Possibly these conductors have just been lassoed and are still shy; or they think the opportunity a favorable one to commit to memory the advertisements in the car with a view to future examination and possible promotion.

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Consideration for the welfare of the passengers is not the controlling thought of this corporation. Cattle are handled more tenderly by their shippers than are the passengers who are obliged to use the Elevated Railway. Here is an instance of the prevailing disregard. The city allowed the street cars to go through a section of the Public Garden. The ground where passengers mount and alight at the Boylston street end of the Subway is indescribably "moist and unpleasant" during a thaw or rain. Would it not be decent for the company to put at least one plank there? To ask for a proper flooring would, of course, be insolence on the part of the citizens; and even if the petition were granted, some would be afraid to use the flooring, lest they might injure the property of the company.

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How the love of office possesses a man! Here is Judge Reagan of Texas, who has held public office continuously for sixty-four years. He was a member of the Confederate Cabinet; he was United States Senator, member of Congress, chairman of commissions, and what-not, and yet now that he has retired from public life he has one deep regret: he was never Governor of Texas.

And here is Captain Adrian C. Anson, the glorious Old Man of baseball. Is he content with the memory of his mighty deeds on the field, his triumphs over pitchers and umpires? Not a bit of it. He longs to be city treasurer of Chicago.

How much more philosophic the conduct of the Rev. C. H. Wetherbe, a Baptist clergyman of Holland Patent N. Y.) who resigns his honorable office to read at leisure the 126 newspapers to which he subscribes. Now at last will he be able to store his mind with knowledge and prepare himself for the grave.

# SINGER FROM OMAHA HEARD A SECOND TIME

## Miss Mary Muenchhoff's Recital in Steinert Hall.

Miss Mary Muenchhoff, soprano, after triumphs in European cities, sang here in Chickering Hall early in the season, and then showed by her display of voice and art that the foreign enthusiasm was not wholly unfounded.

Not long ago she sang in Omaha, where her early years were spent. An enraptured critic of that city likened her to a bird, a little bird.

### Unfortunate Comparison.

The comparison was unfortunate though the intent was honorable; the comparison was also false. For the ordinary bird sings with undeviating monotonous expression; and on the other hand the technic of the same ordinary bird is flawless. Now Miss Muenchhoff is something more than a mechanical singer. She does not always individualize her song; she is not poignant in her emotional appeal; but her voice which is one of unusual beauty, is distinctively womanly; within a certain compass, the tones themselves charm the ear and suggest moods; so that the incongruous thing occurs: the singer at times awakens emotions when the song itself is not emotional, and the singer is probably thinking of nothing but proper tone production.

### Miss Muenchhoff's Program.

Her program yesterday did not stray far from the conventional. She began with arias from Mozart's "Idomeneo" and "Magic Flute," and she ended with the famous variations by Proch, which were once the favorite weapon of a soprano to bring down applause. The rest were songs by Schumann, Brahms and others. The less familiar songs were two Breton melodies arranged by Bourgault-Ducondray, an antiquarian and professor of musical history in Paris, who is especially interested in Grecian music, but he has found time to write an opera and some orchestral works, one of which, "The Burial of Ophelia," has been played here at a Symphony concert. His collection of Breton folk songs is most interesting and those chosen by the singer yesterday were favorable examples.

### Art and Interpretation.

And in these two songs she was heard perhaps to her best advantage. Either she was not in the vein yesterday, or she may have been playing the penalty of travel and over-work. At any rate while the natural beauty of voice again gave delight, her command of tone and her mastery of the phrase were not as firm as at her first concert. Her intonation was often false in the upper register and her control of long-s

lined notes was not always secure. er attempt to sing the first aria of e Queen of Night, that florid and ysterious heroine, was ambitiously unrtunate, for her coloratura was neithclean nor brilliant. The extreme upr tones were not unlike those of a p-gun in imperfect order. She often ve legitimate pleasure as in certain asures of the aria from "Idomeneo"; the slow movement of the Queen of ghts' aria, which she sang with conerable feeling; in Schumann's farlen-Wuermchen" and Brahms's 'le Melodien Zieght es." There were vements, however, during the cont, when her expression was facial py, rather than true and compelling otion. All in all, her performance s inferior to that at the former eont.

he recital was in Steinert Hall. There s an audience of fair size that red the singer and was friendly with lause.

chard Strauss is making his way in don. They have at last discovered d although his "Till Eulenspiegel" played at the Crystal Palace as y as 1896, and the composer conductwo of his symphonic poems in Lonin December, 1897. Now the critics tumbling over each other in their re to kneel before him. Perhaps in ten years his genius will be acnowledged in New York.

e Musical Times of this month pubs an interesting interview with uss, illustrated with pictures of his er, mother, wife, and one of the poser at the age of three and a half. uss still studies the classics. 'oung composers," he said, "bring voluminous manuscripts for my on. Looking at them, I find that generally want to begin where ner left off. I say to all such, good young man, go home and y the works of Bach, the symphonof Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and you have mastered these artis come to me again.'"

looks as though Strauss smiled at aborious and indefatigable commen-. For he said to the reporter: "My tone-poem will illustrate a day in amily life. It will be partly lyrical, y humorous—a triple fugue, the subjects representing papa, mamand the baby." That Strauss is not ent in humor is shown by certain s of his music. When he sketched scenario of his next tone-poem, was ot guying the one thirsting for ination?

Sisa and his band have had "very g experiences in England." Fortely they had money enough to cable he harrowing details.

M. F. J. Crowest tells us that Adeli Pattl netted $350,000 in one year. e was a time in her career when she made within two or three hours over $ day after day. At New Orleans in eighties she made as much as a night, and at one season at Covent Garden, besides her $4000 a perance, she was paid a retainer of 0 not to sing elsewhere for a fixed od.

L. Hugo Riemann his discovered that first five notes of the first movemet of Schumann's piano quintet are same as those of the opening of a pno trio in E flat by Anton Filtz. This Filtz, although Riemann does not mentio the fact, died in the flower of his yoh from immoderate indulgence in spers, which he insisted tasted like the mt luscious strawberries. He was a oist in the service of the Palatine Elitor at Mannheim, where he died in 17

A New York newspaper thinks that Mr Gericke should familiarize himself wi the negro life in this country befor he dares again to conduct Dvrak's Symphony "From the New Wld." The logic of this statemt reminds us of the old line: "Who drs fat oxen should himself be fat." Wt does the newspaper advise Mr. Gcke to do? To eat hoe-cake in the qrters, to study hoodoo lore? Would dent attendance at cake-walks be of encit to him? As though a musicla could not conduct a symphony wihout preliminary ethnological and anropological study!

e Referee likens Mr. R. H. Walth's "Sonata di Camera" for violin an piano to "a young woman in morning dress." This is vague. Is the sonata loose as a wrapper? Does its ornaentation remind one of curl papers?

German singers in operas by Wagner were described in the eighteenth century:

All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

Mr. Loeffler's two orchestral Poems were played in New York by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The composer triumphed personally, for the audience was enthusiastic. The critics were for the most part hearty in praise of "La Bonne Chanson," and of "The Devil's Villanelle" interested them. Mr. Finck alone was obdurate. He would not have either of the poems, chiefly, it seems, because he could not find enough melodic thought. Nor was Mr. Finck consoled by the extraordinarily beautiful orchestral dress, for he said something about fine feathers—the proverb is musty.

Carl Weis's new opera, "Die Zwillinge" ("The Twins") is said by a foreign journal to be founded on Shakespeare's "As You Like It." But where are the twins in that comedy? From a description of the libretto we infer that the twins are not those of the "Comedy of Errors," but are Viola and Sebastian in "Twelfth Night."

"Twelfth Night" has been turned into an opera before this. Both Steinkuehiel and Taubert wrote an opera "Cesario" (1848 and 1874) and in Taubert's at least our old friend Sir Toby was introduced with a deep bass voice, as is eminently proper, although there are many departures from Shakespeare's text. Heuberger of Vienna wrote a "Viola," and a like-named opera by Genee and Arensen was produced at Hamburg in 1893, when Mrs. Bettaque took the part of Sebastian as well as of Viola.

But is not Weis's "Die Zwillinge" a revision of his "Viola," produced at Prague in 1892 before the composer's "Polish Jew" ("The Bells") brought him fame?

Jan 22 1903

Boston, Jan. 18, 1903.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Why is it that the people of Boston walk so much like cows?

This question has again occurred to me during my stay of over five years in this city. I am on the streets every day and am fain to admit that my pleasure of walking is marred and hindered by the constant cow-like butting-in process (no other phrase truthfully describes it) of the people in the streets. I greatly regret to say that women are numerous in the ranks of offenders.

It is true that the shopping districts of Washington and intersecting streets are narrow and crowded, and the people are put to it to some extent, by the force of travel, but unfortunately the same conditions of interference are noticeable in the widest parts of Tremont street as well.

I have likewise wondered why the newspapers have made no allusions to these characteristics of Boston pedestrians, even in a humorous vein.

So again I ask: "Why is it the people of Boston walk so much like cows?" Why do they have no more intelligent direction of their movements than a head of cattle? I. B. J.

Our correspondent has not diligently read the Boston newspapers from beginning to end; for we have seen comments on this evil and written paragraphs of protest, couched in our customary chaste language of good-will.

It is only fair to say that many walkpeople of Boston walk like cows because the streets, according to ancient and vile report, were originally cowpaths. Thus when the captain of a British letter of marque asks Israel Potter in Herman Melville's story to describe Boston, Israel characterizes the streets as "cowpaths cut by sheep-walks, and intersected with hen tracks." And was not High street once known as Cow lane?

It is only fair to say that many walking on the sidewalks at random are not Bostonians. They come from towns nearby to shop. They are preoccupied by the thought of a return train that must be caught, and the knowledge that there is only a limited time for business or pleasure. And they have never been taught to keep to the right when they meet strangers.

Just as eminent Bostonians have never learned the advantage of forming a line at a box-office, postage stamp-window, cloak-room window, etc. Only yesterday morning at the Boston Public Library a few were waiting patiently in turn for their umbrellas. A well-dressed, important-looking woman bustled up, crowded in, and threw down her umbrella check. We regret to say that she was served before others who had preceded her. As our correspondent says, "women are numerous in the ranks of offenders."

The people of Kalgoorlie, the largest inland town in Australasia, have been obliged to use condensed salt water for drinking and all other purposes. The water is expensive, and in some of the gold fields taverns this notice is put up in bath rooms: "You are requested not to use soap, as the water is afterwards used for making tea."

Following the law of association of ideas, we remembered a story told by W. G. Thorpe. A woman in India hired a Chinese cook and boasted of his cleanliness. Envious housekeepers challenged her. Their kitchens revealed horrid sights, as tables, scarred, oiled, smoked and stained with juices of many substances, tables on which the cooks minced meat, chopped onions, made pastry, and slept at night. Then there was a visit to the Chinaman's kitchen. Pots and pans glistened, the table was spotless, everything was in order, and, in the midst sat the Chinaman himself, with a glare of satisfaction on his face and washing his feet in the soup tureen.

Never go into anybody's kitchen, not even your own. Remember the fate of the young Scotch sugar planter who had just arrived at Mauritius, and greatly daring, to use Mr. Thorpe's phrase, investigated his kitchen. "He returned saddened and silent, proceeding first to the cellarette for a glass of Glenlivat straight. His spirits did not revive, a sober melancholy settled upon him, he withdrew himself from the society of his fellow-men, took to reading Dr. McGawk's sermons, and eventually died young."

Professor Cesare Augusto Levi has found documents in an old Venetian palace which bear on the Othello tragedy. Alas, the names of Othello and Desdemona do not occur in these documents. The true names were Palma and Nicolo Querini. The latter was rich and of a fiery disposition. In 1542 he was about 40 years old and Palma was about 27. Nicolo was never so happy as when he was fighting against the Turks. Whenever he returned to Venice he was suspicious and jealous, and once he tried to throttle his wife, for which he was brought before the Senate of Candia. The recently discovered documents show that Nicolo beat Palma so viciously that he left her for dead, but she came to life and ran away with a servant. Nicolo was found murdered many years afterward.

And the Professor says that intermarriage between Venetians and Moors was not at all unusual in those days. There is even now a living member of the Querini family who has a chocolate-colored skin.

It should be remembered in Cinthio's story (1565) from which Shakespeare probably drew the material of his tragedy the hero is not named Othello, but simply "The Moor."

Yet certain London critics, apropos of Mr. Forbes Robertson's performance last month, insist that Othello should be black, because Shakespeare represents him as so black as to make the union between him and Desdemona "a sin against nature." One of them objects to Mr. Robertson because he is "on the view a most eligible parti; he is sunburnt, but that rather becomes him; his complexion, even when contrasted with a white turban, would hardly excite remark in a C. I. V. fresh home from South Africa."

All this reminds us of what somebody said of Macready's Macbeth: He portrayed a respectable Scots gentleman in considerable difficulties. The Moor, Othello or Nicolo Quirini, had his little difficulties.

The late Dr. R. M. Bucke, in a curious letter to Alice Herring, published in the current number of the Conservator, wrote: "I am absolutely certain that the color sense is nothing like as active in dreams as while awake—that is, on the whole, though doubtless there are persons who often see color in dreams; but even you (I will venture to say) do not see color about you in dreams in anything like the same profusion as you see it in your waking life."

Jan 23, 1903

Mr. William F. Apthorp of Boston gave the second lecture of the Philadelphia Orchestra Young People's Educational Course at the Garrick Theatre, Jan. 16. We learn from Philadelphia journals that he was warmly welcomed and thoroughly appreciated. One newspaper said that his name was "identified with the focal point" of Philadelphia's musical interests. "The warm reception and sustained interest on the part of his audience proved that Mr. Apthorp was, indeed, persona grata."

Mr. Apthorp lectured on "Old and Modern Orchestration," and he talked at first about the work of John Sebastian Bach, which lead a reviewer to remark that Bach's name was for once properly pronounced."

But how has Bach's name been pronounced in Philadelphia? Bache—from force of local association and pride? Or Bark? We have heard that thought in Philadelphia moves at a leisurely pace, but Bach died in 1750, and something should have been done in the course of the last 152 years.

This question of pronunciation reminds us of a remark made about a Boston musician who is passionately addicted to Bach, and is never weary in explaining his genius, from the housetop and in the market-place. The musician's name was mentioned, and some one said: "Yes, he's a good fellow; his Bach is worse than his bite."

They manage "Siegfried" better at Rome than in New York or Boston. "The Dragon was a sheer delight. Instead of lumbering along as though his weight allowed him to move no more than two feet an hour at the very most, he almost capered, he raised himself on his legs, and showed the advantages of being a dragon from every possible point of view. The bird was another triumph; its flight was true and birdlike; it never coquetted with its wires, or flew claws upward." This is the way "Siegfried" should be given.

Mr. Dolmetsch will come to Boston next week with Mrs. Dolmetsch, his mediaeval costume, and his ancient instruments. He will be a welcome visitor. Some of the critics in New York have seized the opportunity of criticism to show how much more they know about old music and instruments than the Dolmetschs could ever know. How different it is in Boston! Here we are all thirsting for information, although a viola d'amore—in fact, two of them were once played at a Symphony concert in the first version of Mr. Loeffler's "Death of Tintagiles"; and many in the audience recognized at once the difference between a viola d'amore and a bassoon. Mr. Dolmetsch's concert will be at Steinert Hall next Wednesday night. Miss Inman's concert announced at the same hall for the 29th has been indefinitely postponed, and Mr. Cabot's recital has been put off a month.

The program of the Symphony rehearsal and concert this week will include Arensky's overture to the opera "Nala and Damayanti" (first time); Brahms's Hungarian Dances, Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, orchestrated by Parlow; Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony. Mr. Mark Hambourg will be the pianist, and he has chosen Liszt's concerto in E flat, No. 1. Arensky's opera is founded on an episode of the Mahabharata, one of the two great Epic poems of the Hindus. Nala was too fond of playing at dice, and he thereby lost his kingdom. He and his wife Damayanti were separated and knew trouble and sorrow, but he finally won back his land and possessions and found her.

The program of the Kneisel Quartet in Chickering Hall Monday night is one of varied interest. Mr. Maquarre will be the flutist in Mozart's Quartet in D major for flute and strings; Mrs. Thomas Tapper and Messrs. Kneisel and Hackebarth will play Brahms's Trio for piano, violin and horn; and the string quaret will be Beethoven's quartet in A minor, op. 132. Mr. Kneisel conducted the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Hartford and Springfield this week, for Mr. Gericke had strained his arm of authority and persuasion. The newspapers of the two cities were most complimentary to Mr. Kneisel.

The editor of the Musical Herald (London) asked various persons to state the strongest musical impression received during the past year. Mr. Algernon Ashton, a serious man who goes about examining the condition of musicians' graves, answered, and in good faith: "The composing of my symphony No. 4 in B flat major." Mr. Barclay Squire, who is of importance at the British Museum, replied: "Dan Leno's harp performance in the Drury Lane pantomime."

Mr. George Cecil of London writes a

letter of complaint to Music (London). He says he was lately appointed correspondent of a certain New York music journal. "After writing for them for some weeks I received copies of the paper containing, as I thought, my contributions, since the 'London Letter' was signed with my name. On reading these letters I found, to my disgust, that they had been written, apparently, by some person whose views were not mine. In fact, they were filled with ridiculous and flattering allusions to the lower orders amongst singers."

The journal named by Mr. Cecil has always had a reputation for fair play and honorable dealing. We are sure there is some misunderstanding. Meanwhile we are glad to learn that Mr Cecil associates only with the higher "orders amongst singers."

Kochan, the young violinist, whispered in strict confidence into the ear of a reporter: "One day I practise twice as much as I practised the day before. I do not always practise in the same way." And sometimes he plays twice as well on one day as on another, and he does not always play well—but this he did not whisper.

Xavier Leroux of Paris will write the music for Irving's production of Sardou's "Dante" at Drury Lane. The piece is founded on various incidents in Dante's writings. Thus in the "Vita Nuova" there are allusions to the fact that the poet after the death of Beatrice fell in love with a young friend of the dead girl and his love was returned. Another incident will be that of the Italian who, jealous of his wife, shut her up in a castle in the marshes of Ravenna; and there she died from fever and despair; but he was so ungentlemanly as to accuse her of wrong-doing.

Calve, "on account of a sore throat, gave up her new part, the Carmelite, and left Paris for the Riviera. Such is the story, but they say in Paris that her betrothed, Mr. Jules Bois, who does not like the composer Hahn, persuaded Calve that the spirits were against the new work; or why did the electric lights go out at the dress-rehearsal, and why did the public protest against the scene in which La Vallière takes the veil? Now Miss Cesbron is singing in Calve's place and she is praised to the skies, which fact may hasten Calve's recovery.

Mr. Bucia gave a piano recital lately at Trieste. He played for 11 hours continuously; rested for about 10 minutes; began and played without a break seven hours. A doctor then examined him. The pianist's temperature was 114; his pulse 90; but nothing is said as to the kind of thermometer used. The pianist started again and succeeded in playing for 26 hours all told. It might be a good thing to take the temperature and pulse of conductors, singers, violinists and pianists at concerts in Boston, for the sake of anthropological notes on which future engagement could be made or refused.

"Wireless telegraphy in every house." That is to say, no man will in future know privacy, not even if he sit in coat-of-mail and with vizor down in the lamp-room of the most remote and lonely light-house. Jones, seated by his spouse, near the glowing radiator after the day's work, will not be able to be sentimental or instructive without fear of interruption. Of what use will be drawn curtains or bolted doors? Science will become so impertinent that Robinson miles away will bother Smith at the breakfast table or at family prayers with some stupid or windy message. We spoke the other day of the advantages of life in Patagonia; but it was before Mr. Marconi began his operations on Cape Cod.

We like to think of Miss Marga Cerbus at Paris, the young Roumanian, whose skin changes color according to her emotions. Anxiety turns her green; she is pink when joyful; violet when afraid; and black when angry. Such a woman would be a never-failing joy as a wife. Her husband would never be in doubt as to the precise nature of her mental condition. Furthermore there would be delight in variety. The most respectable man would feel himself polygamous and yet without offense to society or his conscience.

There are instances of persons who were in the habit of changing their skins like snakes. Mr. William Wright of Saham Tony in Norfolk, England, "used to cast his skin every year, sometimes once, sometimes twice; it was an uneasy and distressing effort of nature, preceded by itching, red spots and swellings; the fingers became stiff, hard and painful at the ends, and about the nails the pain was exquisite. It took him from 10 to 12 days to provide himself with this new suit.

There have also been persons with peculiarly colored skins; the unfortunate young man in Wilkie Collins's story; sufferers from jaundice; the Alligator Lady, the Elephant Man and others; but they inspired aversion. Think of a woman who at will can assume in turn all colors of the rainbow. Is not her price far above rubies? Yet Miss Cerbus will, no doubt, marry a man that is color-blind, and therefore unappreciative, such is the irony of life.

Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac is the one to appreciate her fully, and we are surprised that he left Paris. The flippant journalists of New York are having no end of fun with the count, but it seems to us that their conduct is narrow as well as inquisitorial. Is it a sin to admire hydrangeas, to wear trousers with stripes of black satin running down the seams, to sport a malacca cane, to sing the song of beauty in nature and humanity? The count is very beautiful; his presence lends color and charm to New York. The only thing that approaches him in this country is Bathhouse John of Chicago, and Bathhouse John does not sing.

Remy de Gourmont considered the Count and pondered his ways six or seven years ago. He analyzed his charms in "Le Livre des Masques." "M. de Montesquiou exists; whether he be a blue hortensia, a green rose, or a white peony, he is one of those flowers that you look at curiously in a bed; you ask its name; you keep it in your memory."

Edmond de Goncourt thought kindly of him, and why? He noted in the journal of April 6, 1887: "This evening, as I was taking a coupe to dine with the Princess at Passy, I met young Montesquiou Fezensac, in the correctness of one of his supremely chic toilets. He was holding in his hand a sort of prayer-book. He showed it to me—it was beautifully bound—and said: 'Look at my breviary—and I had no idea of meeting you!' The little book was my 'Madame Gervaisais': a slight recompense for all my late failures." And De Goncourt was an unprejudiced judge.

Attorney General Parker is right in his disapproval of the isolation of jurors in capital cases. The wretched conditions of the imprisonment, together with disapproval of the death penalty, discourage good and lawful men and men of substance from serving.

Judges in Limerick have been having a hard time with juries. A juror appeared in what is described as a beastly state of intoxication, although beasts as a rule are not addicted to beer, wine, or strong waters. It appeared in this particular case that it would not be possible to get sufficient sober jurors to proceed that evening, and that three had been arrested for drunkenness by the court officer.

It was Daniel O'Connell who used to tell of an Irish judge so fond of brandy that he kept some in court in an inkstand and sucked it through a quill pen. One day he asked a witness to answer truly whether he were drunk or sober on a given day. "Quite sober, my lord." "As sober as a judge," added one of counsel, who looked hard at the inkstand.

Mr. Frederic Lees takes a low view of American dressmakers and their victims. He quotes the opinion of a Parisian: "The Americans are able to copy a dress correctly. But they have not the slightest idea of how to create a new style of dress. Sometimes they make a desperate attempt to imitate us, and produce monstrosities—as, for instance, when they put Renaissance sleeves on a Louis XV. dress. What they lack is style, tradition, and, sometimes, science. All they know they have learnt in Paris."

A. B. W.: Duse was born on Oct. 3, 1859. She was born in a railway car between Padua and Venice. At least Mr. Jules Kuret says so in his "Loges et Coulisses" and as he is in town, he may be able to give you still more particular information.

We are not surprised that Judge Harney wept on the witness stand at Butte. Strong and even bearded men sometimes wax hysterical. Thus Fidus Cornelius in the Roman Senate burst into a passionate flood of tears because Corbulo likened him to a plucked ostrich. Tears, idle tears!

The native soldiers of Morocco's Sultan are dubbed superstitious because they believe the devil invented cannon. To us these soldiers appear highly civilized and bursting with common sense.

This epigram of the early part of the 17th century reflects pleasantly on a caprice of the women of that period:

When Gellia went to school, and was a girl,
Her teeth for whiteness might compare with pearl;
But after she the taste for sweetmeats knew
They turned all opals to a perfect blue;
New Gellia takes tobacco, what should let,
But lest they should converted be to jet?

Jan 24, 1903

The Rev. Mr. John Skyles is polygamous to the extent of seven wives. So it is charged in open court. The defense is not merely that the father was insane and the brother is now in a mad-house, but that Mr. Skyles is "one of the most brilliant and eloquent pulpit orators in Mississippi." This reminds us of the late lamented Colonel Yell of Yellville, of whom his eulogist said: "It is true, Mr. Speaker, that when Colonel Yell was asked to account for funds that had been intrusted to him, he was utterly at a loss for a reply; but he seized that occasion, Mr. Speaker, to declare his undying devotion to the American flag."

Mr. Skyles has been a clergyman for seven years, and as he has seven wives, we are enabled to state by a lightning calculation that there is a wife for each pastoral year. Seven has long been a sacred number. A wife for each year, or a wife for each day of the week; a case of wives, like a case of razors, each branded with the names of the days.

Jacob was content to serve Laban seven years for the sake of his daughter Rachel, who was beautiful and well favored; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her. And he served for her still seven years more. But "they didn't know everythin' down in Judee."

Did Mr. Rudyard Kipling really write that letter in which he said that he should not come to the United States on account of his wife's relatives? His sneer was in characteristically execrable taste; not that we are tender-hearted toward the said relatives, but we feel sorry for Mrs. Kipling.

Let there be agitation over the imprisonment of jurors. We were told yesterday that the poor wretches in the new Suffolk County Court House are obliged to sleep all in one room with screens between the cots. This is not so hard to anyone who has often suffered from the tumultuous privacy of a sleeping-car; but when we learned that the jurors have no bath tub, then we shuddered. In the course of the Blondin trial "the jurors at the end of the second week expressed a desire to bathe." It seems as though if they went two weeks without a bath they might have stood it another week. Dr. Charles Harrington in his invaluable "Manual of Practical Hygiene" informs us "there is in every civilized community an all too-large proportion of persons who never bathe, and, indeed, regard a bath as a positive danger to health." This is seen too often in the construction of public buildings.

This reminds us that the plumbing of the Capitol at Albany (N. Y.) is declared to be "old-fashioned, unscientific, and practically worn out." What great sums of money have been put into that building on the hill! And what sums have been appropriated, pocketed, and not put into it! Mr. Eidlitz, one of the architects, was distinctively Moorish in his tastes. Perhaps the plumbing was Moorish.

And what became of the glory of W. M. Hunt's mural paintings, which were not appreciated at the time they were fresh and striking except by visitors from other States?

Dear, dear! Another illusion gone, wiped out before a Lowell Institute audience. Colonel T. W. Higginson does not think much of Poe as poet or critic. "Poe's utterances are marred by sorry contradictions and incongruities * * * With Sidney Lanier music and poetry were in the blood."

This is enough. There's no need of pursuing the subject. We hear the last wail of protest from the Cambridge school of genteel versifiers.

A painting by Gerome was changed after it left his hands. Sold at New York in 1901, it has been taken back to Paris, and there offered for sale. Gerome sued Brandus, the dealer, on the charge of mutilation. Now Mr. Tyner, an American, who sold the picture to Brandus, says the mutilation was all right, in fact an improvement, because the change was made by Bousod, Gerome's son-in-law. But has a son-in-law the right ex-officio to tinker his father-in-law's pictures without permission?

Dr. Von Holleben on the steamer homeward bound spoke to nobody but his secretary and the captain; he checked approaches at conversation; "he paced the deck with the air of a man that is burdened by mental distress;" he repelled an interviewer at Plymouth—where the gin comes from—"almost savagely." All of this shows that the recalled ambassador did not wish to be bored. And the boresome passenger outbores the terredo itself. Something in von Holleben's heart kept whispering: "Repel bores," and he obeyed the order, no doubt with traditional German frankness.

The man who climbed the supporting cables of the Brooklyn bridge and stood 130 feet above the bridge roadway to inquire into the safety of the tower met the fate of Artemus Ward in London: "'And this,' I said, 'is the British Mooseum! These noble walls,' I continnered, punching them with my unbreller to see if the masonry was all right—but I wasn't allowed to finish my enthoosiastic remarks, for a man with a gold band on his hat said, in a harsh voice, that I must stop pokin the walls. I told him I would do so by all means. 'You see,' I said, taking hold of the tassel which waved from the man's belt, and drawin' him close to me in a confidential way, 'You see, I'm lookin round this Mooseum, and if I like it I shall buy it.' Instid of larfin hartily at these remarks, which was made in a goakin spirit, the man frowned darkly and walked away."

Many jests this winter are based on the scarcity of coal and the traditional heat of a large continent in the next world. But let us be accurate even in jesting. In the old Irish books hell is always cold, probably, as some say, because the Fomoroh or evil powers ruled the north and winter; and Irish poets when they became Christian sung of "the cold flagstone of Hell." The Moslems have cold storage for sinners, "Zamharir" as well as the hot Gehenna, and Burton tells us that the missionaries in Iceland preached a cold Hell till they were forbidden by Papal Bull.

Is there not a frozen lake in Dante's Inferno, and did not the poet strike his foot hard against heads sticking through the ice? Frate Alberico entered into a terrible valley and saw a great number of persons in frost and cold and ice, which consumed them like fire. Did not Claudio forget his sister's shame in the thought of possible residence "in thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice?"

Jan 25, 1903

## Anton Arensky's "Nala and Damayanti" Overture.

## MARK HAMBOURG PIANIST

The program of the twelfth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall last night, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "Nala and Damayanti" ... Arensky
Concerto in E flat No. 1, for piano ..... Liszt
Hungarian Dances 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 .... Brahms-Parlow
"Jupiter" symphony ..... Mozart

### An Orthodox Russian.

Arensky is known here chiefly by his trio and his piano concerto, although certain small pieces for the piano were introduced by Mr. Siloti and have been played since by others. The overture performed last night for the first time in Boston is for an opera founded on the legend of King Nala, the passionate dicer, who incurred the hatred of a god and thereby lost his kingdom and all that he had, save his wife Damayanti, at a game of chance. The legend is an episode of the Mahabharata. After separation and other trials and tribu-

ions the King won back his possessions and found his wife. The overture short, simple and pretty. Pretty is word, for there is no marked emotional quality in the music, but there melodic grace and there is harmonic eetness of a conventional and salon ure. We are accustomed to characterize certain harmonic progressions l contours of melody as oriental, and good-natured hearer will find the st in this overture; but we are far m orientalism as understood by rodin, Rimsky-Korsakoff and the ra-moderns ;for Arensky is not of ir school, and is not conspicuous for ginality. Nevertheless, this overture pleasant and soothing to the ear, and is a good thing to be lulled occaally.

### Mr. Mark Hambourg.

he young Russian pianist was fortuc in his choice of concerto, and he reciated the characteristic qualities he music. It is hard for us to real- in these revolutionary days, when hard Strauss and Claude Debussy, h in his way, are striking out new hs, the defiant note of Liszt's first certo, which was as a glove thrown the face of the conventionalism of fifties. This music was not only sidered as reckless; it was thought phemous. Sermons were preached inst it, and the triangle was held to a true instance of Satan in music, it thus took the place of the tritone. Hambourg played the concerto with zing fire and brilliance; the besques were treated with elegance; song was sung, not declaimed. The ormance was a fine one from every t of view. I have had occasion be- this to deplore Mr. Hambourg's avagances in force and speed. It is easure to say that his playing last it was that of a master. No wonder the audience was aroused to ensiasm.

### Brahms's Dances.

is a good thing to relieve programs he introduction of light and agreeb pieces. Brahms wrote Hungarian ces for the piano for four hands; is to say he arranged dance-tunes y Hungarian composers and put the y Muse in a corset. Then he scored e of the dances for orchestra; and ow and Dvorak scored others of set. If we are to have such dances ymphony concerts, why are we not permitted to hear Chabrier's na, a veritable masterpiece? Or Coppelia or Sylvia suite of Delibes; ne of the fascinating ballet suites schalkowsky? They have not sufl in beauty or charm by performat popular concerts. These dances Brahms were scored by a Hander, and have been played in beer. Second-rate music by Brahms Company is not better on account he sacred name of Johannes than class music by Frenchmen or Rus-.

I was a pleasure to hear the orra again after its triumphs in cities. Mr. Gericke conducted his usual authority, although his arm, strained during the trip, is yet in wholly normal condition, and he was obliged to direct for the most with his left.

Colonel Lynch's sentence is merely vickian, it is a wonder that the old with the piquant details of drawing and quartering was not revived for the occasion.

In all countries the most terrible punishments were invented to hedge in the divinity of a king, and incidentally to keep the inventors in favor with the one protected. Inasmuch as the king was a being far above his subjects, a being that could do no wrong, treason was blasphemy, and as a bolt from the sky did not at once strike down the offender, it was the duty as well as the privilege of those nearest the awful presence to keep alive the royal dignity by the long drawn-out and miserable death of the offender.

This idea has been abandoned general in what are known as civilized countries, but the Emperor William still takes himself seriously. His person is not beautiful, but it is sacred. Even poor caricaturists have found this out to their cost.

Ye neither hideous boats of the Persian nor rack, nor ripping up and disembowelment, nor fiery stake, nor burning oil drove wholly from tyrannized man the thought of liberty. Nor were the deaths in vain.

They never fail who die
In a great cause: the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad.

The English can be merciful to men accused or even convicted of treason. They have forgiven George Washington.

That grand opera in New York is supposed to depend on the health of one man is a curious commentary on the condition of music in that city—or say rather this country, for Boston, Chicago, and other centres of art, literature, and chromo-civilization, are operatic suburbs of New York. Mr. Grau has been in many respects a most excellent manager. First of all, he has kept faith with the public; he has brought out as many new operas as the public would stand; he has engaged many famous singers; he has been catholic in his repertory. He has not been influenced unduly by guttural Wagnerites or screaming advocates of Italianism. His retirement is a loss to the musical public.

Of course some in New York at once wax hysterical at the thought of Mr. Jean de Reszke, the eminent Polish tenor, as "artistic manager" of the Metropolitan. No doubt he would take that position if the salary was large enough. We blush at the use of such a coarse word as "salary" in connection with art and Mr. Jean de Reszke, but even tenors have to live.

What will the bejeweled sitters in the boxes do, the men and the women that enter late after dining heavily on stewed meats and heating wines? There are no such show counters or windows in the metropolis as these boxes. Some one, in the absence of opera, should arrange an exhibition modeled after that of Mme. Tussaud, where celebrities might sit for an hour or so in flesh and blood—and this would be more satisfactory than wax—sit with their gewgaws on, and indulge in sparkling conversation, roped in securely against contact with the vulgar who would have the privilege of gaping at $5 a head.

A few days ago an opera was given by members of Mr. Grau's company in Washington for a charitable purpose. An account of the show was telegraphed over the country. There were the names of the workers for the cause; lists of "prominent persons present"; descriptions of costumes; but even the title of the opera was not mentioned, nor was the name of any singer given. Here is the operatic situation in a nutshell.

Mr. Walter Damrosch says that under no circumstances will he take Mr. Grau's place. He might, however, be persuaded to accept the position of perpetual conductor. The name of Mr. Charles A. Ellis of Boston is mentioned. He would be an admirable director, but he has already had operatic experience, and he might not be willing to plunge again into the pleasure and excitement. Mr. Daniel Frohman is fond of music, and he is a warm friend of Mr. Damrosch. All in all, there is a good deal of guessing.

Boston, Jan. 23, 1903.

Editor Talk of the Day:

When a number of wealthy people in Boston contributed to a fund with the object of supplying coal at a cheap rate to their less fortunate brethren in the city, their timely action and practical philanthropy deservedly won praise and admiration. It was understood that hard coal would be supplied through the stations in the different wards at a reasonable price, and delivered free at the homes of the people, the price quoted being fifty cents for one hundred pounds. This is at the rate of $10 a ton, and in view of the present situation would not be considered exorbitant.

I wish to ventilate a grievance, shared by many, and say it is not hard coal that is sent through the stations, but the soft, trashy stuff that burns quickly, gives little heat and is good only for making soot. This soft coal can be had from teams on the street, or from any coal yard in the city, at fifty cents for one hundred pounds. What benefit does a poor person gain by leaving an order at one of the ward stations, when soft coal, as supplied through them out of the citizens' fund, can be bought all over the city at the same rate? I should like to call the attention of the committee in charge of this fund to the fact that Mr. Hearst and the Salvation Army in New York are supplying hard coal and delivering same for nine cents a pail of thirty-five pounds. This coal was purchased at $5 a ton, and is sold and delivered in small quantities at cost. I fear whoever is responsible for handling the money of the committee struck a "bad bargain" when soft coal is given to the people of Boston, as a compliment, at $10 a ton. For heating rooms and domestic purposes it is an abomination and would be expensive as a present.

WILLIAM P. ROHAN.

Mrs. Edith Gardner Shearn, or Shears, the family name is indistinct, regrets that President Roosevelt in his wireless message to King Edward on his royal throne used the phrase "extend most cordial greetings." She objects to "extend."

Now, "to extend a call" is a base Americanism, "base," for all Americanisms are not to be commended. Nor are we unpatriotic in this admission. What is a patriot? Hazlett answers: A good hater. But the verb "extend" means in sound, venerable English "to hold out, accord, grand (kindness, indulgence towards a person"), also to display malice, inflict vengeance. "That there be none to extend mercy unto him." And the phrase "to extend greetings" is not more than seven miles away from other phrases that follow legitimately the definition.

Why this row over dress-suits or hand-me-downs at the inaugural ball at Austin, Texas? We have heard that a true Texan always removes his coat before entering into the fury of the dance.

Here is a "point of view, Jan. 1, 12.05 A. M." from the Referee (London):

Citizen (wiping his mouth with the back of his hand): "That's the first half-pint this year, Bill."

Bill (sentimentally): "Yes. Makes yer think a bit, don't it?"

The Sultan of Morocco cannot bear to look at executions, which custom compels him to attend; yet his favorite amusement is to drive a motor-car at full speed in the courtyard of his palace and chase his retinue round and round.

There will be an unusual concert in Steinert Hall next Wednesday night. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Dolmetsch of London, assisted by Miss Mabel Johnston, will give a concert of old music, played on the instruments for which it is written, and old songs will be sung with the accompaniment on old instruments.

### Old Strings.

Mr. Dolmetsch is an enthusiast who plays old instruments, and to enter fully into the spirit and to establish a mood in the audience he dons a more romantic costume than the conventional evening dress associated with waiters and others that serve, whether they only stand and wait, or are in action.

The viola d'amore is a member of the violin family. It has a secondary set of strings made of metal, placed under the finger board. These strings are not plucked by finger, not touched by bow; they sound sympathetically. It has seven catgut strings, which were formerly tuned in various ways; but the great player, Urhan, tuned in thirds and fourths to give the chord of D major. Berlioz described the quality of tone as "seraphic," and imagined a mass of the instruments playing a prayer in several parts to the accompaniment of harp. For many years the obbligato to Raoul's romance in "The Huguenots" was the chief instance of survival, but Mr. Loeffler lately used the instrument in his symphonic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles."

The viola da gamba is the old bass-viol, the knee fiddle. It has six strings and a fretted key board. Viols were generally sold in sets, and a set usually included two trebles, two tenor viols, two basses. Both men and women played on the gamba and the knowledge was considered to be a part of liberal education. There are many allusions to the gamba in the Elizabethan plays; perhaps the most famous reference is that of Sir Toby Belch when he defends Sir Andrew as a man who "plays o' the viol—de—gamboys."

Charles Reade represents Griffith Gaunt as consoling himself with the instrument.

The lute came from the East. It has a pear-shaped body which ends in a neck with a fretted finger board, and a head furnished with tuning pegs. There are various ways of stringing it, but it generally has five or six pairs, and each pair is tuned in unisons or octaves. There is a great amount of music written for it in the notation called tablature.

The cithern is of the guitar family, but strung with wire and played with a plectrum or quill. It was often kept in barber shops for the amusement of customers, and it frequently had a grotesquely carved head. It has eight strings, "divided into four courses, two in a course," says old Playford. Swinburne's and Rossetti's women and angels are addicted to the cithern, but a "cithern-head" was a term of contempt.

### Piano Forbears.

The virginal is a box of strings played by a key board and placed on a table or stand. There is a metal string for each note, and the sound is made by pieces of quill, whalebone, leather, or sometimes elastic metal, attached to slips of wood called "jacks," provided with metal springs. The compass is about three octaves.

This instrument, as well as the spinet, preceded the harpsichord or clavecin.

Mr. Dolmetsch's program will include two pieces of the sixteenth century for the virginals; a sonata by Domenico Scarlatti for the harpsichord; a sonata by Telemann for viola d'amore, viola da gamba and harpsichord and pieces by Rameau for harpsichord. There will be pieces for lute, zithern, treble and bass viols, songs accompanied by lute, cithern, harpsichord, and a sonata by Ariosti (1715) for the viola d' amore.

Modern musicians have in many ways tried to arrange the old clavecin music for concert use. They have "enriched" it, and "revised" it; and as a rule the simple thing is presented swollen and of neither one century nor the other. Many of us have wondered how this music would sound if the circumstances of performances were the same. Here are the instruments and music; here, as all confess, is rare individual skill of player, but have we the ears to appreciate the quiet beauty of song and sonata? Or have our ears been blunted by thunder of ultra-moderns and dramatic screams, by storm of grand piano warring with its energy the orchestra?

Jan. 26, 1903

Mr. Willard, the play-actor, reproved an audience at Hartford, Ct., the other night for leaving the play-house just before the curtain fell. For this he has been applauded by some, while others say this is a free country and that doors of theatres and opera-houses should not be locked, or even guarded, as at Bayreuth, Munich and other German cities.

The first to demand such respectful attention from an audience was Nero, an accomplished singer and play-actor as well as an enlightened patron of the arts. "All the while he was singing, lawful it was not for any person to depart out of the theatre, were the cause never so necessary. * * * Yea, and many men besides, weary of tedious hearing and praising him, when the town gates were shut, either by stealth leaped down from the walls, or counterfeiting themselves dead were carried forth as corpses to be buried." And for other inconveniences that followed the enforcement of his regulations, see our old friend Suetonius.

How few German singers have the good sense of Emil Gerhaeuser, who was the Parsifal at Mr. Lang's private performance and personally conducted interpretation of Wagner's opera. Mr. Gerhaeuser has been highly praised in his native land, and as he is young, he might reasonably be disinclined to think small beer of himself. Mr. Grau engaged him for the Metropolitan, where Mr. Gerhaeuser sang twice. The critics took pleasure in describing minutely how badly he sang. Did he pout and play the child? Did he assume a heroic attitude and forgive the audience and the critics? No, he asked permission to leave the company, and he has gone to Paris to study singing. He has the advantage of starting with a good voice.

The townspeople of Miss Richardson were loyal to her when she was first charged with the crime of an attempt to poison, but now that there is talk in court about her extravagance, there are many to stand up and tell strange tales. It would seem as though the chief business of the villagers for months had been to watch Miss Richardson. "I saw her once take a drink of whisky;" "I saw her walking and it was mighty late;" "I saw her coming out of a freight car," etc., etc.

Is the hack-habit necessarily a symptom of reckless expenditure? A hack is to some a necessity. You can no more think of any self-respecting Alderman without a hack than without a banquet. We know lawyers and doctors for whom a hack, like a faithful dog, is always waiting outside. Miss Richardson does not seem from the evidence to be a sufferer from hackitis.

A good many years ago an English essayist attributed mischief-making and back-biting in the country to the want of any bitter amusement. "Vanity and luxury are the civilizers of the world, and sweetness of human life. Without objects either of pleasure or action, it grows harsh and crabbed; the mind

becomes stagnant, the affections callous, and the eye dull. Man left to himself soon degenerates into a very disagreeable person. * * * Having no circulating libraries to exhaust their love of the marvelous, they amuse themselves with fancying the disasters and disgraces of their particular acquaintance."

There are books enough now, stories of adventure, stories of colonial days; but has their circulation bettered the condition of social life in small towns? The most virulent gossip we ever heard was at a little village public library during the hour of distribution. Perhaps Mr. Carnegie's library buildings may have a soothing effect on parochial irritability.

We note with pleasure the attention paid hockey, a game of high antiquity and honor. Hamlet's father was fond of it, "he smote the sledded Polacks on the ice."

Jacob Abbott preferred the form "hawky"; Now, a hawky is a small, round stick, about as long as a man's cane, with a crook on the lower end, so that a boy can hit balls and little stones with it, when lying upon the ground. A good hawky is a great prize to a Boston boy." (1839).

But what did Cowper mean when he wrote in 1785: "The boys at Olney have likewise a very entertaining sport * * * they call it Hockey; and it consists in dashing each other with mud, and the windows also." Poor Cowper looked biliously at sports, and to him all boys were barbarians at play.

Some one in a Baltimore newspaper calls attention to the epithet, "scab," applied by Sir Toby Belch to Malvolio in "Twelfth Night," and inquires as to the origin of the term.

The term has come down through the centuries. It is in Captain Grose's "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue"; "a worthless man or woman"; it is in Hotten's "Dictionary of Modern Slang. The latter says Shakespeare **used** "scald" in a similar sense.

Now the adjective "scald," as in "scald-head," meant scabby; and "scald" as well as "scab" was applied in the sense of mean, shabby, disgusting. There is no doubt about Shakespeare's meaning. Just when the term "scab" was adopted as a noun of contemptuous description by labor unions is another question. The word is not in Norton's "Political Americanisms" (1890), and yet it was used in this country in 1888. The Chicago Daily Inter-Ocean as well as the New York Evening Post printed it in February of that year, and in the Montreal Herald of Feb. 21, 1888, we find this instance of the verb: "Engineers and others who refused to hoist or handle coal during the late efforts to scab the collieries."

In Washington they say "to Mitchellize with the meaning "to hold up;" and old military officers who do not wish to attend social gatherings where full uniform is required are said by their wives and daughters to be suffering from "functionitis," and therefore unable to be present. Thus does the language grow from day to day.

Mr. Romain d'Aurignac, a prisoner all on account of the Humbert affair, is fussy about his food. He said to the jailer: "See that it is well cooked. Trouble doesn't amount to a snap of the fingers if you can eat with a good appetite." Dr. Webster was also particular about his meals when in prison awaiting execution. There are other instances, for the unhappy man who "ate heartily his last breakfast which consisted of mutton chops, two soft boiled eggs, toast and coffee," is not always thankful to the jailer's wife except in the newspaper report. Mrs. Humbert is in no danger of the guillotine, but she, too, longs for little luxuries. She objected to a cocoanut matting in her cell, and it was replaced immediately by a Smyrna carpet which cost 400 francs. Meanwhile the Parisians are wondering what this gratification of tastes will cost them.

# KNEISEL PROGRAM

The program of the fifth Kneisel Quartet concert was as follows:

Quartet in D major for flute, violin, viola and 'cello.......... .... .....Mozart
Trio in E flat major for piano, violin and horn............... ........ ...Brahms
Quartet in A minor, op. 132. . Beethoven

Here was a program to please the orthodox; there was no distressing, perplexing novelty; there was no wandering in forbidden fields outside the German wall; there was no risk of meeting composers that might turn out to be undesirable acquaintances.

## Mozart and the Flute.

Yet there was a novelty, but it was not by an immoral Frenchman, not by a candle-eating Russian. Nor was it a recent work, damp from the press. It was a quartet in D major for flute, violin, viola and 'cello written by Mozart in December, 1777, when he was at Mannheim and intimate with Wendling, the flutist. It, with another flute quartet, was composed probably for De Jean or Dejean, a Dutchman of musical taste and money enough to gratify it.

This quartet is not an important work. I doubt whether it would find a place on a Kneisel program if it was signed by Johann Mueller or George Washington Tootles. The flute says nearly all that is said, and its speech is without passion, without even gentle emotion. Yet the music has a quiet, restful charm in its conventional lines and amiable expression, and it is a good thing to hear occasionally such music and to remember that the attempt to portray a system of philosophy or to sketch the Universe in a symphonic-poem is not the whole of art. Even in this little piece by Mozart there is the suggestion of the cool beauty of the Grecian frieze. Mozart no doubt wrote the quartet easily between meals, and it is music that can be heard easily and immediately after meat. The performance was excellent, though Mr. Macquarre at times by his "forced breath" reminded the hearer of what a boon a gaspless flute would be.

## Pessimistic Brahms.

And what a contrast to this work as well as to Beethoven's great quartet is the Horn Trio of Master Johannes Brahms! For the most part a despondent composition, and you think of the composer, as of John Ford, sitting in doleful dumps. The first movement is frankly decadent, nor is the term here misapplied, for although the Trio is of the late sixties, the term was used long before that by Gautier. There is a mournful, bitter beauty in this opening andante which suits a morbid taste. There is the odor of dead leaves, the thought of corruption. In the following allegro there is a dull attempt to shake off the fit of depression. It is all in vain, and in the adagio there is abject wallowing in the Slough of Despond. One of Brahms's fanatical admirers has said that this adagio is a lament over the "Nothingness of Life." "Wot's the use of anyfink? Nuffing." The music is written in indigo. The players should wear crape, and there should be green shades to the electric lights. Tschaikowsky has been reproached for fear of death; Brahms was terribly afraid of life. I believe it was Mr. Blackburn who made this fine and true distinction. And for a finale there is the suggestion of a hunt; probably on the pale horse.

## Morbid Strength and Beauty.

To deny the strength of certain pages of this Trio would be as foolish as to assert that there are no dull pages in the work; but the Morgue has a certain strength, and the moon-lit and foul pond over which trees covered with strange fungous growth quake and groan has to some an irresistible fascination.

The Trio was played for the most part with the sympathy and the singular reverence that is felt toward this composer by the faithful. In the finale there was not always rhythmic precision.

And after this the audience was lifted up and with Beethoven saw the stars.

All in all a concert that gave the hearers much pleasure, as was shown by the frequent and hearty applause.

The first piece on the program at the Dolmetsch concert tomorrow night in Steinert Hall is Canaries for the lute, composed about 1600.

The Canary (canari, canarie) (and there are other forms) was a lively Spanish dance. The idea of it is said to have been derived from the aborigines of the Canary Islands. The name of one of the Fortunate Islands—"Isle of Dogs" came from the large dogs found there.

There are many allusions by the Elizabethan playwrights to the dance. Thus Lafeu says in "All's Well That Ends Well": "I have seen a medicine that's able to breathe life into a stone, quicken a rock, and make you dance canary, with sprightly fire and motion."

There is dispute concerning the origin and present nature of the dance. Some say it was invented by Pecour and it was not unlike Sir Roger de Coverly. But old Arbeau thought with others that it originated from a ballet composed for a masquerade, in which the performers were dressed as kings and queens of Morocco, or as savages with variegated feathers. His description as Englished by Douce ("Illustrations of Shakspeare," pp. 136, 137) is as follows. "A lady is taken out by a gentleman, and after dancing together to the cadences of the proper air, he leads her to the end of the hall; this done he retreats back to the original spot, always looking at the lady. Then he makes up to her again, with certain steps, and retreats as before. His partner performs the same ceremony, which is several times repeated by both parties with various strange, fantastic steps, very much in the savage style." The dance was sometimes accompanied by castanets. It is a pity that it cannot be danced Wednesday to Mr. Dolmetsch's lute.

The dance was faster than the jig. Some say that it was written in 3-8 or 6-8, but the example given by Arbeau is in 2-4. Mattheson said in 1737 that the canaries must be danced with great zest and agility but also with a certain simplicity.

Some in Boston protest against the introduction of "so much" French and Russian music. They really believe that all the good music is made in Germany like phenacetin. Thus there is criticism of the Orchestral Club on account of the performance of French pieces which otherwise might not be heard here at all. But there have been pieces by Bach, Mozart and other Germans on the programs, and at the next concert there will be a symphonic poem by Svendsen, a Norwegian by birth, who now lives at Copenhagen.

It is a pleasure to see, in spite of honest but misguided protests, the constantly growing catholicity of musical taste, as shown in Symphony and Kneisel programs. Whatever Dubois' oratorio "Paradise Lost" may be, the Handel and Haydn Society will soon give it, and there will be opportunity for individual judgment. So at the concert of Miss Cummings and Miss Wood, Feb. 5, the program will contain compositions chiefly by French and Russians. On the other hand, Mrs. Roger-Miclos, the celebrated French pianist, who will play here for the first time on the afternoon of Feb. 5, has chosen pieces by Beethoven, Schumann, Haydn, Chopin, Liszt as well as by Borodin, Godard and Pfeiffer. The day has gone when audiences in mass will be contented with rigorously conventional programs, although Mrs. Partington may still be seen, bravely working with her broom against the invading tide.

Punch pictures a British composer wondering what he can do to gain a hearing.

Would it, I frequently wonder, give me the ghost of a chance
If I renounced my relations, borrowed a surname from France?
Shall I become a Bohemian, shall I inscribe on my score,
"This is no English production, this is the work of a Boer"?
Or is a Muscovite suffix, insky, or offsky, or vitch,
Solely and wholely essential Englishmen's ears to bewitch?
Must I insure my left elbow, must I develop a look
Less like a thoroughbred Briton than a diseased pastry cook?
Tell me, O Concert Directors, tell me that I may begin
Changing my name and my nation, sloughing my insular skin.

There is much in a Russian name. Rimsky-Korsakoff, Balakireff, Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, Terestchenko, Kouznetzoff you see these names, and you say, "Their music must be something uncommon," whereas you have no curiosity to hear music by Schmidt, Mueller, Coon, or Henry P. Ferguson. No doubt the names of Russian generals in 1812 secretly disturbed Napoleon

And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name,
A name that you all know by sight very well,
But which no one can speak and no one can spell.

A young French composer, Pierre Maurice, has just finished an opera in one act, "The White Flag," founded on an episode in the Boer war. This is being modern with a vengeance. Will Kruger be the heavy bass?

Edward MacDowell has been warmly welcomed in the West as a virtuoso. In San Francisco he was obliged to give three concerts in place of one. At Los Angeles he found that his Indian suite had been played five times by the local Symphony orchestra. The Los Angeles Times went so far as to call him "the Stormy Petrel of music, so strenuous is his action, so fierce the tempest of his musical passion, so rugged and stormswept the territory of his ideals," a rhetorical burst which shows that Los Angeles has its impressionist critic as well as orchestra.

The Oberlin student saw a girl student, a "co-ed," home, and asked if he might kiss her. Now, the kiss at the gate or the front door has been from time immemorial the reward of courtesy in country towns; especially on Sunday night; then the swains stand in two rows when "meeting lets out," and giggling or demure young women are obliged to run the amorous gauntlet.

This Oberlin student was guilty of a gross breach of decorum. He asked permission. Like any self-respecting girl, the "co-ed" said, "No, sir," or possibly "Please, don't." When the late Artemus Ward visited the Shakers, he said to the two young "slick lookin Shakeresses": "My pretty dears, car I go you hav no objections hav you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"'Yay,' thay sed, and I yay'd."

Nothing daunted, the student kissed the girl twice, and thus endeavored to atone for his rudeness. She reported him to the dean of the woman's department, a sad commentary on the young man's manner of osculation; and a scholarship of $75 was taken away from him. Thus it will be seen that the advantages of co-education have been exaggerated. And was the girl allowed to escape punishment for tattling? It must be remembered that by accepting his offer to see her home she entered into an implied contract according to the common law of rural etiquette. If the young man had not bleated out his request, if he had gallantly played the buccaneer, no doubt he would now be enjoying his scholarship. The moral is: grasp the thistle boldly.

Rev. Mr. A. C. Dixon, who is still at work on his great chart of legitimate amusements, said Sunday: "All kissing games had better be shunned on the ground of good taste as well as for sanitary and moral reasons." He is not so flat-footed in his position toward kissing as toward cards, the theatre and balls, even when the balls are high or on the billiard table. There is a lurking doubt in his mind, as is seen by his use of the form "had better," which by no means indicates a snap and fast opinion. The "good taste" is determined, of course, by the appearance of the girl. Every thoughtful man should put his face sternly against promiscuous kissing. Boys are more tolerant in this matter. We well remember the sports of youth: Copenhagen, something-or-other-in-the-ring, postoffice, and then there was a handkerchief game, as well as stage coach. For we, too, have been in Arcadia. Golden days and nights, when there was no such word as bacilli! Blessed memories of youth and innocence! Even now we think of Copenhagen as a city given up to kissing, although the geographies and gazetteers are singularly silent on this point.

Dr. Dixon recommends chess, checkers and ping-pong; but we have heard, standing by a ping-pong table, profanity that made our blood run cold. Robert Burton described chess "as a testy choleric game"; Patritius forbade his prince to play it, and Sir Frederick, in Castiglione's "Courtier," while he admitted that chess is an "honest kind of entertainment and witty," saw in it this fault: a man to excel in it must devote to it so much study, that he "may as soon learn some noble science, or compass any other matter of importance, and yet in the end in bestowing all that labor, he knoweth no more but a game." Of course back-gammon should not be played, because there is shaking of dice and dice were invented by Satan. Our own favorite game is Authors—Boston Authors—and we play it with at least two packs; the game after the harassing routine of the day is innocuous and soporific, far better than any preparation of coal-tar.

There was a time when ducking was a favorite out-of-door amusement among the clergy. Thus the Rev. Mr. Allan plunked his man in Hyde Park, in 17[illegible]

is punishment was a light forfeit the ...e of one shilling and a sojourn of six ...onths in Newgate where he was able ... compose sermons without the distrac...n of parochial duties

...o speak again of chess. Sir Arthur ...nan Doyle, as surgeon in South Af...a, came upon a lonely figure on the ...ld. A man in Khaki was apparently ...ying the absorbing game. He lay on ... face, and on his haversack before ...n was a little chessboard marked by ...game which he never finished. He ...d not been able to invent a move ...inst the check of Death.

...rom the refusal of the Metropolitan ...seum of Art to accept the miniatures ... by Peter Marie, it seems that the ...stees are governed by love of art ...her than fear of society.

...he dead are at the mercy of the liv... The surviving friend may be the ...st destructive foe. Open hatred halts ...the grave: blind friendship tramples ...the fresh mold. There is the indis...t, chattering biographer; the pub...er of familiar letters; the breaker ... locked closets who amuses himself ... the rattle of old-fashioned, forgot... skeletons; but the supreme assas... of fame is the rabid worshiper. In ...r words, a biographer of Robert ...is Stevenson is preparing, and the ...ance notices show that it will be ...ly appreciative"—and incidentally ...answer to Mr. Henley's famous ar.... Would that Mr. Henley were ...ing the biography.

... Parisian play actress envied Cécile ... her chinchilla cloak lined with er..., and longed for one to wear at ...stmas. She ordered one at a fur...s, but returned it two days later be...e she did not like the shape. The ...ier, a suspicious person, grossly ...mercial, had watched her house, and ...efused to take back the cloak, for ...d been worn; and he gave her the ...esses of the houses where she had ...d with it. The case is now in the ...ts. Shop-keepers are more civil in ...on. Cloaks, jackets, all sorts of ...les, hats, etc., are sent home to ... who can well afford to buy; the ... is worn at a reception, ball, or ...ever the occasion may be, and then ...ned as unsatisfactory. Does there ...ek go by during the season without ...unwilling loan?

...e news from Canada about the cool ...ption of Clyde Fitch's play, "Na... Hale," on account of the play...ht's appeal to American patriotism ...references to the British does not ...gthen the position of those who ...in Canada a mad longing for an...tion. Canadian club whisky may ...hicker than water, but this coun...s not without its rye or bourbon; ...there is no immediate likelihood of ...cessful blend.

...s reminds us that ether drinking ...t without danger. Russian farm...drink ether by pailfuls on joyous ...ions, and at a wedding not long ...during the process of decanting six ...en were killed and fifteen adults ... more or less seriously wounded.

*Jan 28. 1903*

...wonder that South Carolinians are ...yed at the attempt to pass a bill ...ohibit cock-fighting, a sport dear ... ancient Greeks and Romans. A ...was at Athens a public or solemn ...ony, and cunning Greeks increased ...ritability of the cocks by giving ...a plant called adiantum, although ...atement that they armed them ...spurs has been disputed. English ...boys in the twelfth century took ...game-cocks to the master and the ...g was passed in cock-fighting, ...he schoolroom as the cockpit. ... kings not only attended fights ...ce, at least, that fine old monarch ...VIII., instituted them. The sport ...g been known in China, Persia, ...st Indies, and the noble dames of ...mile radiantly on the victor.

...ly the people of South Carolina ... influenced in this matter by the ... of associations. They may rea... argue that if cock-fighting be ...ed, there will be laws against ... and short and long guns, and ...ere will be no easy killing of ...per editors at any season of the ...

"...r the present law cock-fighting ...itted when it is done not less ...ee miles from a church." Thus ... is more favored than man. The ...step is a favorite spot for as-

sassination in the South, just after the benediction has been pronounced and the ladies and gentlemen are coming down the aisle.

So there is to be a Chair of Jigs at Yale University. We have the interests of Yale at heart and therefore hope that the instruction will be broad and universal, from the dance of David to the split, from the Sun dance to the ululate and the Sapateados. Professors themselves should not be ashamed to show their proficiency in the Chapel at the graduation exercises. Or the President himself might well remember the case of the learned Scaliger, who reproduced the Pyrrhic dance in full costume before Maximilian I., much to the astonishment of the Emperor and his court. There also is the glorious instance of Professor Meibom, a singularly deep thinker, who danced an ancient Greek dance to an ancient Greek air before Queen Christina and the assembled Swedish nobility. The Statue Clog should be especially cultivated at Yale; for steps and postures illustrative of "Ajax defying the Lightning," "The Horatii and the Curatii," "the Death of Julius Caesar," "Damon and Pythias before the Tyrant" would revive the moribund interest in the classics. There is no end to the possible usefulness of this new specialty in the curriculum.

We like to think of the Archduke Eugene, brother of ex-Queen Christina of Spain, wooing with honorable intent the daughter of a tradesman. Why should members of royal families try to stop him? The flower of the English aristocracy is never so happy as when the daughter of an American tradesman brings pure, fresh blood and many dollars into an old family. This is the golden period of tradesmen, who in some countries permit the less fortunate to rule.

Professor Mommsen remarked when he set fire with a candle to his flowing white locks: "It is all over with my beauty." What the professor probably said was: "Donnerwetter," or possibly: "Himmel - Herrgott - Sakrament." But his speech will go down the ages with Sir Isaac Newton's remark to his destructive dog, the word of Cambronne, and all the other speeches attributed to great men on trying occasions. And who knows whether two centuries from now Mommsen will not be known chiefly by this accident and consequent speech?

We read in a French book of singularities:

"Seiller, celebrated German poet, died in 1805, was so fond of ham that he ate it daily, and yet in spite of this drank little.

"Luther, chief of the Reformation, died in 1546, preferred Torgau beer and Rhine wine.

"Tasso, admirable Italian poet, died in 1595, loved sugar so passionately that he put it in his salad.

"Frederick the Peaceful, thirty-ninth Emperor of Germany, was mad over melons, and his immoderate indulgence led him to the tomb."

Paul I. of Russia is known to us chiefly from his habit of murdering subjects who wore waistcoats, which he considered the cause of the French Revolution. And years from now some bright-eyed schoolboy, when asked, "Who was Mommsen?" will answer: "He set his hair on fire, and said, 'Now I'm a sight.' "

A German has invented a new kind of type writing shorthand. He calls it "Panstenographic." The reporter is enabled to take down by machinery any speech in any language. There are machine-made speeches; and they should be sympathetically reported.

To G. W. H.: Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch is a Swiss by birth. His wife's parents were Flemish and Spanish. His home is in London, where he has lived for years, but he speaks English with a marked accent.

We do not know whether "Esperanto," the new universal language, is making progress in Boston. To show its simplicity and sweet reasonableness we give a paragraph in Dr. Zamenhof's Handbook:

"Simpla, fleksabla, belsona, vere internacia en siaj elementoj, la lingvo Esperanto prezentas al la mondo civiliz; ta la sole veran solvon de lingvo internacia; car, tre facila por homoj nemulte instruitaj, Esperanto estas Komprenata sen peno de la personoj bone edukitaj. Mil faktoj atestas la meriton praktikan de la nomita lingvo."

How clear, direct, eloquent, luscious, and haunting is the expression of this sound opinion.

A play produced lately at the Theatre Antoine, Paris, is of universal interest. "Les Tabliers Blancs" ("The White Aprons") is entitled by its author, Louis Beniere, a comedy, but it is not without tragic moments. The servant girls in the bourgeois households of Versailles strike and demand wages of 50 francs a month. Josephine, who for 10 years has endured her irascible mistress, Mrs. Jamain, joins the strikers. Her mistress never learned to cook; yet she tries to prepare the meals for her spouse, who is finally driven to thoughts of divorce. But a bonne is at last engaged, who teaches Mrs. Jamain the art of cookery in exchange for lessons in etiquette. The strikers finally return to their respective households, glad to be back on the old terms.

*Jan 28 1903*

# MUSIC OF THE OLD TIME AND OLD INSTRUMENTS

## As Played Last Night by the Dolmetsches in Steinert Hall.

The concert given by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, Mrs. Elodie Dolmetsch and Miss Mabel Johnston, who appeared here for the first time, was one of rare interest. And not merely because archaic instruments were shown and explained and played, but also because the players were enthusiasts in their art; because there was a return for the time being to the fresh days of music, when beauty was neither aggressive nor morbid, when there was simple faith and modest, fragrant sentiment.

### The Gentle Enthusiasts.

You cannot think of Mr. Dolmetsch in any other costume than the one he wore; you cannot think of him and his wife and Miss Johnston playing other music or feeling any interest in modern music save that of curiosity or, possibly, pity. It was as though the figures in an old painting had come to life, and we heard at last the instruments that for years had excited wonder and regret. It would be a pleasure to speak of Mr. Dolmetsch's quaint and interesting explanation of lute, cithern, viols, virginal and harpsichord; to comment on his asides and parentheses concerning the gradual debasement of music; or to inquire into the character of the archaic music sung and played, but this would be to interpret a picture, and thereby spoil it. If Mr. Dolmetsch was distinctively early 17th or late 16th century, Mistress Elodie and Mistress Johnston were equally in harmony with music and instruments and aided sweetly in preserving the illusion. How exquisite the charm, whether Mrs. Dolmetsch sang in native, artless fashion or played the harpsichord with surprising yet modest skill, or Miss Johnston with admirable composure and becoming demureness drew haunting tones from the viola da gamba, as became a well-bred young woman of Elizabethan days. Throuhout the concert there was nothing to break the spell, for the enthusiasm, or, to use the word in the old sense, the humor of Mr. Dolmetsch only strengthened it.

### True and Forgotten Art.

And to the hearer who does not measure art by bulk, sensationalism, or commercialism, how full of suggestion was this old music in the performance. What direct and sad appeal in the old tune "Heartsease"! What tenderness and serene emotion in the sonata by Ariosti for the viola d'amore! What piquancy in the music of Scarlatti and Rameau when played on the harpsichord, the instrument for which this music was written! Alas! we live in an age of transcription. The great composer now is he that translates a book, a picture, a system of philosophy into a symphonic poem. A song is something that must be declaimed or acted, or it will not be understood. Music for the piano must fit the size and the thunderous possibility of that machine. And if we hear old music, it is transcribed, arranged, revised, brought up-to-date—oh, hideous phrase, that suits well the arrangement and the revision.

### The Pleasing Individuality.

In this old music, at least in the best of it, there is no thought of a gaping, applauding crowd, no expectation of roaring, or of wreaths. The music is as though it were written solely for you and perhaps one other. There is a personal appeal. There is necessarily close relationship between player or singer and the hearer. And then ...e emotion is in the player and hearer as well as in the sonata or the song.

Would that these artists might visit us again. Last night there were many to appreciate and enjoy. The... ..ow know that music is not a th... .. of purely modern invention; and that there were musical instruments before the day of gigantic orchestras and ingenious mechanical contrivance...

There is pleasant gossip in Paris about the rehearsals of "Florodora" at the Bouffes. Mr. Sydney Ellison, who is producing it, is sure that the play will be a great success, for he has introduced into the comedy his dance of six girls and six waiters from the "Silver Slipper." "I imagine it will suit Parisian tastes exactly."

Mr. Ellison does not think nobly of the chorus. "The girls are of a poor class and extremely badly paid," whereas of course in London they are members of the aristocracy and wear gorgeous clothes and sparkling diamonds. Mr. Ellison has his troubles: "They always burst out laughing when one tells them anything." Mr. Ellison, it should be remembered, "rehearses in French" and dances every dance himself.

Some one calls attention to the length of village names in Ceylon. Here is the longest: "Damunugahawalakadamukalana." But this is nothing to the name of the Sultan of Djocjockarta, who was made commander of the Netherland Lion in 1839. This noble ruler called himself: "Hamankoeboewonosenopaltingalgongabgurrachmansaydinpanotagomode." He was known to the foreigners as "Popsy" for short.

The Italian Government is upset because professors of Italian universities profess rather than do anything. The minister of instruction lately sent a circular telegram to the rector of each university: "I should like to know how many lectures the professors in your university have given during the past school year." One who is well acquainted with the condition of teaching in Italy tells us that a truthful answer would be: "Professor A. has lectured twice in six months; Professor B. four times; Professor C. not at all." The lecturers, when they lecture, leave their houses at the hour appointed for the students to meet, arrive about fifteen minutes late, and then talk gayly to the students on topics of the day; it's all over at ten minutes to the hour, so that the one-hour lecture lasts about twenty minutes. The school year is supposed to begin in the middle of November; but the students do not assemble before New Year's, because there are no lectures. Furthermore, many of the lecturers have more profitable occupations and they dislike to spend any time with students.

We well remember the lectures of a certain college president on the human intellect. He is dead now, but his work lives after him. For when the class of 150 or 160 members entered college, only one student chewed tobacco, and he was looked upon as a leper, a pariah, mere dregs and settlings in human shape, although the more charitable excused his behavior on the ground that he came from Alabama. But in senior year the president's lectures were as a soporific drug. It was impossible to keep awake. Yet there were impending examinations. One by one the students became acquainted with the use of plug and finecut, until at graduation over eighty seniors were confirmed victims of the abominable habit. We met one only this week, and in the course of gossip—"What's become of Bannard?"—"Is Phelps still alive?"—reference was made to these lectures. Our classmate laughed and took out a black slab compounded apparently of licorice, tobacco, molasses and pocket dust. And yet this president is still eulogized as a great educator.

They were talking at the Porphyry yesterday about strange or archaic musical instruments. The "kazoo" and others of the same family had been graphically described, when Major Ulysses told of a singular instrument manufactured by the Indians of Paraguay, who are never so happy as when

they capture a hostile tribe. They first take him to their camp and kill him. Then they cut off his head and dry the skull. The top of the skull is then cut off by a specialist, and over the opening a piece of dried skin from the body is tightly stretched. The two bones of the leg which go from the knee to the hip are trimmed till they are of uniform thickness and are placed at the back of the skull, and the upper ends are joined together with one of the dead man's ribs. Strings made from the skin are dried and rubbed with resin, and stretched from the forehead to the connecting rib. They are so stretched that each gives out its own tone. The instrument is played after the manner of a mandolin; the plectrum or pick is made from one of the chief's smaller bones. The skull is so left that the jaws are movable, and they wag with each shake of the instrument, and when the player waxes passionate in musical enthusiasm, the teeth come together with a snap. An English collector was so pleased with this instrument that he paid $125 for one.

They say that in Chicago the shopgirls are now requested to say "patron" instead of "customer;" and "residence" instead of "house." We know a tailor in Boston who speaks of his "clients," but we thought they were all more sensible in Chicago. The "floorwalker" in that city is now an "usher." Is the "counter jumper" wholly extinct?

English women are discussing the figure of the Venus of Milo, as that statue will no doubt be known to the end of time, in spite of the protests of archaeologists. One of these critics compares the Venus, before whom Heine knelt in adoration, to "a peasant girl deformed by the over-eating of carrots." Corn-fed, as they say in the West; for beef-to-the-heels would not be appropriate in this case. "Guinivere" in the Referee answers with a smug sneer: "Let us be charitable; the sculptor is to blame, not the model. He chose her and gave her deathless fame. A fine, lusty young woman, able to hold her own with all comers. But nowise delicately feminine; she had nothing of the saving quality of grace. Let us call her the Venus of the Mile End. * * * There has been for centuries a shibboleth to the effect that the celebrated Venus of Milo should be accepted as the ideal type of the female figure. To me it has always seemed curiously repellant." H—m—m! And this from an English woman. Was it Hawthorne or Emerson who described our English sister as "bulbous"?

Let us look at a pleasanter side of London life. Little girls were talking together, and one felt humbled, for she had never played in a pantomime, had never seen a greenhouse, had not a trinket in the world. But her turn came. The talk was about sickness. "The fat girl had an aunt in the Consumption Hospital. The pink girl a little brother who had fits. The girl with her hair tied with a bow nothing to boast. And then the silent girl lifted up her voice: 'Me mother's got 'eart disease,' she said, trying to speak without overdue pride, 'and me father 's got 'eart disease, and me sister 'as palpitations, and I'm not as strong as I look.'"

Jan 30 1903

Augusta Holmes and Robert Planquette are dead. They are well known names. The woman was an extraordinary person; the man was commonplace and lucky.

Some newspapers say that Augusta Holmes was born in Ireland. The statement is incorrect. Augusta Mary Anne Holmes was born at Paris, December 16, 1847. Her parents were Irish. Her father, Dalkeith Holmes, was a retired army officer; her mother was allied to the MacGregors and O'Briens. The girl grew up at Versailles, where she studied under the Cathedral organist. Afterward she took lessons of Cesar Franck. In her youth she was remarkably handsome, with marvelous golden hair, with rich color, a Rubens woman, or rather goddess.

She drank deeply of the cup of life. A girl, she learned poetry from Alfred de Vigny; she went to Swiss and German towns to talk with Wagner; she was an intimate friend of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Saint-Saens, Mendes—what musicians, painters, poets, did she not know?

She wrote all manner of works—from the bardic song to the opera "The Black Mountain" performed at the Opera (1895); from strophes of passion to symphonic poems and odes of triumph. An indefatigable, restless, ambitious creature.

Saint-Saens often wrote of her. At one time he would reproach her for an intense desire to make the hearer forget she was a woman by her extravagant force, mad indulgence in debauches of brass and big drum. And then he would burst out in rapsody: "O, those evenings at Versailles! The beautiful pythoness was not satisfied with cultivating art and preaching art: she caused it to flourish all about her. As Venus fecundated the world when she knotted her tresses, so Augusta Holmes shook over us her reddish locks, and when she was prodigal with the lightnings of her eyes and the brilliance of her voice, we ran to our pens, our brushes; and works were born, some of which have remained. She had unexpected enthusiasms, incredible fads. One day she had a violent passion for Kali, the East Indian Venus, goddess of love and death. She wrote an opera with Kali for heroine, and she excited us by howling: 'Kali, Kali, implacable goddess!' with furious accompaniment on the piano."

Her best songs are those of amorous frenzy. Now she is Greek, a Sappho redivivа; now she takes the Irish harp and sings of ancient glory and vain hopes; now she is an Oriental adorned with henna, languorous and sensual. And at times, whatever the nationality of her singing clothes, she is dull and tiresome and affected. The flush of passion, on close inspection, is nothing but fixed paint.

Jean Robert Planquette (born at Paris, July 31, 1850) was called by "Willy" the Offenbach of respectable families; but he was far inferior to that master in melody, dramatic instinct, rhythm, wit, imagination. For Offenbach was a great master in a little way. Planquette studied at the Paris Conservatory, but, unlike Lecocq, he took only lesser prizes, one—a second prize for piano playing. He plodded along, wrote songs and little pieces for music halls and tingle-tangles, and at last in 1877 became famous as the composer of "Les Cloches de Corneville." He wrote other operettas, but he died the composer of that one lucky piece. For "Rip" had no long abiding place; "Surcouf," Englished as "Paul Jones," has no real life, and even the names of the others are forgotten. Only a few days ago the Journal announced that Planquette was at work on a new operetta to be produced next April in Paris, Rome, Vienna, London.

The librettist of "Les Cloches de Corneville" first showed his book to Herve, who found the plot too serious and, probably, too decent. There was strong opposition to the unknown Planquette, but the manager was persuaded; three hours after the first interview the opening chorus was written, and on the third day after that the first act was finished; ten days later the operetta was ready. There was angry talk at the dress rehearsal, and there was discussion as to what should be cut out. Suddenly a voice was heard out of the darkness of the hall: "Cut nothing at all; the piece is all right!" "And who are you?" asked the manager. "My name is Bathlot; I am a music publisher, and I know something about these matters. Leave the operetta as it is, and I'll buy the rights for 30,000 francs; money down." Nevertheless the piece was not successful at first, but when it went on the road during the summer season, its popularity was enormous. In London it ran at the Folly and the Globe for nearly three years. At the time the operetta was produced at Paris (April 19, 1877) Planquette was earning four francs a night as pianist in a third rate music hall.

The Handel and Haydn will produce Dubois's "Paradise Lost" at Symphony Hall, Sunday, Feb. 8. In connection with the death of Augusta Holmes it is interesting to note that when the prize of the City of Paris was divided in 1875 between Dubois for his "Paradise Lost" and Godard for his "Tasso" a "second mention" was awarded Augusta Holmes for her "Lutece." We shall speak next Sunday of Dubois's work and of the cantatas by Coleridge-Taylor to be sung by the Cecilia next Tuesday night.

An overture by Fibrich will be performed at the Symphony concerts this week. Fibrich was one of the younger group of Bohemian composers, exceedingly fertile, a man who had studied long and diligently. Chamber music by him has been played in New York and in Western cities, and two at least of his orchestral works have been performed in Chicago. This overture, "A Night at Caristein," was written for a comedy played at Prague. Mr Timothee Adamowski will play Mackenzie's "Pibroch" suite for violin, for the first time at these concerts. The other pieces are Tschaikowsky's suite No. 3, which Mr. Nikisch brought out here, and Liszt's arrangement of the Andante Cantabile from Beethoven's Trio in B flat, a transcription introduced here long ago by Theodore Thomas. Mr. Gericke's right arm is not yet in wholly normal condition, but he will conduct.

Massenet has just finished a piano concerto which will be played by Diemer at a Paris Conservatory concert.

The Referee says of Sousa in London: "The metronome-like regularity with which the accentuations are marked results in a didactic expression suggestive of St. Cecilia in a suit of armor, but as a soldier remarked to me, 'the marches carry you up the hills,' and on these compositions the attractiveness of Mr. Sousa and his orchestra rests. One march is very much like another, especially the other."

They say that Leoncavallo has written an opera-bouffe with the Chevalier d'Eon as chief character. Will the part be taken by a woman or a man?

"L'Estranger," the strange opera by Vincent d'Indy, was produced at the Monnaie, Brussels, Jan. 7. A description of the opera has already been published in the Journal. The critics agree in saying "L'Estranger" is d'Indy's greatest work, and there is an emotional quality in it that has before this been missed by some in this master's compositions.

He judges of matters of taste and reasoning as he does of dress and fashion, by the prevailing tone of good company; and you would as soon persuade him to give up any sentiment that is current there, as to wear the hind part of his coat before. By the best company, of which he is perpetually talking, he means persons who live on their own estates, and other people's ideas. By the opinion of the world, to which he pays and expects you to pay great deference, he means that of a little circle of his own, where he hears and is heard.

How seldom you hear good talk today. At dining clubs papers are read, poems are recited, or guests are invited to amuse the crowd or at least to keep it awake by telling a story, giving an imitation, singing a song. The guest thus pays for his dinner—a course and liver-disturbing dinner.

Or singers, players, lecturers, essayists are hired by the pocket-rich to lure men and women into their parlors. Mrs. Smith would not go for the world to meet only her hostess Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Jones's acquaintances, but she is anxious to hear Mr. Goddlenhoopemoff, the distinguished Russian baritone from Hoboken, and by accepting Mrs. Jones's invitation she can hear him comfortably and without expense; yes, without expense, for she does not feel obliged to invite Mrs. Jones to her house when Mrs. Eliza Bonnyclapper reads a thrilling paper on "The Corset versus Christianity."

Or you go quietly to the house of a friend. After the conventional and amiable formulas concerning the servants, the weather, the coal situation, the inferior quality of gas, the conversation turns on the follies of common friends, or the bored host says: "Let me read you something I came across the other night; to me it is very beautiful, very strong." You assume a strained attitude of interest, but your only joy is the thought: "How badly he reads! This is a lesson to me."

And how is it at the club when the talk is not wholly alcoholic? Is there any real interchange of thought? Is there the battle-door and shuttle-cock of conversation? There is the droning monologist. There is the hardened promoter of his own interests. There is the confirmed story-teller. But is there talk in which, while there is the utmost freedom of discussion, there is liberty or rather opportunity for each one to express his views, or to dispute intelligently?

"Well," said Dr. Johnson, "we had good talk." And Boswell answered: "Yes, sir; you tossed and gored several persons."

Few have the courage to talk. A. is afraid lest an opinion might prejudice his rise in medical practise, and he waits until an older and influential doctor airs his views. A.'s trick is adoring acquiescence. B. has social ambitions. Like the Elizabethan, his motto is: "Fain would I climb." He is therefore eager to please, and smiling silence, broken now and then by rapturous admiration of some snobbish deed, is his best card. The clubman that says what he honestly thinks is the bull in the china shop; and the club-china is so fragile, O so fragile; and some of the choicest pieces have already been broken and only with great difficulty glued together, though they make a brave show.

It is a pleasure to hear painters talk, for, as a rule, they are not without discrimination. They do not admire a fellow artist simply because he is the fashion; nor do they refuse to see anything good in his work because he has been more fortunate than they. They seldom dwell monotonously on subjects of petty interest.

Musicians are entertaining because they talk so much about their own work as composers, their successes as performers. It would be mean not to feign at least an interest in their complacent revelations of self. For some reason or other their talk is special, particular, personal; hardly ever broad and universal. Being with opera singers is like close fellowship with a master of peacocks. Such brilliant men of the world as Van Dyck, the Belgian tenor, are rare; but Van Dyck was a newspaper man before he turned professional tenor. A composer may be singularly well acquainted with literature and art, he may be curious about machinery, fond of nature, animals, and out-door life, but he is a very phoenix among musicians.

A man that talks much about himself is not necessarily a bore, not inevitably a vain fellow. It all depends on the man. An entertaining egoist is a far better companion than a professional wit. There are men who, you well know, are intensely selfish, careless of the outside world, self-centred, yet they weave by conversation a singular spell over you, whereas the genuine philanthropist is often a bore of the first magnitude, almost as big a bore as the widely-acknowledged wit.

Then there are men like Old Chimes, who view life and humanity in such an original way that the commonplace falls from their lips sparkling with novelty, bejeweled with verbal gems. The English language is then a new and surprising medium of thought, one that is always intelligible, but yet so rich in suggestion, such an extender of horizons, that the hearer becomes alert and even brilliant by hearing; the pervading fog lifts from the club-furniture; and the waiters hug themselves on their fortunate condition and would be happy to serve without pay, if Old Chimes were always present from breakfast to the closing-hour.

A surgeon describing an operation holds your attention because you have a fear of the knife and cannot help feeling that you, too, some day may be unconscious on the table; and physicians of large practice are often delightful companions.

But when you take all the men that amuse and instruct in solo performance and huddle them together, conversation flags, or is desultory, pointless, timid, snobbish. The subjects chosen are those that are considered safe: cookery, fishing, laments over the difficulty of obtaining really good Scotch whisky. Or there is general screaming. The brazen lunged prevail in common-place. Perhaps it is safer and easier to hire entertainers even at clubs; hence receptions at which the honored guest meets many distinguished members who are eager to convince him that they are distinguished and to explain at great length why they are distinguished.

Jan 31. 1903

Perhaps you look at your teeth anxiously each morning to watch the progress of receding gums, for some one talked wisely to you about Riggs' disease. The name is not a pleasant one. Riggs! There is no distinction in being associated with such a name. Now if it were only Fauntleroy's disease, or Montressor's, or Plantagenet's. For there is an aristocracy in diseases. The victim of psoriasis looks down on the sufferer from plain, common eczema. There is a poor man's gout.

low ironical the term Bright's dis-
c. Just because Dr. R. Bright pub-
ed his researches in 1827, gloomy and
rbid patients are obliged constantly
look on the bright side of granular
eneration of their kidneys. Con-
nptives are said to be sanguine, just
the blind are often the most cheer-
of men and women. But he that is
dread of Bright's receives a shock
never he opens a newspaper, for
symptoms are described daily with
the appalling art of the able, alert
ertiser. The timid man's mail box
uffed with circulars and pamphlets,
h tell fearful stories of long-con-
ed agony and singularly unpleasant
h, yet there is hope, for there is
preparation of salts, and this cun-
ly prepared remedy, and there are
der-working physicians, true philan-
pists, who ask a fee only for the
of preserving their own lives for
benefit of others.

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a highly nervous state, you seek
light and amusing book for relief.
pick up the new edition of Calver-
poems, and your eyes light on
passage in the biographical notice:
what period were sown the seeds
at cruel and treacherous malady
h ultimately caused his death, can
only be matter of conjecture." And
see this footnote: "He died of
at's disease."

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dison's disease, you say, must be
ntleman's disease. The sufferer
may maintain courtly grace, awe-
ing dignity, although you have
that the essayist used to tituate
e long room at Holland House, for
was a bottle at each end, which
ould find when walking about and
ring to write. You remember that
sneer of Horace Walpole: "Mr.
on sent for the young Lord War-
as he was dying, to show him in
peace a Christian could die—un-
y he died of brandy—nothing
s a Christian die in peace like
maudlin! but don't say this in
where you are." No wonder that
e Augustus Sala cried out in a
honest indignation at a slur on
lling of the engraver: "Horace
le, cleverest and most refined of
nti—who could, and did say the
st of things in that most elegant
guage—you were not fit to be an
hman. Fribble, your place was
nce." As a matter of fact Ad-
died from shortness of breath
ated by dropsy. And then you
ourself together and remember
Mr. Spectator did not give his
to the disease, it was a Dr. Ad-
a Dr. Thomas Addison, who pon-
the brownish discoloration of the

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e is Hodgkins's disease. The
s enough for the abandonment of
nor is it a consolation that the
t is not common. Tom Hodgkins,
first described it. If you call it
denoma you are no more com-
e.

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"Book of Knowledge" tells us:
der in January signifieth the
year great winds, plentiful of
d cattle, peradventure." Observe
udence of the prophet. Fog in
y brings a wet spring. The last
days of January rule the weath-
the whole year. Cheer up: the
s yet to come.

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word fog is not mentioned in the
Our fog of these last days shows
t the close sympathy now exist-
ween England and America, in
the conviction of Colonel Lynch
airs in Venezuela. Still we are as
erior to the English, even with
of bituminous coal. In "The
of the Months," published at
in 1825, there is this appreciation
which may bring comfort to our
zen.

"You can feel what you breathe and
too. And then the taste of it,
ished with due seasoning of sea-
oke, is far from insipid. It is
at and drink at the same time;
ng between egg-flip and omelette
but much more digestible than
Not that I would recommend it
ally, especially to persons of
omachs, delicate nerves and af-
with bile. But for persons of a
ust habit of body, and not dain-
d (which such, by the by, never
are), there is nothing better in its way. And it wraps you all round like a cloak, too—a patent water-proof one, which no rain ever penetrated."

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The New English Dictionary, the great Oxford Dictionary edited by Dr. Murray, tells us that "fog" was once applied to waste flesh, unwholesome fat; that "fog-eater" is a synonym of fog-bow; there is much information concerning "foggers" of different kinds; but fog-horn is merely mentioned, without a note as to the date of invention or place of first use.

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The Municipal Council of Paris has arranged a special matinee performance of "Theroigne de Mericourt," in which Sarah Bernhardt plays the heroine, for the benefit of the students attending the municipal schools, on the ground that the episodes treated by the playwright Hervieu and presented by the great play-actress, afford the best instruction in history. We remember that in the seventies, certain theatre managers of New York persuaded the Yale Faculty that the undergraduates should see the performance of "Julius Caesar," with Davenport as Brutus, Barrett as Cassius, and Bangs as Mark Antony, as a study of Roman architecture, manners and history. And many went from New Haven to see the sights in New York and, incidentally, "Julius Caesar."

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There is evidently a desire in New York on the part of a few to induce Mr. Jean de Reszke, the celebrated Polish tenor, to succeed Mr. Grau as manager of opera in that city. But when did a singer or an ex-singer ever make a successful manager? Victor Maurel tried it in Paris years ago and the experiment was costly; yet he was then in the full glory of his art and he had influential supporters. The de Reszkes were almost unknown, but they sang as members of Maurel's company, as did Calvé. Edouard sang many parts, and Jean appeared as the Prophet John in Massenet's "Herodiade" (1884), when the critics said he lacked force. Sembrich sang for Maurel and there were American women, as Laura Harris, Valda, Nevada. After two years (1883-4) Maurel had enough of it. A scandalous but amusing pamphlet, "Isidore Baurel ou les Mystéries du Théâtre-Idalien: Conte Chinois," published at Paris in 1884, a masterpiece of bitter persiflage, was inspired by his experience.

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Jean de Reszke's wife, by the way, has translated into French the verses of a German poet, Storn. They say she speaks a dozen languages "corectly."

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W. D. sends a copy of an epitaph in the graveyard at Milford, Conn.:

"Molly tho' pleasant in her day
Was suddenly selz'd and sent away.
How soon she's ripe, how soon she's rott'n,
Sent to her grave and soon forgotten."

Feb. 1903

# SCOTCH AND BOHEMIAN UNFAMILIAR PIECES

The thirteenth Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke, conductor, began with a performance of Fibich's overture to "A Night at Karlstein," which was played here for the first time. The overture was written as a prelude to Vrchlicky's historical comedy. The subject of this dramatic piece is the command of Charles IV., King of the Romans, that nothing feminine should enter into his castle Karlstein. His wife Elizabeth, his fourth wife by the way, loved him passionately, was wildly jealous of him, and found a way to disobey his order.

## Zdenko Fibich's Music.

Fibich, an extraordinarily fertile composer, a very rabbit, is here hardly a name, yet a quartet by him was played in New York at least a dozen years ago, and he is known in Western cities by orchestral as well as chamber music. He studied diligently at Leipsic and Mannheim and was evidently influenced by Mendelssohn and Schumann. This overture is hardly a comedy overture; it seems more adapted to some special function, as the dedication of a theatre; for what in the world has the swollen apotheosis or the final pomp to do with a comedy? To be sure there is the prelude to "The Mastersingers," to which the objection of incongruity might be made if we were unacquainted with the character of Wagner's comedy. Here, the resemblance ceases. Fibich's overture is an honest work, sonorous at times, conventionally made for the most part, and without any evidences of marked individuality. The themes are of slight importance, in fact, rather ordinary, and they are thin supports for the developed structure raised upon them. What is especially missed is the national Czech flavor, which is unmistakable in Smetana's music and also in the best and most characteristic pieces of Dvorak. This overture is the work of a German conservatory pupil, well grounded in routine.

## Mackenzie's "Pibroch."

Mr. Timothee Adamowski played Mackenzie's "Pibroch," a violin suite written for Sarasate, and introduced by that great violinist in this country in 1889. Sarasate played it in Boston with piano accompaniment in 1890. Sir Alexander is a Scot and the son of a Scot, and he surely ought to know how a pibroch sounds. Perhaps his suite would be more effective if it had been written for the great Highland Bagpipe and played by some formidable MacCrimmon or Donald in a kilt. Last night there was little suggestion of the piper, and on the other hand it was hard to be enthusiastic over the work as a violin suite. The first movement, a Rhapsody, might go; it is by far the most romantic and imaginative portion of the work, but Mr. Adamowski, although he has many admirable qualities as a violinist, is hardly the man for such music. The Rhapsody demanded a player of commanding authority; the hearer must be compelled into admiration, ready to accept any flourish as wildly or heroicallly Scottish, but Mr. Adamowski, when his performance is best, is seductive rather than authoritative; he charms but is not heroic. And it must be said that last night he was not wholly in the vein as a performer, for his intonation was not flawless, and the difficulties of the piece were at times too apparent. The second movement is a series of variations, and in this Caprice Mr. Adamowski was more successful in song passages than in bravura. The Finale of the work is a dance, and a heavy one. The Suite is by no means an inspired composition, and there is a smell of the factory about it, rather than the perfume of the heather, or even the odor of Glenlivet. The player was recalled and a wreath was handed to him.

## Tschaikowsky's Third Suite.

Liszt's transcription of the Andante Cantabile from Beethoven's B flat piano trio was followed by Tschaikowsky's suite No. 3, which has not been heard here for some years. It is not one of his strongest works, yet it contains eminently characteristic passages. When Mr. Nikisch brought it out (it was in 1891), it seemed to me that the melancholy waltz and the scherzo were the inferior movements of the suite. Last night they were by far the most impressive. The opening elegy is amiable flowing music, and some of it might be called pretty; but with the exception of one crescendo, there is little to take it out of the salon. But the Valse that once seemed forced and deliberately singular, now sounds as the natural speech of Tschaikowsky, speech that drips with a melancholy known to him alone, a sadness that is intensely human, yes, animal. No one but Tschaikowsky could have imagined this rhythmic, yet halting wail, no one out he could have found the fitting musical language for such emotions. And in the trio of the Scherzo there is the thought, the germ of much of the scherzo of the Pathetic symphony. This, too, is peculiarly Tschaikowskian.

## The Hour for Variations.

The finale is a theme with variations, and it may be said that no variations should be heard after 9 o'clock when the concert begins at 8 P. M. However, ingenious any variations may be, they are for earlier attention. Some of Tschaikowsky's are ingenious and interesting; nor do I see why any one with a sense of humor should object to the blare and roar of the Polonaise. There is a certain inherent vulgarity in every festival occasion, even in a Coronation, and the circus is not always in the tent. Furthermore, the vulgarity of Tschaikowsky is wholesome; it is like the smell of a fresh clod with its suggestion of the inevitable end and the awaiting earth; for in Tschaikowsky's vulgarity—and nearly all if not all the truly great have a touch of what the genteel and the finical call vulgarity—there is also some memento mori.

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The Handel and Haydn will produce Theodore Dubois' "Paradise Lost" at Symphony Hall next Sunday evening, with these solo singers: Camille Seygard Louise Homer, Andreas Dippel, Emilio de Gogorza, Stephen Townsend, Marcel Journet.

## Origin of the Work.

Dubois, born at Rosnay Aug. 24, 1837, and now the director of Paris Conservatory, was one of 25 competitors for the prize given in 1875 by the City of Paris. The first prize was divided between Dubois, with his "Tasso." A first mention was awarded to Samuel David for his "Triumph of Peace" and a second mention to Augusta Holmes for her "Lutece." The first public performance was at the Chatelet, Nov. 27, 1878 (there a private performance just before that date, at which officials and some others were invited.) Colonne, who was once in Boston with an opera-bouffe company, conducted and the solo singers were Jenny Howe, Sarah Bonheur, Furst, Lauwers, Seguin, Villaret, the younger, Labelle.

The librettist, Edouard Blau, was not the first to found a text on Milton's poem. There is an English oratorio written by I. C. Smith (1758); one by J. L. Ellerton (about 1850); and there are the oratorios by Peter Ritter (about 1820), Friedrich Schneider (1825), Rubinstein (1875). And Eve has figured in all manner of stage plays and oratorios, from Haydn's complete Viennese woman to Massenet's cocotte; from the "Adam and Eve" of Theile (1678) to Serpette's fantastical operetta (Paris 1886), in which Theo was the Eve; with the first act in Paradise, the second in ancient Rome, the third in Spain of the Renaissance, the fourth at Caudebie on the Seine in 1886. Theo, in the costume of Eve, was bewitching, they say.

## Plan of the Oratorio.

Dubois's oratorio begins with an orchestral introduction, which is said by the ingenious Hughues Imbert to give the impression of an immense calm reigning over nature. "Discreet trumpet calls foretell approaching discord, but the seraphim exhale their happiness in a hymn of love." Then follows the pages of "The Revolt." Satan mocks the faithful, the "servile minions;" the rebellious spirits war against the good angels, and after the defeat of Satan and his host there is a hosanna.

Part 2 is a tone-picture of Hell. Demons groan and lament, and Uriel, Belial and Moloch curse Satan for having tempted them. Satan endeavors to console them by telling his plot against Adam and Eve. But what is Uriel doing in this company?

Th' arch-angel Uriel, one of the seven
Who in God's presence nearest to his throne
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the heavens, or down to th' earth
Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land."

We must remember that we are in a French Hell as well as in a French Paradise, and Uriel here rhymes with Belial.

Part 3 is devoted to Paradise, and the Temptation. Adam is a tenor, a beeping tenor. A chorus of celestial guards is followed by a prayer of the first man and woman. Satan, invisible, stands by uncomfortable, and threatens. As soon as the prayer is over Adam begins to sing of the grass wishing to kiss Eve's feet, and Eve joins him in: "Let us love! 'Tis our Master's pleasure." The Snake crawls in chromatically and tempts Eve. She eats the apple; "earth feels the shock and trembles to her foundation." Eve in turn tempts Adam. Satan indulges himself in a long "aria of triumph."

## Adam's Gallant Lie.

Part 4 is the Judgment. Here enters a peculiar and delightfully French touch. Adam does not reply to the Lord: "Cherchez la femme"; but he bursts out with "Pardon the woman; 'twas I who led her astray; tho' I be not the sole, I am the arch trangessor;" and thus he lies like a perfect gentleman. The sentence is pronounced; but the Son announces his future coming as a Saviour, and there is a final chorus of praise.

* * *

The Cecilia will perform on Tuesday night at Symphony Hall Coleridge-Tay-

lor's "The Death of Minnehaha" for the first time in Boston. The program will also include "The Departure of Hiawatha" by the same composer, which was produced by the society

IT was in 1868 that Aida Topp came to the United States and won all hearts by her girlish grace, exotic beauty, and incidentally by her piano playing. She was indeed a charming apparition, a delight to the eye. Hans von Buelow was her teacher and he proudly declared that she would be to him what he had been to Liszt.

Anna Mehlig, who was here the year after, was serious in performance and face. Then followed other women, addicted to the piano, and eager for international fame. The Saxon Mary Krebs, the superb Annette Essipoff, the passionate, untamed Olga von Radecki, poor Anna Steiniger, who died so tragically; Adele aus der Ohe, that Diana of the piano, who shoots her darts with unerring aim; Etelka Utassi, whose blood was spiced with paprika; Berthe Marx, for years associated with Sarasate; the young Eugenia Castellano, Antoinette Szumowska, now Mrs. Joseph Adamowski—I name at random.

But there are women famous in Europe for piano playing who have never visited this country; Sophie Menter, for years the Queen Amazon of the piano; Clotilde Kleeberg and others. And one of the most distinguished of them is now bent on our conquest.

### Well Known in Europe.

Aimee Marie Miclos-Roger has long been known in France, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Germany, England, Spain—where is she not known in Europe? And now she comes to the United States while she is still at the zenith of her powers, or else Dame Rumor is a wanton liar.

She was born at Toulouse, the birthplace of many devoted to the arts, May 1, 1860. Her father was a business man who did not care for music, but her mother was musical and encouraged her daughter, whose instinct for the art was manifested at an early age. Marie studied first at the Conservatory of Toulouse. In 1873 she was admitted to the Paris Conservatory, and she entered the class of Henri Herz, who as teacher was succeeded the next year by Mme. Massart. At the conservatory Marie took several prizes, among them the first for piano playing (1877), and a second accessit for harmony and accompaniment (1878). She was also distinguished at the conservatory for her skill in reading orchestral scores at the piano.

At Toulouse she had played Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor at a conservatory concert, but her first appearance with orchestra in public was at a concert of the Societe National, Paris, when she played a concerto by Godard. She was afterward a welcome guest at the concerts of Pasdeloup, Colonne, Lamoureux, and her repertory included concertos by Mendelssohn, Saint-Saens, Schumann, Mozart, Beethoven, Liszt, Pierne, Pfeiffer and others. For some time she was barred from the Lamoureux concerts because she insisted on playing the piano of a certain firm, a French firm, by the way, known the world over.

### Leads Life of a Virtuoso.

Miss Miclos was married in 1881 to Mr. Roger, an inspector of the Northern railway. Unlike the majority of such marriages the union was a happy one, but the husband died in 1887. Since then Mme. Miclos-Roger has taught and also led the life of a virtuoso. She is by no means an enthusiast only in her specialty. She is said to be a woman of wide and catholic reading, appreciative alike of Hugo and Daudet, de Banville and de Maupassant; interested in painting, she does not disdain Henner because she believes in Puvis de Chavannes. To her the one great pianist was Rubinstein. "Hearing him," she said, "you forgot that he was a pianist."

It is not impertinent to add that she is a woman of most striking appearance. Painters and sculptors have tried to reproduce and preserve the charm of face and figure. The painter Peixotto remembered David's Mme. Récamier and portrayed Mme. Miclos-Roger as lying on a sofa, robed in a long white tunic, with shoulders bared, feet clad with sandals. Henner gave her a sad expression, "the face of blanched whiteness, of ungrateful contour and poorly drawn, appears in the middle of a black splash"—at least, this is the opinion of Mr. Hugues Imbert.

Antonin Carlez made a bust of her in 1890, which, exhibited at the "Cercle de l'Union Artistique," excited admiration. This bust was likened to the "enigmatical, disturbing, haunting" marble bust of the Neapolitan school of the fifteenth century in the Salle de Michel-Ange at the Louvre. For Carlez's bust recalled "one of those beautiful heads of the Italian Renaissance which arrest the attention and weave an irresistible spell." Yet the same Hugues Imbert, who loses his customary coolness when he speaks of this pianist, found that the marble could not reproduce "the beauty of the hair of ebon blackness, or the flame which now and then strangely illuminates the half-closed eyes—are they about to mock or soften?"

### Mr. Hambourg Visiting America.

Mr. Mark Hambourg—he was known as Max when he first appeared as an infant phenomenon in London, and as Markus when he studied afterward with Leschetitzki at Vienna—is now making his second visit to this country. His early years were wrapped for a time in legendary mists invoked by a passionate press agent. We were told in 1899 that he was the son of a Russian enthusiast, who for years was confined in a Siberian and necessarily loathsome dungeon, etc., etc.

This pianist was born in the southern part of Russia in 1879. His father was a music teacher who was not slow in discovering the talent of his boy and in resolving to exploit this talent. By some means or other he made his way to London, and in 1890, father, mother, uncle, grandmother, and seven or eight children looked chiefly to Mark for support. The boy made his first appearance in London, July 12, 1890. It was then announced that the father was a teacher at the Moscow Conservatory. The Musical World (July 19, 1890) commented on the "cruelty" of the parents in compelling the boy to play. But play he did, not only in London, but also through the English provinces, until "Stepniak," the famous Russian exile, who was exceedingly fond of Mark, persuaded a Scottish nobleman to provide him with the means for study. The father remained in London, and is now a naturalized Englishman. His first pupils were sent to him by the kindly Paderewski. Mark went to Vienna for study, played there at a Philharmonic concert in 1895, then journeyed to Australia, and has since then pursued the life of a virtuoso. His first appearance in the United States was at a Symphony concert, Boston, Nov. 4, 1899, when Mrs. Ethel Voynich, once the private secretary of "Stepniak," and now known as the author of "The Gadfly" and "Jack Raymond," was one of the audience. She knew him when he first appeared in London, and she wondered at the change.

### He Has Remarkable Technic.

Mr. Hambourg has remarkable qualities of technic even in these days when technic runs in the street, but he is too often intoxicated by his own proficiency. At times he plays superbly, and then again he reminds one of Turner's picture where a hare is chased by an express train over a mist-enwrapped stretch. Steam and speed—and mist; these words might characterize too often his performance. As some young pianists try to look like the Abbe Liszt, so others, among them Mr. Hambourg, try to walk like and resemble in other ways Rubinstein, the Russian lion. But it is not given to every youth to be leonine in appearance. Mr. Hambourg has Absalomic hair, but he has neither the stature, nor the colossal head, nor the indescribable air of authority and grandeur of the man Rubinstein. There was a Rubinstein the Great; there is no possibility of a Rubinstein the Little.

It is a pity, for Mr. Hambourg has indisputable gifts. In spite of his tyrannous use of power, in spite of his desire to astonish by storms of thunder and lightning, he is not to be dismissed idly, as with a shrug of the shoulders. There are young pianists who mature slowly, and last of all in musical intelligence. Some day Mr. Hambourg will realize the errors of his ways and show the world what he can really do. May the day soon come.

### Americans in Europe.

There is a long list of American singers who have invaded Europe and fought or cajoled their way into foreign opera houses since Lucy Escott triumphed at Naples (as Mrs. Henry Squires, she died only a few years ago at Paris). Zegury-Harris of New Orleans, Elise Hensler, who entered the royal house of Portugal, Valleria, Litta,—but let us think of those now singing: Sybil Sanderson, Edith Walker, Frances Saville (an American by birth), Olive Fremdstadt, Yvonne de Treville, Bessie Abbot, Miss Courtenay (now at New Orleans, I believe, but a member of the Opera Comique, Paris, who sang not long ago at Berlin), Marion Weed, Thea Dorr, Augusta Dovria, Belle Applegate, Minnie Tracey, Elizabeth Parkinson, Amanda Vierheller, Claude Albright, Geraldine Farrar—and there are others, not to mention Nordica, Marie Van Zandt, Nevada and those of longer standing in foreign opera houses.

Among the youngest, if you reckon by engagements, is Lucy Stephenson of Baltimore, who was engaged last year for the ill-starred company at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt at Paris. She was a pupil of Marchesi, and then she studied two years in London with Baraldi, who was once chorus master in New York. Miss Stephenson made her debut at Malaga, in Spain, in February of 1901, and she took there the parts of Elsa, Marguerite and Desdemona.

### Miss Farrar and Her Work.

It is a singular fact that Miss Geraldine Farrar, a member of the Berlin Royal Opera Company, does not please the German critics, now that she sings in their language, so much as when she sang in Italian. They speak frankly of faults of tone production and qualities of tone itself, although they admit that she is a singer of promise. It is more than probable that Miss Farrar went on the stage before she was fully prepared. Few singers, and American women least of all, have the patience to persist in the drudgery of preparation necessary to mastery of the voice. Nor is it likely that at Berlin Miss Farrar will be able to make much progress in purely vocal art. The American woman, however, is quick to learn, plucky, and susceptible to impressions. There are illustrious instances of American sopranos who have gained steadily through lessons of experience after they have been pitchforked on the stage.

Miss Mary Muenchhoff is an Omaha girl, who has studied long and patiently. Her reputation as a concert soprano was first made abroad, and although cablegrams are seldom to be trusted when they are written by agents, teachers, or imprudent friends, her appearances in this country have justified in a measure the enthusiasm which heated the cable. True, she is as yet a singer of variable quality. Her intonation, especially in the upper register, is not always pure; her bravura is not flawless; and at times she does not sufficiently individualize the song; but her voice is one of uncommon beauty, she sings sustained passages with ease, her legato is genuine, not specious, and there is a soul that controls the singer, a soul that may well be still further developed.

### Puts Life Into Brahms.

As for Miss Maud MacCarthy, she has the advantage of Gaelic blood and early life in an adventurous country. Bring up an Irish girl in Australia and she will hardly be a conventional violinist—especially when she is taught by a Spaniard. She, too, is young, and there is a certain immaturity in her interpretation of works that would apparently suit her years, while—astonishing fact—in her performance of Brahms's "intellectual" concerto this immaturity does not appear. She puts life into the dry bones of Brahms. She clothes the formal thing with her own beautiful emotions and passions. Yet where you would expect her to conquer easily she often disappoints.

Thus does each new comer suggest problems and excite discussion. What a dreary world this would be if there were a dead level of excellence. If singers, violinists, 'cellists, pianists were automatic, mechanically perfect, and warranted to run smoothly for a term of years.

I heard the old, old men men say,
"Everything alters
And one by one we drop away."
They had hands like claws, and their knees
Were twisted like the old thorn trees
By the waters:
I heard the old, old men say,
"All that's beautiful drifts away
Like the waters."

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We have seen before this the courteous reply of a publisher, a masterpiece of frozen courtesy. "The article is hardly within the scope" etc., or "We regret that the subject" etc., etc. We have even worded letters of refusal—for we too have been in Arcadia—to young ladies and gentlemen who were well nigh consumed by the desire to tell their experiences, hopes, disappointments to the world outside their breast.

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And now we are permitted, through the kindness of a publisher in Boston, to expose, as on the table in an amphitheatre, the still quivering mind of a victim, a rare soul of whom publishers are not worthy.

Listen to this tale of crushed ambition.

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—— Ill., Jan. 21, 1903.

Dear Sirs: I received my story today and was not looking for the same as yet for I intended to get an answer from you folks in a sival way, criticising the story and telling if you'd accept or not, then to have you people send the story right back in the way you did, in my opinion doesn't show any buisness about you at all.

Its a very good excuse to say: Write on one side of paper only Paper 8x10½ folded once or twice. Yes if a body knew all those things before he wrote he might as well print them.

I would like to have you understand that I really worked hard to get the story right and of course thought I'd surely get something out of it, but youd see I haven't got a big name, and am poor also which of course has a good deal to do with it for if I could of afforded to I'd had my story typewritten but of course I don't suppose it matters much you've allready killed all ambition I had to write anything. If I'd been rich and accomplished I'd been paid well for the poorest kind of a story, but as it is I might as well starve.

I will close expecting an answere by return mail hopeing you will read this letter I still remain.

Respectfully.

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The Rejected Contributor is a keen observer and a shrewd critic. He is reasonably sure that if he were rich and accomplished and should write a story like, say, Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Wireless," and send it to a publisher, he would receive a check as well as Kudos.

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Take oh! take those lips away; take away William Tell, Richard III., Vanderdecken and all the other heroes, Sinbad and Bluebeard; but leave us Romulus and Remus. Professor Airoli, who might be in better business, has been digging in the Forum, and has found there the proofs, as though they were sworn affidavits put in a tin box with a copy of the Roman Gazette and a list of the aldermen, that Rome was an Etruscan city, flourishing and formidable long before Romulus played Cain to his brother's Abel and to the great applause of the bystanders. Some years ago we read that there was no kindly wolf; that "lupa" had other and unsavory meanings, but there has always been scandal in the world and we thought no more about it. In spite of the professor and his spade we believe in Romulus, Remus, their mother, Mars and the wolf. We insist on seeing Remus jumping the ditch and laughing in a disagreeable manner, and we join in the cheering when Romulus exclaims "Rome was not built in a day," and the bashes his brother with a pick-ax or hod, for there is some dispute concerning trifling details. And did not Romulus go up in a thunder storm and forget to come down? We have no Roman history at hand and our memory is fading, while the cares and struggles of life increase each day.

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Count Paul Tiesenhausen, fined one dollar for spitting on the floor of an elevated station in New York. "did not have the amount with him." We once knew several Polish and Russian counts, charming fellows, warm admirers

Dec. 5, 1900. The Cecilia produced Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast" March 11, 1900.

The Trilogy as a whole was performed in Nashua (N. H.) by the Nashua Oratorio Society, E. G. Hood, conductor, May 9, 1902.

### "Death of Minnehaha."

The second part of the Trilogy, "The Death of Minnehaha," was produced at the North Staffordshire Festival, Oct. 26, 1899. The work was at once pronounced by English critics as superior and more imaginative than "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast." There is a description of the famine and Hiawatha's vain quest for food in the forest; the delirium of Laughing Water; and the devotion of old Nokomis. One critic wrote: "In 'Minnehaha' we have tragedy, not, be it observed, the deep, and so to speak, scientific and studied tragedy of the Greeks, but a human, tender, touching tragedy, which is all the more effective by reason of its simplicity."

The solo singers on Tuesday night will be Mrs. Maud Davies and Messrs. Devoll and Townsend.

rica and her institutions, who were ys awaiting remittances. The ers in Russia and Poland are slug- in their movements. It is only fair y that Count Tlesenhausen, private tary of the Russian consul, denied estly that he committed the heinous e. Here in Boston the penalty is a discouragement to catarrh, chron- acute.

is it surprising that the Count did happen to have a dollar on his per- No doubt he is in a position to be ed every ten minutes durin the ing day. It is the part of wisdom ch to be without money. We know n who walks to his office with only en cents. Ten cents are for pos- car-fares; three cents for a New newspaper. Thus is he enabled to down the man who wishes to go to dence, where his tools are, the stranger who is not accustomed s sort of thing, but really does not where he is going to sleep, the woman who has had nothing to t plenty to drink, and other fellow trians. When he hears the appeal- olce, he takes out his pile and says r he has pulled his vox-humana "This is all I have, and I live in Boston. Don't judge me by my rance. I am worse off than you." then he shows his overcoat with attons off in front and with fringed s.

is the man that has a trick bank- in his desk. Whenever anybody in and wishes to swap checks or w $50 and eighty-four cents until Tuesday at 4.27 P. M., he pulls out ook, shows it to the needy one, and in a tear-stained voice: "I'd like d man; but there's my bank ac- —$14.26. You see how it is. You how high coal and provisions are. year. I hope things will be better. good-day and good-luck."

Feb 2, 1903

always like to read of some one hing countless doubloons, buried ron pot. Generally they are fresh om the mint," but this time at ood, N. J., they wer mold-en- d, and the digger was just about his farm by the foreclosure of gage.

e were doubloons and "rare old Were there moldores and pieces- ght? These were the coins that ex- he avarice of youth dreaming of and their deeds. The youth now that a piece-of-eight in the ary is only a Spanish dollar, but in is still to him something of as worth. The moidore was and bler coin, but the pieces-of-eight the pirates' true pocket-jingle.

loons and these other flowers he root of all evil lead us inevit- Captain Kidd. Where did Marcel find his idea of the gallant cap- unted always in his latter years ucket?

healthy-minded boy knows that y Kids and Moor quarreled on h seas: "Upon which Kidd, call- a dog, took up a bucket and him with it, which breaking his e died next day." In the good there is nothing fourther about ucket. But listen to Marcel 's version:

At Gunner Moor raised his voice ed out: "Capitan, why do you e men?" Moor was drunk. The turned, seized a bucket and him with it on his head. Capi- d made them wash the bucket, h hairs were glued with clotted No man on the ship was willing at to soak the swab in it, and the bucket in the netting. forth Capitan Kidd was haunted man with a bucket. When he e Moorish vessel Queda, manned Indians and Armenians, with vres d'or, the man with the at the distribution of the plun- as seated, all bloody, on the Kidd saw him distinctly and He went down to his cabin and own a glass of strong water. went on the bridge and threw bucket into the sea.

When they boarded the rich mer- n, Morocco, there was noth- measure the gold dust for the A voice over Kidd's shoulder Fill a bucket." He cut the air cutlass and dried his lips, for re foaming. Then he hanged enians. The sailors acted as if d heard nothing.

Kidd attacked the Swallow he d himself in his berth after the had been divided. When he woke up, he was dripping with sweat, and he called a sailor to ask him for something to wash in. The sailor brought him water in a tin-basin. Kidd stared at him and howled: "Is that the way you treat a rich and independent gentleman? You scoundrel, why do you bring me a bucket full of blood?" The sailor ran from him. Kidd marooned him, with a musket, a powder flask and a water-cask.

The only reason why he buried his plunder in various solitary places, in the sand, was this: he believed that every night the murdered gunner would come to empty the hiding-place with his bucket and throw the gold and jewels into the ocean.

Kidd was sentenced to the gibbet. They hanged him at Execution Dock in his red coat and his delicate lace-embroidered kid gloves. Just as the hangman put the black cap over his eyes, Captain Kidd shrieked, with an oath: "I knew mighty well that he'd put his bucket over my head!"

And since I have friends in the earth and sea,
Will a few, I trust, on high—
'Tis a matter of small account to me,
The way that I must die.

For whether I sink in the foaming flood,
Or swing in the triple tree,
Or die in my bed, as a Christian should,
Is much the same to me.

Again, we ask where did Marcel Schwob get this story of the haunting bucket? There is not a hint of it in the ballad or in that delightful repository for fireside enjoyment, "The Pirate's Own Book," which we cannot recommend too highly to boys who show commercial instinct, whose fathers intend them to pursue a business calling. It is true that Kidd died hard. The rope broke and he tumbled to the ground; but he was tied up the second time effectually.

If it snows on Candlemas Day, and only so much as may be seen on a black ox, then summer will come soon.

The badger peeps out of his hole on Candlemas Day, and when he finds snow walks abroad, but if he sees the sun shining he draws back into his hole.

It was on Feb. 2, 1889, that Edmond de Goncourt made this entry in his journal: "The man who loves his home should be mindful of this pretty reflection of Jouffray: 'Take caret hat there is always something lacking in your house, something which absent will not distress you, yet in the very desire will be agreeable.' My case is truly an exceptional one. I am 67 years old, nearly a septuagenarian. At this age, as a rule the insults in a literary career stops, and there is an end of insolent criticism. But I am vilified, reviled, abused like a beginner, and I have good cause to think that the criticism addressed to me at my time of life and with my literary position, is a unique fact in the literature of all time and all lands." So de Goncourt, according to his own confession, was highly distinguished before his death.

This reminds us that the first meeting of the Academie Goncourt has taken place. After six years of trials and tribulations in the court, the institution has been recognized by the Council of State as one of "public utility," and, therefore, it has been authorized to accept the legacy left by the de Goncourts. The prize to be given to some poor author of talent will be surely awarded this year, so that he may write without interruption of landlord or washerwoman.

Feb 3, 1903

There is natural curiosity to hear Mrs. Roger-Miclos, the French pianist who will make her first appearance in Boston Thursday afternoon in Steinert Hall, and there should be curiosity to see her, for she has had the reputation for some years of being "statuesque," "sculptural," "disturbing." Some have protested against references made to her personal charms; but distinction of face or body is of enormous value in an artistic career.

Why was Materna obliged to quit the stage? Not because her voice failed her. Extinction of voice is not necessarily fatal in Germany. As a matter of fact Materna's voice was still powerful when she withdrew. She was enormously fat—and fat is the only word; no euphemism does justice to her physical condition. There has been fat German singers in this country; bulbous Isoldes, tubby Venuses; but Materna overpassed even the German limit.

A reputation for beauty once established is easily maintained. Thus a New York critic spoke only the other day of Emma Eames's "girlish figure." The question is: "What do you mean by girl?" Mrs. Eames-Story is not gross, but she is "girlish" only by comparison with her German sisters on the stage.

The female singer is bound to broaden, to be chesty and hippy, and this is true of active sopranos and contraltos, whether they be in church choirs, concert halls or on the operatic stage. Nor does a beautiful or handsome face compensate for bulk below the neck.

A pianist is part of a picture, the most important part to the eyes. Mr. Paderewski, the eminent Polish hypnotist, was exceedingly careful about the stage-lighting. He knew the value of his head of hair radiant in the general shadow; and he was evidently vexed when his background had not been carefully composed before he came out to receive the first tribute of applause. How many would go to hear him play if he were to sit behind a screen?

Constant piano practise is not of itself a beautifier. Female 'cellists and violinists are less angular and bony, as a rule; their faces are not so strained; they are not so nervous and bloodless. What a picture Miss Johnston was at the Dolmetsch concert with her viol da gamba! Sweet and serene, she sat as in a picture painted when there was no thought of nerves. Mrs. Dolmetsch seemed higher-strung, yet she too was reposeful, although harpsichord practise cannot be soothing. Mr. Dolmetsch, a distinctively chatty person, was nervous in explanation, but quiet in actual performance. A remarkable family! Do the women ever weary of Mr. Dolmetsch's enthusiasm? Do they ever feel like interrupting him before the public with "chestnut!" Something in our heart tells us that he would be trying as a daily companion. Enthusiasts and reformers should not be let loose even in their own house except at stated intervals. Nor is a literary man, however refined his style, always a well-spring of pleasure in the household, or a delightful fireside companion.

Mrs. Roger-Miclos is not radical in her choice of program. A sonata by Beethoven, Schumann's Carnaval, Haydn's air and variations, pieces by Chopin; a rhapsody by Liszt—these might form the program of any orthodox German, Pole, Austrian or American fresh from foreign study. She will play Godard's fourth mazurka and Pfeiffer's "Inquietude;" pieces by only two French composers, for Georges Pfeiffer, in spite of his name, is a Frenchman, born at Versailles in 1835, who has had a couple of operas performed at the Opera-Comique, has taken a prize for chamber music and written music criticisms. She will also play Borodin's "Au Couvent," one of the pieces of the Russian's suite dedicated to his Belgian friend, the Countess of Mercy-Argenteau.

Thursday night Miss Alice Cummings, pianist; Miss Anna Wood, contralto, and Mr. Ondricek, violinist, will give a concert at Chickering Hall. The program, with the exception of some violin pieces by Dvorak, will consist wholly of works by French and Russians. There will be a sonata for violin and piano by Emile Bernard, a serious Frenchman, who died not long ago after cruel suffering; songs by the women, Holmes—she, too, has joined the majority—and Hedwige Chretien (born at Compeigne and now almost 45 years old), a woman of many prizes at the Conservatory and known in private life as Mrs. Gennaro—and by the men, d'Indy, Hahn, Duparc, Rubinstein, Rachmaninoff, Tschaikowsky; piano pieces by Rachmaninoff, Tschaikowsky, Koptiaieff—whose name is as blessing to speak as Mr. Swinburne said of Atalanta. A concert by the same musicians and of a somewhat similar character was given last March, and the program then was an agreeable departure from the conventional and dusty road in which so many singers and pianists tramp.

A new sonata for piano and 'cello, by Samuel Rousseau, was brought out at Paris Jan. 10. It is said to be clear in thought and definite in purpose. "Descriptive music is predominant; and by the side of delicately melodic passages are bits of humor that remind one of a suite rather than a sonata." 'Cello literature is not rich. Perhaps this sonata is worthy of attention here.

The Municipal Council of Sangerhausen has four letters written by J. S. Bach, and it is thought of selling them for $725 to a Berlin collector. The minister of public instruction would not allow the sale, and insisted that they should be given to some important public collection if there was no wish to keep them.

Here is an illustration of the folly of prophecy. An English composer, Pierson, who lived and died in Germany, wrote in 1870: "I think that Schumann is in a degree superior to Wagner; the work of either one is without real value. Both are condemned to forgetfulness in the near future. Schumann has tried all sorts of productions and been more or less unsuccessful."

Prince Albert of Prussia, second son of the regent of Brunswick, has written the scenario and music of a ballet. Most princess prefer to look at a ballet.——A new sonata for violin and piano, by Ignaz Bruell, met with success at Vienna.——Fritz Volbach will write a hymn for the dedication of Wagner's statue at Berlin.——Bruell, by the way, has brought out a new concertstueck at Vienna.——The untiring Perosi is at work on a new oratorio, "The Death of Moses."

The first rehearsal of the Brookline Choral Society will be held this evening in the Pierce School. Mr. S. W. Cole will be the leader.

All night long in this sweet little village
You hear the soft note of the pistol
With the pleasant screak of the victim
Whose been shot perhaps in his gizzard.

At Middletown, N. J., on the 31st ult., Mr. Richard Redway did not wish his nephew to go out doors to play, whereupon bright-eyed little Lewis, only ten years old, took his gun and shot Uncle Dick in the back.

At Passaic, N. J., on the 31st ult., Miss Jennie Bickers, a school teacher, tried to punish little Nicholas Wasdyke, who is only thirteen years old. Nick whipped out a revolver, put it close to her head and shouted: "Touch me and I'll shoot you!" Miss Jennie, a young woman of considerable reserve force, whanged Nick with a ruler until he dropped the pistol.

Now these were not episodes in the daily life at Paterson where you expect all sorts of queer things to happen, nor were they episodes in squalid tenements. Young Nicholas was enjoying the advantages of education; young Redway family is in comfortable circumstances, and the household furniture includes a gun.

Why should these children have their guns? There are no Indians in the neighborhood. The boys are not the children of prominent South Carolinians, or of mountain rangers sworn on the altar to maintain a feud.

Some may see another instance of the pernicious influence of colonial novels in which there is much shooting; but we prefer to ponder the doctrine of natural inclinations. Children, healthy young animals, are often unconsciously, inevitably, inherently cruel and destructive. These two remind us of Henry Wilkins, whose wax figure was exhibited by Artemus Ward; Henry Wilkins, who in the dead of night murdered his Uncle Ephram in cold blood. "A sad warning to all uncles havin murderers for nephews. When a mere child this Henry Wilkins was compelled to go to the Sunday-school. He carried no Sunday-school book. The teacher told him to go home and bring one. He went, and returned with a comic song book. A depraved proceeding."

Italians are not allowed to loaf and invite their soul in the North End. The eminent Dago Dante, standing on the sidewalk in North street, lost in ecstatic vision of Beatrice and Paradise, would be run in. This vigilance of the police would be laughable, did it not seem wantonly prejudiced and tyrannical. Tenement dwellers have no other playground but the street. The Italians are an out-door people. One would think that a knot voluble on the corner, good natured and theatrical, were a meeting of conspirators bent on assassination, arson and pillage, so rudely is it dispersed.

Signor Pino's hydroscope will enable us to see McGinty at the bottom of the sea, and will thus be a sweet boon; but dictionary makers must add a definition. Hydroscope meant originally an instrument for the detection of moisture in the air, a hygroscope. And then it meant a kind of water-clock. A hydroscopist is a water-diviner, a dowser.

This instrument will be used to recover treasures long lost and mourned. Thus gold will come from salt water, an experiment which, made without the hydroscope along the coast of Maine, has already cost some of our prominent citizens large sums of money and wet their ardor for scientific investigation.

A Viennese audience did not know when a problem-play was over and sat

student. Dice are thrown, and the loser pledges himself solemnly to spend a certain time in a gold-cure.

And yet how the duel has been encouraged through the ages! We spoke the other day of an English clergyman who killed his man and escaped with a slight sentence. But Cranmer wished to settle by a duel his religious dispute with the Duke of Northumberland, and monarchs, as Henry II. of France, deliberately fostered affairs of honor. From the accession of Henry IV. of France to the year 1607, that is, eighteen years, at least 4000 men of position were killed in duels. And in France in 1665 court-women fought with pistols, and it was agreed that women, under certain conditions, had a right to fight with their husbands.

Captain Marryat in his "Diary of America" noticed the prevalence of dueling in this country, and drew this sage conclusion: "Dueling always has been, and always will be, one of the evils of democracy."

There is now no excuse for whiskers in Rochester, Mass., for an inmate of the poor house left behind him after his death 259 razors, some of them concave, some as old as 1830, some with deer horn and carved ivory handles. Such a gift is of more benefit than a Carnegie library building. The town should appreciate it, and keep the razors in order. Now that razors are made in Germany, not England, a gift of the old tools is priceless. But we hear that there is talk of selling them, just as in Northampton, in the late sixties or early seventies, noble elms were cut down so that tar sidewalks might be laid in a straight line.

The Rev. Silliman Blagden, Yale '69, protests against any attempt at Yale to do away with compulsory attendance at chapel. "Yale has already backslidden enough in many ways, most deplorably so, and it is certainly high time to call a halt." The graduate of '69 is right. The Wooden Spoon, the Thanksgiving Jubilee, the Hamilton Park rush, the Sophomore societies with their songs: "Wake, wake, wake, Freshmen, wake," and "Amici usque ad aras"—these have been abolished; Moriarty died long ago and the old Fence is no more; the glory is well nigh departed, and what is the Chair of Jigology as a recompense? Nothing but idle leaping, posturing and spryness. That chapel bell rang for us twenty-seven years ago, but in uneasy daybreak dreams this very week we hear its clang, and start from bed to don high boots and ulster for prayer and hymn and reading of the Scripture. Do the Seniors still bow to the President when he leaves the pulpit and goes down the broad aisle? That reverential act was one of the choicest perquisites of the presidential office in days of yore and times long gone before.

The oyster typhoid fever scare in England has provoked vigorous and violent correspondence. Mr. Sims improves the occasion by declaring that Moses, "the greatest sanitary reformer the world has ever seen," forbade the Jews to eat shell-fish: "And all that have not fins and scales in the seas, and in the rivers, of all that move in the waters, and of any living thing which is in the waters, they shall be an abomination unto you; they shall be even an abomination unto you, ye shall not eat of their flesh, but ye shall have their carcasses in abomination. Whatsoever hath no fins nor scales in the waters, that shall be an abomination unto you." Leviticus xi., 10, 11, 12. And inasmuch as the words oyster, lobster, clam, crab, are not in the Bible, there is no special warrant for eating them with a sublime trust in providence.

This reminds us of a singular entertainment at Berlin last month. Two play-actresses gave a number of readings from the Bible and the Apochrypha. They read "with great expression, and the quaint verses had all the charm of novelty." And thus play-actresses may defend the Bible against the attacks of learned German professors in the favoring presence of the Emperor.

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Dr. Parkhurst's ill-natured remarks about President Eliot are thus described by a contemporary: "The people who listened seemed to feel that somehow or other an oratorical whirlwind had passed over their heads." Precisely so. And the wind passed over President Eliot's head and never touched him, never even stirred his hat.

How little the Pall Mall Gazette knows about the Reverend Minot J. Savage. It describes him as "a sort of spiritualistic Dr. Parker or Guinness Rogers." He is in doctrine and belief and pulpit habit the farthest removed from either of the once shining lights of English dissenters.

Mr. Julien Benda gives these characteristics of the commonplace: the systematic addition of an adjective to every substantive, the use of general terms exclusively, and the enunciation of solid truths equally valuable at all times and under all circumstances. He illustrates his definition by pointing to a recent discourse of Mr. Paul Deschanel. And yet Deschanel is supposed to be the man of the hour in Paris. He sits in the Academy and the tailors all say he is the best-dressed man in the Assembly. He was prudent enough to make a brilliant marriage, and he chose for his own father, according to Dr. Holmes's theory of selection, the distinguished professor of the College de France. How can such a man be commonplace?

As for this matter of adjectives. There are many readers who miss adjectives. To them an unaccompanied noun is almost improper. A noun has no business to be out alone, without a chaperoning adjective. Others insist that adjectives, nine cases out of ten, weaken the force of the statement, either because they are conventional and suggest padding and the inability to be direct, or because the reader, studying the fitness of the qualification, loses sight of the essential. It is said that when Kinglake was writing his song of the Crimean war, he would do a certain amount in the morning, but would leave spaces for the adjectives, which he would invent on horseback or during a long walk, and put in proper place on his return.

There are some who are influenced in their choice of an adjective by the balance and rhythm of the sentence. They stand aghast at Swinburne's "Villon, our sad, bad, glad, mad brother's name," and wonder why that master of euphony permitted himself the juxtaposition of grating consonants relieved only by a flat vowel. They are fussy persons, unwilling to use the restrictive "that," if "who" is in more musical relationship with preceding and following words. Happy are they that have leisure for such picking and choosing. They write for eternity, and not for newspapers. They forget, however, that there is an eternity of oblivion as well as of fame.

There is a fascination in this pursuit of the one illuminative adjective. Suppose you wish to say something new about the blackness of a woman's hair. The poets were up hunting years before you were born. To make your point, to induce other women to envy Belvidera your praise, you must first of all drop thoughts of ebon and raven and Egyptian, etc. Any direct comparison would be stale. You must begin a-far off in a distant year, in another country, and say nothing about her or her hair until at last by some twist or strain of your fanciful energies, the reader is conscious of the preternatural hair. Alas, too often Belvidera is a mumbling crone with shreds and patches of hair before your tribute suits your fastidiousness.

What was the way of Thomas Hardy with Eustacia Vye?

"To see her hair was to fancy that a whole winter did not contain darkness enough to form its shadow. It closed over her forehead like night-fall extinguishing the western glow."

And what a masterpiece is the long description! Yet it should not wholly escape censure. "If in passing under one of the Egdon banks, any of its thick skeins were caught, as they sometimes were, by a prickly tuft of the large Ulex Europaeus—which will act as a sort of hair-brush—she would go back a few steps, and pass against it a second time." But what have we to do with the "Ulex Europaeus"? Eustacia did not know the name. We are no longer on Egdon Heath. We are on Boston Common reading the labels put on familiar trees as on fruit-jars. And, then, there is the parade of explanation! And the entrance of the hair-brush! That Eustacia purred under the tuft's caress is a clue to her character, but there is too much of the class-room, and no suggestion.

"Her presence brought memories of Bourbon roses, jacinths and rubies, a tropical midnight, an eclipse of the sun, a portent; her moods recalled lotus-eaters, the march in 'Athalie,' the Commination service; her motions the ebb and flow of the sea; her voice, the viola."

And the man who wrote this sentence was anxious about the "Ulex Europaeus" and showed us Eustacia in a flannel dressing-jacket with a hair-brush waved aloft and hair pins in that mouth "formed less to speak than to quiver, less to quiver than to **kiss.**"

Mr. Henley, master of prose and criticism, wrote not long ago: "It is, of course, a delightful thing to try to write like Walter Pater, or Bacon, or Sir Thomas Browne. But it does not make for safety; and, for my own part, I cannot choose but think that he is very near the truth in letters who turns him gladly from his 'Urn-Burial' or his 'Marius' to a debauch with Mrs. Gamp or Mr. Chuchs. Both are full of the finest, subtlest, most persuasive **feeling** for literature." Yet Mr. Henley is still filled with Elizabethan thought and he still remembers Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas and De Quincey; witness his rhetorical flight at the thought of the Arabian Nights.

He that wishes to discard adjectives should know them as used by the gorgeous ones in prose and song. A man that has read and re-read the Elizabethan dramatists, the Tudor tranlators, Sir Thomas, De Quincey, Poe will express himself the more directly, swiftly and forcibly to jury, strikers, public. For he has fed his imagination; and he has some idea of how he should feel and act if he were put in another's place.

A foreign journal gives an interesting account of the mysterious death of a young and pretty Italian at Rome who was supposed to be happily married to an army officer. A pistol-shot was heard in the bed-chamber. Servants rushed in and found their mistress in bed with a bullet wound in the crown of her head. The husband was hurrying out of his dressing-room, which opened into the bedroom. A note signed with her name was found among the tumbled pillows. She said in this note that she was going to kill herself on account of the great remorse she felt for having wronged her husband. But the authorities did not believe that she committed suicide, and they arrested the husband. Their theory is that he forced his innocent wife to write the letter; he was insanely jealous; he killed her. The handwriting experts enter in and say the letter was not forged; the woman worte it; but the date must have been put at a different time, for the ink is different. Friends of the husband ask, How could he force her to incriminate herself? For she was a robust woman and had most influential friends. Truly an extraordinary case

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# "TOD UND VERKLAERUNG"

The program of the fourteenth symphony concert, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "The Water-Carrier"....Cherubini
"Love Scene" and "Queen Mab" scherzo from "Romeo and Juliet".....Berlioz
Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration" .....R. Strauss
Symphony in E flat, No. 3.....Schumann

Mrs. Schumann-Heink, who was announced to sing at this concert, telegraphed Thursday that she was suffering from a severe cold. The program was therefore changed, and the two pieces from "Romeo and Juliet," which have been already played this season, were substituted for her arias. It is not necessary to comment on the character of the music or the performance, and yet I cannot refrain from marveling again at the beauty of the "Love Scene," a beauty that still seems imperishable, or from praising the performance of the Scherzo.

## Certain Foes of Strauss.

Richard Strauss's tone-poem was the feature of the concert. Read by Mr. Gericke with the utmost care, intelligence and sympathy, and played con amore and superbly by the orchestra, which is undoubtedly to day without a rival, this "Death and Transfiguration" made a profound impression. There was much applause, long continued applause, but the close attention during the performance and the slowness of the audience to take advantage of the intermission were a more fitting tribute to the genius of the composer. When the piece was first played in this country, certain critics especially in New York saw fit to describe it as morbid, charnel house music, and they dubbed it names and then washed their hands as though they had accomplished an unclean but righteous and necessary task. And some of them dilated on the absurdity of trying to set to music. Ritter's poem, which is printed in the score. As a matter of fact the poem was written after the music had been composed.

## The Question of Program.

It is a question whether such a detailed poetic explanation is of advantage to the hearer. If music with a title, or with sub-titles, is not sufficiently suggestive to awaken a sympathetic mood in a hearer of ordinary musical intelligence, or in one who is sensitive to impressions and yet not technically well versed, the fault is in the composer, not the hearer. The hysterical annotator who finds in each measure a hidden meaning has done much harm to Wagner, and it looks as though he would injure Strauss, who is no friend, they say, to such worshipers. "Death and Transfiguration" is Strauss's title. It is true the poem is on a fly leaf of the score; but did either poet or musician expect that any one would attempt to fit the music to the poem as in melodrama? I do not believe it for a moment.

## Strauss's Meaning.

The reader is put in a mood by the poem. He does not remember every detail. A man is dying; he fights with death; delirious, he is a child, a youth, he again knows the struggles of manhood; death is at last tired of his reminiscences and finishes him. Death is conqueror. But the cry still rings out even in this age of materialism: "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave where is thy victory?" For death is transfiguration as well as dissolution. These are common thoughts; and birth and life and death are common everyday facts, as common as the sunrise, a mountain-chain, the ocean, the stars on a wintry night when no wind stirs. It is a good thing to be reminded of the transfers and promotions worked by death after this fever of life. And Strauss, the poet in tones, has sung these mysteries in a grand and lofty way, not by trying to italicize with music a realistic description of a death-bed. Meaning? Strauss prepares no examination paper. I doubt whether he and his commentators would agree as to the precise nature of any "typical theme."

## The Music Itself.

Each hearer is his own analyst. And as each hearer is an individual apart through hereditary influences, environment education, calling, his analysis must necessarily differ from that of his neighbor. There must be differences of opinion concerning the effect of certain passages of detail; the more sensitive will be moved the more acutely; the musician will constantly find passages that excite his admiration, when the layman will merely receive an impression of something big and wonderful; but all must realize the beauty, the sadness, the terror, and at last the triumphant grandeur of this tone-poem, in which there is no morbid taint, in which there is the full justification of death. "Charnel house music?" Say, rather, the glorious expression of the ennoblement of even an ordinary life by deliverance through death. The hymn that chants the end is solemn, but triumphant, and in this hymn there is the conviction of bravery, the belief that death to him who has fought the fight is the apotheosis of heroism.

Schumann's "Rhenish" symphony has not the freshness or romantic feeling of the other three. Cherubini's overture is still classical, faultlessly, coldly classical.

We are all familiar with program-books of various kinds, and some of us deplore that they are considered a modern necessity to appropriately sympathetic dilation during a performance.

We are also familiar with pages of the printed words at song recitals, whereby the hearer is able to tell what is going on, whether the singer mumble and choke and chew and splutter French, German, or Italian. I do not mention English, for it is now a dead language in the concert-room, and when some adventurous soul in quest of novelty sings in English, the printed text is still necessary, indispensable.

## Poetical Mr. Breakwell.

But a Mr. Breakwell—an auspicious name for a pianist—introduced in Lon-

don toward the end of last month a singularly ingenious program-book, if Mr. Blackburn's quotations from it are not sham-samples, and Mr. Vernon Blackburn is an honorable man as well as a most enchanting writer.

Mr. Breakwell went to the poets, not the analysts. Quotations from Rosetti, Tennyson, Byron, Heine, Longfellow, Shelley, William Morris, Mrs. Browning and Mr. Browning, Wordsworth and Coleridge were printed in elucidation of the composers' moods and intentions. The pianist played Chopin's D major prelude; the quotation was "And shapeless sights came wandering by." Chopin's F sharp minor prelude bore this motto:

Yet still through her soul there wandered past,
Dead phantoms horne on a wailing blast.

The C sharp minor prelude is of a different spirit:

Down shower the gambling waterfalls
From wandering o'er the lea.

### Historical and Poetical.

But Mr. Breakwell was also historical. He plunged into the mass of memoirs and rose with this dusty gem. He remarked concerning the well known waltz in D at: "It is said to have been improvised by Chopin to represent the frantic gyratory efforts of George Sand's dog to bite his own tail." And the annotator-pianist had his opinions too: "This nocturne is unsurpassed in piano music as an expression of that sorrow which can find no consolation in heaven or earth;" which put the hearer in an unenviable position unless the pianist speedily brought solace.

Why should not concert-givers in general follow Mr. Breakwell's example. An intrepid singer with a polyglot program as long as a bill of fare, instead of favorable press-notices, made wholly favorable by the cunning removal of disapproving sentences and printed on the back page, might characterize his recital by this quotation from Pope:

All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

Or what more appropriate motto for Chopin's Funeral March than: "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." This motto might also serve for any difficult piano piece when the pianist is not technically sure; or when a singer relies more on "intelligence" and "diction" than on pure intonation.

### Mr. Blackburn's Comment.

This program suggested to Mr. Blackburn subtle remarks on "the whole problematic question of criticism."

"Mr. Breakwell has, in a word, proved to us that the arts are so separate—the arts we mean, of course, of writing and of composing—that only by the introduction of the one sort of mind is it possible to deal satisfactorily with the other. Of course, you have exceptions now and again; but the exceptions usually are concerned with the actual announcement of the musical intent which the creative musician desires to make clear to the world. Thus Gluck in his admirable preface explained his own mission; Wagner, too, when he dealt with musical things past, present, and future, was but endeavoring to teach a public that should appreciate his own literary attitude toward creative art. For the most part, however, the musicians have been silent; they have been content to sing to the world and to leave the beauty of their art to others for interpretation. Slight as is our approval of Mr. Breakwell's general appeal through the avenues of literature to the art of his choice, we cannot help being grateful for the fact that he has deliberately drawn a line of demarcation between that which is his individual art, and that which is the art of another. It is a strange thing, indeed, this ambition, which leads, on the one hand, the musician to desire to occupy the throne of the critic, and, on the other, the critic to rule over the realm of original musical art. The union, if such union were possible, as of course among the universal exceptions of the world it may be, vividly reminds one of Dante's lovers, Paolo and Francesca, drifting down the stream of time, meeting and separating, the one for ever the creator, the other for ever the creature, and neither recognizing fully what the vital significance is which belongs to the other."

### Handel and Haydn.

The executive committee of the Handel and Haydn Society, acting under the authority of the board of government and assisted by Mr. Fred P. Bacon, for many years in charge of the musical department of the Boston Herald, is preparing a commemorative record of the origin and doings of this musical organization as a souvenir to be presented to the patrons of a concert announced for Sunday evening, March 8, in aid of the permanent building fund of the Handel and Haydn Society. The executive committee feel that a better knowledge of the society, its purposes and achievements will be welcome to those who have patronized its concerts. The book will be about nine inches by twelve inches, of 100 or more pages, and in addition to many facts regarding the society will include reproductions of scenes connected with its earlier history, documents and programs associated with its beginnings, portraits of present and past officers and much else that will undoubtedly prove of value.

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Cressida—There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Trollus.
Pandarus—Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.
Cressida—Well, Well.

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It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

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Mr. Andrew Carnegie is agin Homer. The capitalist declared war openly against the poet at the inauguration of the new president of Stevens Institute. But let us quote his very words as reported, and no doubt faithfully reported.

"I think for one thing that it would be a very good thing for the universities to banish the antique heroes upon which they have been feeding their students for centuries. It might have been very well in past ages to deify such scoundrels as figure in Homer, but that time has now passed. (Laughter.) There have been enough heroes and heroines in this country to write about and perpetuate without filling the minds of students with extravagant tales of mythical pagans. A few days ago I picked up a book. It proved to be Homer, and I tried to get some enjoyment in re-reading it. It was no use. When I read of Achilles praying for the success of his country's enemies because his own schemes went wrong, it was too much for me, and I put the book away."

These are bitter words against our old friend Achilles—Ash-heels, as Bret Harte's man used to call him. But for a long time there have been differences of opinion about him, as may be seen by the quotations at the head of this column, or by turning to the strange and fascinating stories told by post-Homeric gossip-mongers. Men have fiercely disputed concerning his birth, life, loves, death and present condition.

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Homer landed him safe in Hades, where Ulysses saw him, and Achilles, in doleful dumps, told him he had rather serve a swain for hire on earth than sway the imperial throne of all the dead. Others put him on the island Achillea with Iphigenia, Medea, or Helen of Troy for wife; and Philostratus says: "Such strangers as landed in that island who would not set sail in the day time were obliged to pass the night on board of their ships, where they were visited by Achilles and Helen, who caroused with them, and sang not only their own amours, but the verses of Homer." Pleasant evenings on the island, for it is also said that those who sailed by this coast heard music which filled them with admiration intermixed with horror; and also heard a neighing of horses, a clashing of arms, and the cries as of soldiers engaged in battle. But we are getting farther and farther away from Mr. Carnegie, the indefatigable friend of architects.

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Will he make princely gifts to universities on the condition that Homer must go? Is resentment deep-rooted in his breast, or was the speech as the bubbling over of a moment?

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Mr. Carnegie reminds us of Ensign Northerton in "Tom Jones." The lieutenant says: "Don't pretend to more ignorance that you have, Mr. Northerton. I suppose you have heard of the Greeks and Trojans, though perhaps you never read Pope's Homer.

" 'Damn Homo with all my heart,' says Northerton; * * * There's Thomas, of our regiment, always carries a Homo in his pocket; damn me, if ever I come at it, if I don't burn it' "

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Zadkiel, the London astrologer, gives this excellent advice for today: Visit thy friends and court in the evening. We are aware that in some parts of New England sitting-up is on Saturday night; but what is the result? Wooer and wooed are too sleepy to go to meeting, and they have nothing to anticipate during the day. But courting on Sunday crowns the Lord's day, and the fresh remembrance of loving words and arms cheers the laborer on Monday morning when he dons his working clothes.

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A Londoner says of Henry Arthur Jones, the playwright: "The curve of the nose and the jut of the forehead declare the idealist." How's this? The "jut of the forehead" may be all right, but somehow a curved nose and idealism do not sound right.

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Apropos of chess, Mortimer Collins was fond of this "epigram":

| White. | Black. |
|---|---|
| K.c1 | K.a7 |
| Q.g6 | R.a8 |
| Kt.c5 | B.d7 |
| Kt.e7 | Kt.b8 |
| | Kt.d5 |

This is all Greek to us. Mr. Collins set down the problem in continental notation.

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"Guinevere" of the Referee says that the best schools for English speaking girls in Germany are at Wiesbaden, although Hanover has its advantages on account of the pure idiom and accent. "Dresden is well enough, but too much time is wasted over music, and there are too many English and American residents there." They say that the cost of living has increased at Dresden to such an extent that the foreign colonies are much smaller than in years past; court troubles have cast a gloom over the town, and business suffers.

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We read that certain strikers used bottles as missiles, "a shower of bottles." The celebrated pirate, Captain Edward England, was once boatswain to one Skinner, master of the Cadogan of Bristol. As pirate, he captured this vessel, and when he recognized his old captain he proceeded to entertain him. He and his comrades tied Skinner fast to the windlass, "and pelted him with glass bottles until they cut him in a shocking manner, then whipped him about the deck until they were quite fatigued, remaining deaf to all his prayers and entreaties; and at last in an insulting tone England observed that as he had been a good master to his men, he should have an easy death, and upon this shot him through the head." But you should see the picture; you should study the glee of the pirates and the dismay of Skinner. 'Tis a rude cut, but there is force; there is the impression of many bottles thrown with unerring aim; poor Skinner is, indeed, a sight.

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## "Paradise Lost" as Sung Last Night at Symphony Hall.

"Paradise Lost," a dramatic oratorio in four parts, text by Edouard Blau (founded on Milton's poem), English version by Dr. Baker, music by Theodore Dubois, was produced for the first time in this country by the Handel and Haydn Society last night at Symphony Hall. Mr. Mollenhauer conducted; Mr. Tucker was the organist; Mr. Roth was the concert master. The solo singers were Camille Seygard, Louise Homer, Andreas Dippel, Emilio de Gogorza, Stephen Townsend, Marcel Journet. There was a very large audience.

### The Oratorio Itself.

The plan of this work was described in the Journal a week ago Sunday, and the facts concerning the first performance at Paris were then related.

Was it worth while for the Handel and Haydn at this late day to spend labor, time and money on the production of such a work?

It is true that Dubois with this oratorio took the prize in 1878 offered by the city of Paris; but this circumstance is not a guarantee of value; on the contrary, it should have excited the suspicions of the society; for prize compositions are seldom inspired and their life is as that of the ephemeridae. Even the contemporaneous criticism was courteously unfavorable. Nor has the oratorio any standing in Paris. It is merely ticketed as belonging to Dubois's baggage.

As for Dubois he has met his reward for painstaking work on routine compositions of every sort, for his walking conscientiously in the approved path of routine; he is now director of the Paris Conservatory. This reminds one of the fearful punishment that fell upon two of Heine's foes: "One is dead, and the other is still professor at Gottingen."

### Theatrical and Ineffective.

This "Paradise Lost" does not pretend to be a sacred work, and there is no need of discussion concerning its secred character. Rubinstein called his "Paradise Lost" a sacred opera; but it is neither sacred nor an opera. Dubois's "Paradise Lost" is entitled a dramatic oratorio; but it is theatrical rather than dramatic; a work full of blatant pretense, and without one true dramatic stroke. The musician that would fain put fitting music to the war between Satan's army and the Angelic host, give musical expression to the pride, the agony, the rage, the subtlety of Satan and to the raptures of the first lovers—he, too, must be a creator, and poor Dubois is anything but this. He is a well-grounded musician; he knows how to write for voices; he experiments a little in harmony and in orchestration; but he is without imagination or even fancy; and what can such a man do with a tremendous subject? His seraphim in Heaven singing a pretty operetta chorus; his spirits in Paradise jig amiably in 6-8 and suggest a garden party in the Bois de Bologne, in which a ballet would give additional pleasure to the lookers-on. The orchestral introduction to the trio of fallen angels and the first measures of the same trio are taken from the Scene of the Duel in "Faust" and the hearer would not have been surprised if Uriel and Belial had drawn their swords and rushed to the footlights. There are passages in the scene between Satan and the Lost—"They shall defy the Lord"—which reminds one forcibly of operetta scenes in which the comic ruler has his famous line, which is immediately repeated by the friendly chorus.

### Satan the Hero.

Of course Satan is the hero, in the oratorio as in Milton's poem; but Dubois does not individualize him. He is any melodramatic villain of a baritone, with scowls and high F's. He is neither superbly arrogant, nor malignantly sombre, nor chillingly subtle; he is simply a baritone, now sentimental, as in his description of paradise, now singing very fast and very loud. The Archangel is the customary mezzo-soprano with stupid recitatives. As for Adam and Eve, they are intolerable persons, dull in prayer, and dull in amatory raptures. Siegfried and Bruennhilde are much more the first lovers when she is awakened by the hero's kiss. But Adam and Eve have fared badly at the hands of composers, from the time of Haydn to that of Massenet, although the latter's perfumed cocotte is at least interesting, and the fall of Adam, who listened to her, is intelligible.

Dubois was not a young man when he wrote this oratorio, so the work cannot be pardoned as a youthful offence. He was old enough to know better. But it all comes back to this: He has no imagination, he has no individuality; he is essentially commonplace. For eccentricities in orchestration are not a mark of originality; and in the whole oratorio there is not one great chorus, there is not one melodic thought of golden beauty, there is no establishment of a mood. Truly a jejune work, in both noisy and sentimental passages. Why did the Handel and Haydn exhume it at this late day? The younger French school will rise in angry protest at the mere thought.

### The Performance.

The chorus sang well, with discriminative energy and with incisive attack. The solo singers of operatic reputation had been chosen evidently with an eye to the box office; and such prudence is commendable in this commercial age. The foreigners showed a certain acquaintance with the English language and were faithful and industrious; but they could not put life into dry bones. Mr. de Gogorza easily bore away the honors. He has a noble and dramatic voice, and, although he was given last right to upward and downward slurring, his poignancy of expression and his fiery delivery made one lenient to this fault. There was much applause for chorus, conductor, and solo singers.

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He lay dead on the cluttered deck and stared
at the cold skies,
With never a friend to mourn for him, nor a
hand to close his eyes;
"Bill, he's dead," was all they said; "he's
dead, 'n' there he lies."

The mate came forrard at seven bells, and
spat across the rail;
"Just lash him up wi' some holystone in a
clout o' rotten sail,
" 'N', rot ye, get a gait on ye, ye're slower 'n
a bloody snail!"

When the rising moon was a copper disc and
the sea was a strip of steel,
We dumped him down to the swaying weeds
ten fathom beneath the keel;
"It's rough about Bill," the fo'c's'le said;
"we'll have to stand his wheel."

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The assistant curator of the New York Zoological Park was married last week to a young girl who "after the ceremony startled the guests by coming in from the dining room with a pet seven-foot gopher snake around her neck." The groom's present to the bride was the claw of a royal Bengal tiger set with diamonds and sapphires. We were surprised to read that the wedding ceremony was at the home of the bride's father, and not in the lion's

cage.

But snakes have been worn as pets by women long before New York was on the map. The girl of ancient Rome used to wear a snake as a necklace, and it cooled her in warm weather. Martial tells us that Flacilla or Glacilla was thus adorned. The women of Pella, once the seat of Macedonian kings, nourished large snakes, which slept with the children and allowed themselves to be teased or trod upon. But the Roman girls wore cold serpents for ornament, and they were probably small ones, not like the snake of Salammbo. It was a case of "Love me, love my snake" in those old courting days. Mortimer Collins asked whether any English girl would set this fashion in midsummer. "Pleasant for the eager lover to approach within osculating distance, and to find the glassy eyes of a snake fixed on him, its forked tongue quivering near him! This kind of partnership between Eve and her tempter is not altogether desirable."

The Bishop of Stepney delivered an address on "Clericalism" not long ago at Sion College, and provoked the comment that they are but little things, as a rule, which mark off the parson from the people. "Irritating tricks of manner, an affectation of utterance, the assumption of professional superiority, too little readiness to behave on the ordinary occasions of life as an ordinary man—all these tend to produce a distrust of the clerical temperament." This may be so in England, although it would seem that the admirable lessons given by Anthony Trollope in his clerical novels should bear fruit by this time. And were the bitter articles of William Hazlitt "On the Clerical Character" of no avail? Hazlitt objected strenuously to the artificial distinction of dress: "a full dressed ecclesiastic is a sort of go-cart of divinity; an ethical automation." And to what did he not object? Read those masterpieces of vituperation—they are in the volume of political essays.

We do not object to the uniform. It serves as a safeguard, as a mourning-band on a hat often protects the wearer against some well-meant but disturbing question or remark. Nor do we ~~see~~ that religion suffers ~~today from the~~ priggish airs or holier-than-thou speech of clergymen. On the contrary, we are old-fashioned and do not like to see a minister lax in conversation or deportment. Sometimes he is too genial, too eager to show laymen that he is a man and a brother. A man should not forget his cloth, whether he be minister, judge, officer. Let him wear it with dignity and grace. We prefer a minister who is ill-at-ease in club or any tent of the ungodly to him that is known as a "good-fellow" and a story-teller.

Forty years ago in small New England towns the clergyman was the most awe-inspiring figure in the street. He took it upon him to reprove children who were too noisy even in the most innocent sports. He did not recommend novels; he knew not the inside of the theatre. He was a "painful" preacher, to use the speech of old epitaphs and memorial pamphlets, but to him the world was as Bunyan's Vanity Fair, and it behooved the righteous as well as sinners to consider their ways. The clergyman in our village was over six feet; he weighed probably 230 or 240 pounds; he rarely smiled, he never laughed. He chewed pig tobacco; but it was of the blackest kind, and he ruminated rather than chewed. At stated intervals he took supper at our house. We well remember the preliminary scrubbing we underwent, the careful instructions as to sobriety in speech, the number of biscuits he consumed and the cups of tea he poured down. He called all boys "Willy," and with male vanity we were hurt because he did not remember our name. We were afraid of him then; our impulse would be to run if we should see him now. But as we look back and remember the sombre eloquence by which we were impressed in scapegrace years, the literal wrestling in prayer, the wailing over the sinful and the stony-hearted, the austerity of his daily life, he stands out a more heroic figure than the popular clergyman lolling at the club, tolerant of idle or loose talk, interested in petty gossip, disappointed if he is not asked to tell the story that was so successful at a worldly dinner-party.

Max Beerbohm, dramatic critic and caricaturist, insists that no one knows what he is really like. "Then there is the incurable optimism of everybody. Every one thinks he looks five years younger than he really is. * * * No, I never caricature women, for they are uncaricaturable; they are too elusive and they have no features—and if they have they are hideous, and it is not fair to reproduce them. The difference in the sexes in that respect, and from the caricaturist's point of view, is remarkable. A woman who looks absurd is absurd, while a man who looks absurd may be taken very seriously. All the women who have influenced the world have almost invariably been beautiful or attractive in appearance. Men are ugly, and you can't have a man who rules the world otherwise than ugly. Something must be out of proportion. That is really why distinguished people are caricatured, because the very fact of a man being interesting gives some sharp turn to his features, and therefore makes him caricaturable; while the man who has never done anything in his life may be quite nice to look at."

An Australian girl, Louise Mack (Mrs. J. P. Creed) has written her impressions of England and English people. She went to Warwickshire and found the men and women like the vegetables they cultivate. "Another man * * * is like a carrot. Instead of growing brown and knobby"—like a potato person just described—"he is long, red, and coarse. His chin is like the heavy end of the carrot, and his nose is another carrot—a short, thick one. * * * The expression of that man betrays beyond all doubt what vegetable he represents. Of all stupid vegetables a carrot is the densest and dullest. Without boiled beef, what is it? This man * * * could sit alongside boiled salt beef for days without spoiling the picture."

Mrs. Creed is fond of alluding to her "dear, black gums," her "lovely tall gums." We hasten to add that she refers to the gum tree.

What is the best name for a message by wireless telegraphy? Waft, Ethergram, Marconigram? Some one suggests "Macrogram," a distant or far-reaching message.

Feb. 21, 1903

# THE KNEISEL QUARTET AND A FRENCH NOVELTY

The program of the sixth Kneisel concert last evening in Chickering Hall was as follows:

Quartet in A major, op. 30, for piano, violin, viola and 'cello.....Chausson
Variations from quartet in E minor.....Foote
Octet for two violins, viola, 'cello, double-bass, clarinet, bassoon and horn.Schubert

The club was assisted by Mr. August Spanuth, pianist (music critic of the Staatszeitung, New York), and Messrs. K. Keller, double-bass, Metzger (who took the place of Mr. Lebailly), clarinet, Debuchy, bassoon, and Hackebarth, horn.

## Chausson's Tragic End.

No doubt the tragic ending of Ernest Chausson's career gives additional interest to the music he left behind him. A man of large wealth, he devoted himself to music, and worked laboriously and patiently at composition. For a long time in Paris, his home, he was known only to a few of the younger school; his name was as nothing to the mass of music-lovers. Little by little his music was appreciated outside the brotherhood that hailed Cesar Franck as leader. Ysaye was indefatigable in championing his cause and bringing his chamber works into prominence. Nikisch put his symphony on the program of one of his Paris concerts. Chausson's opera "King Arthur" was accepted by the opera-house at Carsruhe—and he was just beginning to be known as a true composer, he was killed by losing control of a bicycle he dashed his head against a stone wall near his country place.

## A Peculiar Melancholy.

This piano quartet is characterized, first of all, by a melancholy that was peculiar to Chausson. You find it in his symphony, his orchestral and violin pieces, his songs. It is a melancholy that a rich man could afford. There is no trace of morbidness in it, there is no pessimistic wail; but Chausson saw life and its pleasures as a fleeting show, he preferred, in music at least, to look at everything in a subdued light. They say that as a man he was cheerful and companionable; helpful to young musicians with advice, encouragement and money. But his musical speech drips melancholy, and this alone will prevent his works from becoming popular with the crowd, for his melancholy has not the heroic proportions or the intense individual note of Tschalkowsky's, nor is it relieved by the striking contrasts dear to that master. Furthermore, Chausson's melodic line is not often sharply defined. He is a man of the nuance rather than the bold color.

## Characteristics of the Work.

Chausson in this quartet does not seem to be fully master of himself; he is not sufficiently self-critical. There are episodes that are two remote from his main subjects; there are passages that are evidently too experimental; there is at times the evidence of painful manufacture. On the other hand there is much that is beautiful and noble in the work. The themes are not always strongly individual, and there are occasional suggestions of admired models, but there are motives which are frank and passionate, and there are moods that haunt the memory. Of the four movements the third "simply and not hurriedly" seems after one hearing the least distinguished, the least interesting. There is skilful development in the first movement; the second movement is poetic; and toward the end of the finale there is a passage of uncommon beauty. Now and then there are moments of true emotion; but in spite of the excellent qualities, the inherent purity of the work, the absence of everything that is common, the quartet does not seem to be a well-rounded, organic, spontaneous whole.

## The Performance.

It may be said in general that French chamber music is the most impressive when it is played by men of French or Belgian blood or training. The French feel their music in their own way. They feel their allegros faster; their sentiment is not the sentiment of outsiders. Rhythm is their birthright. And yet the Kneisels have on occasions been as fortunate with works by Cesar Franck and d'Indy as with chamber music of Beethoven or Brahms, and there is no higher praise than this. It seemed to me last night that they had not fully made the spirit of the composer their own; that there were thoughts of Chausson which were not fully expressed; that the players were not as yet so familiar with his speech that it was natural to them. Mr. Spanuth is a broad-minded, thoroughly equipped, brave and discriminative critic; but these qualities do not necessarily enable him to interpret Chausson. However opinions may differ as to the quality of the work itself or the performane of it, we can all agree in thanking Mr. Kneisel and his associates for the opportunity of becoming acquainted with a piece of chamber music that has excited attention and admiration abroad.

The Quartet gave a fine performanee of Mr. Foote's pretty and unpretentious variations. Schubert's Octet is fast growing old and unendurable for concert use. It served its purpose in simpler days when chamber music was heard in the chamber; when there was light-hearted thought; when the social glass was on the table.

The next concert will be on March 9.

It is not I, it is not I
That crouch beside this dying fire,
That tells how all my hopes expire,
And heart and heart's love burnt-out lie.
—I died last spring, when all the world was new,
And buds burst, and the sky was blue.
I died where I was born to life before,
On my love's lips and on his heart;
He gave me life to love him, and once more
He took it, when he said that we must part.

The term "mealer" has a determined meaning in this country, whether he eat the boarding house Sunday dinner of turkey and ice cream throughout the year, without fear of cold storage and preservative acids, or whether he room in one house at a summer resort and "meal" at another. But in England today a "mealer" is one who drinks not ale, wine, or strong waters except at his meals. A Londoner knows "mealers" that do not deserve the title; "their day is, as the Oxford undergraduate's Sunday is said to be, 'an imperceptible gilding from meal to meal.'"

True temperanee lies in not drinking between drinks.

Count Robert de Montesquiou was invited to a dance in New York, which by the card was to begin at 10 P. M. He was punctually at the house. The hostess sent down the afternoon newspapers and the message that she was not ready. An hour and a half later she appeared. We give the conversation as reported by the Sun, whose reporter was no doubt hidden in a vase or in the grand piano.

"My card said 10 o'clock," he remarked.

"But that means 12 in New York."

"In Paris," the Count observed, "it is good manners to accept invitations punctually at the hour one is invited."

And he went home.

After his speech we do not see what else there was for the Count to do; but the rebuke was eminently proper. This saying formally one thing and meaning another is a symptom of chromo-civilization. Whether the appointed hour be for a ball, a dinner, a concert, or a funeral, the performance should begin at that hour. Otherwise words are without meaning, and that which should be formal is merely go-as-you-please.

Mr. Carey of Haverhill in the course of debate shouted to Mr. Stimson: "You have taken the last refuge of a scoundrel!" and thus accused Mr. Stimson of patriotism, if Dr. Johnson's definition be true.

The Pall Mall Gazette is amused at the thought of football as a penal offence in South Dakota. "It is not stated what exactly constitutes football in the eyes of the law, but we suppose it is the American variety of the game, in which the player becomes somewhat like an armored train padded with pneumatic buffers. In the event of the proposed bill passing, if a man even collects footballs or looks at a shin-guard he will be arrested and bound over in a heavy bond to keep the peace by refraining from football. While if any one is caught in flagrante delicto he is to be fined a thousand dollars and suffer imprisonment for five years. We have occasionally seen Cup-ties in this country which have resulted in one or more players being laid up; but at present we do not imprison any one, not even the referee. After all, there are advantages in dragging on life under an effete monarchy, instead of luxuriating in the invigorating atmosphere of a free republic."

We read that at the sale of relics of Newgate prison last week "the great bell which tolled the death knell for hundreds of the condemned was purchased for Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors for $500." But how is this? The criminals of years long gone by during the midnight hours on the eve of their execution heard twelve strokes of a hand-bell and the sexton or his deputy of St. Sepulchre's, near Newgate, chanted a dismal rhyme which we quoted here not long ago; and then in prose he told them that on the morrow, "the greatest bell of St. Sepulchre will toll for you in the form and manner of a passing bell;" and he called on them to repent.

For early in the seventeenth century one Robert Dowe, a merchant tailor of London, gave one pound six shillings and eight pence yearly to the sexton of St. Sepulchre "to approach as near as might be to the condemned hold on execution eve, and admonish malefactors of their approaching end." This bell of St. Sepulchre tolled when the cart in old days started for Tyburn Tree.

In those brave days the condemned was given at the Lazar-House gate a huge bowl of ale, "his last refreshing in this life." When Sir Walter Raleigh went to the block some one handed him "a cup of excellent sack" and asked him how he liked it. "As the fellow," answered Raleigh, "that drinking of St. Giles's bowl as he went to Tyburn, said: 'That were good drink if a man might tarry by it.'"

There was a saddler who refused the bowl. He was hanged before a crowd that had no pity for such a churl, but a reprieve came and he was quickly cut down. It was all too late. Now had he quaffed his drink leisurely, he would not have danced in air.

You are familiar with the nature of the breakfast often prepared in this country by the sheriff's wife as the last meal of the condemned: coffee, rolls, chops, eggs. When they hanged in front of Newgate before a crowd, it was the custom of the governor's daughter to provide a breakfast for the guests. She was famous for broiled kidneys, but most of the invited could stomach nothing but brandy and water.

There is a strange fascination in the accounts of executions. Do you recall

the superb speech of Thackeray's George de Barnwell to Emily in prison? "Even Snoggin, the Turnkey appointed to sit with the Prisoner, was affected by his noble and appropriate language, and also burst into tears.'

"Ha, the hemlock cup! Fill high, ay for my soul is thirsty for the Infinite Get ready the bath, friends; prepare me for the feast Tomorrow—bathe my limbs in odors, and put ointment in my hair."

"'Has for a bath,' Snoggin interposed, 'they're not to be 'ad in this ward of the prison; but I dussay Hemmy will git you a little hoil for your 'air.'"

Feb 11, 1903

We do not say that a man to be a critic must necessarily be a poet; but to be a good critic, he ought not to be a bad poet.

A wail comes from New York: "Only a few men here are capable of successful safe-breaking." "Fairy" McGuire, the Cody brothers, "Micky" McDonald, and a few other artists—but you can count the names on two hands, and what are so few safe-breakers when there are so many safes? There is a rising young burglar, who not long ago was in the employ of a safe manufacturer, and even the oldest detectives admit that his talent may develop into genius. "He is sure of a big future if he sticks to it." But how often has genius failed dismally from lack of application?

It would be interesting and profitable to inquire into the causes of the decay of burglary, which was once justly considered as one of the fine arts. The attention of the naturally gifted has probably been diverted by the prizes in trusts and by the pulssance of promoters. This neglect of an old and honorable profession has had its effect on the public. Thus there is indifference concerning the proper spelling of the tool "jemmy." We observe with sorrow that many prefer the "i" to the "e." Do our children, who know so much, know the precise meaning of "to mill the glaze"? Could they tell a "cutter" if they should see one among household tools? Could they explain the operation of "chopping up"? Just what is a "burster"? What is a "jigger"?

Mr. Augustus Thomas, the playwright, bashed an editor because the latter's newspaper had referred to him as "Miss Gussie." Mr. Thomas said that he saw nothing humorous in the allusion.

Of course there are always differences of opinion concerning the precise characteristics of humor. Artemus Ward said of his Uncle Wilyim, "a low cuss," that he filled his coat pockets with pie and biled eggs at his weddin breakfast given to him by my father, and made the clergyman as united him a present of my father's new overcoat, and when my father, on discoverin it, got in a rage and denounced him, Uncle Wilyim said the old man (meaning my parent) hadn't any idee of first-class Humer."

If we were Mr. Thomas we should not like to be called "Gussie." Did any one so trifle with the Emperor Augustus? The familiarity would have been worse in those Roman days than a poke in the ribs or a slap on the shoulder. Or did Horatio presume to call his prince "Hammy old boy; I say, Ham"?

In the Elizabethan days there was Ben Jonson and there was Kit Marlowe, but we do not hear of Fanny Beaumont, Jack Webster or Bill Shakespeare.

There are men who take a pleasure in calling you by your first name, whether you like or dislike the name itself or the action. They argue that they will thus please you, and they attempt to show by-standers that they themselves are good fellows, genials. If you are a dignified person by weight of office or merely through inexplicable self-esteem, they are the more insistent in the familiarity. They are of close kin to the men that play with your watchchain or put an arm on your shoulder while they bore you with a long-winded story: "I got this for you; it's a good one, and when I heard it I said to myself I must tell it to Jack Ripper—he'll appreciate it and thank me." And you stand till your head ache; you wear a fixed smile that threatens to break away; it is as though you said to him: "Pour on; I will endure."

"Gussie." No, we hardly blame Mr. Thomas.

"Gus" might pass But "Gussie"!

The Emperor William, that restless, garrulous person, suddenly left the table while a band was playing, went to the music stand, took the leader's stick, and made the band repeat a piece it had just played, but he insisted on a faster pace. No doubt the emperor, if he should concentrate his mind on the task, might be the Sousa of Germany; but his proper calling is that of drum major, and we are surprised he has not thought of assuming a position for which he is so admirably qualified by nature.

It may be remembered that when the question of negro suffrage was first considered in Congress, Oliver P. Morton, that Republican of Republicans, spoke long and earnestly against it, and his objections were based solely on political grounds.

In all ages and in all countries women have donned their bravest attire when they went out to meet the wooer, Death. How did that peerless creature Cleopatra make her ending? "But when they opened the dores, they founde Cleopatra starke dead, layed upon a bed of gold, attired and araied in her royall robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feete; and her other woman, called Charmion, halfe dead, and trembling, trimming the Diademe which Cleopatra ware upon her head. One of the souldiers seeing her, angrily sayd unto her: 'Is that well done, Charmion? Verie well, sayd she againe, and meete for a Princes discended from the race of so many noble kings.'"

And so the poor seamstress or shop girl in Paris, despondent, forsaken, tired of life, puts on her most coquettish and alluring garments before she lights the charcoal, the signal for her lover, Death.

# MR. WITHERSPOON, BASS

Mr. Herbert Witherspoon, a basso cantante of New York, assisted by Mr. Wallace Goodrich, accompanist, gave his first public recital in Boston yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall. There was a small but interested and appreciative audience.

### Nature of the Program.

The program was polyglot. It began with the old test-piece for legato, Caldara's "Come Raggio," a most beautiful song; Lotti's "Pur Dicesti," which is seldom sung in this country by a bass; and Handel's sturdy "Arm! Arm! Ye Brave!" The second group included Schubert's "Am Meer," Franz's raging "Gewitternacht," Brahms's "Feldeinsamkeit," which the writer of the poem did not like—he preferred a setting by some third-rate man—"Windrose" and "Rosmarin" by the Norwegian Sinding—the second, which is in the nature of a folk song, is the more distinguished—and Richard Strauss's "Ich Trage Meine Minne" and "Kling"—the latter does not "Klingen."

### Our French Neighbors.

Then, as is customary, attention was paid to our volatile French neighbors, and it must be confessed that the songs chosen were by no means interesting, nor did they represent at all the younger modern school.

There was Wekerlin's "Ghazal Chant d' Amour"—and Wekerlin is a better antiquarian than composer; Hahn's "La Paix," a monotone that is not so effective in itself as the one by Cornelius, and Hahn at his best is merely Massenet diluted and with a little more sugar; Victor Masse's "Chanson du ble," which should be sung in operetta by a happy peasant with a beribboned hat and a practical rake; and a peculiarly mournful drinking song from Bizet's "Fair Maid of Perth," which in the opera probably comes from the mouth of one that has reached the despondent stage of intoxication when he hopes to be saved. Elgar's "Pipes of Pan," Chadwick's "In My Beloved's Eyes," Tirindelli's "Absent" and Hatton's "To Anthea" formed the final group.

### An Earnest Appeal.

Why does not this intelligent, cultivated singer turn his attention, when he wishes to sing in French, to songs by truly modern Frenchmen? There are songs by Gabriel Fauré, Claude Debussy, Claudius Blanc, Henri Duparc, Pierre de Breville that are representative, fascinating—in every respect worth while. It is true that they require careful study in the preparation and skill in the delivery, but I should not make this appeal to Mr. Witherspoon if he were simply a singer enamored with the sound of his own voice. Then there are Russian songs by Stcherbotcheff, Balakireff, and others, with German words, which are dramatic and exceedingly effective.

### As to the Performance.

Mr. Witherspoon has a naturally sonorous and agreeable voice; it is not lethargic, it is inclined amiably toward flexibility, so that it persuades the singer to trill and indulge himself in other feats of bravura, without invariable success. The tones are too often in the throat, and not brought sufficiently forward; and not only in trills but also in sustained passages there is at times the suggestion of gargling. The voice is of such manly and pure quality that the hearer regrets certain characteristics of the singer's tone-production. Mr. Witherspoon has evidently paid much attention to matters of interpretation, and he is often fortunate in catching and reproducing the mood of a song. Thus his delivery of "Feldeinsamkeit" was most beautiful, and that of Hahn's "La Paix" was equally distinguished by emotional taste as well as by a variety of tonal colors, a variety that was missed somewhat in the preceding songs. His enunciation in French was not good, and during the concert there was more than one instance of voice without any reference to syllables. The average bass is not conspicuous among the Lord's creatures for emotional depths; he is stalwart and honest, or ponderous and dull—an honest, respectable person, addicted to low tones, framed and planned to impersonate cardinals, priests, afflicted fathers, indignant kings, or tosspots and malt worms who praise Bacchus and Gambrinus day and night in rumbling song. But Mr. Witherspoon is emotional and often discriminative in his emotional display. In "Am Meer" he was, perhaps, too, too sad, and in "Rosmarin" he established a pathetic mood before either the maiden in the song or the hearer in the seat was prepared. As a rule, he was uncommonly successful in the individualization. All in all a singer of much more than ordinary worth and one that gives, when at his best, legitimate pleasure.

At last "Florodora" has been produced at Paris, and in French, at the Bouffes-Parisiens. Foreign journals give interesting details concerning the performance. There was a crowded house, but the success was "qualified." The stage was too small; the chorus was of inferior quality and without animation. "The audience was frankly astonished at the workmanship of an English opera-bouffe, its sudden transitions, and its seeming inconsequence, and when the heroine suddenly broke into song in the midst of the action the audience professed to find it extremely droll."

Paulette Darty was charming and gave the characteristic steps of the daughter. But the chief success was the cake walk which was introduced. "The 'promenade de gateau,' as the French translate it when they do not attempt to render it in its native tongue with an effect that somehow resembles a word in Volapuk, is danced in 'Florodora' by four negroes from Virginia, a French Creole and three English girls."

The double-sextet, "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," was without flavor. "As a matter of fact, flirtation is a peculiarly Anglo-Saxon form of amusement—love-making is such a serious business in France that it is rarely undertaken as a pure pastime—so that the spirit of this pretty comedy almost vanishes into an empty performance." The costumes were superb. If only Arthur Weld had been in the conductor's chair! No wonder the success of the piece was "qualified." For what is "Florodora" without him; he is "Florodora," especially the double-sextet.

This reminds us that Mr. Arthur Whiting, who was a fellow-student of Mr. Weld at the Munich Music School, will give a concert of his own works at Steinert Hall this afternoon. Mr. Whiting, as a pianist, has been addicted for some years to the music of Johannes Brahms; he has played Brahms, lectured on Brahms, eaten Brahms, dreamed of Brahms; but on this occasion he will bring forward some of his own works, duets and songs, a piano suite, and a song-cycle, "Floriana," with words by Oliver Herford, which has already been sung here. Miss Marguerite Hall and Mr. Francis Rogers, who will take part in the entertainment, are well known to our concert-goers. Mr. John Young, the tenor is a less familiar name.

The Boston Singing Club will give its second concert this evening in Tremont Temple, when excerpts from unfamiliar operas will be sung by local singers.

So Patti is really coming again. Was she not here in concert in October, 1853—nearly fifty years ago? She sang here in opera , Jan. 3, 1860, as Lucia. A wonderful woman!

Melba is signing checks in Australia every hour. Each hospital has had a gift of $500; and her latest present, the latest that we know of, was to the Conservatory of Music attached to the University of Melbourne. She desires to establish a fund for poor but deserving vocal students. The Chancellor, Chief Justice Sir John Madden, does not look favorably on the proposition.

A German critic says of "Anno 1757" a new opera produced at the Berlin Royal Opera House, Jan. 18, "People who enjoy 'Charlie's Aunt' may also listen to this opera and pass a pleasant hour." But what is the matter with "Charlie's Aunt"?

Mr. John F. Runciman gives a sour but amusing description of Sousa in London:

"At a Sousa concert, I am given to understand, the great things are the Sousa marches. We were certainly given plenty of them. After a piece by some lesser man, Sousa would lightly descend from his platform, and as lightly skip up, and the band would uproariously break out with the 'Washington Post'; and this done with, the gymnastics would be repeated, and we would hear some other thing of which I do not know the name. It appears to me that encores must be easily earned in Mr. Sousa's country. In this retrograde one of ours the audience is invariably given an opportunity of proving that it really wants to hear something a second time. But so astonishingly nimble is Mr. Sousa that he jumped down and up again before anyone could clap twice. If an English conductor, or even an English bandmaster, did anything of the sort he would promptly be called a humbug, a charlatan. But I suppose customs differ, and I must add that if we must needs have encores the English custom seems to me the better one. And though Sousa may scorn us as a people who don't come from Chicago and have not been fed on the sacred gospel of 'hustle,' it may be useful to him to know that our custom is our custom, and that by not doing in England as England does, in the one matter I am discussing, he lays himself open to misconstruction.

"Press notices telling how Mr. Sousa was enthusiastically encored are worse than worthless to those of us who observed that Mr. Sousa, from our point of view, never allowed time for an encore to be demanded. As for the marches, I have heard them in music-halls, pantomimes, cafes and on street organs, but until last week I had no notion of their ear-splitting blatancy. Now I understand why Mr. James Huneker falls back on Strauss as a calm refuge. After one hour of Sousa I could have fallen asleep with the battle in 'Heldenleben' falling sweetly on my ears as a soothing lullaby. The Americans are, they themselves state, a great people and apparently they like great noises. In no other country in the world but America could Sousa and his band have gained the reputation they have there."

# BY HOFFMANN QUARTET

The Hoffman String Quartet gave its second concert of the season last evening at Steinert Hall. The program consisted of the Haydn B flat major quartet, the "Dunky" trio of Dvorak (Mr. Carl Stasny, pianist, assisting), and the Schumann Quartet in A minor, opus 4, No. 1. Theprinted program displayed a truly formidable array of movements—differentiated, divided and sub-divided to the last shred.

This is beside the question, indeed; but the first glance is a bit cheerless, and is it all necessary? Ibsen runs to infinitesimal stage direction; but what of that? Contrast Shakespeare.

The Dvorak trio, quite a masterpiece of linear detail, was the feature of the evening. It is a very striking thing—brilliant, romantic and dramatic. Mr. Stasny seemed in good vein; although not always technically faultless, his work was generally clean cut and con-

fencing; his tone and phrasing were often beautiful. Perhaps the performance as a whole was a little too downright, too Americanly straightforward, to suggest the Slav. But it was well done. The matter of volume was well calculated and evenly proportioned; Mr. Stasny never forgot that the lid of the piano was up. The swinging first allegro of the first movement (sub-division 2, section 1) deserves special comment; the music itself is gorgeous, inspiring, and it was delivered with a dash and spirit good to hear. Altogether the trio went with considerable eclat, and was heartily applauded.

The general work of the quartet was conscientious and musicianly; both in general affect and in detail it showed earnest, intelligent preparation.

In the Haydn number the instruments were not always in tune; but they worked into a better understanding, and later blended very well. The Schumann Quartet is beautiful, but is it not a little prolix? The mind maundered; one found himself dreaming of home and family. The arousing was always pleasant, contentful; but it bore a deceptive impression that the hour was late. Perhaps the Dvorak piece had exhausted the best attention.

Feb. 2 1903

## Mr. Whiting's Work as Heard in Steinert Hall.

Mr. Arthur Whiting, pianist and composer, of New York, gave a concert of his own works yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall There was a large and exceedingly friendly audience. Mr. Whiting was assisted by these singers: Miss Edith R. Chapman, Miss Marguerite Hall, Messrs. John Young and Francis Rogers.

### About the Program.

Given a mixed quartet and a piano, an ingenious composer can easily work out many musical pieces and programs, according to the interesting laws that govern permutation and combination. Yesterday there were three duets for contralto and baritone, "Fair and Fair," "Love Is Life's End," "A Heart for Everyone"; three of Kipling's ballads, "Danny Deever," "Soldier, Soldier," "Fuzzy Wuzzy," set to music for a baritone; a duet for soprano and tenor, "My Delight and Thy Delight"; two suites for piano, "Suite moderne" and "La Danseuse" (MS.), and the song cycle, "Floriana," for four voices, which has been sung here, and now requires no comment.

I am surprised that Mr. Whiting, who has been ultra-fastidious in his attitude toward art, should have sought inspiration in the brutal ballads by Kipling; but this is an age of surprises, and Mr. Whiting may now be inclined toward the strenuous in music and about "to go in for thunder and guns and all that." I am also surprised that he chose "Danny Deever" after Mr. Walter Damrosch had condescended to make it popular by stealing a half hour from his study of Wagner. Mr. Whiting's "Soldier, Soldier" reminds me of the cousin or friend of Artemus Ward, who once wrote a ballad, "A Child That Died of the Measles, Oh," in twenty-two verses, and injudiciously introduced a chorus. And what has music to do with "Fuzzy Wuzzy," that burst of Cockney insolence?

### The Compositions.

Mr. Whiting has been known here for some years as a composer of high aims and super-refined taste. I believe he once advanced the theory that the best music in a truly musical age would be read and enjoyed, not sung or played by necessarily imperfect human and inhuman instruments. If he now seriously entertains this view—for Mr. Whiting is an entertaining talker—it might be well for him in future to present each member of the audience, on entrance, with the music of his compositions, which might be read either in the hall or at home; for much of the music of yesterday did not give pleasure by mere sound. Of the duets, "My Delight and Thy Delight," with words by Robert Bridges, was the most distinguished, although the interpretation of it was mediocre. Mr. Rogers sang the ballads in a manly, stalwart fashion. The prelude of the "Suite Moderne" is well made, and the "Melodie" of the same suite has a certain interest. "La Danseuse" is, for the most part, mere mumbling and chattering—aimless, inconsequential, tiresome music. Mr. Whiting was never distinctively emotional, but his former works have had qualities that at once won the respect of the thoughtful. In this manuscript suite he rambles on aimlessly, and with an apparent contempt even for euphony.

The Boston Singing Club, Mr. H. G. Tucker, conductor, gave the second concert of its second season last evening at Tremont Temple. The program consisted of excerpts from early and unfamiliar operas, including works of Gluck, Handel, von Weber, Mozart, Rossini, besides those which shall be specified. Three numbers from Schumann's "Genoveva" were of interest, in view of the recent performance of its overture by the Symphony Orchestra.

It is no despicable task to hear with unjaded interest a long program of early music, even under the most favorable conditions, and the conditions of last evening were not most favorable. The program itself was far too long; the first part alone lasted almost an hour and a half. The response to this objection is, how shall a performance of this nature be short and yet comprehensive?. So let us turn to other matters. The acoustics of the hall invite comment. Much of the sound is lost in far corners and aloft; swallowed up by angular space; what remains is apt to be warped or diluted. The voices were not sufficiently sonorous to make the best of such a difficulty; as for the chorus, shrill intensity is not volume; and the solo singers were not able to fill the auditorium. There was plenty of sound, however — witness Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," septet and chorus (which aroused most enthusiasm, and really went with great effect). But the contrast between the two factions was distressful; the seven voices piped plaintively, only to be fallen upon and devoured by a monstrous assault from behind. Miss Fontarive had some clear high tones, but they lacked fullness and resonance. The voices were simply inadequate.

The first number on the program was Schubert's "Rosamunde" music, given entire. It is usual, it is expected, that the opening number should be vaguely false to pitch. But what in the name of cacophony ailed the chorus of spirits? What turmoil, what turgid seething of brasses and voices, individually and collectively at variance, produced that lugubrious wail of doubt and discomfort? Chorus of spirits! It would be a singularly unseductive band.

The performance in general was thoroughly conscientious, and the orchestra accomplished some very good work. But the task was a piteously ungrateful one. Mr. Tucker conducted with earnestness and authority and won much hearty applause. It was obvious, at all events, that a good deal of pleasure was given; and as for the defects, the conditions were not quite fair.

All corporal punishments whatsoever, and upon whomsoever inflicted, are hateful, and an indignity to our common nature, which (with or without our consent) is enshrined in the person of the sufferer. Degrading him, they degrade us.

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No wonder that there is excitement in England over the revelations concerning flogging as a punishment for subalterns found guilty of social or military offenses. The flogging is administered on the bare back, "after the removal of all the clothing, and from six to forty blows with a cane are given with such severity that the lower number is sufficient to draw blood. All the officers present, even the most intimate friends of the victim, are compelled to administer their share of the blows."

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The French and German caricaturists will not let this pass unnoticed, even though English officers of rank try to hush the scandal. But flogging was for years one of England's most cherished institutions, ranked with cricket and the Prayer Book.

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The verb "to flog" was slang in the seventeenth century, and it was probably of onomatopoeic formation; but the practise has long been known and in good standing in all classes of English society, from the criminal to the aristocratic. Mr. Buckle did not disdain to collect curious pamphlets on the subject which, reprinted, now bring high prices at auction sales; and flagellation is the theme of Mr. John Davidson's eccentric and unsavory romance, "Earl Lavender."

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How the English, a hardy race, delighted in the public floggings at the cart's-tail, known popularly as "Shoving the tumbler," or "crying carrots and turnips." Women were whipped publicly in London as late as 1817; and has the whipping of men for a common law misdemeanor been formally abolished?

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Think of the suffering endured by Titus Oates—who received 2256 strokes with a whip of six thongs—13,536 strokes in all; and yet he lived to receive a pension. And there was Thomas Dangerfield, convicted of libeling the King when Duke of York, who was whipped from Aldgate to Newgate, and from Newgate to Tyburn. When it was over and he half-dead was borne to prison in a coach, a jaunty barrister named Francis said to him, wickedly: "How now, friend? Have you had your heat this morning?" Dangerfield cursed him, and the genteel Francis, angered, thrust at the poor wretch with a small cane and poked out an eye, so that Dangerfield died in two hours, for which Mr. Francis, barrister of Gray's Inn, was properly and effectively hanged.

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And here in Boston there was a whipping-post. It stood, they say, in front of the old First Church in State street and afterward near the West street gate.

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The Buffalo Express tells of a pleasant scene in court, when a bum appeared before the magistrate and lifted up his voice as follows: "Shouldst thou sentence me, sire, to the cells of yon prison, I must, forsooth, perish 'ere my dogs of war canst set me free." To which the justice replied in like vein: "Proceed with thy prattle, fellow." The bum proceeded, and ended with: "What a swaggering bully was I in days of war. An' thou couldst have seen me then, sire, thou wouldst e'en believe me now." But no one used the expression, "By my halidom." "Halidom," by the way, is popularly supposed to be a battle axe or some other deadly "weepun," but it is something different, very different.

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"Merlin" in the Referee (London) discriminates between the German and the Yankee invasions of England:

"The German invasion, such as it is, is an invasion of shoddy almost pure and simple. The Yankee made his earliest renown on somewhat similar lines. His was the original land of the wooden nutmeg and the machine-made oat of wood; but very early in his manufacturing career he had the brains to discover the great fact that in the long run no dishonesty in trade can pay a people. This fact, big and staring though it may be, has not yet been found out by a nation which prides itself above all other things on its philosophy. The brand with which successive chancellors of the English exchequer have found it worth their while to mark the average German importation with the words 'Made in Germany,' is pretty generally a brand of shame and a guarantee of very inferior quality. A nation without invention, a nation which strives to obtain a subsistence by a shabby imitation of sterling goods, is not likely to find its position of prosperity permanent, and for this reason alone Great Britain can afford to despise its one European rival, whilst it is still necessary to watch with an unlidded Argus eye the sleepless dragon of the American opposition to our interests."

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In the "Isle of Champagne," by Perry and Sugden, which is now running in England, the villain, Lord Sales, who wears a frock coat and plug hat, plays a 'cello solo. The instrument has not been associated with villainy, but the depth of scoundrelism to which Lord Sales sinks is typified by his selections: "Mascagni's Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Home Sweet Home." Yet some of the critics complained because there was no appropriate cue, as "Ha! Foiled again! What can soothe me now that my plans have miscarried? What do I see? Ah, yes, it is, it is my beloved and still faithful 'cello."

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There was talk the other day about the generosity of Marcel Schwob, who offered his apartment to any respectable and poor family during his absence. It now appears that the philanthropic act is also a vengeance on the landlord. Mr. Schwob gave his notice, but the landlord refused to accept it, for it came two days after the trimestre. Mr. Schwob then moved his furniture to his new house, visited the prefect of police, and asked him to find an honest family, that he might give it the free use of the apartment for the three months to run. The prefect recommended a highly estimable sempstress with a large family, and she turned up "with two hand-carts filled with pots and pans and bedding." The house is in a fashionable quarter, and every tenant has given warning. Mr. Schwob does not allow the sempstress to be bribed or frightened into moving.

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The late Mr. de Blowitz once wrote a comedy, a savage attack on the political and fashionable world of Paris. He took it to his friend Jules Claretie of the Comedie Francaise, but the manager was afraid to produce it. Would not the play have packed the theatre? or did Claretie find himself among the characters?

Feb. 3 1903

## FOR SYMPHONY PENSION FUND.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, conductor, will give a concert Sunday evening, March 1, in Symphony Hall, in aid of its pension fund. The programme will be as follows:

Herald

Overture, "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven
Septet for trumpet, strings and piano.... Saint-Saens
Symphony in B minor No. 6, "Pathetic".. Tschaikowsky
Siegfried's Passing Through the Fire; Morning Dawn; Siegfried's Voyage up the Rhine.....Wagner

This will be the first of the concerts which will be given henceforth yearly by the orchestra for its pension fund. The announcement is one of more than ordinary significance and importance.

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Mr. Henry L. Higginson in 1881 informed the Boston public of his intention to establish and maintain a full and permanent orchestra, which should offer the best music at a low price. He reminded the public of the fact that, however praiseworthy the attempts to furnish such music had been in the past, there was then no local orchestra "such as may be found in all the large European cities or even in the smaller musical centres of Germany." He rightly thought that the essential condition of success was stability; that the members of the orchestra should be able to devote their best energies to the rehearsals and concerts of the organization during the season, with the assurance of re-engagement and continued service. His first thought was of an orchestra of 60 selected players who should give 20 concerts. In his announcement he named the first conductor, Mr. Henschel.

Mr. Higginson was not moved from his purpose by inevitable disappointments, the adverse criticism that is so easy, or by the failure of the public at large to appreciate at first the noble generosity of his plan. He knew that time would vindicate his judgment and reward his labors.

Today this orchestra of nearly a hundred men is famous throughout the breadth and the length of the land by reason of the high purposes that have shaped its musical policy, as well as by the brilliance of the concerts themselves. The Boston Symphony orchestra is something more than a local institution, the pride of Bostonians; its visits are dear to the music-lovers of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other cities, who take more than a passing interest in its success and glory; its existence is a joy to all those interested in music, professionals or amateurs, throughout the country; its reputation has crossed the Atlantic, and its high rank is accepted, not questioned, in the leading cities of Europe.

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The conductors in turn—Messrs. Henschel, Gericke, Nikisch, Paur and again Gericke—all contributed to the final result; but it is not invidious to say that the high state of technical perfection which has distinguished the performances of the last 12 or 14 years is due chiefly to the intelligent and indefatigable discipline exerted by Mr. Wilhelm Gericke at a time when the character of the orchestra was still undetermined, to his zeal and courage, to his righteous ambition, which, with Mr. Higginson's aid, recognized no obstacles and knew no bounds. The first aim was technical perfection. To attain this neither money nor time nor patience was spared.

But without excellent players, without distinguished players, picked men actuated by the same spirit, the task would have been wellnigh impossible. The members of this orchestra are something more than parts of a huge machine. It is the combination of so many individualities obedient to one mind which controls through intelligence—a combination that works together for a common purpose, for a love of art, and not for merely personal advantage—that sets this orchestra apart from others.

It is not surprising, then, that the members of the orchestra, seen and heard by so many year after year, have entered into the life and thought of the succeeding audiences.

Hazlitt wrote: "There is no class of society whom so many persons regard with affection as actors. We greet them on the stage; we like to meet them in the streets; they almost always recall to us pleasant associations, and we feel our gratitude excited, without the uneasiness of a sense of obligation." These words might well be written today of the members of the Symphony orchestra.

And Hazlitt added: "The very gayety and popularity, however, which surround the life of a favorite performer make the retiring from it a very serious

business. It glances a mortifying reflection on the shortness of human life and the vanity of human pleasures."

The members of the orchestra know that they are not necessarily exempt from the accidents that befall mankind. An injury to a finger that would be trifling in another calling removes a violinist from the ranks. As the years go by, a wind instrument player loses control of lip or breath. A slight infirmity may impair usefulness. What is the unfortunate man to do? It is generally too late for him to seek another business with hope of success. He has given the best years of his life to his instrument, his conductor, his employer and his audience. And even the most applauded virtuoso is mortal. In the old Dance of Death, the skeleton pipes or fiddles to the musician who must follow him.

The conductor and the members of the Symphony orchestra now purpose to establish a pension fund. They purpose to found it and maintain it by their own efforts. In some foreign cities a city government or a ruler contributes liberally to such a fund. Here the players purpose to help themselves by giving concerts and by self-taxation. They hope to have a fund which will provide for widows and orphans, for the disabled, for them that pass beyond the line of activity. The rules that will govern the acquirement, maintenance and disposition of this fund will be framed by the orchestra. The fund itself will be in the care of trustees appointed by the orchestra.

The members of the orchestra feel that the existence of such a fund will be of great value to themselves, and therefore to the public, in more ways than one. The players will not be harassed by thoughts of the future, by the dread of becoming dependent on some one or on some institution; they will be knit still closer together; there will be true and abiding esprit de corps.

They now, with Mr. Gericke as conductor, and through Messrs. Gericke, Timothee Adamowski, Joseph Adamowski, Otto Roth and Frank Schuchmann as a committee, offer their first concert in aid of this fund. Mrs. Adamowski-Szumowska has graciously offered to play the piano part in Saint-Saens' "Septet." The programme as a whole is most attractive, both to subscribers and to those who are not able to hear the orchestra at the regularly recurring concerts.

The people of this city will surely aid the members of the orchestra in their undertaking, and will aid them generously and gladly.

The French journals are telling queer stories about the late Augusta Holmes. One gossip wrote: "She had all the externals of woman, with the strength, confidence and authority of man. She sang—and with voice roughened by the smoke of cigarettes (she smoked sixty a day), she took possession of you and sent a shiver through you."

Melba is not singing in Australia simply to show her joy at being once more on her native soil. An unreserved seat costs $2.75.

What extraordinary subjects sometimes interest female composers. Here is Miss Ethel Smyth, now in New York with her one-act opera, "The Forest," which failed dismally in Berlin, where it was produced by the Emperor's command, and, as some say, as a favor to the English court, and then was performed last season at Covent Garden.

A forester loves a forest maid. He has killed a deer and a pedler saw him do the deed and hide the body in a well. The punishment for such hunting is death. Iolanthe, a haughty, sensual creature, the beloved of the Landgrave who owns the forest, sees the forester, takes a fancy to him, and tempts him to leave his sweetheart. He spurns her, oh, he spurns her. The Landgrave hears of Iolanthe's to him unaccountable taste, and naturally does not like it. The pedler comes along, accused of killing the deer. He defends himself by pointing out the forester as the guilty one. Iolanthe sees her opportunity; but the forester will not save his life by forsaking his sweetheart, although the latter urges him to forget her. The forester is slain by Iolanthe's command. His sweetheart cries out: "Love has the victory! Sacred Forest, take thine own!" and sinks lifeless on the corpse. The altar of Pan reappears with the nymphs and hamadryads about it singing the chorus of the prologue about the shortness of man's delights and their own immortality."

Miss Smyth, of course, was promptly interviewed on her arrival in New York. She has a high opinion of "American freshness and receptivity." The idea and development of her libretto are the work, she says, of Mr. H. B. Brewster, an American, who lives in Paris. "I am enchanted with his work. I believe any composer would give 10 years of his life if he could say that what Mr. Brewster has done in this piece was his." The Empress Eugenie is a warm friend of Miss Smyth and paid for the first printing of the libretto of "The Forest." The Empress is fond of music and one day said to Miss Smyth, when the composer was playing the piano: "Is that from your new opera? Then I am afraid it must be bad, for I like it so much."

Tschaikowsky saw Miss Smyth at Leipsic in 1888, and described her in his diary as "a tall Englishwoman, not handsome, but having what people call an 'expressive' or 'intelligent face.' Miss Smyth is one of the comparatively few women composers who may be seriously reckoned among the workers in the field of music. She had come to Leipsic a few years before and studied theory and composition thoroughly; she had composed several interesting works (the best of which, a violin sonata, I heard excellently played by the composer herself and Mr. Brodsky) and gave promise in the future of a serious and talented career. Since no Englishwoman is without her originalities and eccentricities, Miss Smyth had hers, which were: the beautiful dog, which was inseparable from this lonely woman; a passion for hunting, on account of which Miss Smyth occasionally returned to England for a time; and, finally, an incomprehensible and almost passionate worship for the intangible musical genius of Brahms. From her point of view Brahms stood on the supreme pinnacle of all music, and all that had gone before him served merely as a preparation for the incarnation of absolute musical beauty in the creations of the Viennese master. And in this case, as invariably, when I came in contact with rabid Brahmsites, I tormented myself with the question: 'Are they all wrong and imagine what does not exist, or have I so offended God and nature that the "revelation" predicted by Buelow will never condescend to bless me?' "

Miss Smyth is the daughter of an English general. She studied at the Leipsic Conservatory, and then with Herzogenberg. Her string quintet was played at Leipsic in 1884; her violin sonata in 1887. In 1890 a serenade for orchestra and an overture, "Antony and Cleopatra," were performed at the Crystal Palace; and in 1893 the Royal Choral Society produced her mass in D. Her first opera was "Fantasio," which was performed at Carlsruhe and Welmar.

Mrs. Roger-Miclos, who pleased the New Yorkers when she played a concerto with orchestra, fell flat in her recital. One of the critics suggests the instance as "a problem for experts in transmigration of tone color."

It looks now as though the successor of Mr. Grau will be Mr. Walter Damrosch, so that there is some chance of a revival of "The Scarlet Letter," and of an early production of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Again there is an attack all along the line of American quick luncheon counter. We hasten to correct the statement. There is "quick lunch," but a "quick luncheon" is an impossibility, just as a "gent" is doomed his whole life to "pants."

The Child Labor Committee of New York reports that the occupation of messenger boys is "pernicious and demoralizing to the highest degree," because they are in the habit of standing at "hurry up lunch counters" and indulging in craps, cigarettes, cocktails. But the "quick lunch counter" is named first among the evils. The Lancet shudders at the thought of "American quick lunch counters" in London and says "the adoption of this method of eating will be a wicked physiological step."

No one should eat standing up. If you cannot find a seat at a railway restaurant, take your pie with you and sit on a trunk in the open, careless of the criticism of fellow-passengers, who are not sure of themselves, but are uneasy concerning the rules of good behavior. Do not eat your pie defiantly, but be as unconscious as nature in any one of her wonderfully successful operations.

Still more objectionable than the "quick lunch" is the "electric lunch." Have no business relations with a man who is familiar with such places, who has so little respect for his stomach. The stomach controls the brain; and what confidence can you put in the opinion or the judgment of an electric lunhcer?

Nor is an hour enough for luncheon and digestion. If you are a clerk, or workman, take at least an hour and a half. If your employer remark adversely, look him straight in the eye—few employers like to be looked at squarely—and smile, and say, "But my services are worth more to you, for the added half-hour." If he is a reasonable man, he will commend your action and your reasoning and raise your salary. If he discharge you, he frees you from bondage; for who would work for an unreasonable man?

Never eat oysters in a hurry. To be sure that they are harmless, you should put the shells in a large tub of cold, pure water, and let water run over them for a few minutes. Then drain, give them fresh water, put a large lump of salt in the tub, and leave them for twenty-four hours. Then pour away the fluid, put the shells in fresh water with a little salt and a handful of oatmeal, and leave them for one day. Then throw away the fluid, cleanse them in pure, cold water, and the oysters are "in a perfectly hygienic condition," and ready for the fork. This is the only way to eat raw oysters. To be sure, it takes time; but suppose you do leave off work for two days, is it not better for your employer to have a skilled and healthy workman than to be put out by your absence on account of typhoid fever? The employer might himself see to the proper preparation of the oysters, but how many employers could be trusted in such an affair?

Today is Friday, and the 13th of the month. And what does Zadkiel, the London astrologer, advise as the fitting conduct for the day? "Avoid females. Ask no favors."

Dr. Tolman in New York is trying to arouse the citizens to the necessity of a better bath service by showing lantern-slide views of the baths of Agrippa, Diocletian, Caracalla and Antoninus. Famous baths; but did Caracalla and the rest of 'em have antiseptic soap and Russian crash towels?

We received a pressing invitation the other day to join a "Madeira Party" by taking "at least one five-gallon demijohn." The wine is to be "old Sercial." The cask will be brought in the hold of a sailing vessel from the island to "some South American port"—observe the romantic, adventurous vagueness—and then to New York. This long voyage, the heat of the hold in the tropics, and the rolling of the vessel will mature the wine exceedingly." A poet wrote the circular, a boss poet.

But everything is romantic about Madeira. Did Robert Macham, running away from England with Anne Dorset, discover the island? Washington Irving, Alcafarado and the Abbe Prevost believed the story. The lovers, embarked for Spain, were driven by a tempest to the island. Anne, seasick, was taken to land, and there she died. The ship was swept out to sea. Macham built a chapel and buried her in it, and he and his men made a boat and left the island. They were cast on the Afric shore. Surprised Moors thought the landing a prodigy and sent the whites to the King of Castile. Some say that Anne's name was either d'Arfet or Derby, and there are scoffers who are so disagreeable as to point out that Macham or Machim died in 1334, and that Madeira was discovered in 1419.

Now as to "old Sercial," this "wine of our grandfathers," as the circular calls it. The vine was introduced from Cyprus in 1425, but there was no cultivation until the Jesuits planted the finest cuttings about the beginning of the sixteenth century. (The Franciscans carried the vine afterwards to California.) The best kinds for wine were the Malvazia Candida, the Bual, the Tinta. As for this Sercial, it is "unpleasant when new, and made of a hock-grape so unpalatable that the lizards are said to avoid it." The average pipe cost in the best days about $250. The wine went out of fashion in England when George IV., afraid of gout, insisted that sherry was a more honest and wholesome beverage. It is true that during the Napoleonic wars, there were inferior growths and rank imitations.

Yet there was a time when Madeira was preferred to champagne in Russia and the United States. Sir Richard Burton noted in one of his books about Africa that he had paid $11 a bottle in New York, and had seen men "kill its aroma with ice instead of gently warming it like Lafitte." In the early sixties the best Madeira on the island cost $550 a small pipe. The vintage was a simple affair. The grapes were trodden under foot in a wooden trough or in a press. The must was stored in open vats for four or five weeks. After fermentation, it was drawn off into fresh casks, clarified with eggs, gypsum or bullock's blood, and a gallon or two of brandy kept it from turning into vinegar.

Minister Cocco-Ortu at Rome presented a divorce-bill to the Parliament. His children with others are educated by nuns, who heard with joy the other day that the Holy Father would be pleased to see them and their pupils. Each child was presented to Leo XIII, who was most kind and paternal, until the nun pronounced the name "Cocco-Ortu." Then he drew back and was ominously quiet. The nun said, 'But Holy Father, they are so good, so pious.' To which the Pope answered: "Well, in that case, I hope they will influence their father to repent."

Feb 14. 1903

"When Mr. Baer sat down he was congratulated by hundreds of persons."

"Mr. Darrow was surrounded by an admiring throng when he temporarily suspended his speech at adjournment time."

But while they talk—ye gods, how they do talk—what is the price of anthracite coal in Boston? There is oratory here over the coal question: but it is laconic, pungent; and, while we approve heartily the animating spirit, the verbal expression is for the most part hardly fit for publication.

This week we have the pleasure of cutting off the name of A. T. Wolford from our subscription list. This man has not said a good word for us since we have been here.——Neosho Falls (Kan.) Post.

Some earnest student of Shakespeare cut out the whole of "Comedy of Errors" from "the 1623 first folio," which the Emperor William gave to the Berlin Royal Library. The most surprising detail of this vandalism is the student's choice of a play.

Mrs. Roosevelt's handkerchief is still as a red flag to the steers of Texas. Handkerchiefs have before this made trouble, as in the leading case of Desdemona.

A bill has been introduced in the Missouri Senate to make it a misdemeanor to flirt with boarding-school girls, or spinster principals or teachers. "The last two classifications were added to the bill in order to prevent the charge of special legislation." What a pitiable ignorance of human nature! Any man of experience would at once flirt with a teacher rather than a pupil. There is a desperation in the coquetry of an aging teacher that is irresistible even to deep thinkers.

Here is another good story from Mr. Brookfield's "Random Reminiscences." His father was dining at the Oxford and Cambridge Club, with Tennyson, Venables, Rushington and others. Tennyson put his feet on the table after dinner and tilted his chair "more Americano." There was a stranger in the room, and they remonstrated with the poet for his boorishness, but they could not move him.

"Do put down your feet," urged the host.

"Why should I? I am very comfortable as I am."

"But everyone is staring at you," said the host.

"Let 'em stare," answered the poet.

"Alfred," said Brookfield, father, "people will think you're Longfellow."

Down went the feet.

An automobile ran over a 3-year-old boy in a New York street and crushed his right thigh so badly that the leg had to be amputated. The owner of the automobile gave the boy a quarter. This was, indeed, noble of him. What business had the brat to be in the way?

The Daily Chronicle (London) takes notice of the fish train from Vancouver, which rushes across the continent, "its final destination being Boston, the headquarters of the New England Fish Company and the Billingsgate of America."

"Hitherto," says the Chronicle, "we have known Boston—the home of Emerson, Lowell, Channing, Hawthorne and Longfellow—as the Athens of America and the centre of transatlantic culture, literature, taste and refinement. To hear it described as the American Billingsgate produces a shudder and a shock. But extremes meet in Boston as elsewhere."

We heard of a Bostonian who lost the other day a pair of gold skates, and found them again in a curious manner at Worcester. There were ice sports in the land of Henry II., but not even the King had golden skates. Some of the Londoners slid, others rode on millstones of ice, "and others," said an old chronicler, "more skilful, flying upon

bones of animals fixed upon their feet (shoving themselves by a little staff) they glide as a bird flieth in the air or an arrow out of a cross-bow." Some of these skates were found in 1843 when excavations were made in Moorgate street. The bones were supposed to be the tibiae of the horse; the lower surface was highly polished; one end was cut to resemble somewhat the turned-up piece of iron that was once common, and at each end a hole admitted a cord or wire to fasten the skate. Blade skates were introduced into England from Holland in 1660.

And the chronicler, Fitzstephens, set down the record of this singular amusement on the ice as practised by the Londoners: "Sometimes two men set themselves at a distance and run one against another, as it were at tilt, with these skates, wherewith one or both parties are thrown down, not without some hurt to their bodies, and after their fall, by reason of their violent motion are carried a good distance one from another. Thus do the young men exercise themselves in counterfeit battles, that they may bear the brunt more strongly when they come to it in good earnest."

But when did the expression "to have a skate" come into the language?

Some one says in the Chicago Record-Herald. "New ideas are constantly enriching the language with new words. Some of them come into general usage; others are discarded soon after their coinage. Kipling speaks of the 'coolth' of the evening."

Yes, yes. But "coolth" is neither a new word nor one invented by Mr. Kipling; it has a highly respectable age, for it was used in English literature as far back as 1547; it is in Madam D'Arblay's Diary of 1781; Tom Taylor did not hesitate to use it in 1863; and it was a favorite of Sir Richard Burton. We are now speaking of "coolth," that is, "coolness." The same word in English dialect means "a cold," the malady. The word with the former meaning is still common in English provinces.

Feb 15 1903

An Englishwoman sent to T. P.'s Weekly this description of Madame Humbert, who is now appearing at Paris in her great part of Portia:

"I cannot say that Madame Humbert interested me very much. Her manners, like her face, betraye d her peasant origin, and, though I knew nothing of her antecedents, I always thought her very common, as, indeed, were all the Daurignacs. Madame once caught me looking at her when, with the assistance of both hands, she was gnawing a particularly luscious chicken bone. She excused herself, and said she could eat quite as well as 'mees' when she liked!"

It all depends on the size of the bone. The drumstick of a turkey is clutched firmly by a boy with both hands, and there are grown persons who envy him his unconsciousness and freedom from conventional scruples; There are some who shudder at the sight of a woman holding coquettishly the wish-bone of a chicken between two dainty fingers. We know a Bostonian, a man of fastidious taste and deep thinking, who regrets bitterly that whenever he eats meat of any kind he cannot take it under the barndoor and growl if anyone tries to converse with him or even looks at him.

As with bones, so with corn on the cob. That which is admirable in the old is sometimes repulsive in the young. There is something heroic in the sight of a matron, the mother of children making her dental way intrepidly along the buttered and salted rows, with the ear clenched in both hands. These hands should be ringless, for diamonds are here incongruous. But a young girl——

The Era thus describes an Ibsen audience in London: "An Ibsen audience is a study in morbid physiology. Pallid spinsters with uneasy eyes; sickly looking youths with effeminate airs and affectations, strange hollow-eyed old men with a suggestion of depraved refinement, Socialists, vegetarians, pro-Boers, bromide-drinkers, ego-maniacs, solitaires and superfluous women—these form a large portion of an Ibsen audience anywhere."

And thus is Ibsen condemned, sentenced, hanged, drawn and quartered. This lying caricature is, forsooth, criticism of his plays. Some years ago the Yellow Book published an unwholesome caricature of an audience at "Tristan and Isolde," but that music-drama still lives and will live when the caricature is looked at curiously as the confession of a brilliant but morbid and perverse imagination. There is not in all Ibsen's plays one line that is as vulgar as the Era's tirade; for Ibsen is never vulgar, never morbid, never foully suggestive. His tonic may have a bitter taste, but, it is a wholesome draught, prepared for the healing of the nations.

To go back to the bone-and-corn question. Why are some simple dishes thought to be "common," not even to be mentioned? We heard a woman describe some neighbors lately, as "persons who would eat rice-pudding," and we are not sure but she said "puddin." We read only yesterday that the Viceroy of India as he sat at table glared at a dish, and then glared again as though he could not trust his eyes. "What is this?" A trembling waiter gasped: "Rice pudding." Now the wife of the Viceroy had ordered the dish; but the Viceroy frowned: "Take it away; never let me see such a thing again." But what is better than rice pudding when the raisins are big and there are plenty of them? Queen Victoria was not so beastly particular. At her table apple-tart was served on a silver plate.

Some of the Italian critics are already hysterical at the thought of Sardou's "Dante." One writes: "Sardou betrays historical truth with the same insolence with yhich he betrays human truth. He who presents such an incredible mixture to the English and American publics must be firmly convinced that the race which produced William Shakespeare has irremediably lost the sense of art and has become the slave of bad taste, in a manner really humiliating and shameful. Would he dare to throw such a mad insult to the intellect in France or Italy? We will not speak of Italy; for us, Dante is sacred. We do not want him on the stage; we do not allow him to be even mentioned. When Gabriele d'Annunzio's evocation to the young Dante in 'Francesca da Rimini' was given it was displeasing to all. But take France: the public there would rise against this monstrous speculation, in which Dante is made the accomplice in a great money-making concern, while of money-grubbing he was so innocent. The 'Dante' is repugnant to every feeling and principle of reasonableness and fitness; one would rather think it a great joke than a serious attempt. Were I English or American I would consider such an impudent attempt as an insult."

We do not take Dante so seriously in this country; but suppose that Sardou were to put Browning on the stage? Think of the resolutions that would be passed by the Browning Clubs of Hockanum Ferry and Pumpkin Hollow!

At the present time, when rumors are rife concerning the existence of "rings" for maintaining high prices for the food of the people, it is interesting to see how such persons were dealt with in the "good old times." In 1548 was passed "The Bill of Conspiracies of Victuallers and Craftsmen," and it enacted "That as of late divers sellers of victuals, not content with moderate and reasonable gain, have conspired to sell them at unreasonable prices * * * If after the first of March next any butchers, brewers bakers, poulterers or fruiterers conspire, promise or make oaths, they shall for the first offence forfeit £10, or twenty days' imprisonment on bread and water; for the second offense £20 or the pillory; and for the third offense £40 and the pillory, with the loss of one of his ears." If any such conspiracy was entered into by the Company of Victuallers, its corporation was to be dissolved.——Daily Chronicle (London).

Some think that the personal element in the name given to modern inventions will be an incentive to discoverers. Thus "herzography" is suggested as the euphonious and proper word for the art of sending wireless telegraphic messages.

# LAST NIGHT'S CONCERT IN THE SYMPHONY HALL

The program of the fifteenth Symphony concert, given in Symphony Hall last evening, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "The Oresteia" ..... Taneleff
Concerto in A minor for piano ..... Schumann
"A Siegfried Idyl" ..... Wagner
Symphony in C minor No. 5 ..... Beethoven

## Taneleff's Overture.

The overture by Taneleff was the only work that was not well known to the audience. The first performance was two seasons ago, and the impression then made was one chiefly of orchestral color and occasionally gloomy strength. The overture should not be confounded with the prelude to the composer's opera of the same title. The themes of this concert-overture are taken from the opera—thus one is associated with Agamemnon's guilty queen—and for this reason, perhaps, there is a certain lack of unity, as though the composition were in the nature of a pot-pourri. Taneleff uses the resources of the modern grand orchestra, and yet how far away he is in spirit from the simplicity of the awful story which inspired the trilogy of Aeschylus. He heaps orchestral horrors on horrors, yet nowhere is that mood of irresistible fate that we find in Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," with its primitive orchestration. The apotheosis is frankly decorative music that accompanies the procession to the Acropolis, good theatre music, which might easily enlarge the pomp and splendor of the stage-view; but in the earlier sections of the overture, there is no poignant tragic note, to remind the hearer of the horrid meal, of the father's curse, of Clytaemnestra's or Orestes bloody deed, of the avenging Furies. The music is hypo-Russian, not Greek, in essential spirit.

## Mrs. Zeisler.

Mrs. Zeisler gave a polished performance of Schumann's concerto. She played intimately and as the sensitive musician rather than as the flamboyant virtuoso; and thus performance and composition were thoroughly in harmony. Yet such a performance, admirable as it was, would have been more beautiful and effective in a smaller hall, where what Berlioz called the musical fluid would enwrap the hearer. The concerto itself, with its half-timid suggestions, its quietly romantic spirit, its subdued yet questioning expression, is for a smaller hall, and it is a pity that such confidential disclosures of a composer should not be heard in such a room. Yet the charm of Mrs. Zeisler's performance was felt, although in some passages the hearer was obliged to meet the pianist and anticipate her or italicize for himself her language. The Siegfried Idyl was played delightfully. Beethoven's symphony still ranks among the great masterpieces. In all modern music there is no page more thrilling than that of the mysterious, unearthly transition from the scherzo to the finale, and the preceding pages are the triumph of absolute music over that which needs a program or is the translation of something into music. Here is music that was not suggested, but it suggests that which can only be imagined, not spoken, not painted, not written in lofty rhyme or passionate prose.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Wilhelm Gericke conductor, will give a concert Sunday evening, March 1, in aid of its pension fund. The program will be as follows:

Overture Leonore No. 3 ..... Beethoven
Septet for trumpet, strings and piano ..... Saint-Saens
Symphony in B minor No 6, "Pathetic" ..... Tschalkowsky
Siegfried's Passing Through the Fire; Morning Dawn; Siegfried's Voyage up the Rhine.. ..... Wagner

This will be the first of the concerts which will be given henceforth yearly by the orchestra for its pension fund. The announcement is one of more than ordinary significance and importance.

## Mr. Higginson the Founder.

Mr. Henry L. Higginson in 1881 informed the Boston public of his intention to establish and maintain a full and permanent orchestra, which should offer the best music at a low price. He reminded the public of the fact that however praiseworthy the attempts to furnish such music had been in the past, there was then no local orchestra "such as may be found in all the large European cities or even in the smaller musical centres of Germany."

He rightly thought that the essential condition of success was stability; that the members of the orchestra should be able to devote their best energies to the rehearsals and concerts of the organization during the season, with the assurance of re-engagement and continued service. His first thought was of an orchestra of sixty selected players, who should give twenty concerts. In his announcement he named the first conductor, Mr. Henschel.

Mr. Higginson was not moved from his purpose by inevitable disappointments, the adverse criticism that is so easy, or by the failure of the public at large to appreciate at first the noble generosity of his plan. He knew that time would vindicate his judgment and reward his labors.

## Today Orchestra Is Famous.

Today this orchestra of nearly a hundred men is famous throughout the breadth and the length of the land by reason of the high purposes that have shaped its musical policy, as well as by the brilliance of the concerts themselves. The Boston Symphony Orchestra is something more than a local institution, the pride of Bostonians; its visits are dear to the music-lovers of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other cities, who take more than a passing interest in its success and glory; its existence is a joy to all those interested in music, professionals or amateurs, throughout the country; its reputation has crossed the Atlantic, and its high rank is accepted, not questioned, in the leading cities of Europe.

The conductors in turn, Messrs. Henschel, Gericke, Nikisch, Pauer and again Gericke, all contributed to the final result; but it is not invidious to say that the high state of technical perfection which has distinguished the performances of the last twelve or fourteen years is due chiefly to the intelligent and indefatigable discipline exerted by Mr. Wilhelm Gericke at a time when the character of the orchestra was still undetermined, to his zeal and courage, to his righteous ambition, which, with Mr. Higginson's aid, recognized no obstacles and knew no bounds. The first aim was technical perfection. To attain this neither money nor time nor patience was spared.

## For the Love of Art.

But without excellent players, without distinguished players, picked men actuated by the same spirit, the task would have been well nigh impossible. The members of this orchestra are something more than parts of a huge machine. It is the combination of so many individualities obedient to one mind which controls through intelligence—a combination that works together for a common purpose, for a love of art, and not for merely personal advantage, that sets this orchestra apart from others.

It is not surprising, then, that the members of the orchestra, seen and heard by so many year after year, have entered into the life and thought of the suceeding audiences.

Hazlitt wrote: "There is no class of society whom so many persons regard with affection as actors. We greet them on the stage; we like to meet them in the streets; they almost always recall to us pleasant associations; and we feel our gratitude excited, without the uneasiness of a sense of obligation." These words might well be written today of the members of the Symphony Orchestra.

And Hazlitt added: "The very gayety and popularity, however, which surround the life of a favorite performer, make the retiring from it a very serious business. It glances a mortifying reflection on the shortness of human life, and the vanity of human pleasures."

## Why Pension Is Wanted.

The members of the orchestra know that they are not necessarily exempt from the accidents that befall mankind. An injury to a finger that would be trifling in another calling removes a violinist from the ranks.

As the years go by, a wind instrument player loses control of lip or breath. A slight infirmity may impair usefulness. What is the unfortunate man to do? It is generally too late for him to seek another business with hope of success. He has given the best years of his life to his instrument, his conductor, his employer, and his audience. And even the most applauded virtuoso is mortal.

In the old Dance of Death, the skeleton pipes or fiddles to the musician, who must follow him.

The conductor and the members of the Symphony Orchestra now purpose to establish a pension fund. They purpose to found it and maintain it by their own efforts. In some foreign cities a city government or a ruler contributes liberally to such a fund. Here the players purpose to help themselves by giving concerts and by self-taxation

They hope to have a fund which will provide for widows and orphans; for the disabled, for them that pass beyond the line of activity. The rules that will govern the acquirement, maintenance and disposition of this fund will be framed by the orchestra. The fund itself will be in the care of trustees appointed by the orchestra.

The members of the orchestra feel that the existence of such a fund will be of great value to themselves and therefore to the public in more ways than one. The players will not be harassed by thoughts of the future, by the dread of becoming dependent on some one or on some institution; they will be knit still closer together; there will be true and abiding esprit de corps.

### The First Pension Concert.

They now, with Mr. Gericke as conductor and through Messrs. Gericke, Timothee Adamowski, Joseph Adamowski, Otto Roth and Frank Schuchmann as a committee, offer their first concert in aid of this fund. Mrs. Adamowski-Szumowska has graciously offered to play the piano part in Saint-Saens's septet. The program as a whole is most attractive, both to subscribers and to those who are not able to hear the orchestra at the regularly recurring concerts.

The people of this city will surely aid the members of the orchestra in their undertaking, and will aid them generously and gladly.

Feb 16. 1903

The look of the world's a lie, a face made up
O'er graves and fiery depths; and nothing's true
But what is horrible. If man could see
The perils and diseases that he elbows,
Each day he walks a mile; which catch at him,
Which fall behind and graze him as he passes;
Th n would he know that Life's a single pilgrim,
Fighting unarmed amongst a thousand soldiers.
It is this infinite invisible
Which we must learn to know, and yet to scorn,
And, from the scorn of that, regard the world
As from the edge of a far star.

Convicts tortured by strait-jackets in Californian prisons? We thought that Charles Reade exposed the horrors of such jackets once and for all in his "Never too Late to Mend."

Pension the ex-slaves? Certainly, but let us free and pension the white slaves of today as well as pension the black slaves of "befo' the wah."

So Mr. Conreid is now said to be Mr. Grau's successor. "Further remarks by Mr. Damrosch showed that he felt keen disappointment at falling to obtain the direction of the opera."

And yet a New Yorker told us Saturday that Mr. Damrosch, only a day or two before at dinner, had said he would not take the position at any price. The position is not an enviable one. There are the subscribers to be satisfied, and some want French and Italian operas and some want nothing but Wagner's music dramas, but both factions want the best singers. Then there are the prima donnas—and the tenors must be counted among them—who are daily to be appeased and flattered. The prima donnas are the ones that shatter the nervous system of the manager with their jealousies and their demands. The successful opera manager is a born diplomat. He must not only know the weaknesses of human nature; he must boldly take advantage of them.

A contributor to the the New York Times Saturday Review writes that he inquired lately for a library edition of Florio's translation of Montaigne's essays "within the reach of the book-lover of moderate means," and was informed that there is none. The bookseller that informed him needed information. There is an unexpurgated Florio in one volume, clearly printed, and edited by Henry Morley. But how seldom booksellers are aware of books that are not on their shelves!

The editor of the New York Times Saturday Review (Feb. 14) expresses surprise at a contributor preferring Winwood Reade's "Martyrdom of Man" to any other work of "history, science, philosophy, theology, biology, or anthropology." But has the editor ever read Reade's "Martyrdom of Man?" We doubt it, if only from the careless way in which he speaks of one of the most remarkable books in the English language. All that Winwood Reade wrote is worth reading, but this particular work is a masterpiece. Sir Richard Burton wrote of this gallant explorer and philosopher, who died when he was only 37 years old; "He had emphatically the courage of his opinions, and he towered a cubit above the crowd by telling not only the truth, as most of us do, but the whole truth, which so few can afford to do. * * * His noble candor in publishing 'The Martyrdom of Man' is an example and a model to us who survive him"—this was written in 1876. "And he died calmly and courageously as he lived, died in harness, died as he had resolved to die, like the good and gallant gentleman of ancient lineage that he was."

Only by reading the ancients do we become fully acquainted with the wondrous schemes of nature. Thus Bernardin de Saint-Pierre tells us that nature divided the melon into slices so that it could be eaten by a family; but the pumpkin is larger and can perhaps be eaten with one's neighbors. See his "Etudes de la Nature."

This reminds us of a sentence of the Bishop of Metz in 1846: "The inundations of the Loire are due to the excesses of the press and the non-observance of Sunday."

And side by side with these observations may be put this opinion of the good Fenelon: "Water was made to sustain those prodigious floating buildings which are called vessels."

According to "Raphael's Prophetic Messenger" this is the day of days: "Buy, seek work, speculate, ask favors, and push thy business."

And yet on February 17, 1888, Edward de Goncourt, our old friend Edmond, knew physical discomfort. He presided at a dinner given to the sculptor Rodin: "A dinner of which I was president, with a draught on my back." This is the laconic entry in his journal. Not a word about Rodin's genius, the guests, the speeches, the character of the dishes and wines—only this: "With a draught on my back." After all, that was the one feature of the dinner—to de Goncourt.

Fur overcoats are now much in fashion in London, not because they are absolutely needed, but because this is the time when they "should be worn." There is a fashionable manner of wearing them, W. F. W. writes: "You may turn the collar up about your ears, but the less connection you establish between buttons and button holes the better you will follow the prescription. In no case, however, must your buttoning extend upwards beyond your top-stud; if your bronchial tubes are thereaffected, so much the better for your tie."

Full-blooded men who walk in fur coats woo pneumonia openly. If you are fat and scant o' breath and possess such a garment, talk about it—"It's nearly cold enough to wear my fur coat"—"I wish I had on my fur coat"—"What do you do with your fur coat in summer?"—but leave it in the cedar closet, no matter how shrewd the wind.

You are not the first to own a fur coat. Both Anglo-Saxons—pace Mr. Freeman—and Normans sported them. Henry VIII., that hearty old monarch, left such a splendid collection of furs that for years after his death they furnished a stock from which presents were given to persons of distinction.

Feb 17, 1903

Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler and Mr. Mark Hambourg, who will give piano recitals next Saturday, are well known here, but Mr. Arthur Hochmann will make his first appearance in Boston tonight at Steinert Hall. He was born in Russia 21 or 22 years ago. He came to the United States as a boy and studied at the Xaver Scharwenka Conservatory at New York, and played in public when he was 10 years old. Then he went to Berlin for further study and late in 1899 gave a concert there, armed with three concertos and assisted by an orchestra. Since then he has led the life of a virtuoso abroad and in this country. Tonight he will play Schumann's Fantasia, Tschaikowsky's Theme and variations, and pieces by Scarlatti, Brahms, Chopin and Liszt.

Mrs. Zeisler is always interesting after her high-strung fashion. It may be remembered that not long ago at a concert in Paris she was hissed violently and there were shouts of "A bas le piano," not on account of any race prejudice, not on account of any chauvinistic feeling, but because the young radicals in the gallery do not wish to hear any piano music in an orchestral concert. They say: "Our protests have nothing personal in them. If Beethoven came himself and played a sonata, we would not hear it. We pay to hear orchestra music, and we mean to have it."

They showed the same hostile spirit later when Emile Moreau played his own concerto. (Moreau was the pianist of the ill-fated Nevada concert company that appeared here at the Colonial Theatre.) He knew the demonstrators were in the hall; he sought them out before the performance, and challenged them to make him nervous. But it was different when he found himself on the stage, and his nerve forsook him; like Artemus Ward at a dinner, he felt he had the gift of oratory but he did not happen to have it with him.

Meanwhile the conductors of the orchestra do not intend to submit tamely. Chevillard, who conducts the Lamoureux concerts, which are given on co-operative lines, refused admission to four known disturbers. He offered to return their money, but they rejected, refused and went away breathing out threatenings and slaughter. Then they sued him. The case will be an interesting one. Chevillard will probably lose it, for Frenchmen still claim the divine right to hiss when a show does not please them.

Mr. Rotoli will give a performance of his Roman mass on Friday night at Symphony Hall. The announcement was read with pleasure by his many friends and admirers. The chorus under his direction has always been effective. Mrs. Williams will sing his music to Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and there will be other numbers in the first part of the program.

Mr. Heinrich Conreid, the successor of Mr. Grau, was born at Bielitz, Austria, in 1855. He was at first a playactor at Vienna, Leipsic and Bremen. In 1877 he came to America and was stage manager of the Germania Theatre. Then he was with Mathilde Cottrelly at the Thalia; manager of the Thalia in 1881 with Carl Herrmann; stage manager of the Casino under Aronson. In 1892 he became the manager of the Irving Place Theatre, which he has conducted with marked artistic and pecuniary success. The N. Y. Sun is surprised and pained at the selection. For some unaccountable reason Mr. Walter Damrosch was its candidate, but he is not the man to manage opera on a broad and liberal scale. The fact that he has conducted opera for several years proves only this: He is not a first-class conductor, but one admirably suited to the Philharmonic Society in its present condition. Nor does it follow that an inferior conductor will make a superior manager.

The Sun, by the way, tells a good story o fthat tiresome young woman, Fritz, Scheffi and Sembrich. The former was interviewed and spoke rashly of ages to the reporter when she declared that critics never treated her as they did Mme. Sembrich or Mme. Eames and that a singer had to be 50 before she was important in grand opera. "When she and Mme. Sembrich met there were protests and denials from Mlle. Scheff, who declared that she would never have said such a thing. Well, I thought the interview very amusing. Fritzi, Sembrich said, but you were mistaken on one point. You might sing until you are 60, dearest, and the critics would never write about you as they do about Mme. Eames and me.' "

Melba evidently has her press-agent with her. "She continues to suffer from the inconvenient idolatry of her compatriots." At Warrnambool, a well-known musical centre, she was mobbed at the railway station "and placed in bodily peril." Fortunately she recovered in time to give a farewell dinner in honor of Captain Wallington. "Ah! que j'aime le militaire."

The tenor Birrenkoven, who fell with his horse in "Rienzi," through a trap and was injured, sued the managers of the Hamburg Opera House for $8000; surely a modest sum. The trial dragged along for three years, and is now decided; the managers were not guilty of negligence and the singer's fall was "an unfortunate accident."

The American dancer, Isadora Duncan, has hit them hard in Berlin. (She is the young woman who dances Chopin's nocturnes and Botticelli's pictures without slippers and stockings.) Listen to this rhapsody of some palpitating German:

"Miss Duncan's value lies not in her 'interpretation' but in the revelation of the deep spiritual meaning lying in the lines and curves and surface—play of light and shadow of the human body. It was such a quiet, beautiful, natural thing to see her dance—as beautiful and easy as the bending of flowers or blades of grass in the wind. Many of the audience had never before suspected the existence of this spiritual language of movement, so familiar to every artist. D'Annunzio has a passage somewhere describing the beautiful gesture of "the sower who goes forth to sow.' It was the wealth and poetry of such gestures that we admired in Miss Duncan. Here was no excruciating and unmeaning dancing on tip-toes, after the fashion of the ballerinas of the modern stage. She might have stept onto an old Greek stage, and the audience would have understood her. Sometimes she was like a forest child dancing alone, listening and fleeing, in the wildwood, anon a fairy on the yellow sands," etc.

Apropos of the recent performance here of "Parsifal" the following protest against a concert performance in Amsterdam will be of interest:

"We, the undersigned, to whom was vouchsafed the honor of association with the master, and who are intimately familiar with his purpose (aside from his published declaration that he wished his work 'Parsifal' to be performed only and exclusively in Bayreuth), protest herewith against the complete performance of the stage consecrating festival play, as against an enterprise that is a contradiction of the wishes of the master and an injury to his art, inasmuch as a stage work was performed in the form of an oratorio.

"Karl Klindworth, Hans Richter, Adolph V. Gross, Emil Heckel, Felix Mottl, Franz Fishcher, C. Fr. Yasenapp, H. P. Frhr. v. Wolzogen, Engelbert Humperdinck, Julius Kniese."

Attorney General Dole of Hawaii found marriage anything but one long sweet song. First of all, his wife—he is now divorced from her—objected to his wearing a collar that he had worn the evening before. "No gentleman," she said, "would wear a collar more than once. Gentlemen change their linen at least once a day. Your clothes are shabby, you don't look decent; there is no style about you. This is a jay town anyway."

If there is any doubt at all as to the immaculateness of a collar, the collar should be at once tossed into the clothes basket. Much depends on the laundry. We have read of reversible collars, but the idea is not a pleasant one. In the sixties the swells of New England villages affected a white enameled steel collar, which, with the occasional aid of a toothbrush, would preserve a glossy whiteness for a year or two. Then there was the paper-collar, which was seen along railway tracks from Boston to St. Louis as though there were some gigantic game of hare and hounds.

The cleanliness of the collar is not wholly a matter of personal cleanliness or degree of temperature. Sufferers from eczema, even when there is only a little patch on the neck, must change constantly, if they regard appearances. Soft coal is the sworn friend of the washerwoman. But to say that a collar must be discarded after the use of a few hours, no matter what its outward appearance may be, is a symptom of ultra-fastidiousness.

But this was not all. During thirteen months of married life Mrs. Dole showed her husband only one mark of affection: She kissed him on the brow: "A cold kiss," according to Mr. Dole, and we sympathize with him. She once said to her sister in the presence of strangers, "That man makes me sick;" she refused to tie his cravat; on various occasions she called him "fool, liar, brute, beast, cur, dirty dog." But the trouble all began with the suspicious collar. If Mr. Dole had worn "fatigue" instead of fatigued shirts, there probably would have been no rift within the lute. Nor are we told whether this particular collar was attached to the shirt—a luxury reserved for the very rich.

An art critic in Rome has discovered a portrait of Dante. "If Chiappelli is right we now have for the first time an authentic likeness of the great poet." But what, pray, are the many likenesses that agree so well and picture him grim and "stern of lineament"? And what is the bust that inspired Dr. Parsons' noble poem?

An acrobat engaged by a circus proprietor in England had a contract in which were the words, "No play, no pay." The business was bad, and the proprietor gave the acrobat a fortnight's notice and shut his circus. The acrobat asked for wages and was an-

swered: "No play, no pay," to which he said he was ready to play and be paid. The justice decided that the words mean "No work, no pay;" but the defendant's counsel could bring no evidence in support of this meaning, and Mr. Charles Morton, an authority, swore that the words did not bear the construction put on them by the proprietor.

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An English museum official said the other day that Mr. J. P. Morgan is a giant in finance, but a baby in art, for "He pays out of all proportions of the value of his collections."

If it were not for the excessively rich, mediocre painters and musicians would starve. And what would the dealers in queer or artfully prepared rugs do? Many of the newly rich inwardly prefer a thick carpet of flowery or geometric pattern tacked down securely to serve as an abiding place for all manner of uncleanliness, but they have been told that carpets are vulgar, and they easily fall victims to dealers who are oriental chiefly in shrewdness and the racial desire to spoil the Christians. Perhaps Mr. Mumford's book may in time make these buyers discriminative, but an intimate knowledge of rugs is of slow growth.

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The Pall Mall Gazette says of Mr. G. F. Monkshood, who annotated a translation into English of Anatole France's "Thais," "a gentleman who thinks 'enigmae' is the plural of enigma should find other occupation than literary criticism."

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There was lately in Brooklyn a contradiction to a long-cherished and stoutly maintained theory. A first officer of a steamship killed himself because he was tired of sea life. He was only 45, but he had been at sea for 40 years.

Every now and then you hear a wail over the "decadence in table board." "I am impressed," groans a New Yorker, "by the deadly monotony and dull range of the service, as well as the eatables set out before me." And he is boarding "at a very select establishment." But how many housekeepers show fancy or imagination in ordering the daily meals? Is the "dull range" confined to boarding-houses? Matilda exclaims in "The Rovers": "The beef of tomorrow will succeed to the mutton of today, as the mutton of today succeeded to the veal of yesterday;" but in the household where there is only the married couple the leg of mutton must be eaten steadily from the original roast to various stewed preparations with or without toast. In the restaurant the bachelor easily falls into a routine. There are unfortunate men who eat roast beef six nights in the week and on Sunday turkey. What sort of a life is theirs?

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Is the exquisite described centuries ago by Theophrastus wholly unknown today? "He makes few purchases for himself, but sends presents to his friends at Byzantium and Spartan dogs to Cyzicus, and Hymettian honey to Rhodes; and when he does these things he tells it about the town. Naturally, his taste runs to pet monkeys, parrots, Sicilian doves, gazelles' knuckle-bones, Thurian jars, crooked canes from Sparta, hangings inwrought with Persian figures, a wrestling-ring sprinkled with sand, and a tennis-court. He goes around and offers this arena to philosophers, sophists, fighters, and musicians for their exhibitions; and at the performances he himself comes in last of all, that the spectators may say to one another, 'That's the gentleman to whom the place belongs.'"

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There is not among the whole of them a bore or a bully in his cups; nor a meddler nor a miser of his money, and each and every hath some dance which he danceth and some of his own couplets which he caroleth; and the best of them is that, like thy servant, thy slave here, they know not what much talking is nor what forwardness means. The bath-keeper sings to the tom-tom a song which enchants; and he stands up and dances and chants.

"I am going, O mammy, to fill up my jug."

As for the corn chandler he brings more skill to it than any; he dances and sings,

"Oh Keener, O sweetheart, thou fallest not short,"

and he leaves no one's vitals sound for laughing at him. But the scavenger sings so that the birds stop to listen to him and dances and sings,

"News my wife wots is not locked in a box!"

And he hath privilege, for 'tis a shrewd rogue and a witty. And indeed each is perfect in whatso can charm the wit with joy and jollity.

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We have received the following interesting letter:

Boston, Feb. 17, 1903.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I have read the various accounts of the origin and rise of the Yaporious club which have appeared in the newspapers for the last three or four days, and I assure you they are all erroneous. I speak with confidence, for I am the only survivor of that memorable first meeting.

These men sat down at the table: John Hancock, whose penmanship has been much admired by students of the Declaration of Independence; the Honorable Daniel Pratt, a more daring traveler than Herodotus or Sir Richard Burton; Dr. Webster, who afterward attained a high reputation; Faneuil Hall, Esq.; Harry Bloodgood, who then and there sketched his famous act "He's Got to Come;" Colonel R. E. Morse, the intimate friend of John Randolph; Ralph Waldo Emerson, who recites his "Brahma" to us before it was published in the Atlantic; Dr. Jacob Townsend, the inventor of sarsaparilla—"Joy to the World! Another life saved;" John C. Heenan, the most superb specimen of manhood that ever shied his castor into a ring; a clerk in a bird store, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten, and I myself.

The dinner was simple, and each man ordered what best suited him. I remember the bird-clerk did not happen to have any money with him, and as he sat on one side of me, I paid the shot. He was a delightful companion, a master at spinning a pewter plate, and at this dinner he gave an imitation of the bell-bird of South America that brought out the firemen. It was his first and last appearance.

I am now old, and I have forgotten many details of this historical dinner which would be of intense interest to the younger members of the society that has done so much to spread the fame of Boston throughout the land; but I recollect that Dr. Webster was fussy about his steak and potatoes, and Mr. Emerson accepted in true philosophical spirit the waiter's answer that the apple pie was all out. I regret extremely that my age and infirmities prevented my attendance at the anniversary dinner last Saturday night.

CHATTERTON BLOW.

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The New York police have been asked to hunt for a dress-suit case, owned in Boston, which contains, or did contain, $2500 worth of jewels and bonds. This is indeed a surprise. Dress-suit cases in Boston usually contain intimate garments for the laundry.

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A Boston woman, it appears, put $3000 in bills and diamonds into a handkerchief, which she tied about one of her legs, and then lost. It is well to cling to traditions. The proper receptacle for valuables is a tea-pot or a stocking.

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Mr. Ralph D. Blumenfeld, the London correspondent of Town and Country, gives a pathetic sketch of the Duke of Orleans as he drives up and down Hyde Park, eager to be recognized. Fortunately for the duke, Mr. Blumenfeld, who takes his exercise occasionally in the park, is not a bit of a snob, and has no prejudices against jukes. "I myself," says Mr. Blumenfeld, "have frequently felt sorry for him * * * and, merely for the sake of giving the man a moment's pleasure, have taken off my hat to him. My reward was in seeing his face, an exceedingly handsome one, light up with a smile." Here is an example for our young to memorize and follow. Wherever and whenever you see a juke, smile sweetly on him. It costs nothing, and you do a truly charitable action. It does not follow that you should become intimate with him if he should stop to enter into conversation, nor are you obliged to lend him a trifling sum.

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Over one hundred students of Syracuse University have signed this agreement: "We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to let our mustaches grow from date unless this promise is dissolved by mutual consent." Yes, but suppose they will not grow? Mustaches are not to be forced by legislation or iron-clad agreements.

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In spite of the objections raised against it by certain Parisians who find it vulgar and inartistic, the cake-walk is the rage in Paris. The most fashionable dancing-academies are teaching it; it was danced lately at the military ball; and some believe that it will be seen at the next evening reception at the Elysee. A Paris journalist writes: "A distinguished and veteran vaudevillist has regretted in print that he was not born black, because the dream of his life would then be realized; he would be in the height of the mode. It is really high time that some eminent specialist discovered the cake-walk germ; otherwise, the physical effects on the boulevardier of swaying his shoulders and of trying to touch the small of his back with his head will be most lamentable. It is clear that the Parisian bow—that distinguishing mark of gentility—will have to be reinvented. It is hopelessly old-fashioned nowadays. The young man who could bow, double-jointedly, with a backward sweep of the head that would allow the hat to fall off by itself would achieve fame in a single day."

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And another Parisian journalist prophesies dismally that Mounet Sully and Madame Bartet will yet be seen on the classic stage leading in a cake-walk between the acts of a tragedy by Racine. Such a diversion would help some.

## Mr. Arthur Hochman's First Concert Here in the Steinert Hall.

Mr. Arthur Hochman, pianist, gave his first concert in Boston last night at Steinert Hall. There was a good-sized audience, and the applause was of the hair-trigger and stentorian order. The program was as follows:

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| Fantasie, Op. 17 | Schumann |
| Sonata | Scarlatti |
| Melody | Brahms |
| Theme and variations | Tschaikowsky |
| Nocturne | Chopin |
| Etude | Chopin |
| Valse Brilliante | Chopin |
| Polonaise, Op. 53 | Chopin |
| Rhapsodie No. 6 | Liszt |

### The Pianist.

Young Mr. Hochman was flamboyantly announced, but for this he must not be held responsible. He is in the hands of his manager, a capable woman who knows the value of properly presenting her offering, if I may use the chaste language of the syndicate. The pianist himself seems modest and sincere, and he probably does not relish the description of him as "the youngest of the great and the greatest of the young."

Born in Russia, he came to this country at an early age, studied in New York, his home, played in public when he was about ten years old, then went to Berlin for further instruction. He played with orchestra in that city two years or so, and there were three concertos on the program, an indiscretion of anxious youth; for the player argues that with one of the three he will surely hit the audience if not the critics, who sit in the seats reserved for the scornful. When he returned to this country he played in recitals and with Mr. Paur's orchestra at Pittsburg. And his life both here and abroad is now that of the virtuoso rejoicing in his strength.

### His Equipment.

The concert last night was one that gave true pleasure in spite of the prejudical optimism of the advance-notices. Mr. Hochman is an extremely interesting pianist. He is not an understudy for any approved player; he is not an imitator; he cannot be said to belong to any school. There is no suggestion of the class-room in his performance, yet it is at once plain that he has studied indefatigably and with uncommon intelligence; for his technic is admirably developed and distributed.

His finger-work is excellent; he is powerful without effort and last night he was never aggressively powerful; there is the freedom, the elasticity that comes from devitalization; there is the abandon in surmounting a difficulty that is the unconscious result of technic which is not worn as a coat of mail but is natural and as a birth gift. All this is expected of a modern pianist of any pretensions.

But Mr. Hochman has something more than technic. He sings his melody with exquisite smoothness and quality of tone; his sentiment is poetic and virile. There is a spontaniety in his interpretation, a freshness of thought that wins the hearer, even when there may be dispute concerning some points of detail. Mr. Hochman thinks for himself and he plays as he thinks and feels. As he is sensitive and intelligent, his thought and expression work their spell.

### The Performance.

His interpretation of Schumann's Fantasie was for once free and fanciful, especially in the first movement, and there were moments of lofty imaginative sweep. His performance of the "melodie" was singularly beautiful, for polish did not kill musical thought, did not suggest the triumphant achievement of a task. There were superb pages in the variations by Tschaikowsky.

The change in the moods of the Nocturne was not plausible, and the composer for the moment seemed merely whimsical, a reproach that Chopin does not deserve. In the more brilliant pieces by Chopin there was a sureness of technic and a tonal equality that did not send out a Macedonian cry to the pedals, and there was crystalline clearness.

Mr. Hochman showed that his characteristics as proclaimed from the housetops are substantial, not fictitious. If he does not fall into mannerisms, if he turns deaf ears to friends, if he constantly and critically examines his own work, he may yet be reckoned among the great, for he has heart and mind as well as fingers, and his voice is his own, not an echo.

## Ross Wells and Linwood D. Scriven, Pianist and Violinist.

A piano and violin recital was given by Mr. Ross Wells and Mr. Linwood D. Scriven last evening in Chickering Hall, Tremont street. The program consisted of sonatas by Beethoven and Rubinstein for piano and violin, and a group of solo pieces for each instrument—a concert of pleasing length, although it should have begun promptly. Apart from its length, moreover, the program was pleasing throughout.

Both young men have considerable technical skill and the true musical sense; their readings were the result of careful preparation, and the ensemble was remarkably smooth and unanimous. Mr. Scriven plays without much self-assertion; his cue seemed occasionally thrust upon him, by the judicious retirement of the piano, but he gets a beautiful and well-sustained tone, phrases well, and, except for one or two accidents, his intonation was always true. Mr. Wells has a clear, crisp technic; the assurance that Mr. Scriven lacks, he has in abundance—at a cost, perhaps, of the same romantic charm.

Mr. Scriven was at his best in Beethoven's adagio, and a Romance by Wilhelmj; Mr. Wells's best work was in more brilliant things, where he showed himself authoritative and convincing. The audience was friendly and enthusiastic.

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Ibsen's "Ghosts" still walk and disturb seriously the prurient prudes, who chatter after the ghosts disappear about sewers, gutters and drains. The funniest feature of their hysterical rolling of eyes and shrieking is their pathetic belief that such afflicted households are found only in Norway or some other far-off land; that they are impossible in this great Republic. Why do they not take the trouble to ask any Boston specialist, any physician at hospital or madhouse, or any kindly old family doctor—whether the family be first or second—what he thinks about it?

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"Guinevere" of the Referee (London) finds that the girl emigrants from Ireland to this country have "lovely complexions and eyes like sapphires." And now listen to her, ye vexed and nervous housewives: "If more Irish girls of the poorest class would come to England instead of going to the United States we should hear less of the servant question. For they make good cooks and affectionate nurses; they have an inborn love and respect for childhood." Yes, and they rule the kitchen with gridiron and frying-pan, just as their brothers and their cousins—especially their cousins—govern the city.

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This reminds us of a fireside saint in Douglas Jerrold's hagiology.

"St. Norah was a poor girl, and came to England to service. "Sweet-tempered and gentle, she seemed to love everything she spoke to; and she prayed to St. Patrick that he would give her a good gift that would make her not proud, but useful; and St. Patrick, out of his own head, taught St. Norah how to boil a potato—a sad thing, and to be lamented, that the secret has come down to so few."

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We spoke yesterday of the popularity of the cake-walk in Paris. "Guinevere" looks at the walk with a sour face. "The dance has some special significance to the negro—a significance which it is safe to assume is not altogether nice. There is no more reason why English girls should imitate these Pagan antics than that they should ape the graces of a Cairo dancing girl, who when seen once has been seen too often."

Of course there is a "special signifi

cance" to the negro; he is walking for a cake.

But "Guinevere" is also bitterly opposed to bridge-whist, which, she says, has spoiled life for those who do not care for gambling. "A confirmed bridge-player is one of the most selfish individuals in the world."

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"Female. This word is an adjective, and should never be employed as a noun. Such phrases as 'a man with a female were seen in a boat just after the ship struck'; or 'the females shrieked,' are in bad taste, and bad grammar. The improper use of the word 'female' is more common in America than in England."

We read this in a dictionary of words, facts, and phrases which we bought on a Tuesday for a dollar, one cold bone, one plunk, and we wish we had the dollar at this moment in our inside pocket.

The phrase "a man with a female were seen" does not please us; we should prefer "was seen," but it is not necessarily in bad taste. The question of the man's taste depends wholly on the outward appearance and the character of the said female.

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The word female "should never be employed as a noun." Let us see, fair sir.

Dr. Johnson was not so squeamish in his dictionary. "Female. n. s. A she; one of the sex which brings young; not male." He quotes from Genesis: "God created man in his own image, male and female created he them;" from Leviticus; and from Shakespeare:

> Men, more divine,
> Indu'd with intellectual sense and soul,
> Are masters to their females, and their lords.

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Dr. Johnson recognized the adjective "female" and gave it its own place. Before him Randle Cotgrave (1673) knew "female" only as a noun. So Bailey, the lexicographer to our grandfathers, and Richardson, the fastidious.

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"The improper use of the word 'female'"—that is, as a noun—"is more common in America than in England." But Chaucer, Caxton, Wyelif, Bishop Hall, Dryden, Steele, Wilkes, as well as Shakespeare, used the noun without regret or repentance. Nor did Lubbock, Carpenter, Maine, in more recent years disdain it.

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There is a use of the noun that is offensive: When "female" is considered as a more refined, more "elegant" term than woman. Richard Grant White freed his mind on this abuse. "With us 'lady' is the favorite euphemism for woman. For every one of the softer and more ambitious sex who is dissatisfied with her social position, or uncertain of it, seems to share Mrs. Quickly's dislike of being called a woman. * * * When a woman calls herself a female, she merely shares her sex with all her fellow-females throughout the brute creation." Again: "In losing 'kinsman' we lose also his frank, sweet-lipped sister, 'kinswoman,' and are obliged to give her place to that poor, mealy-mouthed, ill-made-up Latin interloper 'female relation'." And once more: "I have even heard of a man who wished to be gallant, and to give a reason for the gallantry that was in him, assign as that reason that 'his mother was a female.' So, doubtless, she was; and so was the dam of his mastiff dog. Otherwise we have that common and really unmeaning use of the word 'lady,' which is well fitted to excite in some persons a feeling of nausea." It is only fair to add that White did not approve of the substitution of "female" for "woman." By whom was the phrase "petticoat government" coined? Some say by Bismarck; but when George III ascended the throne a paper was posted on the Royal Exchange which read "No Petticoat Government, etc." At Mobile, Alabama, early in the 18th century women threatened to rebel because they were dissatisfied with their diet of Indian meal, and their movement was dubbed the "Petticoat Insurrection."

# MISS HELEN HENSCHEL AND WINIFRED SMITH

Miss Helen Henschel, assisted by Miss Winifred Smith, violinist, gave the first concert of Miss Terry's series last evening at Chickering Hall. The program consisted of solo numbers for voice and violin, and two movements from a Handel sonata for two violins. Miss Laura Hawkins played the accompaniments.

Enough has already been said concerning Miss Henschel's work to make extended comment unnecessary. She is in no wise equipped for the sort of work she sees fit to undertake. She is not only making a very deplorable reputation for herself, as an artist of serious pretensions, but is spoiling a voice that might otherwise be trained to great advantage. As yet her voice is quite immature, and it is being abused in a way that would ravage even a strong and well-developed organ. What natural sweetness it may possess is quite obscured; her performance throughout was uneven and exceedingly crude. Certain high tones were clear and resonant; but for the most part her singing was thin as water.

Miss Henschel appears a versatile young woman, but she plays the violin like an amateur, without authority. Miss Winifred Smith's playing was like her personal appearance—sweet, unobtrusive, gently appealing. It was a pretty piping they did together. Miss Hawkins played admirably. The audience was of fair size, moderately enthusiastic.

Feb 20, 1903

Shelley said that men herding in great cities might differ widely in theory, but all of them did the same things in their daily life, and though they denounced abuses and clamored for reform any changes that interrupted their habits they would have abhorred; they exhausted their strength in words.

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"With the old idea of home—the little republic of the family—gone, and in its place the civilization as reflected in the cities, is it any wonder that the size of families is steadily decreasing?"

This and like questions have been put to us all of late by deep thinkers who as a rule answer their own questions before the one asked has time to say "Wait a minute."

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The "old home." Unfortunately many of us have no old home. Few Americans die in the house wherein they were born or spent their youth. The farm on which the New Englander was raised is now deserted or owned and tilled by an Irishman, German, Canadian, Portuguese. The city house in which he first saw the light was destroyed years ago to make way for a cheap business block. The house in which he spent his first years as a husband is now in an unfashionable quarter; he was obliged to leave it, through his wife's importunity; at present he is far less comfortable, but she is within the radius of calls and teas and receptions. He looks forward, not with pleasurable anticipation, but with grim resignation, to dying in a hired flat; and he wonders now and then whether the coffin will be toted down the stairway or lowered from a window, like a grand piano, with considerable effort and to the delight of idle passers-by.

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To the man without an old home, a house in which his parents lived and brought him up, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas are without present significance, are loaded with sad recollections of days and nights gone forever. There is no place that calls him imperiously or coaxes him homeward. The old house has been torn down, or altered and "improved," or it is in a shabby condition, with an old hat stuffed in a pane of the window by which his mother sat and watched for his return from school. Gone are the neighbors and all associations. It is as though the villagers were a nomadic tribe. Few of his generation are to be found even in the churchyard.

> Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
> Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
> Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

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The man, doomed to flats, loses all idea of home. The flat is not favorable to children. The other tenants complain; the landlord hems and haws. And is it not as cruel to bring up a child in a flat as to confine in like manner a healthy dog?

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We believe that the decrease in population is due to the subtle force of circumstances, rather than any deliberate and perverse reasoning or intention, or any philanthropic wish to check suffering by lessening the number of possible victims. The husband is earning from $2000 to $4000 a year, and this salary is in a way precarious; not by reason of his habits or degree of intelligence; but the employer may sell out his business, the office is one of rotation, etc., etc. This husband went to college. His father saved and scraped and pinched to give his son an education he himself did not have. The son acquired tastes that are beyond his income, tastes that were unknown to his father, not extravagances, but the desire of comforting things that are not absolutely necessary. The son marries. If he should have a boy, how could he afford to live decently and educate the boy? Would not his son be soured if he should not go to college and on comparatively equal terms with the sons of richer parents? The wife wonders how she could bring up a daughter. What sort of a social position would this daughter have?

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The man and his wife do not live for themselves; they live in the fear of others. They are snobbish in their dread of public opinion; they have no sense of values. Their own parents began life humbly and bravely. Children came to them and were welcome. The father worked the harder; the mother preferred the society of the household. Their life was a continued struggle, although it did not seem so to them. But the young couple in the flat is unwilling to play the pelican. If you should say: "Why didn't you take a house in the suburbs and rear your young?" the answer would be prompt: "But we'd be so far away from everybody and everything." Their own children, you see, would not be company for them. But Hogan out in South Boston and Maffoli in the North End and Mueller in Jamaica Plain are simple persons. Children are born to them till the quivers are full, and the children of such throughout the United States shall inherit the land. It's wrong of Mrs. Hogan and Mrs. Maffoli and Mrs. Mueller; but they and their husbands are not deeply versed in the principles of sociology or the views of the later German philosophers, and so they blindly follow nature and would be surprised if you should tell them at the end of their life that they had acted foolishly and improvidently.

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There was a time when an American was proud to be a farmer or a handicraftsman. Today he must be something more genteel. His wife must be a Daughter of this or a Granddaughter of that. But the mothers and grandmothers in nine cases out of ten baked and sewed and swept and raised children, as though they had been created solely for such wretched tasks and duties. They were simple persons and in their poor way got a good deal out of life.

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Here is a pleasant puzzle for a cheerful evening by the singing radiator or smelling oil-stove. Take this sentence:

There lies an English cutter, a French chasse-maree, an American clipper, a Spanish tartan, an Austrian trabarcolo, a Genoese felucca, a Sardinian zebec, a Neapolitan brig, a Sicilian sparanza, a Dutch galleot, a Danish snow, a Russian hermaphrodite, a Turkish sackalever, a Greek bombard, a Persian dhow, an Arab grab, a Chinese junk.

Now cut apart the names of the various vessels from the distinguishing words of nationality, mix them up, and then put them together.

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Augusto Rotoli's concert this evening in Symphony Hall will give his many friends and admirers an opportunity of hearing again his Festival or Roman Mass, one of the few effective and important ecclesiastically musical works that have been composed in this country. The first part of the program will include Palestrina's motet, "O Bone Jesu." Mr. Rotoli was trained at an early age in the traditions of Palestrina—the old chant "Alla Trinita Beata"—and Rotoli's quartet, "Jesus Only," and "Crossing the Bar," for soprano solo. There will be a chorus of 225, and the quartet of singers will consist of Mrs. Williams, Miss Woltmann, Messrs. Shirley and Townsend.

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It is unfortunate that two such pianists as Mrs. Zeisler and Mr. Hambourg have chosen Saturday afternoon and the same hour for their recitals. Mr. Hambourg gave his first concert this season on Thanksgiving night, a night on which respectable New Englanders are not in the habit of rushing eagerly to a concert hall. Saturday afternoon he will play Schumann's fantasia—and it will be interesting to compare his reading with the superb performance of the same piece by Mr. Hochman last Tuesday—pieces by Chopin, Rubinstein, Sgambati, Poldini and others, and his own variations on a theme of Paganini.

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Like Mr. Hambourg, Mrs. Zeisler has no long-winded sonata on her program. Her most formidable piece is Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques. She will also play Beethoven's Andante in F, pieces by Chopin, Henselt, Liszt and arrangements by Liszt of two of Schubert's songs.

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Mrs. Alma Webster-Powell, soprano, who will give a concert here next Tuesday with Eugenio de Pirani, composer and pianist, is a versatile and accomplished woman. She knows many languages and is a graduate of the Columbia Law School, so she will undoubtedly be treated respectfully by the critics. When she was here last, Feb. 20, 1899, she appeared as a brunette bravura-singer. It is said that there is Spanish blood in her veins. She was singing in opera at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1896—but we shall have more to say of her and Mr. de Pirani next Sunday.

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The Metropolitan Opera House company of New York will begin its season of two weeks at the Boston Theatre, March 23. There will be twelve evening and four afternoon performances. Sembrich, Nordica, Gadski, Reuss-Belce, Seygard, Scheff, Schumann-Heink, Homer, de Marchi, Alvarez, Anthes, Burgstaller, Scotti, Campanari, Van Rooy, Gilibert, Bispham, Ed. de Reszke, Journet, Blass will be the chief singers. The tenors Anthes and Burgstaller will sing here for the first time. Orders for season tickets may now be sent (check made to the order of Lawrence McCarty) to the Boston Theatre, and the seats will be allotted in the order in which the applications are received. This subscription sale by letter will close Saturday, March 7. The prices are the same as last season, and Manager McCarty announces that the performances will be of like merit.

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Miss Elsie Lincoln, soprano, Miss Gertrude Lufkin, pianist, and the Hoffman String Quartet will take part in Miss Lincoln's third concert in Steinert Hall Sunday afternoon for the benefit of the Mount Pleasant Home.

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How soon we are forgotten! Not so many years ago everyone was humming and whistling and pounding out on the piano Meyer Lutz's skirt-dance tune, and now the death of the composer, who was conductor at the Gaiety Theatre "in the prime of the golden time" of Fred Leslie and Nellie Farren, was hardly noticed by our newspapers. Lutz was famous—ironical fact—as the conductor of music at St. George's Cathedral, London, from 1848 till a few years ago. His first original opera was a serious one, "Faust and Marguerite" (Surrey Theatre, 1855), but he was more successful with his music to H. J. Byron's "Little Doctor Faust." It was his brother, we believe, who was once prime minister of Bavaria, and had a famous controversy with Dr. Doellinger.

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Tosti, the song writer, is apparently without any sense of humor, for he tells this story: One warm day in summer Marchetti and he were at Monza, playing and singing to Queen Margherita, who was then young and beautiful. "At a certain point, missing her soft applause, they looked around and saw one of the most fascinating pictures imaginable. The magnificent blonde head had fallen back on the rose-tinted cushion, showing all the gold of that wonderful hair, and the pure and refined profile. The queen was fast asleep. The two musicians stole from the room, but it is safe to say the picture will remain with the one who still lives to the end of his life." Mr. Rotoli, by the way, was the singing teacher of Queen Margherita.

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We spoke last Tuesday of the hissing of pianists at orchestral concerts in Paris. Fanny Davies played at a Lamoureux concert, Feb. 1, a Fantaisie by Lenormand from manuscript, and there was a hostile demonstration, but not so fierce a one as on former occasions. Miss Davies said to a reporter: "I was warned of the demonstration by both Mr. Chevillard and Mr. Lenormand, but I telegraphed that I did not fear, and would come all the same. I am not frightened by a few students; besides, I rehearsed with whistlers and hissers in order to get used to the sound."

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The trustees of the Chicago Orchestra have issued an appeal to their patrons. They say that the size of the Auditorium is excessive; that they must have a new hall; that the concerts cannot

go on in the Auditorium without entailing a continual annual deficit of between $25,000 and $30,000. Nor do they find it possible to continue meeting this deficit by annually soliciting subscriptions. They prefer to disband the orchestra forever, "before financial weakness shall bring decadence and perhaps disaster." Mr Thomas agrees with them. But ten friends of the orchestra have bought a lot for the sum of $450,000. There is talk of building on this lot a music hall that will seat 2500 and will cost between $250,000 and $300,000. The trustees now call for subscriptions to make up the total sum with the hope of having a truly permanent orchestra.

The newspapers of Chicago are earnest in support of the plan. The Inter Ocean says: "Chicago cannot afford to lose the orchestra. It stands as the one substantial advertisement of her artistic growth and her artistic being. There are thousands of travelers who couldn't tell the location of the art institute or the public library building or even of the wonder-weaving stock yards, that know of Theodore Thomas and his men. The gray-haired stalwart, who leads his hand through the mazes of symphonic melody weekly is the envy of the orchestra world, wanted by New York, desired by Boston. His name is the synoym for all that is good in music, and wherever music is known Chicago is known through him. * * * A great city cannot be built up by those attracted to it by a reputation gained through the number of barrels of pork it packs annually, nor yet by its record—consumption of beef; the fact that there was once a world's fair held just inside the gates will not last forever as an advertisement to the world that there is a metropolis of the West. The tunnels may be lowered in good time and the shipping interests be conserved thereby, but this fact is not going to assist in removing the odium that Chicago stands as a fleecing centre for unsophisticated lambs, with but one eye, and that fastened on the dollar. Without the orchestra the artistic growth of Chicago is broken, and the notice is flashed over the world that a great city of 2,000,000 people cannot support even one high-class organization. To the mind of the world the city slips back to the days when it was a crowded mud bank, with but little to commend it to the attention of the educated and the cultured but a series of pens confining the marketable live stock of the vicinity."

Feb 21 1903

# AUGUSTO ROTOLI WITH HIS MASS AND MOTETS

Mr. Augusto Rotoli, assisted by a chorus, an orchestra of 'cellos, double-basses and kettle-drums, an organ (Mr. Kugler, organist), and a quartet composed of Mrs. Williams, Miss Woltmann, Messrs. Shirley and Clifford, gave a concert of religious music last night in Symphony Hall. The program included a motet, "O Bone Jesu," by Palestrina; Rotoli's quartet, "Jesus Only;" Rotoli's soprano solo, "Crossing the Bar;" the old chant, "Alla Trinita Beata," and Rotoli's Roman or Festival mass. There was a large and warmly applausive audience.

### An Idle Dream.

If I were a rich man, rich beyond the dreams of avarice, I should build here a small hall for the performance of orchestral works, such as symphonies by Haydn and Mozart, for the more intimate and delicate of modern compositions, and for the less thunderous piano concertos; and I should also build a church, which should be open day and night for worshipers and for any who might wish to escape for a moment from the glare and the bustle of this too daily life. In this church religious music would be performed at stated intervals—by a small and carefully chosen chorus, with the aid of solo singers who could at least sing in tune, and with the assistance of a good orchestra if there were need of one.

And as chapel master of this church, which should have no settled clergyman or priest, which should have no formal service, I should appoint Mr. Augusto Rotoli, with full power and authority, and with such a salary that he could leave all other work and devote himself to the thorough preparation and proper performance of religious music of all ages and all ends.

### Mr. Rotoli.

For Mr. Rotoli has had the training and the experience; furthermore, he is a musician by birth, who, deeply versed in the traditions of the older and glorious Italian church music, is, nevertheless, emotional; he is a musician who knows from practise the capabilities and the limitations of the human voice; furthermore, he has the gift of inspiring a chorus hastily brought together, so that by his encouragement and authority these singers, who are not professionals, who are, at least many of them, without musical education or technical proficiency, often attain surprising results and stir the blood of the hearers; while with a small chorus of picked voices he could give memorable performances.

### Church and Hall.

But Mr. Rotoli has at present no chorus in Boston under his direction, and when his faithful friends, who have in past years sung with him as leader, rally round him to prove their interest, affection and devotion by again engaging in the performance of his mass, the work must needs be performed in a concert hall, where there is nothing to suggest or confirm a mood suitable to the hearing of music set to sacred words.

Whether religious music be by Palestrina or by Rotoli, by Vittoria, Bach, or Verdi, a church is the only suitable place for the performance. How much more effective, for instance, was the concert given by the Choral Art Society in Trinity, given in its home under the skilful leadership of Mr. Goodrich, than if it had been given in a decorated concert-hall! How much more effective was Mr. Rotoli's mass in St. James' than in either Symphony Hall or Tremont Temple.

### The Mass Itself.

Mr. Rotoli's mass has been discussed and praised in the Journal more than once. Time does not stale it, nor did the mediocre performance last evening shake confidence in the many merits and beauties of the work. I say the performance was mediocre, for the quartet as a quartet was frequently untuneful and in other ways the solo singers, with the possible exception of Mrs. Williams, were inadequate.

There were choral faults, and faults in the accompaniment, for which the conductor could not be held guilty. The dramatic strokes in the mass are still poignant; there are admirable contrapuntal pages and choral climaxes; there are solo moments of true beauty; there are frequent exhibitions of the composer's knowledge, skill, and heart; and there is from beginning to end sincerity which is naturally voiced at times in the fervent Italian expression which is called by the cold-blooded and mere hunters after fifths, Italian. As though an Italian should not be national in his musical expression; as though he should be Germanized!

### Catholic Music.

And I could not help thinking last night of the great advantage the musician of a church with a creed into which enters the great mystery has over him that, without childlike faith or early association with such mysteries, knows a church only as a building in which abstract morality is taught; in which there is no creed, no mystery.

The words of the mass, the hymn to the Trinity, the thought of the Virgin Mother, the remembrance of the Divine Sacrifice—these have inspired the loftiest, most sublime strains. Nor could Bach, the good Protestant, nor could Beethoven, who had his own lonely religious views, have been the full composer now known to us had not each turned to mystery and creed and dogma as sources of inspiration.

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Catalogues of second-hand books are a steady source of amusement and educational profit to the judicious reader. There are so many volumes that one does not want, and you admire the craft of the dealer in the recommendation of his wares. His notes are often as boracic acid to foods that otherwise would taint the air. He excites prurient curiosity concerning a dull treatise. He chants the rareness of something that fell still-born from the press.

We received yesterday a delightful catalogue from a dealer at Baskerville Hall, Birmingham. The hound of the Baskervilles was never so formidable in following the scent of a victim as is this man who sells merely because he wishes to go out of business. And he sells other things than books. Witness this item:

"Rocking Horse.—Magnificent and well-built superior rocking horse; a most pleasing and desirable addition to Children's Hospital, Orphanage, Convalescent Home or Nursery; exceptionally large size, height 4 feet 6 inches, length 8 feet, painted gray and black, with flowing mane and tail, reins, stirrups, etc., will hold three children, having two small chair seats, painted oak color and upholstered in red, on ends of rockers, with foot rests, while color of rockers are dark green. A substantially and well-built article, evidently made in the good old days of about forty years ago, equal to new, as recently newly painted and decorated up-to-date; a bargain, £6 10s.; must have cost from £20 to £30. To the benevolent lady or gentleman, here is a golden chance to gladden the hearts of the little ones this Christmastide."

If the three children should have a small chair seat apiece, no matter how it were painted or upholstered, there would probably still be room for them.

And send at once for No. 54: "Anthony Benezet, from the original memoir, revised, with additions, by Wilson Armstead, cr. 8vo, cloth, rare, 2s. 6d., 1859." Ten to one you never heard of this philanthropist born at St. Quenten. But read the dealer's note:

"An American officer, who attended Benezet's funeral, passed this eulogium upon him: 'I had rather,' said he, 'be Anthony Benezet in that coffin than General Washington with all his fame.'"

You also have the opportunity of buying for £60 a "magnificent grand naval and military painting of Gibraltar," which cost £250, painted as you see by some naval and military master. It is a comprehensive picture which takes in the fortress, bay, Governor's house, barracks, admiralty, churches, city walls, out-towers, ruined buildings, British works, walks, with foliage, "while studded about are several groups of men, and about ten various figures, chiefly of a military bearing, while in the rear foreground is an officer mounted on a fine gray charger, and two other gentlemen near at hand, conversing together; on the Governor's palace is flying a flag, etc., etc."

There is no doubt about the quality of the picture: "The entire work is from the brush of an able and experienced artist, as the work is of a superior hand, while the colors are simply beautiful and true to nature, which, viewed from the gay bay on to the majestic, rugged Rock, with its natural greenish color, make a most pleasing picture."

Why cannot some rich Bostonian buy this masterpiece and give it to the Public Library for a mural decoration. Is it not dogmatic enough to stand near Mr. Sargent's latest work?

You should add to your library a little volume of poems on the state of labor, entitled "The Humpback, the Cripple and the One-Eyed Man," by Lionel Josaphare. The pamphlet is published in San Francisco. Here is a specimen brick:

Like a grave-digger digging a terrible grave—
  Like a sun spirit heaving the hot day with coal,
His dredger he drave and he hove to the pave
  The clods that he tore from the earth and flung whole.

Still at underground honor his sceptre he points,
  With negligence digging a tragical story;
While some dunce who anoints with fat wealth his vile joints,
  Stands proud on the swift-rolling chariots of glory.

This is the real thing. There is poetic license in the thought of either a dunce or a philosopher standing "proud" on more than one swift-rolling chariot of glory. But the Californians are a reckless race, and we remember with pleasure the circus hero, Robert Stickney, who used to do a great bareback act with eight fiery, untamed, foaming steeds while he smiled sweetly on the ladies round the ring.

Just one more verse from the same poem.

Not with your eyes, my poet, rose-hamed and grave—
Thou poet with wondering violet eyes—
Did I look on the slave digging low in the cave,
Corroded with dust, sweat, itch, sunbeams and flies.

Nor think that this poet is unappreciated in his own country. The well-known critic, Mr. John Hamilton Gilmour of San Francisco—whose word is final, for whose opinions Messrs. Swinburne, Henley, Lang, Gosse, Saintsbury and the rest of them sit day and night at the telephone—says in trumpet tones: "Despite that Lionel Josaphare's work has been subjected to the fierce light of adverse criticism, it would be manifestly unjust and worse still, extremely stupid, to deny him the possession of talent."

The New York Sun gives its days and nights to the reading of Indiana poets, essayists, novelists, historians. We are still under the spell of the Californians. Did you ever read "Ennui"? The poet sat in Gomorrah on a fine day, and saw the seven mortal sins kneel before him. "They swung before me amschirs of strange gold." We should prefer "swang" to "swung," but we shall not insist on this point: the word "amschirs" consoles us. And what does the poet say to the seven mortal sins? Does he clutch them feverishly? Does he drink with them horrid toasts? O, no.

"But I said only—I have dream'd of you.
Naught really is; all things are very old,
And very foolish. Please to go away."

There now!

Feb 22 1903

# MR. HAMBOURG, PIANIST, IN FAREWELL CONCERT

Mr. Mark Hambourg gave his second and "farewell" recital yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. There was a large and applausive audience. He played Liszt's arrangement of Bach's organ prelude and fugue in A minor; Schumann's Fantasia in C major; Chopin's nocturne in G major; preludes in D flat, E flat, E minor, B flat, F major, B flat minor, Berceuse; Rubinstein's valse in A flat; his own variations on a theme from Paganini, a menuet by Sgambuti, an etude by Poldini and Liszt's arrangement of excerpts from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

### His Better Side.

Mr. Hambourg not long ago played Liszt's E flat concerto brilliantly at a Symphony concert, played it with amazing fire and dash. He is at his best in such compositions. The bravado and the bravura, the all-surmounting arrogance, the pomp, the glitter and the crash of the concerto appeal to this pianist, and his highly developed technic is suited to the display. Whenever there was an opportunity yesterday for a like exhibition Mr. Hambourg improved it. But, men and brethren, setting off pinwheels, mines, flower-pots and rockets is not the whole duty of man, even when he is a pianist.

### Schumann and Chopin.

For his first piece Mr. Hambourg chose Liszt's disarrangement of Bach's organ prelude and fugue in A minor, and here he agreeably disappointed expectations, for he did not thunder continuously, or try to give an imitation of full organ, with all the reeds and mixtures, nor by banging bass octaves endeavor to remind you of the mighty organ pedal speech. He played soberly, sanely, and at times with a fine variety of tonal color. But after Bach came Schumann and Chopin, and by the Fantasia, the Nocturne and Preludes, the hollowness of his art was exposed. There should be, it is true, a law by which only one performance of Schumann's Fantasia would be allowed a season; for, in spite of the beauty and passion of many of its pages, it is a weariness to flesh and spirit when heard repeatedly. Mr. Hochman played it early this week. I do not propose to make any comparison. It is enough to say that while Mr. Hambourg had occasionally happy moments in the first section, his treatment of the Fantasia, as a whole, was dry and explosive, without subtlety, without suggestion—a materialistic performance. The pieces by Chopin were played as though they were inherently massive and concrete. The touch was hard and metallic, the mannerism of breaking all chords, even simple thirds, as was especially noticeable in the Nocturne, because intolerable, the rhythm was mannered, there was no grace, no insinuation, no romantic, poetic feeling. Chopin appeared for once as a matter-of-fact person who wrote exercises for the piano, some of them of considerable difficulty. And if you take out of the literature for the piano the music of Chopin and Schumann there is really left little to console the hearer.

# EMMA EAMES

Emma Eames will not sing here, or, in fact, anywhere, with Mr. Grau's opera company. Various reasons are given for her withdrawing from the stage: she is suffering from nervous exhaustion, etc., etc.

The true reason, without doubt, is this: She injured her voice by singing the music of Tosca in Puccini's opera, and she is prudent enough to give her voice a rest.

She is an ambitious woman, arrogantly ambitious. The laurels of other singers will not let her sleep. This ambition is at the same time admirable and pa-

thetic.

### Her Natural Gifts.

Here is a woman who has a voice of beautiful quality, and who sings, as a rule, extremely well. When she is in good physical condition, when she is the one woman on the stage, when she feels that the audience is with her and that the talk between the acts will be about her, then her singing gives rare delight —provided the part assumed by her suits her voice and her nature.

It is not necessary to discuss the question of her beauty. Some find her radiantly handsome; others look on coolly and analytically; it is enough to say that by popular vote she is ranked among stage beauties. Her costumes, which are well advertised, are sumptuous and striking. (Husbands of prima donnas have their uses.) They are often striking by reason of their incongruity: remember the absurd manner in which she dressed Santuzza; and her Sieglinde was prepared for tableaux vivants rather than for rude life in a forest.

Her voice and vocal art are best displayed in purely lyrical parts, and she is most effective in those parts that do not demand any portrayal of deep emotion or raging passion. Perhaps on account of her New England self-consciousness, perhaps on account of her inability to feel deeply, her histrionic art is within narrow boundaries. She has neither the elemental outbursts that by their honest crudeness sweep everything before them, nor the finesse that makes its way.

In a picture-part, as the Countess in "The Marriage of Figaro," she delights ears and eyes. How charming she was in "Falstaff!"

### Brave Endeavors.

But she was not content with such legitimate and inevitable triumphs. Because others of more passionate nature and wider experience, singing tragedians, were applauded as Aida and Tosca she, too, must compel applause as the slave-girl and the melodramatic, sorely-tortured actress. Her Aida was without passion, without authority of any kind. Her attitudes and gestures were perhaps, a little freer than before, but they were still mannered, never spontaneous. Yet her friends encouraged her. What part should she next take? Bruennhilde's music might harm her voice; but there was Ternina with her remarkable impersonation of Tosca. Puccini is an Italian. Surely his music would do her no injury.

The music of Tosca was not written for the purely lyric organ of Emma Eames. Furthermore the impersonation of the part taxes the strength and the skill of the most temperamental and finely trained playactress. When Mrs. Eames-Story found that she could not act the part—that she could not feign passion so that it might seem plausible, she undoubtedly tried to act with her voice.

### Barren Results.

She made the attempt. It was a brave one, it is said. But however complimentary the critics were in praise of her ambition and endeavor, they did not conceal the barrenness of the results. Her Tosca was necessarily a failure. Even she must have realized the fact. And unfortunately when afterward she appeared in another part, a purely lyric part, her voice showed the strain to which it had been subjected and she was not wholly mistress of her vocal art.

When she discovered this, she wisely made up her mind to rest.

### One of Many.

She is only one of many singers who have tried and are trying to do that for which they are not fitted by nature. There are humbler ones, even students, who are eager to go beyond their natural limitations; altos who wish to shine as sopranos; thin-voiced sopranos who must needs be heroic and thrilling; half-baked singers, who, unable to enunciate distinctly or phrase intelligently in English, gayly prefer in public recitals what they consider to be French, German, and Italian, and are applauded for their accomplishments by perfervid friends and acquaintances.

And yet why so much talk and bother and pother about singers? Ambrose Philips wrote some verses in honor of Cuzzoni:

> Little siren of the stage,
> Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
> Wanton gale of fond desire,
> Tuneful mischief, vocal spell, etc.

which led either Dr. Arbuthnot or Mr. Pope to remark: "Who would think this was only a poor gentlewoman that sung finely?"

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## EUGENIO PIRANI.

Mr. Pirani, composer and pianist, who will make his first appearance here, Tuesday evening, in company with Mrs. Alma Powell, was born at Bologna, Sept. 8, 1852. He studied there and in 1870 he went to Berlin and took lessons of the elder Kullak and Kiel. He taught in Berlin, gave concerts throughout Europe, settled for a time at Heidelberg, went back to Berlin in 1895, where he added to his duties the task of writing criticisms and reviews. He has written works for orchestra, piano, songs, and his opera, "Das Hexenlied," was performed at Prague, when Mrs. Powell created the part of the heroine.

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## THE TWO POWELLS.

Mrs. Alma Webster-Powell and Mrs. Winifred Powell both indulge in flights of colorature, but they should not be confounded for this reason. The latter is a young soprano from the West who has been studying here and now makes the reasonable demand to be heard. Her concert is at Steinert Hall on Thursday. Mrs. Alma Webster-Powell, attorney-at-law as well as colorature singer, has had operatic as well as concert experience.

The New York Evening Post said lately of Mr. Chesterton, who is known as "clever": "When the intellectual world has finally become, as it constantly tends more and more to become, a hippodrome, his essays will be recognized as very creditable acrobatic performances."

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Mr. Chesterton searches and with tears for the striking word, the uncommon yet illuminative phrase. It is a pleasant occupation when one has an income that does not depend on daily work. Captain A. W. Piper of New York admits that the average policeman in London is more civil than the policeman in New York: "our police haven't time to tell strangers what time the 4 o'clock train goes"; an epigram, but a shabby excuse. The American has no time to be polite, no time to eat properly, no time to write clearly and sanely. It is much easier to indulge in verbal pyrotechnics, to be vaguely gorgeous in style, to be impressionistic, than to make a sound and useful statement with the precision and unmistakable force of Euclid.

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It is told of Lord Falkland that when he was writing, and in doubt whether a word were perfectly intelligible, he used to consult "one of his lady's chambermaids (not the waiting woman, because it was possible she might be conversant in romances), and by her judgment was guided whether to receive or reject it." Nor was Falkland writing for the crowd; he was at work on treatises for the learned.

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Bunyan, Defoe, Swift, Cobbett, Hazlitt, are not read enough. Our young men and young women are Paterized and Meridithized, till they consider simplicity mere baldness, and true force an exhibition of brutal strength. Yet Hazlitt, the master of the short sentence, could outdo any fastidious modern in the use of adjective and paradox, as when he wrote the stinging characterization of the Marquis Wellesley: "The ardor of his natural temperament, stimulating and irritating the ordinary faculties of his mind, the exuberance of his animal spirits, contending with the barrenness of his genius, produce a degree of dull vivacity, of pointed insignificance, and impotent energy, which is without any parallel but itself"; this Marquis Wellesley soaring into mediocrity with adventurous enthusiasm, harrowed up by some plain matter-of-fact, writhing with agony under a truism, and launching a commonplace with all the fury of a thunderbolt."

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Swift defined style as proper words in proper places. Read the same Gulliver's Travels which delighted you as a boy when the bitterness and the savagery of the satire escaped you, and see how a master used simple words. The Dean did not talk about the agony and bloody sweat of writing, as did Flaubert and the de Goncourts; but when you read his Drapier letters, you understand how a man armed with such a weapon was feared by the strongest. Or is anything more clear and unmistakable than the language of Voltaire, whose pen was the terror of all Europe? As long as there are men with warring interests, there must be controversy; and the man that conquers in controversy must hit straight blows, or persuade by argument so plain that the reader's only thought is of the substance, not the flowery dress that clothes the thought. Shakespeare, with his vocabulary and imagination, is at his height when he puts into the mouth of crazed and dying Lear: "Pray you, undo this button; thank you, sir."

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We find in a catalogue of books to be sold at auction here on Wednesday and Thursday this delightful number:

"1415—Confession of Michael Martin or Capt. Lightfoot, who was hung at Cambridge, Mass., 1821, for the murder of Major Bray, also an account of Dr. John Wilson, who recently died in Brattleboro, believed to be the notorious Capt. Thunderbolt. Royal 8vo. paper, uncut. "Brattleboro, 1847."

Observe that Captain Lightfoot—do not rob him of his well-deserved and honorable title—was "hung" not "hanged," as purists would insist.

It all depends on whether your verb is "hang, hang'd, hang'd," or "hing, hang, hung." "Hanged" was only gradually superseded by "hung" in the general sense, and "hanged" was retained in the special sense "executed," 'owing probably to the retention of this archaic form by judges in pronouncing capital sentences." Here is a capital instance from Sharpe's memoirs (1801): "Paul slew his sire, was hanged, and hung in chains." And was there not a hearty old English judge, who said: "Beef, sir, is hung, men are hanged."

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What a pity that the word "hangee" —a person who is hanged—is not in general use: it saves circumlocution and sounds well.

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When little Willy and Jenny are proficient in the game we gave them Friday so they can tell the vessels of nations unerringly even with one hand tied behind the back, let them learn in like fashion, by separating, shuffling, and then reuniting, these nouns of multitude:

A brood of hens; a sege of herons and bitterns; a heard of swans, cranes, curlews; a dopping of sheldrakes; a spring of teal; a covert of coots; a gaggle of geese; a padelynge of ducks; a bord or sute of mallards; a muster of peacocks; a nye of pheasants; a bevy of quail; a covey of partridges; a congregation of plovers; a flight of doves; a dule of turkeys; a walk of snipes; a fall of woodcock; a building of rooks; a murmuration of starlings; an exaltation of larks; a flight of swallows; a host of sparrows; a watch of nightingales; and a charm of goldfinces. A pride of lions; a lepe of leopards; a herd of harts, buck, and all sorts of deer; a bevy of roes; a sloth of bears; a singular of boars; a sounder of wild swine; a dryft of tame swine; a route of wolves; a harass of horses; a rug of colts; a stud of mares; a pace of asses; a baren of mules; a team of oxen; a drove of kine; a flock of sheep; a tribe of goats; a sculk of foxes; a cete of badgers; a riches of martins; a fesynes of ferrets; a huske or a down of hares; a nest of rabbits; a clowder of cats, and a kendel of young cats; a shrewdness of apes; and a labor of moles.

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Then I said to my page, "Go to the bazar and bring me a barber, a discreet fellow, and one not inclined to meddling or impertinent curiosity or likely to split my head with his excessive talk."

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This is good news from Cambridge: Sterilized brushes, mugs, razors; a towel for a customer; no powder puff, no common sponge, and the barber constantly washing his hands. But there is still a fly in the ointment. Nothing is said about the astrolabe with seven parallel plates, the father of the sextant. Without an astrolabe, the cleanest barber will not know whether the conjunction of the planets be auspicious for hair-cutting or shaving. Even if the barber be a Harvard man, learned as our old friend Al-Samit in alchemy, syntax, grammar, lexicology, logic, rhetoric, elocution, arithmetic, algebra, astronomy, astromancy, geometry, theology, the traditions of the Apostles and Barnes's Notes, he is as naught, an empty vessel, a vain thing, without an astrolabe. With this invaluable instrument, the Cambridge barber stands prepared to welcome shoals of Bostonians, just as the Boston barkeepers are fatigued by the incessant demands of the thirsty multitude from across the Charles.

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It is a relief to learn that the Emperor William is rigidly orthodox. He believes in the Lord, a special Providence to William's imperial grandpa and himself, and to maintain this belief William is ready to make war on any nation or any two nations. The Emperor is as one born out of due time; he should have led crusaders, or, a devout Mussulman, waved his scimitar and shouted for God and His prophet. But in that case the life of today would be drearier; for William is as "amoozin" as Artemus Ward's kangaroo.

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A newspaper that was loud in praise of Mr. George Riddle's lecture on the mangling of the English language, and the praise was well deserved, referred eloquently to the "cremation" of men and women by a hotel fire.

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The Earnest Student of Sociology of 2003 will be interested to learn that in 1903, and in a land where all men, according to proclamation, were born free and equal, respectable and sober negroes in New York were not allowed to sit in the orchestra to see negroes performing on the stage, although the fixed price for said orchestral seats was offered at the box office.

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So Mrs. Drexel's fans were conspicuous at the Pope's jubilee reception. This reminds us of a statement we read the other day: "No woman has a right to use a fan in a public assembly; she can make no motion with it that will not inflict discomfort, perhaps permanent injury, upon someone in the audience. Good manners are born of an unselfish regard for the welfare and happiness of others."

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And must this symbol of coquetry lie idle in a perfumed drawer, lest some bronchial brother or hectic sister suffer? Is not woman aware of the value of the fan? It tempts and it repels. It gives a disdainful dismissal or it is the signal of capitulation. It is the index of the pulse. It moves with the beatings of the heart. Shattered in rage by the Princess Metternich when "Tannhaeuser" was hissed, it inspired the elegy of Jules Janin, the feuilleton in rococo taste which began: "It is broken, the beautiful fan." Painted by Vanloo and held against the breast of the Pompadour, it stirred the fancy of Austin Dobson to a ballade. And shall it now be tosssed aside?

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The fan is a necessity for certain women. Nature is ironical in the arrangement and distribution of features. She carves a classic profile and inserts eyes that give out no light. She bestows eyes like unto the fish-pools in Heshbon and hair that excites the envy of Night, then rudely twists the chin and sends her work into the world glorious and limber-jawed. If the child be caught in time the work of Nature may sometimes be improved. Indeed, we know a man, who learning nothing by the tragic ending of Hawthorne's "Birthmark," fashioned by stress of instruments the chin of his beloved that she might be perfect in his sight. Such heroic means are not to be employed lightly. The fan that conceals the lower features calls attention to the eyes and doubles their intensity, until the man who gazes into their depths is lost in contemplation.

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And who first waved a fan? Eve, no doubt; for even in Paradise there was a "cool of the day." And yet the deep-thinker, Mr. William Pulleyn, assures us that fans, muffs, masks and false hair were first devised by light women in Italy, "and from France in 1572." Go to, O Mr. Pulleyn! Fans are seen in tablets at Persepolis. The Africans knew them centuries ago. When were the Japanese without them? Who can tell the age of the punkah, that gigantic fan?

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Queen Elizabeth had a fine fan, with a handle garnished with diamonds. The conventional fan in the brave old English days was made of feathers, and its round handle was generally of silver. Lovers in the plays of Wycherly and Congreve are always playing with their mistresses' fans. How does Mirabell describe Mrs. Millament? "Here she comes, full sail, with her fan spread, and her streamers out."

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In thieves' slang, "fan," the noun, means a waistcoat; and the verb, means to feel, to handle to find out if there is anything valuabde in a garment. "Before Joe said anything to me, he had 'fanned' the gentleman's pocket." To "fan" also means to beat, baste, tan, thrash a man or an animal. Nor should we forget "Queen Anne's fan"; putting the tip of the thumb of either hand to the nose, and then spreading the fingers, a gesture of contempt "often intensified," says a learned writer, "by twiddling the digits when in the position named, or by similarly placing the other hand

in an extended line." This ancient and honorable action is also known as "taking a sight" or "biting the thumb," and, found in hierogiyphics it has, no doubt, strange and esoteric meanings.

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For the writer's life is very short, and the engraver's wit is very long. "Cras mihi," it may be, O dear friends and brothers gone before! and many a man vainly hoping to sit under his own umbrageous fig-tree and his own vine, finds a chill strike to his marrow, for indeed he is sitting in the cold shade of the cypress and the yew.

Professor Loeb says that the presence of calcium salts in the muscles is what prevents their twitching: that practically all nervous diseases are caused by the absence of the calcium.

This explains why any eminent playactor is so nervous when he is not directly in the way of the lime-light.

Two lads were walking up School street just ahead of us the other afternoon. One said in scornful tones and with an oath: "Yes, you work hard, but d'ye' get any thanks for it?" The other hemmed and hawed: "I do it the best I can. They ought to be satisfied." The first would not he softened; "Yes, but d'ye' get any thanks for it?" And he kept dinging this into the ears of his companion.

The expression of thanks may be only lip-salve, but it is soothing. "Thank you" is a speech that is voted old fashioned by many Bos ans of "gentle birth" but of tough skin; a phrase as ungenteel as "kind invitation." Even young women in response to an invitation remind one of the ungracious person who ignores har-room etiquette and carelessly answers: "Well, I don't care if I do"; to which the proper answer is: "Nor do I if you don't." It is as hard for many to say "Thank you" as it was for certain statesmen during the silver rage to say the one word "gold." Is it because they consider the acknowledgement of a favor unpardonable weakness?

No experienced man expects a Boston woman of breeding to say "Thank you" for a seat in a street car, and therefore he sits glued to his seat as firmly as Pirithous in the imperial regions, though she hang from a strap and reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man and be at her wit's end. Yet even the most hardened man is occasionally disappointed when there is no verbal recognition of some favor slight or troublesome.

This lad in School street, in spite of his roughness, had been cut to the quick. He had worked of his own will, through mistaken zeal, through boyish enthusiasm, overtime, or he had done something that was not expected of him. All he asked in return was a pleasant appreciative or encouraging word. No notice had been taken of him, hence his cynicism.

We say to all that work, do not be soured by the neglect of an employer. Be thankful that you have work. Treat your employer kindly. If he raises your salary do not glare at him; don't say in coarse tones, "What's this?" like a London cabby disappointed in his tip. Smile on him genially, not ironically, as one who says, "I did not expect it of you"; but in such a way that at the end of the month he will raise your salary still higher, so that then you can afford to leave him for more profitable work elsewhere.

"The Forest of Vallombrosa is on fire." "Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa." And what if there should be no leaves there? Would the comparison still hold, as the blade of Toledo, the cheese of Parma? Perhaps the most striking description of Vallombrosa is by Beckford, the author of "Vathek," in his "Italy," a delightfully sour record of travels and impressions. Read the reception at the monastery and his talk with the friars, "fair round figures, such as a Chinese would have placed in his pagoda."

Again there is talk of rats and mice as spreaders of disease. "The most terrifying rat I ever saw," said a traveler to us, "was a large one which walked slowly across our kitchen floor in Honolulu. The Chinese cook exclaimed in horror when I wondered at the rat's tameness, 'Very bad, missy, very bad! Plague come bime-by!' And sure enough the plague broke out on the day following." Yes, and the Germans believe, or once believed, that the souls of the dead assume the form of mice and when the head of the house dies, the mice leave the house; in fact every apparition of mice is considered a funereal presage. Did not the first Witch in "Macbeth," when she wished to avenge herself threaten to become a rat without a tail? But why without a tail? Topsel in 1658 wrote of the rat: "Their tail is very long, and almost naked, void of hair, by reason whereof it is not unworthily counted venomous; for it seemeth to partake with the nature of serpents."

We mentioned the other day the sale at auction of furniture and effects of Newgate prison, and drew an improving moral from the occasion. Now read this paragraph by W. F. W., who was at the sale. He mentions the hinges that have turned for Mr. Thistlewood, for Mr. Thurtell: "Mr. Manning has been helped outside the door, limp and lachrymose, while his Maria has rustled through the other in black satin, and contemptuously refused to have anything to say to him."

"A good many of that procession, however, seem to accompany me when I proceed to view the next lot. They have been that way before. For the next lot is a shed—a rusty-black, weather-beaten shed, in which these processionists have all stood, each in turn, just here, under this stout beam, and on this defective portion of flooring which was once a death-trap. The beam had a little length of stout chain dependent from its centre, and terminating in a hook On the hook was looped one end of a lithe Manila rope; the other end has been looped about all their invertebrate necks, what time they were flesh and blood, and undislocated. The shed is so constructed as to show the little company gathered together in it on these occasions at three-quarter length. There is the patient and surpliced chaplain, and the two men in blue. And I have a vision of an arm in a rusty black sleeve, and with a red woolen comforter about the wrist of it, coming stealthily forth as the burial service approaches its appointed ending, and, drawing a ghastly white bag over the ghastly white face of him or of her, and then withdrawing itself for the purpose, as I quite understand, of doing something else. The men in blue retire somewhat; the reader of the burial service looks the other way; there is a sound like the click of a spring; the central figure has disappeared. I wonder who bought that shed and what he is going to do with it?"

We spoke not long ago of Miss Ethel Smyth, whose opera, "Der Wald," is in rehearsal at the Metropolitan Opera House. The performance has been again postponed—this time to March 6. But as the postponement gave the composer another opportunity of telling the public how she loves America, neither she nor the public should complain. She finds that American men are singularly civil towards women. "I must say this is the country for women. In Washington last week I heard an Austrian woman say that if she could be born again she'd marry an American husband." But why be born again, so long as there are divorce courts?

President Roosevelt was also extremely civil toward Miss Smyth. "I heard his incisive voice call after me: 'Oh, Miss Smyth, I am perfectly delighted to hear that you have brought us your opera.'" Did Mr. Roosevelt say "perfectly delighted?" Miss Smyth found Mr. Sargent's portrait of the President "perfectly splendid;" "the pose is what you call over here strenuous; * * * one hand is planted strongly before him on the corner post of the balustrade, and the other held in reserve behind"—ready to paste any one that should disagree with him. The family is "tremendously delighted" with the portrait. Miss Smyth deals only in superlatives. Let us hope that her music is "tremendously delightful," "strenuous," "perfectly splendid."

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" is to be turned into a modern musical comedy to make a London holiday, and Ada Reeve will take the part of Puck.

Lucy Stephenson, the Baltimore soprano, of whom we spoke a fortnight or so ago, is now at home. She gave a concert there early this month after an absence of six years. Her voice is described as "light, clear and flexible."

Gallignani of the Milan Conservatory has apparently gone to the limit of program music. He has written a gigantic work entitled "wherefor" and it is thus made up: I. Humanity: Elegaic chorus of five voices. II. The Stoics. Chorus and fugue, four voices. III. The Epicureans. Chorus for three voices, which includes Anacreontics and a Bacchanal. IV. Sceptics and Atheists, a scherzo for two choruses, three voices each. V. Mystical chorus. Soprano, contralto and tenor. VI. The chant of the sun. Theme and Variations for chorus, four voices. VII. Invocation of supreme love. Chorus, five voices.

Miss Elsie Lincoln's Sunday afternoon concerts in Steinert Hall for the benefit of the Mt. Pleasant Home are giving much pleasure to music lovers. At the third, last Sunday, Miss Lincoln sang Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful" and Schubert's "Ave Maria," with 'cello obbligato by Mr. Barth; the Hoffmann string quartet (Messrs. Hoffmann, Bak, Zahn and Barth) played Beethoven's quartet, op. 18, No. 2; and Miss Lufkin was the pianist in Saint-Saens's trio in F. On Sunday, March 15, Mr. Homer Norris's "Flight of the Eagle," words by Walt Whitman, will be the feature of the concert, and the singers will be Miss Lincoln, Mr. Van Hoose and Mr. Ensworth. Mr. Norris's work was first performed here at Miss Edith Palliser's concert, Feb. 26, 1902, when the attendant circumstances were unfavorable.

This reminds us that Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's setting of music to Walt Whitman's noble "Beat, Beat Drums" was sung for the first time by Mr. Charles Phillips in London, Feb. 10. Mr. Blackburne says the music is "full of suggestion and of martial feeling; perhaps the literary significance of the lines is treated by him too spasmodically, and not enough as a whole source of inspiration; but it is the work of an excellent musician, who knows how to fulfil a direct inspiration with directness of method." New violin pieces, "Two Noveletten," by Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, were produced at the same concert, and praised. But is not the eminent mulatto writing too much and hurriedly?

Mr. Hugo Herrmann, the violinist, who will make his first appearance in Boston at the Symphony concerts this week, will play Beethoven's concerto and not Richard Strauss's as was announced.

Here is a pleasant story about Mascagni, told by a Chicago newspaper:

"When Pietro started on his tour of the West recently, he engaged Paola La Villa, a member of the Kansas City Symphony orchestra, to act as his interpreter during his stay in that city. Just as the orchestra was working well into the intermezzo at the first concert Mascagni leaned toward La Villa, smiled, and asked him to please 'subdue the oboe.' La Villa, also smiling, turned to the oboeist and addressed him in French, which, unhappily, Mascagni understands perfectly. Suddenly the maestro jumped to his feet, grabbed his hat, and left the place, shouting, 'Unfaithful dog!' at La Villa as he passed. When he was seen at his hotel later he offered the following explanation: 'La Villa!' he shouted, 'he untrue to me, he unfaithful, he traitor! I tell him to soften the oboe. He tells the oboist to soften my head. He make fool of me.'" Which, whether it be true or not, may be added to the huge volume of Mascagniana.

Miss Emma Rossignol, who will sing at Steinert Hall next Monday evening, was born Poddie Ross. She is to be congratulated on the passion of her press-agent. Here is the opening sentence of an elaborate circular:

"Miss Poddie Ross has always been a wonderful natural warbler. Her birdlike notes attracted attention when she was a child. When she was five years old people passing her home stopped to listen to her—as they have always done wherever she has been, in whatever language she has sung—every emotion being expressed by the tones of her voice."

Miss Ross studied at Davenport, Iowa, her home, Dresden, and afterward in Milan and Florence with Mr. Bimboni, now of Boston, and Mrs. Baldini. She has sung with the Philharmonic at Berlin, with Sarasate at Vienna, in Italian cities, in both opera and concert, and, since her return, at Western Festival. All of her press-notices are eulogistic. The Peoria Volksfreund called her a "God-gifted singer and the Davenport Nightingale." The Peoria Demokrat said: "She possesses temperament that speaks and blends, and upon which rests a gleam of fervor and heartiness like a sheen of gold. * * * It almost seemed that she floated in the ethereal of her ecstatic, artistic being." While the Davenport Republican described her voice in golden words: it "soared and fluttered and wailed, sinking into the most delicious pianissimo, again to burst forth like a mountain torrent."

Belle Applegate, the American singer whose Carmen at Dresden led to a row in which a critic who reviewed her performance adversely got into trouble, has been engaged as first contralto at the Welmar Opera House.

Florizel Reuter, the boy violinist, who played remarkably at his concert here and with the Symphony Orchestra at Cambridge, made a sensation lately at Vienna, and won the praise of conservative critics. He now calls himself "Floricel von Reuter".

The village of Corneville sent a wreath of apple-blossoms and flowering rushes to the funeral of Planquette with this inscription: "A Robert Planquette; Corneville-les-Cloches; le souvenir Normand." The composer's two cousins are contesting the will by which Mrs. Planquette is appointed universal legatee of her husband's estate.

Miss Gladys Naylor-Cairnes is a Cornish young woman who has studied music since she was 10 years old, in European cities. At an early age she gained the chief prizes for piano and violin playing at the Royal Academy of Music, London, and she made her debut, after a preliminary flourish of trumpets, Feb. 2, in St. James Hall, London, when she played Bruch's violin concerto in G minor, and Tschaikowsky's piano concerto in B flat minor. The Pall Mall Gazette says she does not play the violin "excellently well"; her tone is thin and she "dismissed the idea of nicely accurate tune with almost a careless want of purpose"; that as a piano player she lacks sentiment and delicacy of touch. It seems, therefore, as though she had better choose one instrument and stick to it until she masters it. Or, as the Pall Mall Gazette puts it: "Does she purpose to fritter away valuable time in the attempt to become a sort of Admirable Crichton, or will she devote herself definitely to one or the other art which she feels most suited to her temperament?" suppose, for instance, that Miss Helen Henschel had spent the hours given to an imperfect acquaintance with the violin to learning how to sing.

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# MRS. WEBSTER-POWELL WITH EUGENIO PIRANI

Mrs. Alma Webster-Powell, prima donna soprano, and Mr. Eugenio Pirani, composer and pianist, gave a concert last night in Chickering Hall. There was an audience of fair size, and it was kindly disposed. Mrs. Powell sang the Bell-song from "Lakme," the first of the Queen of Night's arias from "The Magic Flute," "Doucement," by Henri Marechal, and four songs by Mr. Pirani. Mr. Pirani played Bach's A minor prelude and fugue arranged by Liszt, Chopin's Scherzo in B minor, Tausig's arrangement of Schubert's "Military March," and a half dozen of his own compositions.

### The Singer.

Mrs. Powell gave a concert here in 1899 and then indulged herself in strange capriccs. For instance, she sang Luckstone's arrangement of Chopin's Impromptu in A flat, and waltz in D flat, a remarkable feat, and the remembrance of it led us to expect last night an arrangement of Richard Strauss's "Heldenleben" or the first movement of the "Moonlight" sonata for high soprano.

But Mrs. Powell was advised at the time by the local critics—in a spirit of love—to abandon such feats, which are to be compared only with eating supper on a slack-wire or dancing on a ceiling. Perhaps she remembered the advice; or perhaps she was contented with Mr. Pirani's songs, which were apparently written expressly for her voice and acquirements. Since that appearance here she has sung in foreign cities in opera and in concert. At Berlin, we were told, her German colleagues at the opera-house were jealous, and she had no true opportunity to display her top-notes. At last she and Mr. Pirani went about the continent chiefly, it seems, to spread about the knowledge of Mr. Pirani's compositions. She created the leading part in his opera not long ago, and now she is singing his songs and vocal exercises in her native land.

### Her Characteristics.

I regret to say that Mrs. Powell's vocal faults are more in evidence and are more pronounced than when she was last here. She is addicted passionately to colorature, enamored with thin and meaningless high notes. The study of bravura passages has its uses; it gives flexibility to the voice; it aids in rhythm and in lightness of expression; and there

re occasions when coloratura is pertinent and delightful. But the runs and roulades and trills and staccato figures must be exquisitely done, with captivating abandon, or they are grotesque and intolerable. Mrs. Powell's intonation last night was often false; her runs were not clear and clean; her staccato was not distinguished; her bravura, in a word, was labored, logy. Now and then there would be an agreeable and sustained phrase; there were some beautiful tones of mezzo-soprano or even contralto quality; but her vocal performance for the most part was technically poor and aesthetically aimless and uninteresting.

Her enunciation was indistinct—and so one might go on through the catalogue. It is a pity; it is a pity. Mrs. Powell some years ago had a voice, that trained properly and controlled by an artistic purpose, might now give pleasure. At present she is singing songs by Mr. Pirani and still more unfortunate composers. Mr. Pirani is alive and could protest, but he evidently approves. Mozart and Delibes are dead and helpless.

### The Pianist-Composer.

Mr. Pirani of Bologna and Berlin, pianist, composer, music critic, essayist, is thought worthy of menton in the German music lexicons. You will find twenty-one and a half lines about him in Rieman's Dictionary, wherein better men are not mentioned. This shows the power of the press and is naturally gratifying. As a pianist he has such good fingers the wonder is he plays so badly. For last night his interpretation of the pieces by Bach-Liszt, Chopin and Schubert-Tausig was singularly amateurish, like that of a professor in the lyceum course; and many disagrecable things might be said about his rhythmic deficiency, his uninteresting touch, his—but it is not worth while.

He was teaching the piano thirty years ago in Berlin, and of late he has given himself wholly to composition. His larger works for the stage and orchestra are unknown here. His songs last night were just the songs for Mrs. Powell to sing, and since composer and singer are happy in their art, who would attempt to shake this happiness? No one but a rude Scythian. And Mr. Pirani doubtless likes his own piano pieces; otherwise he would not play them. There was appplause; there were recalls; but the concert was to one that knows the struggles and ambitions of musicians, their easy joys and sorrows, indescribably pathetic.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter Day
Is half so fine a sight.

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So Kate Vaughan is dead. rest her soul. Her dancing feet are quiet in Johannesburg.

She was a dancer from her earliest youth, and her teacher was a Mrs. Conquest, who also had seen glorious nights. From being a dancer in music halls Kate went into burlesque and pantomime, dazzled at the Gaiety, left that theatre in 1883 for legitimate comedy, and was one of a strong company, which included Mr. Conway and William Farren. She knew the joys and sorrows of management, for she took the Opera Comique in 1887 and played Lydia Languish, Miss Hardcastle, Lady Teazle, Peg Woffington. There was a benefit for her at the Gaiety in 1894, and she went to Australia for her health. She returned to the stage in London, but as a comedian.

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She will be remembered as a dancer. Did not the great Sir Augustus Harris say of her in a fine phrase: "Genius was alone required to revive the glories of the ballet, and the revelation of that gift in the dancing of Miss Kate Vaughan had made the nearest approach to elevating the standard of the modern art of our own day." And is there not a picture of her in Gaston Vuillier's sumptuous "History of Dancing"? We saw her in that sober Quaker costume in London in 1878. The burlesque was indescribably stupid. We have forgotten the ghastly puns and the feeble jests, I think the Lord; we remember vaguely the presence of industrious comedians, both male and female after their kind. But Kate Vaughan in a dance that would again have deprived John the Baptist of his head still haunts the mind, and the news of her death caused a keener emotion than that evoked by the passing of a philanthropist or a statesman.

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John Hollingshead, who is still living and growling in sturdy English about the abuses and the degeneracy of the age, should write her eulogy. He said of her long ago that she brought to the Gaiety when he was manager, "an air of refinement, and a distinct and graceful style of dancing that was far removed from the gymnastice and acrobatic. * * * She was always ladylike and considerate, and though business and friendship, like business and relationship, are best kept apart, I am indebted to her friendship and that of her husband, the Honorable Colonel F. Wellesley, for many days and nights that I always look back to with pleasure."

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Sylvia Gray, Letty Lind, Alice Letnbridge, Miss St. Cyr, Mabel Love, Topsy Sinden—they followed with unequal footsteps. It is true the skirt-dance has had its force: "No dance at all; a very monotonous and wearying performance, consisting in the twirling of many yards of some material in the manner of a mill-wheel." When others preferred the flow of drapery to the penwiper-like costume of the ballet-girl, saw in the dance an attempt to revive classic traditions, and attributed a Greek origin, there was the answer, "Is Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" a dance of Greek beauty and origin?" and the sad story of Hippoclides, son of Tisander, was told at length.

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You will find this story in Herodotus: How a tyrant of Sicyon had a beautiful daughter, and he proposed to give her to the most accomplished of the Greeks. Suitors came from far and near. The tyrant detained them a year and tried them in various ways His favorite was Hippoclides. The day of the marriage came and there was feasting and there was talk about music. While others were drinking. Hippoclides ordered a flute-player to play, and he himself began to dance, for his own amusement. The tyrant looked on skew-eyed. And then Hippoclides ordered some one to bring in a table, and on this table he danced Laconian figures and Attic ones, and then, "having leaned his head on the table, he gesticulated with his legs." When the tyrant saw him gesticulating with his legs he could no longer restrain himself, and he cried out: "Son of Tisander, you have danced away your marriage." To which the son of Tisander gayly made answer: "No matter to Hippoclides."

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But what, pray, has this old story to do with the skirt dance? That the Grecian women managed their chiton as Kate Vaughan her skirt, that they raised it lightly to free the movements of the legs and discover the feet is indisputable. See Maurice Emmanuel's "La Danse Grecque antique," especially section 44: "Geste de la Tunique."

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Will someone put into English Hugues Rebell's "The Inspirers of Balzac, Stendakal and Merimee"? The squeamish might scream at the thought of translating Rebell's ingenious novel of Venetian manners, "La Nichina," or his "Woman That Knew the Emperor," or even his "Songs of the Rain and Sun;" but the gossip of Rebell concerning the women that were interested in the three writers and his conclusions concerning their influence are mighty interesting reading. We quote from the New York Evening Post some remarks by Merimee about Madame Recamier:

"When her eyes had lost some of their beauty, she began to try conversation. Her method was so simple that it will appear coarse to you, but such methods are the best. She told you with a hushed voice, and for yourself alone, that you were the most extraordinary man of the century. Her manner of speaking was calculated. The first words of each phrase were pronounced with extraordinary vivacity, and seemed a sort of avowal forced by enthusiasm. The end of the phrase was spoken very slowly, and with a sort of shamefacedness which produced even greater effect upon the hearer's vanity."

Feb 26 1903

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Mrs. Duryea objects to her husband because he called her a "slob." She didn't mind being called "a watering cart," or "a monster of selfishness," but "slob" annoyed her as much as Mr. Jonathan Wild's term of endearment perplexed his wife after they had patched up their quarrel.

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The bitterness of the taunt slob lies in its vagueness. You cannot define the term; but you know a slob when you see one, and you also know that the "slob" may be male or female. (The "lobster," on the contrary, is always male.) Jerry Cruncher's wife, who had the unpleasant habit of "flopping," was a slob, and Jerry would have addressed her as such had the term then been in use. Our friend and colleague, the Dramatic Editor knew that Tom Pinch was a slob. Others would brand Rousseau, Werther, and all of a tremulous upper lip with this epithet.

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Mr. Duryea, who has plenty of starch, makes a brave defense: "that if he did use language to his wife that was not appropriate, it was under stress of great provocation." But how can judge, jury, or referee decide as to the appropriateness of "slob"? Once a slob, always a slob? Can a slob wear a mask for months and years without detection? Are slobs, like vampires, only slobs at night? The "Book of Slobs" is as yet unwritten, but we are inclined to think that a slob is always a slob; that no heroic treatment will destroy the inherent elements of slobbishness. Still we are open to argument, and we invite discussion. Let us hear from the Earnest Student of Sociology.

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A man fell fifty-five feet in a New England town the other day from a staging and was so badly injured that he died. A record of strange falls that did not result fatally would make an interesting article. Some years ago we published an account of a man who fell over 150 feet early in this century, in England, and yet escaped. The story seemed incredible; but we received a letter from his granddaughter or great-granddaughter in corroboration of the story and asking where we found the tale.

In 1899 a man wanted by the police at Nenagh, County Tipperary, was caught by an officer near Cliff Top. There was a struggle, and the two fell over the cliff, a distance of 200 feet. Their fall was broken by an incline. The officer was slightly injured, but the prisoner was able to run away. Within the same fortnight a boy fell over a cliff at Ness Point, near Whitby, 200 feet. He fell straight to the bottom. Not a bone was broken, and when fishermen near by hastened to his aid, he exclaimed, "Hold on, I'm not going without my cap." He was not in the least harmed.

A few weeks ago a horse at Angers, frightened by a street car, jumped over a bridge on to a railway track forty feet below. Neither horse nor rider was hurt. Dogs have fallen fifty feet or more and have barked joyously when they landed. In 1897 a Scotch collie, owned by the rector of Caister in Norfolk, went with his master to the top of the church tower. The dog saw something on the ground and jumped down eighty feet to get a better view. He was unconscious only for a moment. In February of the same year, two dogs were chasing a rabbit on the cliffs of Dover. The rabbit fell over and was killed on the rocks 200 feet below, but the dogs that followed were found gaily running about.

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"Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?" in the French version of "Florodora" at the Bouffes Parisiens, Paris, begins: "Dites, donc, jolie demoiselle," and English correspondents complain of inadequacy. But, pray, how would you translate the line into French? There is talk of having the double-sextet sung in English by singers from London.

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Dr. Murray, the editor of the Oxford or New English Dictionary, is still unwilling to admit the word "appendicitis;" the word, he says is not like bronchitis "in English use." Perhaps the English have no appendixes or appendices. They are a hardy race.

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Sunday School Teacher: "What do you know about Good Friday?"

Sunday School Pupil: "He was a black man, mentioned in 'Robinson Crusoe'."

This jest pleases the English, and they are printing it as new.

The makers of the ballads of the heart and home are dying all about us, yet they receive scant courtesy. About a fortnight ago Mr. Pottinger Stephens joined the majority. Did you ever hear of him? He was a journalist, and a special correspondent, and he edited the column "London Day by Day" in the Daily Telegraph; for a time he was truly famous as the author of "All on Account of Eliza". He was the librettist of "Billee Taylor". But the younger generation, we fear, cannot whistle "All on Account of Eliza". Governor Bates says the life of a building is only twenty years. Songs have their fate, but the one that is intensely modern soon grows the stalest, and is thrown into Time's dustbin.

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Joseph Parry, the Welsh composer, is dead. Only a short time ago—Dec. 15—his Welsh opera, "The Maid of Cefn Ydfa," was produced. It is founded on the story of Ann Thomas, heiress, and Will Hopkins of Llangynnwyd, tiler and plasterer by trade, and minstrel by choice. William, in the pursuit of his calling, used to take his meals in Ann's kitchen, when she would send the maids to do outside work. To this period the pathetic song, "Bugeilio 'r Gwenith Gwyn"—the very title brings tears—belongs. Ann madly loved the plasterer, but she was imprisoned by stern relations and compelled to marry a groveling lawyer with the unromantic name of Anthony Maddocks. She lost her reason and fell sick. Will was sent for, and some say she heard his voice at the bedroom door and died before he crossed the threshold, others that when she saw him she sprang into his arms and there gave up her ghost. Will survived her fourteen years and then was buried beneath a praetical yew close to his sweetheart. In Parry's opera Ann does not marry the lawyer but is true to the tiler and plasterer.

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Parry, who was born in 1841, was in this country in the 50's, and a son was born to him in Pennsylvania.

Feb 27 1903

# MRS. POWELL, SOPRANO,

## MRS. WINIFRED, NOT ALMA

Mrs. Winifred Powell, soprano, gave her first recital here yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Mrs. Tippett was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Pur Dicesti.....Lotti
Mon petit coeur soupire.....Old French
Papillions.....Campra
Recitative and Cavatina "Linda di Chamouuix".....Donizetti
Four songs from op. 57.....Schuett
Das Geheimniss.....Strauss
Wie Melodien.....Brahms
Pourquoi rester seulette?.....St. Saëns
Air from "Louise".....Charpentier
Slumber Song.....McDowell
The White Rose.....Clough-Leighter
The Woods.....Franz

### The Singer Herself.

Mrs. Powell, a Detroit girl, went some years ago to Paris, where she studied singing. It is not necessary to name her teachers; it is enough to say that they encouraged her and were, no doubt, honest in their instruction and advice; but honesty and intelligence are not synonymous terms, either in business or in art. Mrs. Powell married, and for a time had no thought of a singer's career. Circumstances and a natural inclination were too strong for her resolve, and she came to Boston. Here she now lives and studies and wishes to sing. Hence her recital yesterday, which was given for the purpose of finding out her standing in the musical parish. There was a good sized and friendly audience.

### Her Performance.

She has natural gifts. The voice itself, if you put aside for the moment all thoughts of training and development, is an agreeable organ; the quality is pure and sympathetic; the compass is generous; a flexible voice, that would lend itself easily to pretty flights of bravura; and at the same time a voice that might be charged with emotion in the interpretation of intimate songs. Not a heroic voice; not a voice that would dazzle or thrill; but one that is admirably adapted to the confession of womanly joys and sorrows. Add to this a charming personality and indubitable temperament; not the temperament that finds vent in violent bursts of passion, but that which might vitalize even commonplace phrases, that which might hint and suggest rather than boldly italicize. Unfortunately, these gifts are not at her disposal. The voice has not been well trained; its beauty is not clearly revealed, and the singer has not full command of the instrument through which she would convey emotion. It is enough to say that her tones are not always brought forward, that she does not always sustain her tones, that her control of breath is insufficent. That she has studied patiently for some time, some years perhaps, is not an answer to the justice of this description. The fact remains that she has not been well taught. Yesterday there were some delightful bits of colorature in the cavatina from "Linda"; but the preceding recitative was sung; it was not declaimed. The natural gifts of the singer at times shone through the mists of vocal error, as in the songs by Schuett. And often there was the thought that Mrs. Powell would yet be able to give pleasure by art as well as by natural charms, for her faults, though prejudicial, are not beyond remedy.

We like to think of a rich man or several rich men buying Popocatapetl, the eminent burning mountain. We suppose they bought all the fumaroles that may form in future and also the good-will of the mountain, for of what worth is a sulky volcano, one that will not show off when guests are invited? Wealth has its advantages. A poor man, with a little self-denial, can have a pagoda in his back-yard, but active volcanoes are only for the very rich, who are able to entertain lavishly, sumbustuously.

Egozcue is not the name of a skin disease, and yet ex-Mayor Egozcue was accused of destroying public documents.

George Birkbeck Hill is dead. He edited and annotated the "definite" edition of Boswell's Johnson; and how he annotated it! Note upon note, and comment upon comment. A garrulous person, who lugged in much irrelevant matter and some rubbish and thus swelled the size of the volumes. He himself told us that he went about for years with a pencil and note book and jotted down every possible parallel passage or bit of information that bore, however remotely, on a subject that was as plain as A B C, or on a phrase known to Macaulay's school-boy. Dr. Hill used to stay awake at night for the mere pleasure of making notes.

Let us consider a sample of Dr. Hill's method. Johnson was talking about change of manners. "I remember when people in England changed a shirt only once a week: a Pandour, when he gets a shirt, greases it to make it last."

We give Hill's note in full: "In the Tatler for May 24, 1709, we are told that 'rural esquires wear shirts half a week and are drunk twice a day.' In the year 1720 Fenton urged Gay 'to sell as much South Sea stock as would purchase a hundred a year, which will make you sure of a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day.' Johnson's Works, vii., 65. In Tristram Shandy II., ch. 4, published in 1759, we read: 'It was in this (about 1700) that my uncle began to break in upon the daily regularity of a clean shirt.' In the Spiritual Quixote, published in 1773 (c. 51) Tugwell says to his master: 'Your Worship belike has been used to shift you twice a week.' Mrs. Piozzi (Journey I., 105, date of 1789) says that she heard in Milan 'a traveled gentleman telling his auditors how all the men in London, that were noble, put on a clean shirt every day.' Johnson himself owned that he had no passion for clean linen. Ante, 1., 460."

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald poked all manner of fun at this note in his "Critical Examination" of Dr. Hill's edition; but is not the miscellaneous information interesting? Dr. Hill might have added Maginn's remark that for dueling purposes any man that put on a clean shirt once a week is a gentleman. Firmin Gemier, the play-actor, in his days of struggling, had to play an evening dress part in "La Dame aux Camelias" at a little theatre. His washerwoman cut off his supply of linen because he had neglected to pay her. In despair, he looked wildly about him, and his eyes fell on a large sheet of white foolscap paper. He was saved, and so far as the audience was concerned his shirt front was immaculate.

And what a marvelous index Dr. Hill prepared! Three hundred and twenty-three octavo pages, double columns! For this alone we should be grateful to him: for this alone he deserves a monument.

Western Governors are still picturesque figures in this materialistic and commercial world. Here is Governor Yates breathing out threatenings and slaughter, thirsting for the blood of publishers as well as reporters. "I have 8000 men at my back and I would pardon any one of them who killed you," roared the Governor at the editor, who calmly said—all editors are calm, they have to be—"If any shooting is started, I will take a hand." Some might wish that the editor had said "Shall," but it was no time to be beastly particular. Eight thousand men ready to do murder at a wink from the Governor. No Italian prince in the fine old days of dagging and poisoning had so many intimate bravoes at his beck and call. In Hogarth's "The Rake's Progress" a professional assassin, a Sparafucile, "who kills or cudgels in town or country, with promptitude and despatch," waits on the rake, "with his bloated form, black wig, dingy lace hat, and a patch over his nose"; his right hand is on the hilt of his hanger; and George Augustus Sala represented him as bringing a letter of recommendation: "Sir, the captain is a man of honor, and his sword may serve you. Yours, Wm. Stab." But 8000 of such fellows!

We regret to find a respectable Boston newspaper speaking snobbishly of Francois Hirtsel, who worked as a porter in a New York hotel: "Hirtsel while in his menial position." Honest and useful work is never menial in the modern and corrupted and contemptuous sense. A menial servant was originally one that belonged to a household, one that lived within the walls of a person's own dwelling house. Today the genteel and all that wish to receive something in exchange for nothing sneer at "menial" employments. There is no trade or employment, says Walt Whitman, but the young man following it may become a hero.

Many Americans will hear with regret that Simpson's in the Strand is no more. It was about the last of the old London taverns, and its fame was established by the man who gave his name to the place. He went to market himself about 3 A. M., picked out his own meat, which was usually mutton, had it hung for about a fortnight until it was fit to eat, and then it was served hot at tables. The practise of wheeling round the joints and carving before the diners enchanted the late Mr. Bignon of Paris, who instituted the custom in his own establishment. They say that Simpson's will be reopened in 1904, but it is doubtful whether the old simplicity and the wholesome fare will be maintained.

# THE ADAMOWSKI TRIO

Last evening at Chickering Hall the Adamowski Trio gave the second concert of Miss Terry's series. The program consisted of Schumann's Trio No. 1 in D minor, two movements from the Arensky Trio in D minor, and solo numbers for each instrument. The list was short, well-chosen and well rendered—a thoroughly delightful concert from first to last. This Schumann Trio is rather cheerlessly long; but it is beautiful, and was played with a spirit that kept the interest alert. These three artists work uncommonly well together; distinct personalities merge, but are not obscured, in a common cause. Perhaps now and then the 'cello was a bit swamped, for 'cello tones are not incisive at best, and Mr. Josef Adamowski's playing suggested a certain timidity. But he gets a beautiful tone, and made excellent work of his part in Arensky's elegie. It was here, indeed, that he found his best opportunity; for the Saint-Saens serenade (a solo piece) was not very effective, and what have 'cellos and dances in common? Fitzenhagen's Gavotte No. 2 was skilfully played by Mr. Adamowski; but it seems a sad pity to waste an instrument so obviously fashioned for beautiful sustained tones, on a wretched jig.

Mme. Szumowska played Chopin's nocturne in F-sharp major very beautifully indeed—even Mr. James Huneker must have granted that. And for once the Liszt Polonaise swung through with no hint of strings and hammers. It was sound, spirited, musical work. Mr. T. Adamowski played a Wilhelmj arrangement of Wolther's Prize-Song from "The Mastersingers." Although not originally violin music, it is excellently suited to that instrument. Mr. Adamowski did some capital sustained playing, and his warm temperament made the song zip.

The audience was very properly enthusiastic; there were recalls and encores.

There is naturally much interest in the exhibition of the Operatic School under Mr. Bimboni's direction at the Boston Theatre next Tuesday afternoon. Miss Clara Sexton, Mr. Codman and Mr. Black will appear in a scene from "La Traviata;" Miss Sexton and Mr. Dean will take part in a scene from Bimboni's opera, "La Modella," which was performed at Berlin in 1882. The story is founded on the painter Lippi's passion for the convent girl Lucrezia, who was chosen as a model for the Madonna. Miss Allen and Mr. Kerr will sing the duet of Valentin and Marcel from "The Huguenots;" Miss Stanaway and Mr. Black the first scene between Azucena and Manrico in "Il Trovatore;" Miss Davies, Miss Patterson and Mr. Mills, a scene from "Martha;" Miss Stanaway and Miss Frank, a scene from Gluck's "Orpheus;" and Miss Noyes and Messrs. Codman, Day and Mills, a scene from Rossini's "Barber of Seville."

This reminds us that when "La Traviata" was revived recently at the Opera Comique, Paris, with Mary Garden as Violetta, the characters appeared in the dress of 1852, and some of the singers were made up to resemble Napoleon III., the Duc de Morny, and other personages of the court of the Tuileries; but what business had they in Violetta's house or in the house of her "loidy friend?" Librettist and composer intended that "La Traviata" should be played in the costumes of the period; but the audiences saw nothing romantic in contemporaneous garments and protested against the thought of Armand in evening dress.

Leoncavallo received the other day the offer of a patriotic libretto from an author whom he knew well and in whom he trusted blindly. Great was his joy when he received it; but his joy turned to despair when he read the list of characters: Italia, soprano; Victor Emanuel, tenor; Gabribldi, baritone; Cavour, bass. "Faney Victor Emanuel as a tenor," exclaimed the composer. Yet Samson, Othello and Adam are tenors on the operatic and concert stage.

The program of the Handel and Haydn for its building fund concert, March 8, is a popular one: Gounod's "Gallia" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" with Kathrin Hilke, Mrs. Schumann-Heink, Salignac and Journet. Mrs. Schumann-Heink will sing an aria from Mozart's "Titus;" Salignac will sing Franck's "Panis Angelicus" and Journet the laborer's air from Haydn's "Seasons."

Marie Brema's daughter, Tita Brand, recited "Bergliot" to Grieg's music at a symphony concert in London Feb. 14. She is a play actress, not a singer, and she made her debut as Olivia in "Twelfth Night" in Ben Greet's company in 1901. Her mother hesitated at first about her own career, for although she sang at a London Pop in 1891—Georg Henschel appeared in the same concert—she was playing Adrienne Lecouvreur a few months later in H. A. Jone's company, and in October of that year she made her operatic debut as Lola with the interrupted song.

Emma Rossignol, born Poddie Ross, "the Davenport Nightingale," is not coming here after all, and some local singers will take her place at Miss Jeannette Durno's piano recital next Monday night. Miss Durno will play pieces by Chopin, Tschaikowsky, Moszkowski and others. Mr. Gregory Hast, the sweet-voiced and amiable English tenor, will bring his wife with him as accompanist March 10. Mr. Leopold Winkler will soon give a piano recital in Steinert's Hall and Miss Anna Jansen, the Danish pianist, will play on Friday afternoon, March 20.

Hugo Wolf died Feb. 24 at Vienna, and at last he is out of misery. He was born in 1860 and at first attracted attention by his songs, which he wrote in great number. He afterward wrote music for Ibsen's "Fest auf Solhang" (1892), and in 1896 his one act opera, "Der Corregidor," was produced at Mannheim. He overworked, went mad, and was confined in an asylum. There have been rumors of late that his health and reason were firmly re-established. Little is known about Wolf's music in Boston, or in this country. In Germany and at Vienna he had devoted partisans, who were indefatigable in promoting his fame. There is even a "Wolf Society."

It was in 1897 that he lost his mind, or gained too much mind. He went about telling everybody that he had been appointed director of the Royal opera at Vienna; that at last he was free from all care. As though, poor wretch, if he had been appointed, care would not have come upon him like an armed man. His friends were compelled finally to shut him up. They persuaded him it was his duty to call on Mahler, the director, whom he thought he was about to succeed. Wolf put on his best and formal dress, and he was taken to the asylum of a Dr. Svetlin. He grew a little better and began to compose in his confinement. He was released in 1898. He visited, traveled. One day he tried to kill himself, and then he asked to go back to the mad house.

There were moments after his return when he was bitterly conscious of his mental condition. He would cry out: "Yes, I know I am crazy." He remembered exactly titles, texts and music of his songs. When some one read to him a criticism in which Marcella Pregi was praised for her singing "Ich hab' in Pena einen Liebsten wonnen," he laughed and said excitedly, "Yes, that's my song," and he indicated with his hand the proper tempo. So Dr. Ernst Deesey described his days in the first number of "Die Musik" in 1901, and in this magazine since then much information about Wolf and his works has appeared.

Toujours Partridge! Now he insists that there is no city in America where you can starve so easily in fine arts as in Boston. This depends on whether you are connected officially with the Museum of Fine Arts, or are only some poor devil of an exhibitor. It is a singular fact that professional judges of art are often paid more than artists. "A man may make a reputation in Boston and yet be utterly unknown in the cosmopolitan world." We are tempted to betray our New England origin and say "How?" And is Mr. Partridge sound in his statement that the only artists who succeed here are the wretched beings who consume vast quantities of tea in the houses of enlightened patrons? Perish the thought. Are there no artists in New York who "work the social racket"? Even if Mr. Partridge is right about the position of artists here, he should not say that Boston is no longer the intellectual centre. Is there not a thick book entitled "Literary Boston," stuffed with the names of deep thinkers, shrewd essayists, enchanting poets, dazzling wits? And the fame of some of them has reached as far as Worcester and Pawtucket.

At the Humbert trial in Paris the presiding magistrate before the case began conducted personally the women to their appointed seats; and then a few minutes later appeared on the bench in judicial cap and robes. All in all the trial rivaled the one imagined by Gilbert and Sullivan.

A man in New York State had a surprise party the other night and he was so surprised that he died of heart disease "in the midst of the merry-making." Surprises are always disconcerting, and the merry making on his part was surely forced. There are few households that can bear sudden exposure to the outside world. It is all pleasant enough when a friendly neighbor tips the wink, and the curtain rises on papa in slippers and easy jacket reading Herbert Spencer, mother at her tambour work, and little Lucy playing a sonata on the piano. The table is set for the surprise supper, and the servant-girl has on her best bib and tucker. But a true surprise is not to be endured. Nor is it joy that kills, as when Franciscus Casalinus through immoderate laughter fell into a spitting of blood, as when Diagoras the Rhodian seeing his three sons crowned at the Olympian games fell in death, or as when the comic poet Philippides was unable to bear the news of his victory in competition. There is the knowledge that you are caught at a disadvantage, with your collar off, to ease a chafed place on the neck, or mending your wife's corset, or soaking your feet in hot water, or in some other position or employment that would not commend itself to a historical painter. Then you are indeed surprised, and although surprise is said to be the chief element of wit, you do not feel that the laugh is on your side.

Mr. Duryea "threw away jelly cake of his wife's making because it was posionous and not fit to eat."

Jelly cake is one of the passions of youth, and there are strong-bearded men who, although they dare not eat it, cannot even hear the name without a thrill. Well do we remember the nasal cry in the railway train of the late sixties: "Sponge and jelly cake." But prudent mothers frowned darkly on the merchant-boy who now, no doubt, owns the road.

We have before this referred to the cook-book that rules our own household: "The Cook not Mad, or Rational Cookery; being a collection of original and selected receipts embracing not only the art of curing various kinds of meats and vegetables for future use, but of Cooking in its general acceptation, to the taste, habits and degrees of luxury, prevalent with the American public in town and country." (Watertown, N. Y., 1831.) What kinds of cake are recommended by this discriminative guide? Loaf, fruit, cup, Washington, wedding, dough, good common, sponge, composition, queen's, Shrewsbury, pound, minute, thanksgiving, pearlash, cream, mineral, Tunbridge, route drop, clove, heart, Doubury, Derby. All these—but there is no mention of jelly-cake. Certain sentiments expressed in the preface may explain the omission. "Still

further would the impropriety be carried were we to introduce into a work intended for the American Publick such English, French and Italian methods of rendering things indigestible, which are of themselves innocent, or of distorting and disguising the most loathsome objects to render them sufferable to already vitiated tastes. These evils are attempted to be avoided. Good republican dishes and garnishing, proper to fill an every day bill of fare, from the condition of the poorest to the richest individual, have been principally aimed at."

We do not know Mr. Duryea's age; but we have a right to infer that when he threw away the jelly cake it was from ordinary business prudence, and not necessarily as an insult to his wife.

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The more powerful the United States, the more closely is the President guarded. The journey of Mr. Roosevelt to see the blameless Methodist reminds one by the attendant train of secret service men, central office detectives, mounted and unmounted guards, of the pleasure visits and excursions of the Tsar of All the Russias. The President may yet have his official coat of mail, especially when he joins the ranks of the church militant.

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Mr. Ginisty of the Odeon Theatre, Paris, says he intends to produce "'Le Vol de l'Elephant Blanc,' piece tiree d'une nouvelle de M. Mark Twain, l'humoriste Americain."

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Mr. Kipling is still poet laureate at large and at random. And his occasional and perfunctory poems should not prevent Mr. Alfred Austin from sleeping.

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Paris is more and more Americanized. The cake walk, a play founded on a story by Mark Twain, and now we read that the bouncer is to be introduced into the music halls. He will not wear a uniform, and he will have the outward appearance of a "perfect gentleman."

March 1, 1903

Last week a soprano gave a concert in Boston. Her name is Alma Powell. An American by birth, she had sung in opera houses and concert halls of Europe, had created a leading part in, at least, one opera, had been widely discussed. With her was a composer-pianist who has a certain foreign reputation. Few of the habitual concert goers of Boston were in the audience. It is not necessary to discuss the quality of the performance; the fact remains that there was no curiosity to hear or see an American woman who had done something.

### Mr. Hochman's Case.

Not long ago a young Russian-American pianist made his first appearance in Boston. He had played in European and American cities with much more than ordinary success. By some discriminative critics he had been hailed as a brilliant apparition. And how many of the patrons and patronesses of art in Boston had the curiosity to go to Steinert Hall to hear young Hochman? How many now regret that they did not hear him? How many will go to hear his second recital? Mr. Hochman and Mrs. Powell were well advertised. Not foolishly, not repulsively advertised. There were no conflicting concerts. But first as Mr. Kreisler, violinist, and Mr. Harold Bauer were neglected at their first recitals in this city, so many traveling virtuosos have good reason to complain of the indifference shown toward them by Bostonians.

### A Digression.

On the other hand, Miss Helen Henschel is reasonably sure of a profitable audience, although her vocal faults and graces are known to all. She is a singer without art. It is not too much to say that there are 40 young sopranos in Boston who sing as well as she does, and probably a dozen who sing much better; but much better that they would have right to complain bitterly if they were passed with her. And I am moderate and calm when I name "40" and "a dozen." But no one of the dozen would be permitted to sing at a concert given by the Symphony Orchestra or the Kneisel Quartet; yet Miss Henschel sang at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge; she has sung here at a Kneisel Quartet concert, and even after the members heard her they now know what she cannot do, they engage her to sing with them in New York, even after she had failed there in her own recital. Miss Henschel has pushing, clamorous, influential friends in society. What is known as society indorses her, and society is given to the encouragement and support of mediocrity in art. Now we all wish Miss Henschel well; but her true friends are those who regret that she has not thought it worth while to learn the rudiments of singing; and they wish that even at this late day she might be persuaded.

### A Return to Mutton.

Now a successful appearance at a symphony concert does not insure a paying audience at a subsequent recital. This has been proved again and again. A singer or player is recalled and recalled. The poor wretch foresees a crowded hall at the recital. The afternoon arrives; there are a few music lovers who buy tickets, there are the newspaper men, there are as many dead-heads as can be persuaded to "drop in for a minute," and they straggle in even till the end of the concert. The pianist, fiddler, singer, is lucky if there is money enough to pay expenses. Even when the crowd of "music-lovers" applauded wildly at Symphony Hall the player of a concerto, there was no interest to become more intimately acquainted with him or her. Nor is this something new in Boston. How many were in the house when the great Rubinstein made his first appearance in Boston?

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From time to time the N. Y. Sun publishes the sprightly deeds of aged persons, male and female. Uncle Jonas, who has known 96 summers and 97 hard winters leaps nimbly into the air and cracks his heels together thrice every morning before he eats his breakfast of coffee, sausages, buckwheat cakes, and pie. Grandpa Elihu thrashes his son of 40 so that there is need of an ambulance. Grandma Lucinda dances down all her descendants in a reel. And so on through the list of ancient worthies, some of whom use tobacco in every form and take internal applications of strong drink when it is raging, and some have known from childhood nothing but water with now and then a comforting draught of boneset-tea.

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The other day we stumbled on a pamphlet printed in 1609, which described the persons that took part in a morris dance at Hereford town, England. Ah, there were old men and women in those brave days, who have been too long buried, for whom the trump of fame has never sounded, but whose spryness entitles them to honorable places in the Roll of Honor.

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There was one Squire, a fiddler, 108 years old, who had "outplayed more fiddlers than now sneak up and down into all the taverns of London." By him stood noble old Hall—we say old from force of prejudice—but he was only 97: "the waits of three metropolitan cities make not more music than he can with his pipe and tabor, if, at least, his head be hard-braced with napple ale": Musicians of such experience that the Philharmonic Society of New York would now welcome them gladly, give them front seats, a share in the losses, and permission to vote for the most vagrom and unfit conductor.

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The marshals were Thomas Price, a subsidy man, one that had prospered for 105 years; Thomas Andros, who carried lightly the burden of 108 years; the remarkable William Edwards of Bodenham—"and unto him had Time also given the use of 108 years, and, besides the blessings of so many years, the comfort of a young wife, and by that wife a child of six years old"; John Saunders, an ironworker, "the hardness of which labor carried him safely over the high hill of old age, where she bestowed upon him 102 years."

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And see the morris-dancers advancing. James Tomkins, 106 years old, "never so poor as to be pitied, nor ever so rich as to be envied"; when 98 he married a wife of 52, and she brought him a child that comforted him even then. John Willis, a lusty dancer of 97, a bonesetter, and his purpose was honest and charitable; "for he bestowed his person upon them with intent to be ready at hand if any dislocation should be wrought upon any joint in his old companions by fetching lofty tricks." Little Dick Phillips's glass of life was running to fill up the full number of 97 years—"Well danced old heart of oak." William Walton, an old fisher, with 102 years behind him, "and of a clean man, an excellent fowler." William Mosse, 106, "who, contrary to his name, had no moss at his heels"—which fact might well lead to a learned disquisition on the origin of the phrase, "tar on the heel." Thomas Winney "dances with 100 years about him, wheresoever he goes, yet the churchyard and cramp take him not." John Lace, probably 103, and a hosier, "born before the dissension between cloth breeches and velvet breeches."

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William Malo of Egelton, an old soldier and a tall man, deserves a separate paragraph. "Forty years since, being grievously wounded, he carried his liver and his lights home half a mile, and you may still put your finger into them but for a thin skin over them; and for all these storms he arrives at four score and 17, and dances merrily."

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John Mando, a very good two-hand sword man, of the age of 100, took the place of a faint-hearted dancer of 96, who had great desire to keep his bed and be spared.

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"No, we commend (as Tully saith) a young man, that smells somewhat of the old signior and can but counterfeit gravity in his cheeks; and shall we not heave up with praises an old man that at 108 years end can rake his dead embers abroad, and show some coals of the lusty juventus glowing in him even then."

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And were there no old women of twinkling feet and brisk contortions? Let Mistress Meg Goodwin answer. Of her, Master Weaver of Burton, that was four-score and 10 years old, was wont to say, she was twenty years older than he, and he died ten years since. "She was three-score years a maid and twenty years otherwise." A noble dame, fit to be a Maid Marian at the age of 120.

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To G. P.: The first person who taught a dog to sit in order to catch partridges was Robert Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, son of the Great Earl.

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We received yesterday—and yet we have tried to lead a blameless life—a circular from a New York firm which does business in Second avenue. We now know where to buy "Longs and shorts: trimmed playing cards," "by which we could cut high card from end and low from side, or high from centre and low from ends"; also strippers, by which we could "strip out say three aces, three kings, a flush, or any combination desired, and place on top of pack as a cut after cards have been shuffled." And such cards for railway, steamboat, or friendly use cost the ridiculously small sum of $4 a dozen packs. We are also offered loaded dice in sets of three high, three low, three fair; also spinning dice or top, by which we could spin high numbers for our advantage and make our opponent "spin low or vice versa, a sure thing." A poker ring for marking cards costs only a dollar to $2.50. And with a "bug" for holding out an extra card ($1.00) and a "spy" for reading cards dealt opponents ($1.00) we should be prepared to earn an honest living. It is only fair to say that this firm treats Trojan and Tyrian alike, for it advertises a book "How Gamblers Win," a work "designed as a warning to self-confident card-players."

# HERR HUGO HEERMANN

The program of the sixteenth Symphony concert given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture in E minor.....Schubert
Concerto in D minor, for violin.....Beethoven
Choral and variations, for harp and orchestra.....Widor
Symphony, "The Chase".....Haydn

Schubert's overture in E minor is a prosaic work, one of his many compositions dashed off just before supper, or during supper, or after supper, with the fatal fluency which is still admired by some of his biographers and partisans. It is a pity that the overture was not allowed to remain in manuscript; it is a greater pity that it is ever played. True reverence consists in forgetting that which is common and unworthy in the works of a genius.

### The Violinist.

Mr. Hugo Heermann made his first appearance in Boston. He is reckoned as a German violinist, but he studied chiefly in Brussels and Paris, and his fame is European, not parochial. Born in 1844, he does not show his age in face or performance. To the disappointment of some and the joy of others, he chose Beethoven's concerto instead of the one by Richard Strauss, which he will play in Troy Monday night with the Boston orchestra. Strauss's concerto is one of the respectable sins of his youth and there is little suggestion in it of the composer of the wondrous tone-poems. The trouble with Beethoven's concerto is that its length turns in orchestral concert into a violin concert; and yet this remark seems ungracious after the exceedingly fine performance by Mr. Heermann, a performance that may well be called memorable, not so much for extraordinary technic or wealth as the noble conception, the exquisite taste, the classic sentiment, and the serene authority of a master. No wonder that the applause after the first movement was spontaneous, thunderous, and long continued, and that after the Rondo, the violinist was recalled again and again. It was a performance which revealed fully the composer's thoughts and not the violinist's thoughts concerning a composer and his concerto.

### Widor's Harp Piece.

Widor's choral and variations for harp and full orchestra was played by Mrs. Wunderle and Thomas's Orchestra in Chicago last November. The repertory of the harp is so limited, when orchestral accompaniment is concerned, that this piece will no doubt be a boon to virtuosos. There are pages of agreeable tone-color, pages that are frankly and unpretentiously pretty; there are evidences of Widor's technical abilities in composition and orchestration; but as a whole the work is episodic, and after the first few variations the interest of the hearer flags; nor is it quickened by injections of Meyerbeer or by a bombastic apotheosis. Mr. Schuecker played with his accustomed skill. Haydn's old-fashioned symphony might give pleasure in a small hall and with a small body of strings, but I doubt it.

March 2 1903

# A SYMPHONY CONCERT FOR THE PENSION FUND

Symphony Hall was filled last night with a brilliant and truly representative audience; representative because it was drawn from all classes of music lovers, who had come together to show their appreciation of the orchestra that is without a superior, and possibly without a rival. This concert was the orchestra's own concert. The players and Mr. Gericke, and Mrs. Szumowska, who has a peculiar interest in the orchestra and might justly be called one of the orchestral family, displayed their art on this occasion for the foundation of a pension fund.

### The Fund Itself.

The reasonableness of the establishment of such a fund has already been discussed in the Journal. And yet there was no real need of such discussion. The musician, however dear he may be to the Muse, is not spared the accidents, the infirmities of common humanity; nor did Death forget his grim errand in listening to the lute of Orpheus. That no one of their body might look forward with foreboding or fear to useless and miserable days, that no one who had given hostages to fortune might be without some consolation at the thought of his own ending, the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra conceived this plan of a pension fund, in which both Mr. Higginson and Mr. Gericke are also deeply interested. The presence of so great an audience last night showed that this interest is shared by all lovers of music, by many who, though they may not be musical, nevertheless are moved by civic pride. The audience itself was a noble tribute to the orchestra.

### The Program.

The program was admirably arranged. The composers whose works were chosen are illustrious in the ranks of orchestral writers. There was no narrowness in the choice, no partisanship, no spirit of clan or parish. Beethoven was there with his "Leonore." Saint-Saens, whose works are distinguished by the logical train of thought, the clearness and elegance of expression that have so long characterized that which is peculiarly French in art of every kind, was not represented by one of his orchestral masterpieces, but his chamber music enlarged for this occasion has its qualities; it provided a desirable contrast, and it added to the concert the charm of Mrs. Szumowska's

presence. No musically sane person would dispute the supreme right of Tschaikowsky to be present with his symphony, that iliad of woe; that epic of love and wild despair, of mad gaiety that would fain forget the inevitable end of every man's desire, of the hero's triumph, of the apotheosis that leads only to the tomb. And as Beethoven and Tschaikowsky are neither German nor Russian, but universal composers; as Saint-Saens is something more than a Frenchman of exquisite polish; so is Wagner not merely the man of Bayreuth but a world-man.

### The Concert.

Of the concert itself it is not necessary to speak. It is enough to say that conductor, orchestra, pianist were all filled with the spirit of the occasion and that the audience was most sympathetic and appreciative. There was the fanfare to greet the conductor; there were wreaths; there was frequent and hearty applause. May this be only the first of many such concerts, so that this pension fund, established firmly through the efforts of orchestra and conductor, and the spontaneous aid of music lovers, may grow under wise administration, so that the honor of membership may more and more be enviable, so that the players may be the more closely knit together in bonds of sympathy and brotherhood, as well as by the thought that they are fellow servants in the temple of art.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
Or, shipwreck'd, labor to some distant shore;
Or, in dark churches, walk among the dead;
They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

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In the Old building Mr. Johnson painfully climbed four long flights of stairs before he reached his office. He remembered the warning of his family doctor, and he put down heel as well as toe on each step. Some of his friends had hurried, and one by one they had known heart disease. Mr. Johnson did not believe he was born into this world merely to hanker after another, and so he climbed slowly and puffed, and when anyone said, "Why don't you move to a building with an elevator?" he would answer, "My boy, by climbing I exercise certain muscles that otherwise would grow stiff."

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At last the building was torn down and Mr. Johnson now is shot up eight stories in an elevator. He has already aged considerably. He is outwardly nervous, and he has consulted a specialist concerning his heart. For every night when he gets into bed Mr. Johnson feels himself drawn toward a deep and dark shaft. Sometimes the door is open, and he knows that just as he is to enter the car will shoot up and he will fall. Or someone will tap him and he inadvertently will step backward and—then he tries to compute his downward speed by calculations with weight and distance. He shivers and he sweats, as he lies in bed. Yes, he will be careful tomorrow, as he is always careful; but some day there will be a fall and the consequent obituary notice and the investigation and the indignant letters to the newspapers and the possible discharge of the elevator boy. The next morning Mr. Johnson steps into the cage as though the floor were of eggs, and before he leaves he puts out an experimental leg as an elephant tests things with his trunk. And at night Mr. Johnson again sees the shaft yawning for him and wondering why he does not fall.

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A clothes dealer in Paris kicked a dog out of his shop. The dog ran and knocked over a woman with a jug of milk. The jug was broken, an old gentleman was upset and the jug cut both woman and man. A bicyclist going by was thrown off his machine by the prostrate figures and a cart came up to smash the bicycle. The magistrate advised all the injured to proceed against the dog. Now who shall say after this that farce-comedy incidents are improbable.

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We learn from London that John Hollingshead, when he was manager of the Gaiety, used to pay a weekly bill of £7 or £8 for dressing and renewing the late Kate Vaughan's lace petticoats.

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The Newly Elected says: "Great thing as a Professional man, to belong to the Particular Club; you see, there you meet everybody."

Opinion of the same after a few years' membership: "I don't go much to the Particular Club now; you see, you meet everybody."—London Punch.

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Mr. Sidney Lee's life of Queen Victoria is highly praised at home as well as abroad. They say that the Royal Family hinted to the publishers that a few changes in the second edition would be acceptable; perhaps it would be just as well to omit the statement that the Queen was querulous during her last years, etc. Mr. Lee, unfortunately for the Royal Family, does not hold abject flattery to be the first qualification of a biographer. It is said that the publishers communicated the royal wishes to him after his arrival in Boston.

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A complete set of The Lark is advertised for sale by a London dealer in second-hand books. One pound five shillings is the sum asked, and the hook is baited with this note: "In a certain cult in New York and Boston a man or woman who does not have his 'Lark' is considered much behind the times, and the poor unfortunate who never heard of it—a heathen. It is this publication which contains the immortal 'Purple Cow.'" Yes, and that cow has been milked for all she's worth.

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The Mexican Herald shouts in a fine burst: "Take them all the sparkling daughters of Andalusia, the nobly grave women of the Castiles, the enchanting Valencianas, the ruddy-cheeked women of the Asturias and of Galicia, the robust and wholesome Catalonians, the proud Aragonesas, and they make up a national grouping of women hard to match for charm and verve."

Old James Howel found in Valencia "the strongest silks, the sweetest wines, the excellent's almonds, the best oils and the beautiful'st females of all Spain." And in a letter from Madrid he wrote: "Touching their women, nature made a more visible distinction 'twixt the two sexes here than elsewhere, for the men, for the most part, are swarthy and rough, but the women are of a far finer mold; they are commonly little; and whereas there is a saying that makes a complete woman, let her be English to the neck, French to the waist and Dutch below; I may add, for hands and feet let her be Spanish, for they have the least of any. * * * I have seen women in England look as youthful at 50 as some here at 25." This was written in 1623.

Some are squeamish and object to the personal atmosphere of garlic that enwraps these beauties. A Spaniard once remarked to Beatty-Kingston, after he had praised the beauty and virtue of Englishwomen: "There is only one fault that I detected in them—their skin has no perfume. When I kiss a Spanish lady's hand, I smell that delicious national odor that we all adore; but an English lady's hand, though delicately white and soft, does not absolutely smell of anything!" Beatty-Kingston, by the way, found that the Spanish women walk well, look strong and healthy, and are "in every visible respect far finer animals than their lords and masters."

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Mrs. E. B. Harrison, an Englishwoman, supplies an examination paper for the use of housekeepers. Suppose there are "three staircases above stairs—one of oak, one of stone, one of ordinary wood; what servant cleans which staircase? If there are cellar-steps, who cleans them? Who lays the tea in the housekeeper's room; and who cleans the cook's boots?"

As for the tea, we suppose the mistress sees to its strength and puts in the sugar, and the master of the house cleans the cook's boots, that is if he wishes her to stay.

Mch 3. 1903

A man in Hoboken was arrested last week because he had abandoned the habit of supporting his wife. She told the magistrate that her husband had become infatuated with a woman whom they had taken to board with them, and that in answer to her remonstrance he said, "If he didn't entertain her she wouldn't board with us any longer, and that he had my welfare in mind in paying her attention." The newspapers characterized the woman that made the trouble as a "star boarder." And it may be remembered that Poormaster Barck of Hoboken insisted not long ago that the "star boarder" was responsible for much of the connubial infelicity in that city. But if there were no other boarders at this particular house, the woman was not a star.

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What is a "star boarder?" We inquired lately into the physiology and psychology of the slob. Now let us in a spirit of love study for a moment the "star boarder." Nor shall we speak as one without knowledge, or as one at this end of a spy glass. For fifteen or twenty years we knew boarding houses and the dwellers therein; from New York to Berlin; from Albany (N. Y.) to Rome (Italy). We have sat triumphant at the right hand of the landlady; we have been in disgrace far below the salt. We have loaned her small sums of money when she was in sore distress; we have smiled a softening smile when "remittances were expected." It is even possible that for a time we, too, were a star; but one star differeth from another star in glory, and we prefer to approach the question as a plain boarder, untitled, not decorated.

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The star boarder is undoubtedly a changed survivor of the parlor boarder, who in former years rented the best rooms, paid the highest price, and expected the chief consideration at table, both in food and in conversation. The parlor boarder was sometimes male, sometimes female. In England it was often the schoolboy of wealthy or aristocratic parents. Calverley knew him as his rival for the affection of Miss Julia Goodchild.

"The parlor-boarder chasseed tow'rds her on graceful limb;
The onyx deck'd his bosom—but her smiles were not for him."

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The star-boarder is usually a male. We are inclined to go so far as to deny the right of any woman to the title. His proud eminence is due to various causes. His character is affected by geography and climate, and in a way he confirms a theory of Mr. Buckle, which some hold to be exploded.

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In towns along the Hudson River he is a middle-aged man, whose hair and whiskers are of a dubious black. He has a jaunty, rakish air, not unlike that of an English bagman on a five pound outing, not unlike that of one of Dickens's under-bred genials.. He has an impudent eye, strong political convictions, a hair-trigger laugh. Often he is the teller or cashier of a small bank, or the chief clerk of a dry goode store or at the gas-office. After supper, he sits in his place of business and smokes cheap cigars with some of the fellows who consult him as an oracle. Some say he has saved money. He is supposed to be of an old family, and there is a report that he had a romantic affair in his youth. But why is he so favored by the landlady? He is her counselor. He gives her information as to the pecuniary condition of the other boarders. He is ready to help her when payments are slack. At the slightest sign of revolt against the coffee he asks for a second cup. He is not fulsome in praise of the cookery, but he eats as though every mouthful were a delight. He is never in love with the landlady, no matter how comely she may be. He is too old a bird to be caught by a glance or a coquettish lock of hair. He wishes to be comfortable, and to insure his comfort he is willing to make slight concessions to his hostess, as a rule, a plain simple woman, who gladly favors any one that is ready to help her and at the same time amuses her.

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When the woman is artificial or complex, a man like this would not shine at her table. She prefers a cynical young fellow with a ready and impudent tongue, or a youth who is reported to have entrance into the houses of the fashionable. An assistant clergyman with carefully educated whisker and a tendency toward ritualism is always a star boarder. In him the landlady feels a religious and quasi-maternal interest. A man with a tendency toward "heart-trouble" is always a dangerous candidate for the position.

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The star boarder seldom if ever rises to any height in the outside world. In the house itself he is not recognized by the other boarders as worthy of his position. Nor is he himself a blazing star of the first magnitude forever. There are wandering star-boarders to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness. For the star of one boarding-house is never the star of another.

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The star-boarder seldom marries. When he does, the wife is unhappy, for she soon discovers that her husband is an egoist.

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The Americans have so often been reproached for their hasty luncheons and gobbling, and the English have screamed so loudly at the mere thought of "quick luncheons" in London, that Mr. G. R. Sims's calm statements of fact poultice and soothe. He himself, one of many, used in his younger days in the city to have his cut from the joint and pastry, eat, and pay his bill within twelve minutes. He has seen scores of Englishmen and Englishwomen work their way through half a dozen courses in ten minutes, especially at railway buffets on the Continent. At Goschenen soup, fish, entree, fowl, pastry, dessert, black coffee, are put down within fifteen minutes, when the train is late. At certain railway restaurants in Sweden each traveler has eight plates put in front of him and eight dishes from which to help himself, during a stop of a quarter-hour. At Miranda soup, fish, entree, joint, fowl, salad, pastry, cheese, fruit, coffee, are consumed within fifteen minutes, and when Mr. Sims asked the head waiter if there was a special room for inquests, he answered that in twelve years only one traveler had died at table d'hote, and he was choked to death by swallowing false teeth.

Mch 4. 1903

# OPERATIC ASPIRANTS IN THE BOSTON THEATRE

The second public performance by members of the School of Opera, New England Conservatory of Music, was given yesterday afternoon in the Boston Theatre, which was crowded with an interested and applausive audience. Mr. Oreste Bimboni, the director of the school, was the leader. The school was assisted by the Conservatory chorus and orchestra.

### The Program.

The program was too long, a common mistake at such exhibitions, and yet, perhaps, such length is unavoidable, when there are so many desirous of public attention. There were excerpts from these operas:

"Orfeo," Act I. (Miss Stanaway, Miss Frank); "La Traviata," Act II. (Miss Sexton, Mr. Black, Mr. Codman); "The Huguenots," Act III. (Miss Allen, Mr. Kerr); "The Barber of Seville," Act I. and II. (Miss Noyes, Messrs. Da Codman, Mills, Kerr); "La Modella" Act II. (Miss Sexton, Mr. Deane "Martha," Act I. (Miss Davies, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Mills); "Il Trovatore" Act II. (Miss Stanaway, Mr. Black

### Mr. Bimboni's Opera.

The feature of the occasion, so far as musical curiosity and interest and fine quality of performance were concerned, was the production of a scene and duet from Mr. Bimboni's "La Modella," an opera that was first performed in 1882 at Berlin, according to report. The story is of Lippo, the painter, and Lucrezia, the model for his Madonna, a story that has passed into legend and furnished Walter Savage Landor with pungent and romantic paragraphs in his delightfully cynical imaginary conversation between the painter and Pope Eugenius.

The music of the scene chosen yesterday is original, passionate, full of dramatic intensity. The effects and contrasts are artfully heightened by the composer, who here displays a rich melodic vein, skill in orchestral colors, stage-instinct. Miss Sexton's impersonation of the nun was artistic in its self-restraint, in quiet but unmistakable suggestion.

Her impersonation had atmosphere. And Mr. Deane as the painter was graceful and at the same time authoritative in his wooing, singularly so for an amateur.

### The Performance.

I have spoken of Miss Sexton and Mr. Deane because they appeared in a scene of an unfamiliar opera and contributed in large measure to the success. But the tribute paid Mr. Bimboni after the fall of the curtain on this scene might justly have been paid him after every curtain-fall. His labor in preparation bore sound and goodly fruit. His authority and finesse as a conductor were shown in the generally acceptable work of an orchestra composed largely of students.

Much might be said in praise of nearly all that took part. Thus it would be a pleasure to speak of Miss Allen's dramatic voice and feeling; of Miss Stanaway's temperament; of the equipment of others both male and female; of the progress of some that appeared in the first operatic concert; but any attempt at analytical criticism would here be out of place. It is enough to say that the performance as a whole reflected great credit on the various teachers and on many of the operatic aspirants. The school to which Mr. W. L. Whitney, Mr. Bimboni and others have devoted so much time, energy and

knowledge is on that must now be reckoned with seriously as an educational force.

These performances give students an opportunity to show of what stuff they are made. They may encourage some to pursue a calling to which they are naturally adapted. They may prevent others from making a grevious mistake, for it is not given to every soprano to be a Bruennhilde or a Lucia. They will educate audiences as well as aspirants, especially when Mr. Bimboni leads. They may be the forerunners of an established opera with an ample repertory and at reasonable prices.

There will be no soloist at the Symphony concert this week. Inasmuch as there are subscribers who do not enjoy a concert unless there be some celebrated pianist, fiddler, or singing woman, we respectfully call the attention of the manager to Mr. John B. Riley of York (Pa.), a veteran of the Civil War, who has more than a local reputation as "a trick violinist." We have no doubt that he could be secured for the concert, especially as his inimitable tour de force would not call for rehearsal; it is emphatically a solo performance. This astonishing virtuoso plays on the violin and 'cello simultaneously and keeps time on the cymbals, operated neatly by the right foot. His repertory includes all the masterpieces in fiddle-literature: "The Arkansaw Traveler," "Turkey in the Straw," "Old Dan Tucker," "Fisher's Hornpipe," and "Pop Goes the Weasel."

Nor is Mr. Riley narrowly musical. He dances jigs with a technic that is superb, in fact amazing, when you remember that he is seventy-five years old. Only the other day he challenged any man in Pennsylvania over fifty to a jig contest. "And I'll do me own fiddlin' sure," says Mr. Riley. There is talk of calling him the next scholastic year to take the chair of Jigs, Splits, Pigeon-Wings, Double-Shuffles and Statue-Clogs, which has just been established at Yale.

It would be the agreeable duty of the compiler of the program-book, in the case of Mr. Riley's engagement, to trace the relationship between this artist and that other virtuoso, One-Eyed Riley, who is said by some to have departed this life last fall in a far Western town, but whose virtues will be preserved in the memorable ballad so long as the English language shall endure.

The Symphony Orchestra netted nearly $900 by its concert Sunday night in aid of its Pension Fund; and generous contributions swell this amount. There is talk of a second concert toward the end of the season, when Beethoven's ninth symphony may be performed with the aid of the Handel and Haydn chorus.

We like to see a flaming spirit of good-will between acknowledged masters of stiff punches, jolts, hooks, and kidney mashers. Here is Colonel Fitzsimmons ready and eager to prepare Jeffries for his fight with the eminent histrion Jim Corbett. A less heroic soul would stand aloof and offer up prayers for the defeat of the present champion; but Colonel Fitzsimmons is not a man of such base play.

Why should Emma Eames take the trouble to deny reports about strife in her household?

"Say to the press"—or as the old song has it, "Dites lui"—and "lui" here by reason of the entertaining rules of gender in the French language refers to the public, not the press—"that Mme. Eames is in love with her husband. Mr. Story writes to his wife twice a week, and say that he is in love with his wife."

Any difference between them is purely geographical. There are husbands who write home every day, but such devotion is uxorious. It smacks of doubt, suspicion, jealously. Twice a week should be enough for any busy man, especially when Mr. Story is constantly at work devising sumptuous costumes for her stage life—to excite the envy of the other prima donnas, and especially of those whose clothes are made in Germany—and therefore has her always in mind. No one who ever knew Mr. and Mrs. Story questions for a moment their mutual devotion. The marriage was a love-match, and it took place in spite of protestations, entreaties, threats of families and friends. Nor is it likely that Mrs. Story's absence from the stage could cool devotion, for Mr. Story can paint portraits and his wife must have saved something.

While we are gossiping amiably today about artists of all kinds, let us not forget that Mr. Jan Kubelik has won the heart of the widow and Countess Marianne Czaky. The press agent cabled a romantic story: how the countess fell in love with Kubelik when she heard him fiddle; and after she had met him and talked with him for one hour they declared that they had been born for each other and could not live apart. Nevertheless a year will elapse before the wedding, and during this year Mr. Kubelik may be persuaded to visit the United States for the purpose of giving pleasure to thousands, etc.

Have President Roosevelt and President Eliot received marked copies of the Glasgow Herald? It appears that of late years in Great Britain the marriage rate has greatly fallen off. A London registrar told a correspondent of the Herald that "whether it be true or not that trade follows the flag, it is certainly true that marriages follow trade." Is it true, then, that good trade means a high marriage rate and bad trade a low rate? The correspondent says that young society women are not marrying as early as they once did. "Mayfair no longer marries its daughters in their teens. In other classes of the social scale there are now wide and varied fields of work for young women to earn their own living. The young woman of today, it seems, does not jump readily at the first or even the second proposal." In other words, she does not cry out: "Come, let me clutch thee."

# MISS HARRIET SHAW'S

Last evening at Chickering Hall there was a rather unusual concert, given by Miss Harriet A. Shaw, harpist, Mr. Leo Schulz, 'cellist, and Mr. Gwilym Miles, baritone. This program consisted of solo numbers for each artist, and a song for voice, harp and 'cello, written for these same musicians by Mr. Frederic F. Bullard. Miss Laura Hawkins was the accompanist.

The harp playing, at least in any light save that of the unusual and spectacular, was disappointing. Miss Shaw has a sufficiently clear technic, and a certain intensity which may indicate temperament, but her performance lacked authority. It was grating and uneven.

The pieces chosen were a poor lot—at least so far as adaptability was concerned. There was too much twanging in the upper register, which is naturally the least beautiful of a harp's tones; and when there was opportunity for fuller effects, it was neglected. It is a great pity that this beautiful instrument should be abused. The harp is fashioned essentially for lyric effects, and any attempt to make it gymnastic or dramatic is abuse.

Mr. Schulz's playing was a delight to hear—so good, indeed, that extended comment is unnecessary. Mr. Miles has a voice of good range and excellent quality, and for the most part (barring an occasional tendency to sharp) his singing was true and musicianly. One could wish he had less propensity for swaying, swelling, and languishing; but to the ear his performance was simple and manly.

He has a fair sense of humor, but should know that a chuckle, even in a comic song, is neither dignified nor legitimate from the technical point of view and should not be indulged in off the vaudeville stage.

The combination of voice and 'cello in Mr. Bullard's song was most lovely, and what, theoretically, could complete it better than a harp? Yet that modest and delicate instrument was here the one obtrusive note—loud, convulsive, insistent; ah, those terrible upper strings! But the song, which was beautiful in a romantic way, went with great effect.

The accompaniments of Miss Hawkins deserve special comment. She has a nice technic, temperament to spare and the true instinct of balance and proportion. Although always in perfect relation with the leading part, her playing was conspicuous for its quality. The audience was large and greedy. There were encores and Miss Shaw received flowers.

Mch 5. 1903

# MR. HUGO HEERMANN'S FIRST VIOLIN RECITAL

Mr. Hugo Heerman, violinist, gave his first recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. He was assisted by Mr. Gebhard, pianist, and the accompaniments were played by Mr. Zach. The program was as follows:

Sonata for violin and piano in D minor.....Brahms
Romanze in G.....Beethoven
Praeludio in E, for violin alone.....Bach
Des Abends.....Schumann
In der Nacht.....Schumann
Spinning-Song.....Wagner-Liszt
Gartenmelodie.....Schumann
Am Springbrunnen.....Schumann
Mazurka.....Wieniawski
Scherzo in C minor.....Tschaikowsky
Notturno No. 2, in E.....Ernst

It was a pleasure to see that Mr. Heermann's fine performance last Saturday night was not forgotten by Tuesday, for there was a large and expectant and applausive audience.

### The Brahms Sonata.

The worshipers of Brahms were pleased that homage was paid to the son of the double-bass player. The sonata chosen was the third, the one in D minor, which is dedicated to Hans von Buelow, no doubt in gratitude for his labors in spreading the knowledge of the composer throughout Europe. It is not so intimate a work as either one of the other two, and with the exception of the Adagio is not of such absorbing interest. A New York critic asserted the other day that Mr. Heermann was both "the prophet and the apostle of Brahms." If this excellent violinist is a prophet of Brahms he and all now living are posthumous curiosities, unless we are particular in the use of the word. A prophet, it is true, may be a religious leader, as the Mormon prophet; or one who speaks for another, an interpreter—and in this sense Mr. Heermann is a prophet—but this use of the word is archaic; then there is that pleasing insect known as praying-mantis, Johnny cock-horse, the phasmomantis carolina, which is sometimes called the prophet.

Mr. Heermann, who seems to be a sensible man, would probably be satisfied if he were known simply as an able and sympathetic interpreter of Brahms. Yesterday he made the sonata seem of reasonable length, which is in itself a tribute to his art. The performance was not technically faultless, however. There were occasional slips in the intonation, but as a whole the presentation, with the assistance of Mr. Gebbard, was virile and authoritative.

### The Violinist.

It is not necessary to speak in detail of the program. Mr. Heermann himself is an interesting study. He is master of his audience solely by his skill and by the quality of his individuality. There is no extraneous or superficial romantic charm. He is a sturdy, solid man, without any personal or musical affectation. He has no shaggy mane; there is no pathetic story about a countess; his career has been that of a musician-violinist, who has also been busied as a teacher. A straightforward player, who would not swerve from his path to catch applause, and yet by his keeping strictly to this path he wins applause from the mere curiosity seekers as well as from musicians.

When a difficult passage is ahead of him he does not point it out to the audience and say, "But see how I do it." He accepts it as in the day's work. His sentiment is manly, genuine, and if there is at times a bluntness in the expression, the sentiment is all the more contagious. How healthy, how refreshing was the performance of the prelude by Bach! There were moments in the sonata when intensities of moods were expressed with the simplicity of true greatness.

### Mr. Gebhard.

Mr. Gebhard played "Des Abends" and Liszt's arrangement smoothly and agreeably; but Schumann's "In der Nacht" was tame, and there was little suggestion of the storm and the blackness through which Leander swam the Hellespont—all for the sake of a girl. I am afraid de Pachmann's unforgetable performance has made me intolerant toward his successors with this strange, wild music.

When Cella weds, there will be seen
Long straggling crowds of mournful mien,
And sighs be deep and grief be keen,
And there'll be envy's pains and smarts
To fill the world with breaking hearts
And aching heads;
And one man passing glad—ah me!
I wonder who that one will be,
When Cella weds!

Every day brings proof that American dentists are popular in Germany, especially among the women. This is not surprising, nor is it merely a question of dental skill, or superiority over foreign pullers and pluggers. The American has been accustomed from his youth up to regard women as reasonable beings, worthy of all consideration, while the German looks upon them first of all as housekeepers, or as upper servants with certain but few privileges—among them maternity. Here in Boston, as in other American cities, the dentist in many cases is a counselor, friend, and even a sort of confessor. He is a safe-deposit vault of secrets. It is a curious fact that the moment a dentist has his fingers in a woman's mouth and treats her teeth, she has implicit confidence in him. She tells him about her private bills, her husband's deportment; she describes the physical and mental characteristics of her intimate female friends and often makes startling revelations concerning them.

It is true that she seldom invites him to a formal or a family dinner at her house, and here she draws absurdly a line between her dentist and her physician. But the dentist knows her processes of thought, her views on lift, society, and matrimony more intimately than any guest at her table.

She realizes that the dentist is on confidential terms with her as soon as he is acquainted with her neglected tooth or extravagant exposure of gum. However fair she may be to outward view, he knows that there is a flaw in her beauty, and his object is to repair and preserve. Alphonse Karr said we begin to die with the loss of the first tooth. Beauty does not draw us with a single tooth. The mouth must be well filled. What said Solomon of his love the Shulamite? "Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof everyone bear twins, and none is barren among them;" and so pleased was Solomon with this comparison that he repeated it gaily in another somewhat heated description.

Unfortunately we have no information concerning the precise condition of the Crown Princess Louise's teeth when she first consulted Dr. O'Brien about them. Even aristocratic persons suffer from toothache, and the princess in her youth had no doubt applied a hot raisin to the offender, a favorite remedy among the more skilled German practitioners. Dr. O'Brien evidently did her "a power of good," and she was grateful. We do not lay much importance on the fact that dentist and princess exchanged letters. She probably wrote him, to make an appointment, to ask the full description of a toothpowder or wash, to complain of the stiffness of the brushes he sent her, or to thank him for reducing a snag to a pearl. What harm was there in this? It is true that many would today be happier if they had followed the advice of Martin Van Buren and walked several miles rather than written letters, but a Saxon princess could afford to be thankful to a benefactor.

Nor should the fact that Mrs. Seth T. Paine held "a spirited" telephone conversation with Mr. Burdick be regarded as important evidence in the Burdick murder case. The mildest one, bent on an errand of mercy, is often spirited at the telephone. The girl in the office may be tired or pert, the machine may be out of order, the person at the other end may keep on saying "I don't hear you." Then there are highly respectable men and women who shout at a telephone, just as they shout at a deaf aunt or a distinguished foreigner who is only slightly acquainted with the strength and beauty of the English language.

But when Dr. Paine said: "I never keep tabs on Mrs. Paine," he made a speech that will go ringing down the corridors of time. How much nobler, more manly, yes, more epigrammatic is this speech of an American citizen than the remark of Julius Caesar concerning his wife!

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "The Whitewashing of Julia," was written for Violet Vanbrugh and not for Miss Marlowe.

Mrs. Florence M. Stowell insists that an experience in a big New York department store is bound to improve a girl mentally, physically and financially. "The systemization of the business of the store could not but have its effect in making a young woman systematic and economical in her own expenditures of time and endeavor." Just so: When a girl works from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. she is not inclined to waste time or endeavor during the hours which she has to herself. In some of these model shops, there are classes in book-keeping, dressmaking, millinery, and English. But the girls could learn English as well as patience from the customers. The classes in deportment are taught by the floor-walkers.

Again we invite the attention of pessimistic and broken down boys of 50 and 60 to the possibilities in life. Here is Ernest Legouve, 97 years old, fencing for a quarter of an hour daily and eager for a bout with President Roosevelt. Mr. Legouve is also much given to long walks, and he enjoys a game of billiards. Here in Kentucky is

General Cassius M. Clay, the Sage of Whitehall, the hero of many duels, raging about his plantation so that "even the two hired men are trembling in fear of him." And all on account of burning love for his child-wife, who abandoned him two years ago, married a young man, went to live with her husband at Whitehall, and then left simply because the gallant old general insisted that her husband should leave the house. May Frenchman and American live to be enrolled in the supplement to Professor Perkins's colossal work on centenarians (eight volumes, with many photographs)! What a reproach are such lives to the despondent middle-aged, and unenthusiastic youths!

## Miss Alice Cole and Mr. Francis Rogers as Heard Last Evening.

The third of Miss Terry's series of chamber concerts took place last evening in Chickering Hall. Miss Alice Cole, contralto, and Mr. Francis Rogers, baritone, presented groups of solo numbers, with three duets to end the program. The accompanist was Mr. Henry Goodrich. The program as a whole was well chosen and well grouped, and proved vastly pleasing to the audience. One or two of the Brahms songs (there were six) might have been omitted without reproach; for the assembly was more warmly disposed toward the ballads and lighter matters that followed.

Miss Cole has an appealing contralto voice, not very big, but clear and incisive in the upper register. Her singing was generally good, if a little "breathy"; she has plenty of emotional force, and her intonation was noticeably true. She had to repeat Mrs. Brock's song from "Pippa Pases," "The Year's at the Spring" (a rousing good song, but fancy Pippa singing it!).

Mr. Rogers has a most agreeable voice, and his manner is simple and straightforward. He is at his best in the ballad form—songs like Strauss's "Allerseelen" seem quite out of his psychology; there is too much ringing vitality about him for that, but the charge is nothing to his detriment.

His work was robust and musical throughout. The duets (by Stanford, Henschel, and Walthew) went smoothly, and made a good impression.

Nov. 1903

# LONGY THIRD CONCERT

The Longy Club, assisted by Messrs. Brooke, flute; Lenom, oboe; Vannini, clarinet; Helleberg, bassoon, and Hein, horn, gave the third and last concert of the third series last evening in Chickering Hall. There was a small but enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

Sextet, op. 6, for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano.....Thuille
Sonata-Trio in D minor, for 2 oboes and a bassoon.....Handel
Sinfonietta, op. 188, for 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 horns, 2 bassoons.....Raff

This concert was on the whole the most uniformly interesting one of the series. There was disappointment when it was learned that Mr. Loeffler's new piece illustrative of Virgil's eclogue, in which a forsaken woman casts her spells to bring her errant lover back to her could not be performed for certain reasons until next season, but there was compensation in the general worth of the program and the uncommonly fine quality of the performance.

### Thuille's Sextet.

Ludwig Thuille's Sextet is not new here. It was performed twice in 1890, first by the N. E. Conservatory Chamber Music Club (Nov. 17) with Mr. Faelten pianist, and at one of Mr. Baermann's concerts Dec. 22. Last evening Mr. Gebhard was the pianist, and Mr. Metzger played the clarinet in Mr. Lebally's place. Thuille was a fellow-student of Richard Strauss in Munich, when they both walked meekly in the conventional paths of respectability. The Sextet is a thoroughly amiable work, well made, pleasant to hear, without evidences of striking originality, and with some pages of true beauty. The Gavotte is piquantly charming, and the Larghetto has genuine emotion. All in all, a work well worth doing.

### Handel's Love.

Handel, as is known to Macaulay's schoolboy, was addicted to the oboe. He wrote trios for oboes and bassoon when he was a youngster, and all through his tumultuous life he was faithful to his early love. He published in London sets of sonatas in trio form to be played either by two flutes and a bass, two violins and a bass, or two oboes and a bass. The trio chosen last night consists of a Largo in most Handelian fashion, a tripping allegro, an Andante that is merely as a few measures of relief and contrast, and a final Allegro of bustling activity. Fortunately no one of the movements is long-drawn out. The beauty of tone and phrasing in the slower movements and the brio of the allegros were irresistible. It is a pity that we hear so little of the instrumental music of the grand master who is now considered by many as a mere oratorio-monger. Think of the wealth of melody in his operas which are so ignored by modern singers—yet perhaps prudently, for it is given to few of the untuneful declaimers and strivers after "diction" to sing Handel's music.

### The Forgotten Raff.

After all, the feature of the concert was the superb performance of Raff's Sinfonietta. The work was written at Wieshaden in the spring of 1873, and the composer arranged it for four hands. Raff is undeservedly neglected in these days, as he was during his pathetic life—pathetic because full of ideas, eager to strike out new paths, nobly ambitious, he was obliged to write potboilers that he might live out his meagre life. Mr. Longy is to be thanked heartily for reminding us of the great talent of this composer. The sinfonietta is, indeed, an admirable work, written with consummate skill, developed with extraordinary richness of resources, ever tuneful, ever euphonious, beautifully and now gorgeously colored. For Raff heard his music as he wrote it, not when it was performed. The man's color-sense was most acute; his blending of tonal colors in this work was confident and unerring. Even passages of routine are here kaleidoscopic. It is impossible to speak too highly of the performance, which must be justly counted as a memorable one, a glory of a season.

### The Public's Neglect.

And there were so few to hear it. Such performances are rare, even in Paris, or Brussels, the homes of wind-instrument players. These members of our orchestra excite the admiration of musicians in the cities they visit. Are we too much accustomed to them, that we neglect the opportunity of hearing them? It does not seem to make any difference whether Mr. Longy and his associates produce new works or give the best of the classic repertory. The result is the same; the "patrons and patronesses" of music have not decreed that these concerts should be fashionable. Mediocre singers or pianists, either local or visitors, are approved, and the word is passed that they should and must be heard. But these artists—and I use the word discreetly—are passed by. Mr. Longy has made a brave endeavor. I should not blame him if with dignity he withdrew from the field. Let us hope, however, that he still has faith in ultimate success. The abandonment of his concerts on account of non-support would be a reproach to the music-lovers of Boston and a blow to the prestige of this boastful city.

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Mr. Reggy Vanderbilt, like other distinguished exiles, Marius, Hannibal, Ovid and Napoleon Bonaparte, is weary of his forced absence from home. Stag dinners no longer delight him, and at the Newport reading rooms he has pored over "Burke's Peerage," "The Gotha Almanac" and "Who's Who in America" until he has committed them to memory and cannot in future make any awkward mistake. Now there is nothing for him to do but to go back to New York and bear testimony like a decent, ordinary citizen. Why tarry the wheels of his automobile?

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The Frankfurter Journal has suspended publication, but the Frankfurter Sausage still has morning, noon and evening editions.

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We clamor for more specific information from Vermont. Does drought still rage at Dummerston and Putney? Is ale now sold with pie at Bellows Falls and White River Junction? Stop, traveler, and ask?

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After Earl Roberts proposed a toast "to the President of the most flourishing, etc., and to the King of that empire, etc.," the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "God Save the King." Let us hope that it played them together and at the same time, for the effect is thus far more inspiring.

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We read lately an entertaining and instructive article on dinners at Washington, from the time of Thomas Jefferson to that of Theodore Roosevelt. The "feature" of the article was the statement that the fashionable dinner in the Washington of today, or rather tonight, is served and eaten within an hour. Thus Mrs. Leiter will not sit at her own table after sixty minutes have passed, and Senator Hale becomes uneasy as the hour is near its end. As for Senator Hanna—he prefers corn-beef hash to terrapin, canvasback duck, or ambrosia, and everyone knows that much can be done with hash in fifteen minutes.

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There have been some improvements in dinner-giving even in conservative Boston. The conversation is less parochial and no longer exclusively concerning Dr. Holmes, Mr. Longfellow, the doings of the Thursday Evening and Saturday Morning clubs, and strictly family matters, in which the most courteous outsider, foreigner, pagan, Westerner, pariah, can hardly take a deep interest. The quality of the cookery is, perhaps, a little better. The claret is not so sour; the champagne is drier and there is more of it; and on great occasions the host gives his guests cigars from his own private box. This is as it should be. There is at least a step toward civilization.

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But the dinners are still barbarously long, and the barbarians are the creatures not of forest, jungle and cave, but of chromo-civilization. Condensation is now the rule of life. You can buy the essence of the world's literature in a few neat volumes. President Eliot is straining every nerve to cut down the collegiate years, so that a graduate will soon be able to marry at 17 or 18 and raise a sturdy race. Why should dinners be so long, why should they last from two hours and a half to four hours?

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There are too many guests and too many courses. The whole system is wrong. With many at table there can be no general conversation, no genial intimacy. The host is as a landlord to the remote guest, nor does he as George Young was in the habit of doing in his small bnt never-to-be-forgotten tavern pass behind your chair and see that you are properly served and ask minutely concerning your tastes and whims.

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By the time dinner is announced you are ravenous as a wolf. And what is grape fruit or a miserable half dozen oysters, or soup as a stayer? During the wait, your hand strays toward the nuts, peppermints, candy; you adroitly rob your neighbor of bread. Indigestion welcomes the recurring waits. If you are wise, you take drops of hydrochloric acid and essence of pepsin, nor do you insist on teeth-protecting straw or tube of glass.

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How much better a few dishes served simply, without Persian apparatus. There are some who like to see the vegetables on the table, within reach, not borne about pompously, not held in a position awkward for the guest by some insolent male or wheezing serving maid. How pleasant the hearty voice of the host when he calls to you: "Jones, just help yourself to the mashed potato;" "Robinson, don't be afraid of those onions near you; we are all eating them; and try them turnips." Let everything be cleared away, if you please, before the salad, and again before the dessert; but the food should be disposed of within three-quarters of an hour, or certainly an hour.

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Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is—
I hate all your Frenchified fuss:
Your silly entrees and made dishes
Were never intended for us.
No footman in lace and in ruffles
Need dangle behind my arm-chair;
And never mind seeking for truffles,
Although they be ever so rare.

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The Waterloo (Iowa) Courier gives a pleasant view of social life at Clarksville, and it bears directly on this subject. The supper was given for the members of the Clarksville Embroidery Club at "one of the finest and most elaborate receptions" ever known in the State. This supper was served in five courses.

Water.
Pressed chicken. Potato chips.
French peas. Jelly.
Cheese. Coffee.
Sandwiches.
Salad. Salted wafers.
Pink heart cake. Angel food.
Rose ice cream.
Candy hearts. Victoria stick.
Finger bowls.

It will be seen on examination that the water was not served in finger bowls, as is customary, we are told, at fashionable dinners in Chicago and Prairie du Chien. The pink heart cake and the rose ice cream were served together by the caterer, who follows the nuance rather than the color in groupings of food.

March 7. 1903

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Are there any vacancies in the Elmwood Club of Buffalo? We should like to be put up for non-resident membership.

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And now it is a drummer, a commercial traveler, a bagman, an ambassador of commerce, a Gaudissart, a Mirondelle, who stands up a hero in this Buffalo affair. He is willing to sacrifice himself, his job, and everything that is dear to him to save a suspected woman. It appears that he was put off at Buffalo and at the very time of the murder he was trying to sell her a bill of goods.

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This woman is minutely described. She must be a wondrous creature. She weighs only 130 pounds, but each pound is a pound of dynamite. One of her ordinary looks "combines magnetism, conviction, earnestness and truthfulness." When she exerts herself and looks real hard at a man he stammers, turns red, and his knees are as water. "Her intellectuality shows in her physical character." This alone should put her on a high pedestal far above her sisters. "Her face has the sort of paleness that does not indicate poor health." She undoubtedly "enjoys good health," but like Mr. Swinburne's loidy friend she is "pale as the duskiest lily's leaf or head * * * too wan for blushing and too warm for white;" the "passion-pallor" of Sarah Walker, the lodging-house-keeper's daughter, who broke up poor William Hazlitt. "In an evening gown she would be described as magnificent." By the society-reporter? Surely not by other women, for we read: "Women envied her because of the attentions she had from men, who were really no more than pigmies in her hands." Our friends and colleagues, the Earnest Student of Sociology and the Historical Painter, left town for Buffalo yesterday morning. Old Chimes would have joined them, but he is suffering from lumbago and wearing a Back Bay male corset.

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Mr. J. D. Rockefeller is still asking "What is money without a practical stomach in good running order?" We do not see how a layer-on of hands can reach the seat of the difficulty.

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The fact that a dentist in Duluth ran wildly about in the streets, private houses, and saloons, knocking down men and women and pulling out their teeth, and even thus robbing persons lost to the world in alcoholic dreams should not be urged against our recent eulogy of the gentle American dentist who wins princesses and duchesses abroad and the untitled aristocracy at home by his winning ways. This Duluth dentist is a Finlander, and the late picturesque episode in the stern life of a Western town only strengthens our statements.

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Thomas Ryan, the musician, was for years a conspicuous figure not only in this city but throughout the United States. The Mendelssohn Quintet Club did much for music by acquainting the people up and down and across the land with classic as well as lighter work. The members of this club were pioneers and the labor of the pioneer is soon ignored; but no history of the development of music in this country will be complete or authentic without more than a passing reference to this quintet.

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Mr. Ryan personally was a cheery companion, full of reminiscences, enthusiastic as a boy, courageous and light-hearted, when others might reasonably have been depressed or sour.

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The stiffness of social life at Beverly will be well oiled. Guff is great, but the Guffey Petroleum Company is greater.

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We read of a boy who broke his leg Thursday for the 23d time. "His affliction is known as fragilius osseum." Indeed a terrible disease; one unknown to Latin dictionary makers, who are acquainted, however, with "fragilitas ossium," and admit that a bone may be fractured raphanatim, secundulatim, in unguem, polentatim and pedefractionem. Ten to one these "foreign words" will not come out right in print and then there will be another instance of the engineer hoist with his own petar.

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There are men whose bones are "solid and massive, and so do live without any marrow in them; you may know them

by their signs, they never feel thirst nor put forth any sweat." Such a one was Lygdamus the Syracusan, who had the first crown for wrestling at the Olympic games; his bones were found to be of a solid substance throughout, without any marrow in them, or place for it.

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Excellent advice by London Punch concerning behavior when there is music in a private house:

"Don't, when asking any one to sing or play, casually close the piano while so doing. It is a simple act, but one most discouraging in its effect.

"Don't, upon hearing some one consent to perform, throw yourself back in your chair after the manner of one about to have a tooth extracted; and don't, during the progress of a song, glare at the carpet, or keep clenching your hands. Neither should you draw in a sharp hissing breath when the accompanist mislays his fingers."

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Don't fail to add "Bacteria in Daily Life" to your library and put it on the centre table for constant reference. As Mr. Sims says: "It brings death and disease home to the family circle in quite unsuspected trifles.". You will learn that consumption is sure to come from cigar ends. The ends were tried on animals, and tuberculosis was the result. To quote Mr. Sims again: "After this no humane man will put a pipe in his trick dog's mouth." Or as Mr. Calverley puts it in the immortal ballad:

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco-juice;
Still why deny its use
Thoughtfully taken?
We're not as tabbies are:
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
Here's to thee, Bacon!

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mch 5. 1903

# FELIX WEINGARTNER'S "THE ELYSIAN FIELDS"

The program of the seventeenth Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

A Faust overture.....Wagner
Symphonic poem, "The Elysian Fields", Weingartner
Symphony in C No 9.....Schubert

Weingartner's symphonic poem was played last night for the first time in this city. Produced at Mannheim in 1897, it was performed in New York in 1898.

### Boecklin's Picture.

The composition was inspired by a celebrated picture by the fantastical Arnold Boecklin, which hangs in the National Gallery, Berlin. It is a tranquil landscape. In the foreground an old centaur is wading in smooth water toward the shore. He looks sadly at two swans and on his croup is a woman almost nude, who has arranged herself in a theatrical attitude, after the fashion of the Queen of Beauty and Delight in the transformation scene of a pantomime. Youths and maidens beyond, with garlands, dance about an altar, and lovers loll on a flowery bank. It was Weingartner's intention to put this picture into music, just as the aesthete in Punch was drawn, seated at a piano, and trying "to play the plate" on the rack before him. There is no reason why a composer should not write as a sub-title "Inspired by Boecklin," and then let the hearer, if he be so inclined, fit the music to the picture; but this composer wrote his own explanatory analysis, and no doubt now expects the hearer to hear exactly as he himself was moved by the painting.

### Weingartner's Analysis.

Weingartner assigns themes to various things in and out of this picture. The chief theme is "the morning of blissful day by the side of the soundless, deep blue sea." A clarinet solo is the beautiful woman; sea gods and creatures are represented by trombones and tuba. There is the dance theme; the sanctuary theme. But why not the centaur theme? For the old centaur is the most prominent feature in the painting. (What sort of a theme would you give a centaur? How would you orchestrate it? Should a centaur wade in allegretto 6-8 or adagio 2-2? These are questions that might be asked at Conservatory examinations.) Weingartner is here particular instead of general in his musical argument. He is not content with a romantically vague impression, with a dreamy and yet sympathetic mood. He must make all of his little points, so that there can be no possible mistake. He sets carefully his guide posts.

### His Results.

Weingartner's themes are not remarkable in any way; on the contrary they are for the most part common; they are not of such beauty or significance that they arrest immediately the attention or come back to one after he leaves the hall. There is a certain ingenuity in the manner of combination, but there are also holes in his work, there are passages that lead to nothing and others that suggest an emptiness which he had intended to fill. He had at his command all the resources of the modern orchestra, yes, he even called in an alto-flute made for him to gain a special sonority, a flute, made in Germany, but what did he gain with all this? Nothing. There are amiable shades of color, but there is no exquisite and memorable nuance. There are agreeable groupings of instruments; there are well-contrasted bodies of tone; there is respectable routine work; but there is no sustained poetic flight. Take away the coloring, such as it is, and what is left? The musical thought is labored commonplace.

### Elysium in Music.

There may be various views concerning the precise nature of the enjoyment in the Elysian Fields. Gargantua in the marvelous discourse delivered to his father, Grandgousier gave his opinion, which appealed strongly to no less a man than Robert Southey, but many would agree with him and Rabelais was a reporter rather than a judge in the matter. Weingartner might say he followed Boecklin's fancy; but in the painter's fancy there is classic serenity, which wholly escaped the composer. Why this brass band in the sanctuary? What have sea gods and sea creatures to do with the joys of the peaceful dwellers of the plain? Long ago a man named Gluck, who did not experiment with counterpoint, wrote in his opera "Orpheus" music for the chorus of the blessed and also for their solemn movements. He had a small orchestra; he wrote for it and his voices simple music of imperishable beauty, and in this music is the classic, unearthly serenity, sung by the ancient poets. This music of the Chevalier Gluck should always follow in concert the symphonic poem of Felix Weingartner, Edler von Muenzberg.

### The Other Pieces.

Wagner's "Faust" overture now seems a highly orthodox composition in strict sonata form in comparison with the mirific tone-poems of the ultra-modern school. It is interesting to trace in it musical thoughts that also appear in "The Flying Dutchman," and some that sound as though they belonged even to "The Ring." Schubert's great symphony brought the long end. What wonderful pages it contains! The preparation for the entrance of the trombones in the first movement; the trombone measures themselves; the famous horn passage in the second movement; but when one begins to speak of the second movement he might vie with Schubert in length. This movement, by the way, was played delightfully, and for that matter the performance througnout the evening was of the best.

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When Count Boni de Castellane arrived at New York he came ashore with a red cravat and no overcoat. Only a Count or a Juke or a Prince can safely take such risks.

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The Emperor William "denounced the Monroe doctrine in unmeasured terms." But when did Wilhelm e er measure his terms? He is constitutionally a chatty person.

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"When the Anglo-Saxons," said in a fine burst Mr. Costello at the dinner of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood Veterans' Association, "when the Anglo-Saxons were wearing fig-leaves—if they had 'em—we had kings and nobles in Ireland." Yes, and thousands of kings were often slain in one battle, but they were Irishmen who laid them low.

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A correspondent writes that English servants are welcome in Canada. "They will not be required to put on caps or aprons; they may wear their hair in the latest Paris fashion; they can have their young man to see them in the drawing room; they can keep their bicycle in the coach house; and if they go to a ball, the master will sit up for them and let them in at 3 o'clock in the morning.". What if the work is much heavier than in an English house, and the climate trying at first? The description of their joys is as alluring as Claude Melnotte's description of his palace by Lake Como. Dost like the picture?

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Apropos of servants, here is a strange story told by our old and esteemed friend, Mr. Sims. (What should we do without him once a week?) A good many years ago a woman in London was sentenced to death, but she was freed a few days after by order of the home secretary. She was engaged by a publican and no doubt sinner as a barmaid, and she was duly advertised until hundreds merely through curiosity were stranded on that bar. But the trial was soon forgotten and the barmaid ceased to be a magnet. She disappeared. One of the jury, a friend of Mr. Sims, who had found her guilty, paid a visit to country friends. The housemaid waited at table, and when she appeared he jumped a little, but said nothing. That night he was foolish to lose sleep wondering what he ought to do. The housemaid who waited so amiably was the woman that he had pronounced guilty of murder. Like a sensible as well as kindly man he held his tongue. The housemaid was a valued servant for two years, then she left to be married. Mr. Sims says that the verdict and the sentence, so far as she was concerned, were wholly wrong.

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Suppose there were doubt concerning the justice of a verdict and you were the master of the house. Robinson drops in to dinner, eyes the waitress narrowly, and while you and he are smoking amicably he says between puffs: "By the way, old man, do you know that your pretty waitress was almost convicted of murder? I was on the jury. It is true the evidence was largely circumstantial, but nine were in favor of bringing her in guilty." Would you give her the benefit of the doubt? Or would you in a highly nervous state tell your wife to get rid of her as soon as possible? If you should say to yourself, "No doubt the man wronged her," would you not nevertheless turn pale at the thought of powdered glass in the preserves or arsenic in the sugar? And how should you like to come upon her alone, when she is cutting bread?

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We read the other day of an old man, a Quaker in a Long Island village, who was allowed to keep his hat on in court while the justice was on the bench (Of course he was over 80. No young man seems to be doing anything extraordinary at present). How is it with a stiff Quaker in a Massachusetts court? Suppose that he were obdurate? Would the judge respect the hat? In New York State they have been more or less slack in matters of court etiquette for 25 years. We well remember when we were studying law in Albany how shocked we were by a justice of the Supreme Court who persisted in putting his feet on the bench. Cocked back in his chair, he launched thin streams of tobacco juice with commendable precision into a sawdust box which had long done honorable service. We knew that this judge—he died some years ago—had been accused of wrenching the laws, but we had supposed that he would be dignified before counsel arguing a case in which the very honor of the State was involved. We learned afterward that the judge deliberately affected the unconventional to be popular with the voters—another instance of the evils of an elective judiciary.

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The New York Sun spoke as follows concerning those industrious persons, Mr. Henschel and Miss Henschel, who were coaxed, sorely against their will, by the Kneisel Quartet into an appearance in New York:

"It is difficult to conceive of any good artistic reason why singing should be interjected into these lovely chamber music concerts. We hear altogether too much singing and most of it is discouraging—not quite so much so as Miss Henschel's, to be sure, but still enough so to make us wish that it were rarer. The young lady's delivery of her father's song was far from inspiring either as an interpretation or as an exhibition of technical accomplishment. Mr. Henschel played the accompaniment admirably. For that relief much thanks."

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The Inferno scene for Sardou's "Dante," which will be produced by Irving, will cost about $20,000. It opens in a graveyard by moonlight. Cypress trees will move back and the tombs sink down. The legend, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here," will shine in phosphorescent greeting over the mouth of hell; gusts of red smoke will be puffed from this mouth, and sobs, cries and curses will be distinctly heard. Bursts of fire, smoke and thunder will come from the graves, and a tomb will gape to let a corpse peer about. "A sparklit rain of fire will change into a dull rain of blood, and from that to a ghastly green." Then there will be a view of the arctic hell, probably with real ice, as well as a procession of spirits, and the final return to earth. All in all, a pleasant and profitable evening—especially for the young and impressionable

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The performance by the Operatic School last Tuesday in the Boston Theatre was full of suggestion to those who are interested in the present condition of opera in this country and have hope, however absurd, concerning the establishment of permanent opera-houses in the large cities.

### The American Singer.

Foreign teachers agree that the American women who go to them for instruction have, as a rule, excellent voices; that they are quick to receive impressions; that they are industrious; but they also agree that these women are unduly impatient; that they expect to learn in a year what can be taught thoroughly only in three years; and that, so far as stage action is concerned, they are exceedingly stiff and self-conscious. The truth of this last statement must be evident to all fair-minded opera-goers. It was only until a recent date that Nordica, with all her experience, could either stand or sit with dignity or grace. Emma Eames, in spite of her endeavor, is still self-conscious and awkward when she attempts to be emotional. Remember Suzanne Adams as the Queen of Navarre—how hopelessly commonplace her appearance! And so we might go through the list. Many of these women have glorious or charming voices; some of them are marvels of industry; but how seldom have they controlled temperament or any quality of finesse, even when they are not positively logy or stiff in action. Now this is not because the American woman is without temperament. But the feeling is in her blood that it is wrong to show emotion; that a burst of passion is something for which she should blush; and when the operatic situation calls for emotional display, although she bravely tries to respond, she still fears the opinion of Deacon Kingsley and the selectmen.

### Miss Clara Sexton.

Now there was at least one woman on the stage last Tuesday who not only charmed by her absence of self-consciousness, but gave much promise for her future success as a lyric soprano. I confess that she moved me strangely as Lucrezia in the scene from Mr. Bimboni's "The Model." I refer to Miss Clara Sexton. She is, I believe, a Springfield girl, who sang as a child, studied with teachers in this country, sang in choirs, contrived by hook or crook to go to Italy for further study, and returned to Boston, where she is a choir singer with the reasonable and praiseworthy ambition of going on the operatic stage. Last year she sang in the last scene of "La Traviata"; this last week in the scene between Violetta and the heavy father as well as in the scene from Mr. Bimboni's opera. We all have had a fair opportunity of studying her equipment.

### Her Capabilities.

Miss Sexton first of all has a voice that is an admirable medium of emotion. It is not the voice for a great tragedian; it is not the voice of San-Bris' daughter, of Aida, of Bruennhilde or Isolde; it is rather the voice of Manon, Melisande, and the many adorable sisters of the stage who go their gentle and sad ways to the end, who love and break their hearts and die without screaming or consoling thought of the lime-light. It is an appealing, wooing, irresistible voice, not yet fully under control, for in moments of excitement it may rise slightly above the pitch; but for the most part the tones are employed skilfully, and there is a spontaneity in the tonal delivery that is as rare with women of such slight experience as it is refreshing. Whether Miss Sexton speaks in recitative, or bursts into lyric flight, the tones carry without effort in the large theatre. Her song is as a personal appeal to the hearer. Her face is singularly mobile, one that makes its effect far beyond the footlights, and this without apparent effort. Indeed, the unconscious suiting of facial expression to the mental condition or

the dramatic situation is a great charm in her performance. She has yet to learn the significance of gesture, but her good sense has already taught her sobriety in gesture and attitude. Her repose is always pleasant to the eyes, and at times is exquisite; for it is not mere inertia; it is alive with suggestion. She has her passionate moments, this highly nervous, sensitive woman; but she does not go beyond artistic boundaries, and there is always the assurance of reserve force. Here is a singer that seems as one born for an operatic career.

### A Type.

I take Miss Sexton as a type. In all the large cities there are such young women. Some with more heroic voices, who now need chiefly opportunity. What are they to do with their gifts? What will be the result of their hard work and self-denial? There is no local theatre in which they can begin with small parts in a stock company. Mr. Henry W. Savage is no doubt harassed with applications; and although no man can be more considerate, more kindly than he in examining the claims of aspirants, here are only so many positions to be filled in his company. To go abroad and wait requires money, and few of the young singers have the means. Then there is the tedious delay; the natural doubt of the manager concerning the ability of a foreigner.

The girl is still ambitious, but she must support herself; and so she sings in a choir for a ridiculously small salary, and is at the mercy of music committee and the critical in the congregation. Or she settles down to the drudgery of teaching, which is drudgery in her case, for she is not able for years to command either interesting pupils or high terms for lessons.

### A Vain Suggestion.

What a pity that wealthy lovers of music who think nothing of paying out hundreds of dollars to wandering virtuosos for the amusement of guests in their private music rooms are not inclined to found scholarships for deserving singers of promise, by means of which the aspirants could be supported in a measure while they are taking in Paris or in other foreign cities the lessons still necessary before they can make their way upon the stage. Here would be true musical interest; here would be a genuine contribution to art. Nor would the singers object seriously if the founders of such scholarships should give their own names to the foundations, so that the outside world might know that they were both rich and generous. As it is, the singer struggles too often until she is faded and sour and broken-down before the opportunity comes, and her great ambition is buried with her poor, frail body.

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There are many who are sincerely and deeply interested in us. We are reminded of this at least once a week by confidential letters addressed to us—some of which are printed, so as not to tax our failing eyes.

Last Saturday we received an invitation to buy a copy of a book entitled "How to Get Rich." The titles of the chapters appealed to us: "How to Make Money," "How to Obtain a Situation," and especially this one, "How to Keep a Situation and Secure an Increase of Salary." When we knew of the existence of such a chapter we did not wait for communication by letter. We telegraphed our order for three copies, and if necessary we should have cabled. Think of the stuffed mail pouches this one chapter will bring to the publishers! Think of the long line of men and women even now early this morning at the publishers' door. "How to Keep a Situation and Secure an Increase of Salary." And this information is published, published in English, and is to be obtained for a ridiculously small sum!

Yet the Demon of Doubt, never far from our elbow, put a poisonous drop in the cup of joy. If a man knows how to get rich, how can he afford to write a book about it? Perish the thought, and, Avaunt, O Demon. We do not regret our order.

In the same mail we received a still more confidential letter. The writer seems to speak with a caressing hand on our shoulder, and in a low, sobbing voice. Listen to his opening load:

'Dear Friend—Sooner or later there comes a time to everyone when relaxation, rest and rejuvenation are absolutely necessary. The well man of today is the sick man of tomorrow, and particularly does this seem to apply to those who have attained prominence in the affairs of life. Not, therefore, that we understand you are ill, but for your guidance, should occasion arise, we ask your consideration of the information about ——— we are placing at your disposal."

Could anything be more conciliatory and more flattering? Only a few days ago Hunkinson said to us: "Old man, you need rest; you ought to run over to Europe this summer," and we thought well of his interest and advice. Now comes this confirmation from afar; and, mark you: "Particularly does this seem to apply to those who have attained prominence in the affairs of life." When we read this sentence, we sat right up. Appreciated at last! And we wished that the letter were an open one, so that indifferent companions and the world at large might see what keen, unprejudiced persons really think of us.

We shall not betray the confidence of the writer by describing minutely the place to which he invites us. It is enough to say that there are external and internal baths. "Our uniformed attendants meet all trains, take care of your luggage, and place you in a comfortable conveyance." Somehow or other we don't like this. In the first place we are strong enough to step into the conveyance, and we need no "willing hands," "strong arms," or "stretcher." Nor do we relish the idea of uniformed attendants rushing toward us, while the passengers with their heads out the window say: "Poor fellow!" He does look like the devil!" "He'll never go back East!"

"The medical director and his assistant have occasional moments for breathing normally." Here, too, is the suggestion of an out. It would be unpleasant to have much to do with a physician or his assistant who breathes abnormally the greater part of the time. We were once served by a table girl, a red faced, deep chested maiden, who was apparently broken-winded; and as she was also inclined to be garrulous we made an excuse for moving to another part of the dining room.

But we are reassured by the statement that this "Natural Combination Treatment was provided by a kind Providence." Who are we, that we should rebel at Providence or, stubborn-kneed, refuse to bow to his decree. We shall inquire tomorrow concerning the price of a ticket to Mudlavia.

Mr. Carnegie's gifts are not without danger, although he is a Scot and not a Greek. Not long ago in England, a Mr. Kohnfeldt looked through "Crockford" and "Who's Who" at a free library. He wandered through the B's and chose two men who were at a university together and are now living far apart. He assumed the shape of a doctor and wrote to one of them asking for money towards the support of his sick friend. The scheme worked beautifully for a time; but just at present Mr. Kohnfeldt is denied by a stern jailer the free use of pen and ink, and is able to frame masterpieces of piteous entreaty only in his head.

We have received Parts xvii.-xx. of Dr. Joseph Wright's stupendous "English Dialect Dictionary," and we are prepared to be dialectally intelligent from A to Sharp. Unfortunately we shall be obliged to wait six months or a year for Dr. Wright's masterly and exhaustive article on "slob" and its derivation, but we may find consolation in study of the word "scoot," a term of contempt applied to both men and women. "A Celt or Highlander can hardly receive greater disgrace than to be thus denominated." But wherein lies the disgrace? What has the Swedish dialect term "skjut" or "skut" to do with it? And does our offensive word "scut," as in "you miserable scut" come from "scoot"? We confess the significance of the meaning is as obscure as that of the Italian term translated into English, "boiler-maker." Go to the North End and call an Italian this in his own language and he will draw a knife. The French word for mackerel is said to have the same meaning as this disagreeable Italian term; but why "boiler-maker"?

We are pained to find that under "reddle" Dr. Wright makes no reference to the "reddle man" in "The Return of the Native," and yet Diggory Venn is one of the most delightful and picturesque characters in English fiction. "Rumgumptious" is a noble word for pompous, quarrelsome, boisterous, but it also means shrewd, sharp, witty. "Ramstougar," "ramstageous," "ramstougerous"—these are all brave words which should be in common use; but more of Dr. Wright and his Dictionary anon.

# ROSSINI'S STABAT MATER BY HANDEL AND HAYDN

## Excellent Performance of Hymn at Symphony Hall.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was given by the Handel and Haydn Society in Symphony Hall last night, before an audience which completely filled the hall, standing room on the sides being used by many. Gounod's "Gallia" and several solos were also on the program.

The concert, which by the way, was the 738th in number given by the society, was as successful as any ever given by the society. The audience was friendly and enthusiastic.

Mme. Kathrin Hilke, soprano; Mme. Schumann-Heink, contralto; Sig. Thomas Salignac, tenor, and M. Marcel Journet, bass, were the soloists. Mr. Emil Mollenhauer conducted, Mr. H. G. Tucker was the organist and Mr. Otto Roth, principal of the full orchestra.

It was the second performance by the society of "Gallia," written by Gounod at the close of the Franco-Prussian War. Mme. Hilke was the soloist. The chorus, a mighty chorus, too, was splendid in this, which was the opening number of the concert. All the members showed thorough sympathy with Gounod in his sorrow over his conquered country.

The solo was particularly well rendered and the solo and chorus were positively excellent in the closing part, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, O Turn Thee to the Lord Thy God." Mme. Hilke was obliged to bow several times, the chorus being enthusiastic.

Mme. Schumann-Heink's solo was the grand aria from Mozart's "Titus." The contralto was in beautiful voice and the demonstration after she had finished was nothing short of an ovation.

Signor Salignac and M. Journet were heard in short solos, the former in the aria, "Panis Angelicus," and the latter in the Laborer's aria from the "Seasons." M. Journet's robust figure is especially well adapted for such a strong and powerful bass voice, and the applause which greeted him proved that this number was thoroughly appreciated.

The "Stabat Mater," with all four soloists in solos and with the three quartets, and the duet, was given with the thorough feeling that should accompany such grand sacred music. The success of the chorus was even more pronounced and did justice to the hymn.

The duet "Quis est Homo," by Mmes. Hilke and Schumann-Heink, was enthusiastically received, and was possibly the best part, although the applause on the soprano solo with the chorus accompaniment "Inflamatus" was tremendous. The quartet number "Sancta Mater" was also given with perfect comprehension, as was the bass recitative "Ela Mater."

This was the twenty-ninth performance by the society of the great composition. As the audience was thoroughly familiar with the music the success achieved, as demonstrated by the applause, must be highly gratifying.

On Easter Sunday, April 12, "Israel in Egypt," with Mrs. Kileski Bradbury, soprano; Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, alto; Mr. George Hamlin, tenor; Mr. L. Willard Flint and Mr. L. B. Merrill, bass, will be given. P. Kelly

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# KNEISEL QUARTET AND

The Kneisel Quartet gave its seventh concert last night in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

Quartet in A minor, op. 41, No. 1..Schumann
Sonata in C major for 'cello, without accompaniment .....Bach
Sextet in G major for two violins, two violas, two 'cellos, op. 36.....Brahms

This was, indeed, a delightful concert, both in the character of the pieces chosen and in the performance; and, as is often the case, when pleasure is genuine, there is little to be said about it. It was once the fashion to speak in a patronizing manner about this quartet by Schumann; to praise the composer's "endeavor," to pat him on the shoulder, and then to go away and say, "But it isn't the real thing." Modern ideas about the nature of a string quartet are more elastic; and the romantic feeling with which this work is shot through and through is answer enough to any stickler or any loose talker about the contents that should be within a narrow frame. It would seem as though Beethoven with his last quartets had settled such questions.

Mr. Schroeder gave a masterly performance of the sonata by Bach, which was written originally for the viola pomposa, a stringed instrument of his own invention. This instrument was not a 'cello at all, but it stood between a viola and a 'cello. It had five strings C. G. d. a. e. The suites known as the 'cello suites by Bach were for this instrument. Mr. Schroeder played with a wealth of tone, with consummate ease, and with marked finesse.

Truly an admirable performance, as was that of the Sextet by Brahms, in which Messrs. Zach and J. Keller assisted the Kneisels; but the hearer harked back to the exquisite romanticism of Schumann, whose melancholy is never tiresome, never depressing. His soul, like the poet's star, dwelt apart. How shy and tender his confessions! How pure and free from earthly dross his passion! His best music is of the very best that has first been felt and then expressed. In these days the youth is not so romantic perhaps as the middle-aged; and youth delights in the flamboyant. As the years no longer creep on but hasten to the end, Schumann is sympathetic with those that still have illusions and have not given up dreaming dreams. For in the early years of the now middle-aged illusions shaped his course and inspired him to deeds. Fortunate he that had them and still has them! To him Schumann whispers beautiful thoughts.

They have found embalmed beef in the tomb of Thotmas IV., such as was no doubt served his army.

Some find fault with Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's chapters of reminiscence in the March Atlantic because "the personal note is not strong." This being interpreted means that there are no strong and unpleasant personalities. To some the chief charm of reminiscences is the unearthing of scandals or the hinting at the unworthy motives or deeds of those long dead and defenceless. Mr. Trowbridge is amiable and kindly. There are men who at a ripe age remember only the disagreeable side of a friend or acquaintance; who try to persuade their readers that the world's verdict is all wrong—that Brown was absurdly over-rated, Jones had secret vices, Robinson was untruthful and a sponge. Thus they strike a strong personal note.

Is it possible that certain proceedings in Buffalo inspired an inedited colloquy between Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, published at last in the New York Evening Post?

"What further precautions would you take, Watson?" said Sherlock Holmes, speaking of the mysterious killing of Mr. Maverick.

"I should proceed circumspectly, to shadow the suspected person. Already one of our plain-clothes men has taken her footman's place, and I am planning to introduce another as her golf caddy."

"H'm. Watson, then you believe the story that the wound was made with a golf club?"

"So much so, Mr. Holmes, that I have already had every caddy bag in the Highball Golf Club privately examined, and an alphabetical list of the owners made for future reference."

Mr. Pedro Tinsley, once a porter of a Northwestern parlor car, has resigned his position as vocal director of music at Tuskegee Institute, and will go back to railroad work. He gives as a reason that Mr. Booker Washington has "little conception of music," and he brings forward evidence: "He wanted me to make the boys and girls there sing loud. I had a class of 400 voices, and when they sang plantation melodies it was something fierce the way they would roll them out. No, Mr. Washington knows nothing about music."

As porter of a parlor car, Mr. Pedro Tinsley obtained a mastery of rhythm; for the rhthym of an express train is to be compared only with that of sea or pine forest. The negro has a keen sense of rhythmic values, and Mr. Tinsley has no complaint in this instance against Mr. Washington. There might well be discussion concerning the question of fortisimo. The Psalmist constantly exhorts to heartiness in congregational singing. Should plantation melodies be lisped con affetuoso? Mr. Tinsley makes no distinction between hymns and part-songs. Furthermore Mr. Washington is evidently imbued with the leading principle of German song: If a thing is worth singing at all, there cannot be too much vehemence in the expression.

Justice Brewer said at the Beecher memorial meeting: 'Shakespeare is read where Lord Bacon is unknown." And now let us listen to the Baconians while they rave.

We are sorry to learn that the mongoos, the flying-fox, and the starling are to be kept out of the country. The starling is a pretty name and the bird has been admired by the poets. The flying-fox is a far more interesting animal than anise-seed bag. As for the mongoos, if it is the genuine Herpestes Mungo, there should be several in the Public Garden for spring and summer use. There was a starling that kept on lamenting because he could not get out. Now the bird cries because he cannot get in.

Miss Kate Terry tells a story in M. A. P. about an admirer when she was in the old stock company at the Bristol Theatre. A bunch of violets was sent anonymously to her every night. At first she scorned them, but one evening she tucked the bunch in her belt before she went on the stage. The next night a larger bunch came to her and with it this note: "I've seen you wear my violets, so I know you've had them. Look at me. I shall be in my shirt sleeves, and my legs hanging over the front of the gallery." There was no mistaking the adorer, and to the eternal honor of Miss Terry she smiled kindly on the legs and their owner. But has not this pathetic tale been told of other play-actresses and their adorers?

Let us now praise famous men. Nearly every week you read the death of some aged negro-minstrel, who was the first to sing and dance "The Ham Fat Man," or "O Hasn't She Got the Nerve." This aged negro-minstrel is in the habit of dying in a hospital, or an asylum for the still more unfortunate, and the mortality is so constant that you are led to think that minstrelsy was one of the dangerous trades, something like working with lead, or grinding things on a wheel into fine dust. But on the other hand here is that fine old minstrel, Mr. G. W. Moore, familiarly known as "Pony," who is still in rude health and in retirement at Finchley-Road. Ah, what a bustling career! When he was 2 years old he was a pony driver in a circus, and thus he gained a liberal education. Then he used to drive twenty horses or more round the ring and in the streets on parade; hence the name "Pony" by which he is hailed throughout merry England. And he is American born and still loyal. Not until 1859 did he leave his loved New York for London. His long and illustrious career in St. James's Hall is familiar to all American tourists. And now he is 80, a ripe age. His family life has been uncommonly blest, for Mr. Charles Mitchell, the eminent pugilist, is his son-in-law. We like to think of the happy group in front of the hearth telling and hearing of ancient jests and sturdy deeds, while the kettle is singing and there is the delectable odor of an uncorked bottle of particular.

The Opera, Paris, pays $6400 a year for window-cleaning and dusting, and yet a correspondent writes: "You never saw a man sit down in the stalls at the Opera till he had soiled his handkerchief over the dusty seat provided for him. As for the windows and mirrors, they are encrusted."

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Thus in youth and childhood every step is fairy-ground, because every step is an advance in knowledge and pleasure, opens new prospects and excites new hopes, as in after years, though we may enlarge our circle a little, and measure our way more accurately, yet in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred we only retrace our steps, and repeat the same dull round of weariness and disappointment. Knowledge is power, but it is not pleasure, except when it springs immediately out of ignorance and incapacity.

It is surprising that the trustees of the Boston Public Library persist in lighting by electricity Mr. Abbey's pictures in the delivery room after the earnest protest of the indignant painter. Mr. Abbey well said that whatever the merit of these decorations may be they were planned for the hall as it is ordinarily lighted. At present the effect is indescribably cheap and vulgar.

We were interested the other day in the views of a mother concerning parental duty toward children. Thackeray's Mr. Brown said to his nephew: "As a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water-souchy and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated kindly woman about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertainment." And so we enjoy the company of the young mother of a little girl, or the company of a well-preserved mother when her charming daughter does not happen to be in the room.

This particular mother spoke about as follows: "I think it is an outrageous doctrine that children are bound to respect and love their parents. Why should they not have the right to criticise a mother when they see that she is vapid, silly, a gossip, or a father when he is pompous, mean, pig-headed? Why are they bound to shut their eyes to faults simply because they were brought into the world without their own knowledge or consent? Why should a healthy, sane, intelligent child be condemned for being ashamed of a stupid or contemptible father or mother? Many children have greater advantages than their parents had. Too often these parents secretly envy their children the advantages, and they take opportunity to sour or crush the youthful enthusiasm. I have sons and daughters, and I try every day to be just a little ahead of them. My home was comfortable, and I went to school; but there were no colleges for women when I was a girl; the two chief schools were the convent at Georgetown and Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary. My girls as well as my boys went to college, and I made up my mind that I should not be wholly ignorant when they talked about this or that movement or discovery. I have spent much time in reading—from Ibsen to Herbert Spencer. I do not mean to say that I am a thouroughly educated woman, but if one of my girls mentions the name Maeterlinck, I know at least that he is not a brewer out in Roxbury, and I do not choke when I say 'Monna Vanna.' If I had let myself be absorbed in household cares and found pleasure only in social functions, as they are called, I should not find fault with my children if they looked upon me as tiresome, dull—a futile old woman."

"And suppose I was small and narrow and mean. Why should Lucy try hard to think me the soul of liberality? Why should Jack bless his stars because I gave him birth? Nonsense. Parents owe much more duty to their children than children to their parents."

We were shocked at first, for we are of New England, of the race that disdained any show of emotion. The New England father was for years an overseer—with a whip. Sixty or seventy years ago a young man addressed his New England father in correspondence as "Respected sir!" We spoke of this to the mother; we mentioned the Roman father; we reminded her of Coriianus and his mother, and we quoted blood-curdling texts from the Old Testament concerning the relationship that should exist between parents and children. All this did not move her. She stoutly maintained her position. Nor did she see anything humorous in Stockton's description of the frightful spectacle of "a parent at bay."

There is no need of going to Africa for adventure. See that your life-insurance policy is in good order, make your will, and then stroll about in the North end between 10 P. M. and midnight. The absence of policemen will lend zest to the truly adventurous.

Dr. Lewald said in Berlin: "The automobile corresponds with the American character." Is this a compliment or a roast?

card-room in the description of Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt's new house at Newport. Yet there must be one. Was District Attorney Jerome consulted about the plan?

Mr. C. W. Ernst made a dignified reply in the N. Y. Sun to some Bostonian(?) who criticized adversely his statement about the word "Commonwealth" after the manner of the sham-sample method. Mr. Ernst wrote: "When scholars and gentlemen, like your correspondent 'H,' undertake to correct a poor mans' statements, they should quote him correctly," and then he quoted what he did say.

None of the Portland, Me., hotels supplies pie for breakfast unless a special order is given.—Portland Advertiser.

This reminds us of a scene in Albany, N. Y., when a prominent New York police official years ago stopped at a tavern kept by Mitchell, who afterward went to New York, to the Hotel Brunswick, if we are not mistaken. The New Yorker at breakfast asked for pie. The waiter, one of the unfortunates who for years had been systematically kept in darkness, answered: "We don't serve pie at breakfast, sir." The New Yorker roared: "No poy at breakfast? Five dollars a day and no poy? D'ye call this a hotel? Where's Mitch?"

We fear that Mr. Molineux will not succeed as a playwright unless he impersonates the hero.

Why is it that Sarah Bernhardt as she grows older and older insists on appearing in male parts? As Werther, she wears "brown velvet, high boots, a flaxon wig and the sweetest smile." But Werther was a weeping Miss Nancy—"Slob" is the word—and why should Sarah wish to impersonate him? Another paragraph for the thick book on the aberrations of genius.

# MR. GREGORY HAST SINGS

## MR. FOX'S CHAMBER CONCERT

Mr. Gregory Hast, tenor, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Mrs. Hast was the accompanist. There was an appreciative audience of fair size.

### Mr. Hast's Program.

The program was varied and polyglot. It included an aria from Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte"; Purcell's nobly melancholy, "When I am Laid in Earth"; Loewe's fine "How Deep the Slumber of the Floods"; Liszt's exquisite "Es muss ein Wunderbares sein"; Rueckauf's effective "Komm Maedchen"; unfamiliar songs by Rabl ("Schoen Rohtraut"); Tschaikowsky ("In mitten des Balles"); Raif ("Ich will meine Seele tauchen"); a song by Schumann; old French and Irish songs; Chadwick's "The Rose Leans Over the Pool"; and a group by MacDowell, Kellie, Clutsam, Maud White, Luchstone. On the whole an unusual and interesting program. Not all the songs were worthy of attention; for instance, the ditty by Clutsam is an ordinary thing, and Miss White has written far better melodies than "When the Swallows." Kellie's "I Had a Flower" is effective, although the composer did his best to ruin it by an anti-climax.

### The Singer.

When Mr. Hast first visited us, he was given to sentimentalism, and he was known as a sweet singer. When the English are sentimental in music they plunge boldly to the lowest depths. Look at the words as well as at the music of songs that have been favorites in English drawing-rooms; call to mind the maudlin "Looking Back," "Is It a Dream?" "It was a Dream," "O, Fair Dove," "Some Day," "My Queen," and so on through the list. Such songs demand sentimental singers, and Mr. Hast can coo and moan with the best of them. But he showed yesterday that he was much more than a sentimentalist; that he could be a singer of genuine sentiment. At first his voice did not appear to be in good condition; the tones were inclined to be throaty and not always under control, but the singer soon gained the mastery and was able to carry out his intentions. His delivery of Purcell's recitative and aria was manly and impressive; so was that of Tschaikowsky's song. And it may be justly said that as a rule he sang with marked taste and sincere feeling. Occasionally there was an abuse of falsetto, but even here he showed his control of breath. The Irish songs were sung without exaggeration, and this is saying much. His enunciation was a constant delight. With such a singer there is no need of program-book. Mrs. Hast played discreet accompaniments.

### Mr. Fox's Concert.

Mr. Felix Fox, assisted by the Hoffmann String Quartet, gave a chamber concert in Steinert Hall last evening. The program included Richard Strauss's sonata for 'cello and piano; Chevillard's theme and variations for piano, and Arensky's quintet for piano and strings op. 51, which was played here for the first time. The sonata is of Strauss's early years, before he had tasted the forbidden fruit of extreme modernity, and yet it contains hints of the mighty tone-poems by which he is now famous, or, as some with ears that hear not would say, infamous. The first movement is full of youthful vigor and enthusiasm; the themes are fresh and passionate, although not of great distinction; and the fiery close is irresistible. The slow movement is not without sombre beauty. The finale is a fall below. Mr. Barth and Mr. Fox played the work with much spirit and also with a fine appreciation of the various moods. Mr. Fox was again eminently successful with the piece by Chevillard which he produced here some time ago. The work itself must be ranked with the best piano music of recent years. Arensky's quintet is an uneven composition. The first movement seemed rather dry and perfunctory. The variations interested only with the beginning of the waltz movement; the abrupt close, which in itself has charm, contributed to the general impression of a lack of balance. The scherzo is brilliant and fascinating, of a high order of salon elegance. The chief impression made by the finale was that it is commendably short. Mr. Fox played admirably in ensemble as well as in solo work. The strings were heard to best advantage in the scherzo. There was a large and applausive audience. It is to be hoped that Mr. Fox will bring out other modern works. He has already shown his interest in contemporaneous music, as well as his ability in the interpretation.

mch 12 1903

# 4TH CHAMBER CONCERT OF MISS TERRY'S SERIES

The fourth and last of Miss Terry's chamber concerts was given last evening in Chickering Hall. The concert was as varied as the "grand olio" with which old-fashioned negro minstrel shows began. Eleven musicians appeared, and saxophone, piano, harmonium, harp, 'cellos, horns and bassoons were in operation at one time or another.

The program included a melodious sonata in A major by Boccherini, for 'cello, which was played with more tone than finesse by Mr. Keller; Pessard's "Malaguena," for saxophone and accompaniment; Chauvet's piano piece, "The Alpine Horn," arranged for saxophone, two horns and two bassoons; a saxophone solo, unaccompanied; and the tenor solo, "Panis Angelicus," from Cesar Franck's Mass, for three voices, arranged for saxophone, 'cello obbligato, three 'cellos, harp and harmonium. Mr. George Proctor played Liadoff's charming suite, "Biroulki," a Berceuse by Leschetitzki, Poldini's Marche Mignonne and Liszt's arrangement of Alabieff's "The Nightingale."

Mrs. Hall has given pleasure by her saxophone at the Orchestral Club concerts, but she made last night her first appearance before a general public. The repertory of the saxophone is so limited that arrangements must be made if the noble and more musical characteristics of the instrument are to be displayed. The devotion of Mrs. Hall to the saxophone has enlisted the sympathy of such composers as d'Indy, Loeffler, Debussy and others, who have composed or are composing pieces for her. Last night she played compositions that have already been heard at the Orchestral Club concerts, compositions that served to show her full, sonorous tone and her breadth of phrasing, as well as the sombre and contemplative character of the instrument. It is to be hoped that she will soon have an opportunity to display other qualities of her art in pieces that call for a greater variety of expression.

Mr. Proctor has improved of late. His tone is more sensitive and sympathetic, his rhythmic feeling is more pronounced, and he has gained in repose. He gave a delightful performance of Liadoff's Suite, which was produced here, if I am not mistaken, by Mrs. Hopekirk. The Berceuse by Leschetitzki is not worth the playing. Poldini's march is pretty parlor music. Mr. Proctor's gain in important qualities, which he sorely lacked when he returned from Vienna, was also observed in his performance of Liszt's arrangement of "The Nightingale," in which Alabieff's poor bird is tortured to make a technical holiday.

Messrs. Schuecker, Barth, A. Heindl, Belinski, Helleberg, Debuchy, Hackebarth and Hein also took part in the concert. Mr. Longy was the conductor. There was an audience of good size and there was much applause.

Amongst those many advantages, which conduce to enrich the mind with knowledge; to rectify the Judgment, and to compose outward manners; and build one up to the highest story of perfection, Peregrination, Foreign Travel is none of the least.

But to be a sedentary Traveler only, pen'd up between Walls, and to stand poring all day upon a Map, upon Artificial Globes or Planispheres, upon imaginary Circles and Scales, is like him, who thought to be a good Fencer by looking on Agrippa's or Don Lius de Nervius' book-postures only.

We have received the following letter:

Washington, D. C., March 9, 1903.
Editor of Talk of the Day:

The O'Brien is about to take a trip abroad and resents that I am not bitterly envious of his good luck. The extravagant rascal is going to take five months' time to circumnavigate and

describe the world, when, according to the latest schedule, ninety days is amply sufficient for the travel, and literature en route is merely a matter of the wayside stenographer and extracts from guide books. The O'Brien is scornful that I prefer to sit at home, but while he hurtles through London's streets, watch in hand, apprehensive of fog, I shall frequent London clubs in another and a more interesting age. He may have a passing glimpse of the Paris grisette, but at any time during the working hours I can draw a newspaper cutting from a pigeon hole in my desk and contemplate Clemence as she trips down the Rue de Seine. He may see the Thames and the Tiber, but the season is approaching for water excursions on the Potomac. St. Peter's and St Paul's and Notre Dame may impress him, but at the same time I shall be seeing the dome of the Capitol through morning mists, and admiring the rose light from the evening sky on the Washington monument.

When he returns the strawberry and the soft shelled crab will have ended their too short a reign and fried chicken will have become fried hen once more. Will he have time for careful, matured and respectful contemplation of the bonny English barmair, the Spanish senorita, the grisette as aforesaid or the gelsha problem of Old Japan? Nay. Will he have opportunity to taste the joys of an English trout stream inn? Nay. Will he sit at ease before some roadside hostelry of Swiss, drinking the wine of the country and mocking those who essay to climb heights? Nay. He will throb over interminable seas as like each other as two glasses of water; he will pound over interminable stretches of country—hills, woods, plains, hills, woods, plains—and will be hustled by functionaries who will find his French, his German, his Italian, his Spanish the worst of all possible mediums of communication and who will land him, gasping, five months hence at San Francisco, a fish that scuttles hysterically to its own corner of rocks.

Go, then, my O'Brien. For thee, the old masters; for me the miscellaneous moderns of the Corcoran Art Gallery. For thee, the intrepid catching of trains, the early morning rising, the all-night rides, the buggy beds, the hotel fare; for me, the cool office and the electric fan, the ice-cooled and irreproachable water, the obsequious and serviceable messenger. Go smoke the mysterious tobacco of the Gaul, the bum and straw centred cheroot of the Teuton. Go o'erleap the continents and seek a steam laundry and find it not. Churn strange and foreign seas with thy prow and know what it is to want a wash. Go forth, see and be seen!

H. C. GAUSS.

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No, Mr. Gauss, the O'Brien will not have "a passing glimpse of the Paris grisette," for she passed away years ago. Lisette left no descendants. The grisette was dying out at the beginning of the second Empire, and when Baron Haussmann made way with the narrow streets and the paving stones, the grisette went with them. She was never a class; she was a type. A hard-working girl, she was in a shop, a seamstress, a maker of artificial flowers. She became a grisette by her clothes and "allure."

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Mr. Adolphus described her admirably some years ago: "The grisette of Louis Philippe's time (which was the epoch of her full expansion) wore in the summer—the true season to judge her—a short cotton or muslin dress, always newly ironed, fresh, and crisp; a silk apron; a muslin fichu; a white lace cap trimmed with a quantity of flowers; delicate shoes and stockings (buttoned boots for women were just invented, but the grisette would have thought herself disgraced forever if she had come out either in boots or a bonnet); and on Sundays straw kind gloves with the one button of the period. With her sprightly step, the buoyant carriage of her head, her usually slight figure and pretty feet, she lighted up the streets like sunshine, and spread around her an atmosphere of brightness. She, too, did her little best to be comme il faut, for that was the rule of the time, and really, in a sort of way, she sometimes got very near it."

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George Augusta Sala hunted her in Paris in 1878, but he did not find Lisette. See the chapter: "The Ghost of the Grisette" in Sala's "Paris Herself Again."

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The word itself is a diminutive of "gris," and it meant "an inferior gray dress fabric, formerly the common garb of working girls in France." Both Swift and Sterne paid tribute to the girl that wore this dress.

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Overheard at a reception given recently to Signor Marconi:

Gushing young person to the great Italian 'Oh! Mr. Marconi, won't you play me your lovely 'intermezzo'?"

Mr. Marconi "With pleasure, madame, but I shall have to play it on a wireless piano."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mch 13, 1903.

Mr. Arthur R. Pennell of Buffalo carried in his pocketbook scraps of newspaper poetry, but he was not on this account an insidious foe to society, nor does the fact that one of the poems, was by Dr. Weir Mitchell point conclusively to his suicide.

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Many highly respectable persons cut sentimental verses out of newspapers and carry them for years. We know a middle-aged man of the utmost temperance whose wallet is stuffed with singular clippings. His literary taste is fastidious, he gives hours to the study of Pater, Arthur Symonds, Jules Laforgue. He is always talking of the nuance and its value in art. He has never married; for he has never found the one woman of faultless line and proportion. Yet if this man should drop dead in a quarter where he is unknown, and his pockets should be searched for the purpose of identification, a poem would be found which might easily give a false idea of his character. We quote two verses:

He took a bottle up to bed,
Drank whisky hot each night,
Drank cocktails in the morning,
But never could get tight.
He shivered in the evening,
And always had the blues,
Until he took a bowl or two—
But he never blamed the booze.

His liver needed scraping
And his kidneys had the gout;
He swallowed lots of bitters,
Till at last he cleaned them out.
His legs were swelled with dropsy,
Till he had to cut his shoes;
He blamed it to the doctors—
But he never blamed the booze.

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At last, at last! The fifth volume of Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues" has arrived, and the long suffering subscribers are appeased for a time. The first volume was published in 1890; the fourth in 1896. The paper of the new volume does not seem to be of as fine a quality as that of the earlier volumes, but let us not complain.

There are singular omissions in the book; yet what dictionary of slang can be complete, when the modernity of slang digs the grave in which it is buried and forgotten. Take the word "nutty." We find "sweet, amatory, fascinating, fruitful of details, smart, swagger"; but not the common meaning in this country, "a little cracked," "with a fixed idea," "he has wheels in his head." Nor is there any mention of "nut-factory" for "insane asylum."

Here is an amazing note. The slang term is said to be in use at Yale. "A pun in the elegant college dialect is called a 'razor,' while an attempt at a pun is styled a 'sick razor.'" Was this slang ever current at Yale? We appeal to President Hadley, or Mr. F. B. Dexter, or Professor William G. Sumner.

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Three pages are devoted to "neck." Yet we do not find "He got it in the neck." "In the neck" is explained as "close upon, or behind." "To be shot in the neck" is given as an American expression; "to be drunk." "Off" is superficially treated; so is "old boot." "Pal, probably from the gypsy." Charles Godfrey Leland says "purely gypsy, having come directly from that language, without the slightest change." We do not believe that "piccaninny" comes from "pink—an endearment." "Pigs-wrist" is omitted. Under "pub" there is no allusion to that sweet ballad of the hearth and home:

Come where the booze is cheaper,
Come where the pints hold more,
Come where the boss is a bit of a joss
Come to the Pub next door.

"Chewing the rag" is English, not American. "Rag time" is quoted as an adjective, "merry" and "rag time girl," a sweetheart, "best girl," and there is also a darker meaning. An astonishing book, fascinating, depressing, one that may be read by the hour with lively interest but with occasional holding of the nose.

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Strong drink is raging, and so is talk about strong drink. Is alcohol a food or a poison? This is the question in Europe. The learned Mr. Dastre in the Revue des Deux Mondes argues for the poison theory. He is opposed by several voluminous Frenchmen. "When the German men of science break in their usual heavy footed manner, we may expect to see wigs upon the green in real earnest."

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Mr. Remy de Gourmont awakes from a deep dream concerning style, and says: "Do you know the result of all this action of anti-alcohol leagues and the learned speeches of medical moralists and the chatter of merchants in tea and Bibles? It is this: at a well-known apothecary-shop under the patronage of the Academy of Medicine almanacks are distributed which are adorned with an engraving representing 'useful plants,' and absinthe is among these plants. In explanation of the usefulness of this plant, the picture shows us a cafe-terrace where gentlemen are preparing their absinthe with the utmost care."

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"The green hour!" The hour before dinner, the hour of a "too whole-souled devotion to the filmy-green goddess whose seductive fumes awaken the morbid nature and lull to sleep the higher sensibilities of a weak-willed mankind." This sounds like Marie Corelli, but it is the voice of a poor journalist. Never mind the hifalutin; the sentiment is sound. Mr. Johnson rushes to his club and from 5 P. M. to 6 or 6.30 P. M. puts down cocktails, or Scotch-and-soda, or absinthe, seldom rum, the drink of our ancestors. His stomach is empty, though he may nibble at crackers and cheese. He finds others of his kind, and there is much drinking There is also more and more conversation, which at the time is considered by all that participate in it as extremely witty and often improving. As Mr. Johnson lives some distance from the Porphyry, one of his hands is on his watch, that he may drink until the last moment of departure for the street car. He gains his home, nods jauntily at his faithful wife, smiles on the pledges of their mutual affection, complains of the intolerable heat of the dining room, and exhibits a wolfish appetite. After dinner he has a strange disposition to sleep; then follow depression of spirits and an unaccountable thirst. And all this happens every day. No wonder that Mr. Johnson carries a pod, has flabby neck-flesh, and little puff-balls under his eyes.

Mch 1. 1903

# CHORAL ART SOCIETY'S 2D AND LAST CONCERT

The Choral Art Society, Mr. Wallace Goodrich conductor, sang last night for the second time this season in Trinity Church. The works performed were as follows:

Crucifixus (ten parts) ..... Lotti
Ave Maria ..... Arcadelt
Motet, Tristis est anima mea ..... di Lasso
Motet, O filii et filiae (double chorus) ... Leisring
Stabat Mater Speciosa ..... Chadwick
(For women's voices.)
Paternoster ..... Verdi
Cherubim song ..... Tschaikowsky
Motet for double chorus, Komm, Jesu, komm ..... J. S. Bach
Three anthems for 8-part chorus ... Mendelssohn
Morning hymn with organ and harp .. Henschel

This concert suggests an essay on religious music rather than a criticism of the performance. It might also easily inspire a defense of women's voices in church; for no boy sopranos, however well trained, can give the desired emotional effect, and there are certain passages in the church service and in the Scriptures that should be always sung by women—as all allusions to the birth of the Saviour, all personal appeals and supplications; for only a woman can reverently understand the Mystery of Mary, and her voice is the voice of compassion and prayer.

Various schools were represented last night, and it was interesting to note just how expression was modified by national feeling. It was not so much a question of the century. Thus the "Ave Maria" of the Flemish Arcadelt seemed nearer to us than the "Crucifixus" of Lotti, who lived after him; and he that has heard Leisring's "O Filiet Filiae" in the churches of Paris would not suspect its antiquity. Bach is always Bach; a wonderful storehouse of modern chords and progressions; yet the choral that ends the Motet "Komm, Jesu, Komm," in its beautifully devotional spirit is a relief after all the chatter of importunity that precedes it.

Verdi wrote his "Paternoster," after Dante's text, and an "Ave Maria," after Dante's text, a half dozen years after his "Requiem," and they were first performed at a concert at La Scala, Milan, under his own direction. The "Paternoster" is not on the whole so remarkable as any one of the four "Sacred Pieces" composed shortly before his death, yet it is truly religious music in the highest sense. In Tschaikowsky's "Cherubim Song" is the pomp of his church; and there is something more than pomp in the first section; there is the thought of the song before the throne, the song known only to the redeemed from the earth.

Living composers were represented by Mr. Chadwick, whose "Stabat Mater Speciosa" was first performed here, I believe, at a club concert, and by Mr. Henschel with his "Morning Hymn" in which the Choral Art Society was assisted by Mr. Schuecker, harp, and Mr. Albert W. Snow, organ.

Much of the music chosen presented serious difficulties, if only the question of intervals be considered. Furthermore the variable weather has affected singers throughout the town. While the performance, on the whole, was not of such marked excellence as the one earlier in the season, there were many excellent effects, and if there were to be adverse criticism it would be concerning matters of intonation rather than concerning the spirit and the character of the reading and the interpretation. It is a pleasure to hear such uplifting and consolatory music sung by a choir of picked voices and with a display of artistry. Would that there were more concerts of this character, for the literature from which to draw is boundless, and we are too often tempted to believe that music is a comparatively modern invention.

The church was filled with a deeply interested audience.

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The popular tune in Buffalo: "Now is the time for disappearing."

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The Rev. Ida C. Hultin smashed Mayflower teapots by saying that tea in the England of 1620 cost $60 a pound, and that in no one of the inventories made by the Pilgrims is there any account of china or porcelain dishes.

Was there any tea at all in the England of 1620?

As late as 1678 complaint was made of "persons who call for tea instead of pipes and bottles after dinner," and drinking tea was described as a "base, unworthy, Indian practise." In 1660 a duty of 8 pence was put on every gallon of chocolate, sherbet and tea made for sale. An earlier note informs us in England "it hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds and sometimes for ten pounds, the pound weight; and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments and presents made thereof to princes and grandees till the year 1657." Some say that tea cost 60 shillings a pound in England until about 1770.

Comedy is the looking-glass of contemporaneous life and manners. Tea is not mentioned by Wycherly, but in Congreve's "Double Dealer (1694)" Careless inquires what has become of the ladies after dinner, and Mellefont replies: "Why, they are at the end of the gallery, retired to their tea and scandal, according to their ancient custom."

Yet Dr. Lister in 1698 had the courage to say of tea and coffee: "I rather believe that they are permitted by God's providence for the lessening the number of mankind by shortening life, as a kind of silent plague." Perhaps he was moved to this by the reflection expressed by Congreve's Mirabel: "genuine and authorised tea-table talk—such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth."

But this is all a digression. Was tea used in the England of 1620? William Pulleyn swears that tea was first brought to England from Holland by Lord Arlington in 1666. There is a story that the Portuguese were the first to introduce it into Europe and that in the absence of any knowledge as to the mode of preparing it, the leaves were boiled, served as greens, and eaten with melted butter; and the water in which they were boiled was thrown away.

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What we should like to know is this: Were there any spittoons on the Mayflower? If so, are such sacred relics to be had at a reasonable price? We know by an allusion in Captain Thomas Forrest's "Voyage to New Guinea" that brass cuspidors—to use the beautiful word that comes from the Portuguese—were used in the 18th century, but the word was then spelled cuspadore.

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We are glad to learn that the Cambridge Board of Health is discussing the ventilation of street cars, for the car

that run between Cambridge and the subway are probably the foulest.

Only yesterday we heard a woman in a crowded car ask the conductor to open the forward ventilators. The air was like unto that of the Black Hole of Calcutta at the height of its reputation. The conductor looked at her sourly and said: "Our orders are not to open those ventilators."

The stench of the street cars in Boston is a reproach to the inhabitants and a wonder to the stranger. It is a reproach to the inhabitants because they meekly endure the foul conditions.

There will always be a stench in these cars as long as plush seats are used. Seats of wood or cane can be cleansed. No beating of plush cushions will drive out foul odors.

Nor is the conductor always to blame because he is too lazy to open ventilators when he is permitted by the company to do so. There are persons, male and female, who shudder at the thought of an open ventilator. They are usually fat, sleek persons, who wear heavy overcoats, mufflers, seal skin sacks, and entertain queer ideas concerning fresh air. They no doubt are highly respectable persons, but they are unwholesome companions.

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And what does the poet say?

It is not air that from a thousand lungs reeks
back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell;
It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.

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Boston, March 12, 1903.

Editor Talk of the Day:

Sympathy! I am old before my time.

I learned this from a girl. The conversation turned on "parlor" games. I said I didn't think much of "Consequences." She remarked casually that older people generally don't.

Controlling myself, I pursued the lead, and found that a number of people whom I have mentally classed as older than myself are devoted to "Consequences." I am a couple of years under thirty, scarce out of boyhood, I think. Fellows that I knew well in college have not yet graduated, and it is only a little while since I myself was one of those easily placed youths of whom nothing is expected and little is received.

Why am I "Old" now? I suppose there is in every man's life a first time when he is called so, but it was a blow.

Much more rose-tinted is the light that in my mind plays upon the occasion when, also by a girl, I first heard myself called a Man. Fifteen or sixteen years old, I was walking up Broadway in New York with a drizzly rain at my back. A big umbrella, well down in front, with a pair of short dresses behind it, ran into me. Then a voice:

"Oh, my Gawd, Mame, we ran into a Man!"

She saw no more of me than my feet, but I did not think of that at the time, and during the rest of my walk I did not mind the rain. H. I. G.

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A French journalist describes the cake-walk which is still raging in Paris as "the dance of a nightmare. It suggests a man running at full speed to post a letter or to catch a train, and finding that with all his energy he does not advance one inch."

March 5, 1903

# SCHUMANN'S OVERTURE IN WHICH LOVE DAWNS

The eighteenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture, "The Dawn of Love" (first time).....Georg Schumann
Overture—Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" .....Tschaikowsky
Suite, "Impressions of Italy".....Charpentier

Mr. Ellison Van Hoose, tenor, who was to sing at this concert, rehearsed, but was suddenly taken ill before the concert of Friday, to the disappointment of all that have heard him. And yet there was music enough last night; nor is it too much to say that the concert was one of the most interesting of the season.

### "The Dawn of Love."

Georg Schumann, as an orchestral writer, was introduced to us last season, when he brought with him a more or less perfunctory set of variations on a choral. He then seemed an eminently serious person who wrote music as he would write a treatise, conscientiously and laboriously. Last night we found him a more genial man with longings and blood. His overture is in classic form, but the contents are modern, and although his technical skill is abundantly shown, the overture was not written primarily as an exhibition of knowledge. The exultant chief theme is well found; it is more characteristic than the contrasting theme, which has little distinction of any kind, and is merely amiable, without sensuousness, without any subjective or objective beauty; it serves chiefly as a contrast. When the overture was first produced in Berlin (April 1, 1901) it was entitled "The Celebration of Spring's Return," but a program note said that the music was intended to picture "the jubilation which bursts forth from the full feelings of man in the flesh of his being." The work was criticized as being too energetic an expression of the thoughts suggested by the title, and for this reason possibly Schumann chose the title which now stands. Surely whether spring or love were in his thoughts, it comes with a rush, for we are at once in swing and exultation. In the detail the invention flags occasionally, and there is highly respectable routine work; but as a whole there is a go, a spontaneity, a freshness to the music that raise it above the level of the German chapel-master compositions of the day. Its clearly defined scheme and the sureness of the development are more satisfactory than works which suggest the composer teeming with vast ideas but unable to express them.

### The Program Music.

The overture by Tschaikowsky and the suite by Charpentier have been played at these concerts. The former is most Tschaikowskian in scenario and expression. It is a song of love and death, and seldom has such a rapturous song of love that mocks time and space been sung. How exquisite the amorous mystery of the passage that follows the first exposition of the great theme! It is as the invocation of Juliet to the night of nights! And when the chief theme breaks out and soars above clashing feud and confusion, one is tempted to cry out in wonder: "O Tschaikowsky!" as Berlioz was moved to invoke von Weber at the thought of the clarinet entrance in the "Der Freischuetz" overture. If only the overture were without those few final orchestral strokes! Charpentier's suite is deliberately picturesque, scenic. It is a good thing to hear such music, to revel in rhythm and color, to be reminded of Italian song as heard under an Italian sky. The suite is diabolically clever; and it is something more than this; for there is imagination, there is audacity. Nor is Charpentier here merely a scene-painter: there are passages of charming detail; there are sudden and surprising modulations that are in themselves a radiant or haunting poem. There is nuance after nuance. The performance of the orchestra was brilliant throughout the evening, and the various solo passages were gems of artistry.

### Mr. Arthur Hochman.

Mr. Arthur Hochman gave his second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a large and very applausive audience. The program was as follows:

Rondo, Op. 51, No. 2.....Beethoven
Sonate, Op. 120.....Schubert
Theme and variations (by request).. ..... Tschaikowsky
Melody (by request.....Brahms
Valse, Op. 70, No. 1.....Chopin
Nocturne, Op. 32, No. 9.....Chopin
Polonaise, Op. 40, No. 1.....Chopin
Etude .....Emil Sauer
Midsummer Night's Dream..... ..... .....Mendelssohn-Liszt

This concert does not call for extended comment. Mr. Hochman showed fine and musical qualities in the pieces by Beethoven and Schubert. Whether the latter's sonata, with the exception of the andante, is worth playing is another question. The pianist repeated his former success with the variations by Tschaikowsky, which gave an opportunity for the display of his admirably developed mechanism. He again sang effectively the melodie by Brahms. In the pieces by Chopin he shook confidence in his musical intelligence. The performance of the waltz—the posthumous one with the anticipation of Johann Strauss—might pass, though it was not conspicuous for daintiness or elegance; but the performance of the nocturne and the polonaise was frankly bad. The nocturne was without atmosphere, prosaic; the polonaise was taken at a ridiculously fast pace. And in the pieces by Chopin there was faulty, imperfect rhythm, nor was there always scrupulous fidelity to the text. Mr. Hochman gave at his last concert a memorable performance of Schumann's Fantasia in C major, and yesterday he was often a pianist to be reckoned with seriously. The wonder is that he could be so unmusical, so amateurish when he came to interpret Chopin; for his sins were not merely of omission.

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O memory! that which I gave thee
To guard in thy garner yestreen—
Little dreaming thou e'er could'st behave thee
Thus basely—hath gone from thee clean!
Gone, fled, as ere autumn is ended
The yellow leaves flee from the oak—
I have lost it for ever, my splendid
Original joke.

What was it? I know I was brushing
My hair when the notion occurred:
I know that I felt myself blushing
As I thought, "How supremely absurd!
How they'll hammer on floor and on table
As its drollery dawns on them—how
They will quote it"——I wish I were able
To quote it just now.

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Just listen to the chatter in Buffalo. Here is Justice Murphy in the glare of the lime-light and with at least one hand upraised toward heaven. "I shall issue a subpoena for the man who says he saw Mrs. Pennell drinking liquor from a flask. I shall issue a subpoena for the man who took the empty flask from Gyger." And why not a subpoena for the man who made the flask, for the man who made the cork, for the bottle washer and the rest of 'em?

And the District Attorney says: "We shall learn something."

And Superintendent Bull says: "We shall lift the curtain."

And thus do all the officials send forth Jeromiads after the manner of the District Attorney of New York.

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A high-roller gathers much moss.

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Mr. Marius Ary Leblond laments the decay of the short story. "Every one who looks at the matter from the literary, as distinguished from the commercial, point of view must agree with him that the short story loses both its point and its justification by being lumped with others by the same author and published in a book." But is Mr. Leblond right in saying that the short story was born of journalism? F. L. in a reply cites "Wandering Willie's Tale," a perfect pattern of short stories, which owes nothing to journalism. And how about Fitz James O'Brien's "The Diamond Lens"? (Would that some one would trace the life of O'Brien when he dwelt in Boston, would tell of his haunts and companions.)

We know one man who finds nothing rotten in the idea of the short story. His name is Doyle, Conan Doyle, for he is to receive $108,000 for twelve stories; at least that is what the publishers say. Will the stories be worth it?

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Professor Ladd's remark that he has more respect for the sacrifice of human life under the stress of a religious sentiment, such as actuated the inhabitants of Mexico, than when it is carried on in the so-called name of Christianity, is still going the rounds. And what a good time the Mexicans gave the most beautiful youth chosen for the sacrifice. He wore gorgeous clothes and jewels, and on his ankles were the twenty golden bells of Tezcatlipoca, who had brought music from heaven on a bridge of whales and turtles. The youth was taught the art of flute playing; the people fell down and worshiped him; and four radiant maidens were given him to wife. Thus he lived for a year until he was called for by men clothed in black mantles, with long hair matted with blood, and with mangled ears, and led to the altar of jasper, and the signal of his sacrifice given by the drum of serpents' skins that was so loud it could be heard eight miles away.

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We have received a letter from Mr. Chatterton Blow of this city.. He objects to the word "booze" as a vulgar one, not fit for polite ears.

Horace Walpole, Byron, Thackeray did not hesitate to use it. In Lowell's "My Study Windows" you will find: "With few resources but to booze around the fire." Landor, George Eliot, Charles Reade, Leslie Stephen, Robert Southey, Charles Kingsley, Hawthorne wrote "boozing" or "boozy," or "booziness," without a blush, and we find Gouverneur Morris writing of a "tedious morning, a great dinner, a boozy afternoon and dull evening." It is true that no one of these worthies, so far as we can now ascertain, used "booze" as synonymous with drink, and yet in the 18th century "peck and booze" meant meat and drink.

To us "booze" is a wonderful word to the eye, the ear, the understanding. There is no mistaking the man that is overcome with booze. How dramatic the opening of Messinger's "New Way to Pay Old Debts"! Enter Wellborn in tattered apparel. He asks Tapwell: "No house? nor no tobacco"? And Mr. Blow calls for eivet and complains of "coarseness." Go to, Sirrah.

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All collectors of pictures, all lovers of art should be interested in the sale of paintings by the late John H. Twachtman, which will take place at the American Art Galleries, New York, Tuesday evening, March 24. The exhibition will open on March 19. We have seen extracts from advance sheets of "An estimation of John H. Twachtman and His Work," which will appear in the April number of the North American Review. The writer admits that Mr. Twachtman as a landscape painter is "too modern to be fully recognized or appreciated at present; but his place will be recognized in the future, and he will one day be a 'classic,' to use the literary term; for the public catches but slowly the professional opinion, though in the end the professional opinion becomes the public opinion."

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The writer compares him in originality of observation to Thoreau, and insists that his studies of "the more spectacular parts of America," like the Yellowstone park and Niagara Falls "have the same kind of interest that notes on the modern city of New York might have if written by Flaubert or De Goncourt."

"It seems idle as yet to try to place Twacthman where he should be in relation to Corot, Rousseau or Daubighy. It is not the same kind of painting. As to Monet and Whistler, whom he is like, it is too soon to class him. What we do know is that he was a great artist; and we should preserve his work in museums, where it would not be subject to the danger of fire and careless handling, that we may show that we had at this time high art and respected it."

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THE Metropolitan Opera House Company will begin a season of two weeks at the Boston Theatre on Monday night, March 23.

The sale of season tickets will open at the box office of the Boston Theatre tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock, and will continue daily until 6 P. M. This sale is for the first week only.

The repertory of the first week is unusually attractive. Let us consider it in the order of performances.

The all-too-short season will open with a double bill: "The Daughter of the Regiment," by Donizetti, and "Pagliacci," by Leoncavallo.

### "The Daughter of the Regiment."

Marie .....Sembrich
La Marquise.....Van Cauteren
Tonio .....Salignac
Sulpice .....Gilibert
Hortensius .....Dufriche

Mr. Flon will conduct.

Donizetti's most delightful opera has not been heard here for some years, and it is a novelty to the younger generation of opera-goers. Written for the Opera Comique, Paris, it was produced Feb. 11, 1840, and in the Italian version it soon made its triumphant way over Europe. Look over the old music sung by our mothers and aunts in the 50s, and you will find title pages on which Jenny Lind or Sontag is waving a flag or beating a drum, and singing: "France, I adore thee!" The part of Marie was first sung in the United States by a Frenchwoman from New Orleans, named Calve, who was a favorite North and South. (She died, very old, only a few years ago.) But Alboni, the great contralto, who tried during her career to sing tenor and baritone as well as soprano parts, was the first to make the opera the talk of the town in Northern cities. The stout Parepa essayed to be coquettish as Marie in Boston (Jan. 15, 1872), with Tom Karl and Aynsley Cook. The year before, Marie Leon Duval appeared here with Brignoli and Ronconi; Marimon was the Marie in 1879 with Runcio and Del Puente; Zelie de Lussan beat the drum in 1888; and in 1889 the three leading characters were taken by Louise Natalie, Castle and Knight (March 7), and by Pauline L'Allemand, Baxter and W. H. Clark (Jan. 11).

The story of the opera was told in rhyme by Francis S. Saltus, as follows:

Marie's a sweet and charming vivandiere,
Whose cognac slays more soldiers than the foe:
She warbles rataplans that hit the do,
And wears a kepi on her yaller hair.
A quaint old Marquise comes and doth declare
That she's her aunt, and forces her to go
And live with her in a remote chateau,
While millions fall to Marietta's share.
She pines away until her lover comes,
And all the regiment with fifes and drums,
And Marie's fate is altered in a trice.
She marries happily and all goes well,
The curtain falls on a triumphant yell,
And half the audience makes a dive for spice.

There will be much curiosity to see Sembrich as Marie. Gilibert is always an admirable comedian as well as singer and his Sulpice has been highly praised.

### "Pagliacci."

Canio .....Alvarez
Tonio .....Scotti
Peppe .....Reiss
Silvio .....Declery
Nedda .....Fritzi Scheff

Alvarez sang the tragic part of Canio for the first time this season at New York. Was he spurred to it by the fact that Jean de Reszke had made his appearance as the poor, deceived mountebank at the Paris Opera, the scene of so many of Alvarez's triumphs? It is a part that would tempt any tenor of dramatic instinct. Scotti's impersonation of the malicious Tonio is known to us as a carefully studied piece of work and the part of Nedda is well suited to the capricious and bustling Fritzi Scheff, who soon after her return to Europe last year, decided to marry one of her admirers. "Pagliacci" will be conducted by Mr. Mancinelli.

### Tuesday: "Lohengrin," 8 P. M.

Elsa .......................... Nordica
Ortrud .......................... Schumann Heink
Lohengrin .......................... Anthes
The King .......................... Ed. de Reszke
Frederick .......................... Bispham
The Herald .......................... Muehlmann

Georg Anthes will then make his first appearance in Boston. He was for some years the heroic tenor at the Dresden Opera House, and his determination to join Mr. Grau's forces cast a gloom over the music lovers of that city. The Court was vexed by Anthes's violation of contract; for the tenor, tempted by American dollars, left as unceremoniously as did Emil Fischer, who was the leading bass at the same opera house in the early eighties. Anthes has been treated respectfully by the critics in New York. He is said to be an earnest, honest singer, who has an unusual advantage over his German brethren; he generally sings in tune. Nordica is still a tower of strength in the Metropolitan company, and the other members of the cast are well-known in their respective parts. Mr. Alfred Hertz, the conductor, is new to us. He came from Breslau and has been applauded unanimously in New York, from which it would seem that the ghost of Anton Seidl is at last at rest.

### Wednesday Afternoon, 1.45.

"DIE MEISTERSINGER."

Hans Sachs .......................... Van Rooy
Eva .......................... Gadski
Magdaline .......................... Schumann-Heink
Walther .......................... Burgstaller
Beckmesser .......................... Bispham
Pogner .......................... Blass
Kortner .......................... Muehlmann
David .......................... Reiss

The revival of this opera will please many who have been taught to believe that it is a comedy of irresistible humor.

Others endure the libretto for the sake of the charming music. Gadski is dividing the Wagnerian parts this season as well [illegible] making incursions into Italian territory. Mr. Van Rooy's abilities as a singer are held here in high respect, save when he tries to be too impressive. Mr. Reiss is an actor of uncommon abilities. Mr. Burgstaller will make his first appearance. He is a young tenor who before his arrival in this country was known chiefly by his singing at Bayreuth. He, too, is said to sing in tune, and his youth and spontaneity have been fully recognized in New York. Mr. Hertz will conduct.

### Wednesday, 8 P. M.

"LA TRAVIATA."

Alfredo .......................... Dani
Germont .......................... Scotti
The Doctor .......................... Gilibert
Violetta .......................... Sembrich

Sembrich's Violetta is one of her most striking impersonations. In purely lyric [illegible], in brilliance of bravura, in [illegible], she maintains the traditions of the grand school, which will [illegible] only traditions. Mr Dani [illegible] Italian, a lyric tenor, who will make his first appearance here. Mr. Mancinelli will conduct.

### Thursday, 8 P. M.

"IL TROVATORE."

Manrico .......................... De Marchi
Count di Luna .......................... Campanari
Ferrando .......................... Journet
Leonora .......................... Nordica
Azucena .......................... Homer

It is [illegible] pleasure to read the announcement of 'Il Trovatore,' one of the most [illegible] works ever [illegible] for the [illegible] stage. The cast is a strong one. Nordica is thoroughly grounded in the precepts of the Italian school, and there are few women now on the stage who can rival her as Leonora or Aida. Not long ago a New York critic [illegible] her coloratura and gave as a reason for its excellence her study of Wagner. Say rather that she sings Wagner so well, because she first learned to sing Italian music. And Leonora is something more than a soprano with flourishes and thrills. The wealth of melody in 'Il Trovatore' would stock a dozen operas as they are made today. De Marchi established himself firmly here last season, and the presence of Campanari and Louise Homer will add to the strength of the cast. Mr. Mancinelli will conduct.

### Friday, 8 P. M.

"LE PROPHETE."

Jean .......................... Alvarez
Zacharie .......................... Ed. de Reszke
Oberthal .......................... Journet
Jonas .......................... Bars
Mathiesen .......................... Declery
Fides .......................... Schumann-Heink
Berta .......................... Marilly

Meyerbeer's celebrated opera has not been heard here of late years. I believe the first performance in Boston was on Feb. 8, 1856, when Lagrange, Hensler, Salviani and Amodio were the chief singers. Among the later performances were those of March 6, 1884 (Scalchi, Valleria, Stagno, Guadagnini) and April 6, 1885 (Brandt, Martinez, Schott, Staudigl). The opera admits of sumptuous mounting and there are pages of great dramatic strength. The part of Fides is one that will call out the full strength of Schumann-Heink's art, and the scene in which she denies Jean as her son is still one of the greatest scenes in all opera. Mr. Flon will conduct.

### Saturday Matinee, 2 P. M.

PUCCINI'S "LA BOHEME."

Mimi .......................... Sembrich
Musetta .......................... Scheff
Rodolfo .......................... De Marchi
Marcello .......................... Campanari
Schaunard .......................... Gilibert
Colline .......................... Journet
Benoit and Alcindoro .......................... Dufriche
Parpignol .......................... Vanni

Sembrich and De Marchi will appear here for the first time as the grisette and her adorer. When Mr. Ellis brought this opera out with Melba, it made an instantaneous hit, and no wonder; for the comedy is entertaining, there is a vein of true pathos that ends in tragedy, and the music is eminently tuneful and expressive. The cast throughout is an exceptionally strong one. Inasmuch as we are not to hear Puccini's "Tosca" this season, it is fortunate that the ultra-modern Italian school is represented by such an effective work. Mr. Mancinelli will conduct.

### Saturday, 7.30 P. M.

"DIE WALKUERE."

Bruennhilde .......................... Nordica
Sieglinde .......................... Gadski
Fricka .......................... Schumann-Heink
Siegmund .......................... Burgstaller
Wotan .......................... Van Rooy
Hunding .......................... Elmblad

And the other Valkyrs will be impersonated by Mmes. Van Cauteren, Bauermeister, Schumann-Heink, Homer, Scheff, Marilly, Seygard, Bridewell. Mr. Hertz will conduct. Burgstaller's Siegmund will of course be new. Emblad was some years ago a member of the Metropolitan Opera House Company when it was aggressively German. He then had a far-down-in-the-cellar voice.

All in all, an unusually promising repertory, catholic in selection, excellent in quality.

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Miss Mathilde Verne, a pianist now playing in London, was originally known as Mathilde Wurm. The Wurm, even when a pianist, will turn.

We spoke a little while ago about the exquisite dancing of Kate Vaughan, who died at Johannesburg. Yet she took no pleasure in her golden days. She said of her dancing: "I never enjoyed it, and I have never enjoyed it. I cannot remember the day when I did not hate to hear the band strike up the notes, and it was time for me to begin. I hope I did not show it, but the task of dancing bored me to extinction. Yet I always wanted to be a dancer."

How different the spirit of Marie Madeleine Guimard, the great dancer, who, they say, postponed growing old; for she had her portrait taken at the age of 20, placed the picture on her dressing table by the side of a looking glass, and painted herself up to it every morning until she was 50. When she was 70 she loved to hear of her triumphs, and she was even persuaded to show some ballet-steps to those who had never seen her, on condition that the curtain should be kept down to the level of her waist, so that the spectators should see only her legs, which had preserved their youthful firmness and grace. And when she was too weak thus to give delight, the old woman had a plaything constructed in the shape of a little theatre. She held this in her lap; she raised the curtain, announced a ballet, and danced with two fingers the steps—not only her steps, but those of dancers who had preceded her and acted as substitutes. Truly an edifying ending to a spectacular life.

In the burlesque "encyclopaedia Britannica," Mr. George Alexander, play-actor and manager, is represented as writing the following "testimonial:" "Four volumes make a perfect press for trousers."

They were talking at the Porphyry about cocktails, and finally there was discussion concerning the origin of the word. Various legends were recited, but nearly all of them were summarily disposed of, for the dates of the alleged origin were much later than the appearance of the word.

Washington Irving in his "Knickerbocker's History of New York" (1809) wrote the sentence: "They lay claim to be the first inventors of those recondite beverages, cock-tail, stone-fence, and sherry cobbler."

One of the group said that there was an allusion to "cocktails" in "Tom Brown": "Bill, the half-hour hasn't struck. Here, Bob, drink some cocktail." But the Antiquarian answered with a show of diffidence, which deceived no one, that cocktail in some English counties means "fresh and foaming" and is applied only to beer.

Another referred to the sentence in Thackeray's "Newcomes": "Such a selfish, insolent coxcomb as that, such a cocktail"; and said: "I suppose cocktail here means coward, a man that shows the white feather." But Dr. Murray's Colossal Dictionary explains this particular allusion and defines "cocktail" as "A person assuming the position of a gentleman, but deficient in thorough gentlemanly breeding."

And cock-tail has other meanings; as a cock-tail, a horse of racing stamp and qualities, but decidedly not thoroughbred, from a known stain in his parentage. This epithet was given because hunters and stage-coach horses, the tails of which were generally shortened in this way, were not as a rule thorough-breds. Hence the figurative expression, not in good form, low bred, as in this sentence: "To breed tame fowls and then blow them away from the end of their guns is snobbish and cock-tail."

Then there is the cock-tail, "a brachelytrous beetle, which 'cocks up' the posterior part of the body when irritated; the Devil's Coach-horse."

In English slang a cocktail is a coward, and in the English army slang "cocktail" is unsoldierlike, anything unworthy of the regular army. At one time the Volunteer auxiliaries were described as "such a cock-tailed crew."

Some time ago a little book, "The Cocktail Book," was published in Boston. The sub-title is "A Sideboard Manual for Gentlemen," whereas it should be "Or the Way to the Pit." There is a preface, a story of how the cock-tail came by its name; but the tale is pure fiction.

Mr. Spreckert, on trial at Seattle for murder, is an astrologer and unusually fussy in his choice of a jury. He refuses to let any man serve who was born under Cancer, Scorpio or Pisces; nor would he accept any one born between June 21 and July 22. Any man born between Oct. 23 and Nov. 22 is unsympathetic and unfeeling. Up to this we agreed with him and applauded his prudence. But he adds: "With those born between Feb. 19 and March 21 argument and advice will also be useless." Here we were obliged to part company with Mr. Spreckert.

Every now and then you read of some Frenchman who receives the Academic Palms, and you naturally suppose that the honor is a reward for some substantial service. But are the petty officials and wineshop keepers and village mayors any more illustrious or virtuous than their undecorated neighbors? We read lately a sour attack on the throwing of these palms broadcast. "In the days of the Second Empire there was a keener, a more delicate sense of the fitness of things. The Palmes Academiques were strictly confined to the class for which they were intended—the Professors of lycees and colleges and other distinguished members of the teaching profession. We have long since got beyond that, and now every manner of person, from actors (who are not supposed to be wanting in self-appreciation) to candlesticks-makers, trick out their overcoats with the violet ribbon. * * * Without exaggeration one may say that the only Orders to which any real value attaches are the Cross of the Military Branch of the Legion d'Honneur and the Medaille Militaire. In both cases the distinction is bestowed only for real services on the field of battle."

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# FIRST APPEARANCE HERE OF L. WINKLER, PIANIST

Mr. Leopold Winkler gave his first recital in Boston last evening in Steinert Hall. His program was as follows:

Sonata, op. 57, F minor .......................... Beethoven
In the Evening .......................... Schumann
Study, C major .......................... Chopin
Love's Message .......................... Schubert-Liszt
At the Spring .......................... Joseffy
Air and variations .......................... Handel
To a Water Lily .......................... McDowell
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6 .......................... Liszt
Fantasie, F minor .......................... Chopin
Gavotte .......................... Silas
Marche Militaire .......................... Schubert-Taussig

Arthur Symons elaborated an idea of Poe when he explained the statement that there could not be a great and long poem by saying that what are known as such are merely poetic episodes separated by long stretches of prose. This might be said of long and formidable symphonies, sonatas, fantasies. Mr. Winkler's program was not the conventional one chosen by a pianist who makes his first appearance in a town. It was not made up exclusively of war-horses. While it gave opportunity for the display of technical proficiency, it was modest rather than arrogant, and the choice of several small pieces was an agreeable departure from the beaten path.

These pieces played with consummate art and with vitalizing individuality might well give pleasure; but Mr. Winkler, if I may judge from his performance last night, is essentially matter-of-fact. His technic is not impressive, and his fluency is not convincing. He plays in an honest, plodding way pieces which he has practised in tread-mill fashion. He is not emotional, he is not spectacular. He has not even attractive vices. Like a conscientious tradesman he tries to give you good weight and fair measure, and as he ties up the parcel he makes unobjectionable remarks about the weather. But the tradesman gives you something you really need, and, however kindly disposed you may be toward Mr. Winkler, you can live comfortably without hearing commonplace piano playing. For it cannot too often be repeated that a performance without sentiment, without personal appeal, is merely mechanism, and when the mechanism is not of the highest order, what is there left for admiration or praise?

We smile at those who smile upon us: we are gracious to those who pay their court to us: we naturally acquire confidence and ease when all goes well with us, when we are encouraged by the blandishments of fortune, and the good opinion of mankind. A whole street bowing regularly to a man every time he rides out may teach him how to pull off his hat in return, without supposing a particular genius for bowing (more than for governing, or anything else) born in the family. It has been observed that persons who sit for their pictures improve the character of their countenances from the desire they have to procure the most favorable representation of themselves.

Learned professors are still shrieking against the violence and danger of football exercise, and now Miss Lucille Hill of Wellesley—not the singer—sends out what is described as a warning note concerning the pernicious effects of basketball on health and beauty. Months ago we insisted on jack-straws as the game of games, just as we pointed out that the New England farmer will not be prosperous until he raises herons for the market. Backgammon has its advantages, but the wrist may be injured seriously by the violence of the throw. The game of jackstraws tests the brin and the nerve; it teaches coolness and discrimination. A game for the young as well as heroes, and one positively without risk to life or limb.

Another one of Mark Twain's original "Innocents Abroad" is dead. There were as many thousands in that party as in the charge of the Light Brigade.

King Edward will be fonder of us than ever. Forty-five gallons of first class Kentucky bourbon are on their way to him. Whisky is thicker than water.

Mrs. Baker, the landlady of Robert Louis Stevenson in the Saranac region, gossips about her lodger: "Personally, he was, like all writers, I think, perfectly charming." And why should not writers be perfectly charming? They are beset with flattering offers from publishers, pointed out in the street, roaring and shaking the mane in the parlors of the rich and fashionable,

nstantly in receipt of free theatre ckets and dinner invitations, envied by e grossly commercial and vulgarly ccessful. Yes, they are charming everyhere but at home. Their wives say eir literary husbands are irritable and evish. The husbands answer, they are t fully appreciated and they make unmplimentary allusions to the mating the eagle and the wren. Nor should be forgotten that there are women rn for the appreciation of the husnds of other women.

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ditor of Talk of the Day:

My impression is that the word "cockil" is of Mexican origin. In Mexico lque, a kind of liquod obatined from e cactus, is the national tipple. The Azc word for pulque is pronounced "ocl," and the soldiers under General cott in the Mexican War corrupted octel" into "cocktail" and brought it ck to this country.

HUNTINGTON SMYTHE.

As the boy said, we didn't come here be guyed. Mr. Smythe, we quoted esterday a sentence of Washington ving (1809), in which he spoke of the ystery attending the origin of the ord "cocktail," and although the only ook now near us is Zachary Bogan's Archaeologac Atticae" it is our imression that the Mexican War was afr 1809.

Your derivation reminds us of anther derivation from a Mexican source. ulque was discovered by one of Monteuman's nobles, who sent it to the monrch by his daughter Octel. She found Montezuma in one of his celebrated alis. He tasted the pulque, smiled on e malden and tossed down the drink, hich pleased him mightily, so that he oked again on Octel and took her as ife. From that day to this, Mexicans lways smile on each other before swalowing pulque. American soldiers obrved this during the Mexican War, nd brought the practise home. Hence he expression "to take a smile."

"The Wife Sealers," by Louis C. Alexnder, is not an ordinary novel. The haracters are not commonplace; they o not talk in routine phrases, nor does he author describe life and manners in n absurdly simple fashion. His waiter loes not bring in drinks, but appears with "a trayful of the ordered humidies and accessories." News is alluded o as the "morning's announcements, romulgated by a news agency." Here s a sample of the light and airy diaogue: "Mr. Secretary, if you don't smooth out that withered walnut countenance of yours and conform it to the beaming warmth of my perorating observations, I shall give you a loving hug in which your ribs shall become like unto the bandbox whereon a pile-driver falleth." There is plenty of incident. Thus, a man with singularly long arms stretches forth a hand from the platform, draws up with it a would-be murderer by the throat and squeezes until he holds a corpse which he flings gaily to the admiring police. No arrest.

Washington, March 13, 1903.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I quote: "No, Mr. Gauss, The O'Brien will not have a 'passing glimpse of the Paris grisette, for she passed away years ago." A cause, palpably, if not for cancelling one's bookings, at least for leaving Paris off the map, unless (saving thought) the grisette may have her adequate successor. For The O'Brien's sake let us hope it to be true that the sprightly step, the buoyant carriage, the slight figure and pretty feet, the sunny atmosphere, the "allure" have not passed from Parisian boulevards. For the Sedentary Traveler the grisette still lives; she is immortal. I appeal to that Active Traveler, W. S. N. of the City of Peace, to say if five months abroad is adequate even to the satisfactory solution of the sociological proposition herein suggested.

H. C. GAUSS.

There is a General Passerieu in France who has issued a circular to his subordinates. He suggests that the men who drink too much should be treated as persons suffering from sickness. He recommends that they should be kept apart in a room contiguous to the guard room, where they may be treated by th regimental doctors and brought back to sobriety. If this remedy should be ineffective, the general suggests other pains and penalties, and the soldier may finally be brought before a Council of War and sentenced as a confirmed drunkard.

Mch 5, 1903

When the young man at last reached home,
When the young man at last reached home,
He grasped with both hands his old skull,
Crammed with all science as a tome!
Skull,
Rich skull,
Do you hear madness with its yell
And reddish hand upon the bell?
Ding dong, ding dong,
And reddish hand upon the bell?
Ding dong, ding dong the bell.

Mr. Stopford Brooke rashly said that Robert Browning is never dramatical.

The American Quarterly answered that "Pippa Passes" is a favorite play with clubs in Boston; that Mr. George Riddle has never given anything which so moved his audience as "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon;" that a performance of "The Return of the Druses," under the auspices of the Boston Browning Society, "proved to be greatly interesting to a mixed audience."

This moves the New York Evening Post to exclaim in a fine burst of parochial envy: "To be dramatical, then, is to be actable as an occasional experiment, to be presentable before Boston clubs, and to be recitable 'under the auspices of the Boston Browning Society.'"

How New York wriggles at the thought of Boston's preeminence in all that pertains to Browning! Boston and Browning, one and inseparable! By the way, what has become of the proposal of the Boston Browning Society to change the name of the city to Browningville?

Deep-thinkers are much exercised over the Burdick mystery, and explanations are many and curious. A person of sound principles assured us yesterday that the murder was committed by a revengeful man dressed as a woman. A reader of Marc Andre Raffalovich recalled the attempted assassination of the Duke of Cumberland in 1811, the murder of Winckelmann by the cook Arcangeli, the suicide of the poet Thomas Lovell Beddoes. And so every one has his little say.

We hear with suspicion the report that the late Mary Ellen Joseph West, a colored woman, was well acquainted in her childhood with General George Washington, for nothing is said concerning her use or avoidance of tobacco.

A man went into the Waldorf at New York and started in to hug women without any marked display of discrimination. The observers and the reporters laid stress on the fact that he had, and probably still has, "a noticeably large head." But what had the head to do with it? The precise length, curve and grasping power of his arms would be much more to the purpose.

G. S. asks us the origin of the "seventh-son superstition." The superstition is centuries old that the seventh son of the seventh son is a born physician, who has an intuitive knowledge of the art of curing all disorders, and sometimes the faculty of curing by the mere touch. In some places, as in Yorkshire, it was believed that if a woman had seven boys in succession, the last would be surely successful if he were bred to the profession of medicine.

The gypsies believe that the last of seven daughters born in succession, without a boy coming into the séries, can see hidden treasures and spirits. Such a woman is, of course, a treasure, a very mascot, and in 1833 Danku Niculai, the leader of the Kukaya tribe, offered Pale Boshe 100 ducats if she would persuade her seventh daughter to marry him.

In France the seventh son of his father, without any female intervening, is a "marcou," and somewhere on his body is the mark of a fleur-de-lis. He cures scrofula by breathing on the part affected, or the sufferer touches his mark.

As for the origin, who can tell? What is the origin of the superstition about "la Mascotte"? The belief in the charm that lurks in odd numbers is very old. No prudent housewife will give a setting hen an even number of eggs. Salutes with cannon are generally of an odd number. Virgil said in an eclogue, "The deity rejoices in an uneven number." All sorts of remedies were directed to be taken 3, 7, or 9 times. Look through the Old Testament. "Build me here seven altars, and prepare me seven oxen and seven rams." Naaman was ordered to wash seven times in the Jordan. Elijah sent his servant seven times to look for rain. Jericho was encompassed seven times. There were seven kine and seven ears in Pharaoh's dream. Jacob served seven years for Rachael. There are the seven deadly sins, the seven sleepers. The second Kalandar in the Arabian Nights had learned to intone the Koran according to the seven schools. There were seven methods of handwriting and seven ages of women among the Arabians. There were seven stars in the hair of the Blessed Damozel. Nor should we forget the seven churches in Asia, the seven heads of the dragon of Revelation, the seven angels with seven vials; and does not man change every atom of his body in seven years?

We like to think of Mr. George R. Sims in a state of moral indignation, and we regret that we cannot see him in the act of writing about the Beautiful and the True. Here he is pitching into the newspapers for "flinging around" the Princess of Saxony a "halo of romance"—which to us is merely a nimble feat, like throwing a boomerang or a lasso, and shows the power of the Press. "Zola, with his naturalism, made for good. De Maupassant, with his romance, made for evil. The Princess of Saxony, as a modern press heroine, is as injurious to morality as Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard, as heroes, were in the old days to honesty. Already into a girl's Confession Book the Royal adulteress has found her way as 'My favourite heroine in real life.'"

Mr. Sims's statement about Zola and DeMaupassant admits argument. Would he seriously classify the latter as a romanticist? As for this bright-eyed girl with her favorite heroine, does Mr. Sims know her, or is she like the hypothetical sister who enters into so many arguments and discussions? If she exists, she suffers probably from a mistaken sense of humor.

Mch 19 1903

# MRS. ALICE BATES RICE

Mrs. Alice Bates Rice, soprano, assisted by Mrs. Jessie Downer-Eaton, pianist, gave a song recital last evening in Huntington Chambers Hall. There was a large audience, and there were flowers and recalls.

Mrs. Rice sang Handel's "As When the Dove Laments," "Bizet's pastorale, Miss Lang's "The Span of Life," Mozart's "The Very Angels Weep," Azara's aria from Professor Paine's opera, Mrs. Black's "Ah, Love but a Day," R. Strauss's "In Goldener Fuelle," and Taubert's "Frau Nachtigal."

The singer has been before the public for some years. When I first heard her —it was at one of Mr. Listemann's concerts, I think—her performance was characterized by painstaking accuracy rather than by colored tones or emotional persuasion. With the years she has advanced in mastery of mechanism, in confidence, and in a cool intellectual comprehension of the allotted task. The voice itself has grown; it is fuller and stronger; but it is still comparatively colorless, and in the extreme upper register it is inclined to be shrill, except when the singer thinks first of tone-production; and when she sings a climax with abandon, the supreme note is seldom round, full, authoritative.

She is still painstaking, rather than emotional. Every now and then a tone formed a little too far back appears in an otherwise well-shaped phrase, and disturbs the agreeable continuity of the musical thought. Her management of breath as a rule allows her to phrase skilfully, though there were passages last night in which the end of a phrase suffered from a miscalculation in breath. The enunciation was too often indistinct.

I have spoken of these things because Mrs. Rice is in many ways intelligent and she sings with more than ordinary care. This care is frequently too evident, and seldom is there a free, spontaneous outburst. Mrs. Rice in her endeavor to be expressive calls in the aid of unimportant italicization. She attacks a tone softly, and immediately swells it, and treats the next tone in like manner, so that the sentence as a whole is without rhetorical meaning and is not a curve of beauty, nor is it a line that rises to a climax.

On the other hand, there were admirable moments last evening when the music did not call for any specific emotion. When she was simplest and least laborious she was at her best, and in the song by Mozart she did not stand between the composer and the hearer. It is a pity that, with her gifts, industry and sincerity, she does not put into song the emotion that is contagious. There was often the feeling of admiration for the mechanism in her performance; but the quality of emotion was missed.

Mrs. Eaton played Chopin's nocturne in F sharp minor, Mendelssohn's Spinning Song and two pieces by Schuett.

Mr. Arthur R. Pennell is just now at a great disadvantage. The dead, like the absent, are always wrong.

Charles Lamb admired the springy motion in Hester's gait. Did Hester wear rubber heels?

The Era (London) mentions the discovery of a new operatic star in France. His name is Eugene Sizes, and he will soon appear at the Opera-Comique as Don Jose.

Discovery? But this Eugene Sizes was here as a member of Mr. Grau's company in 1901, and made his debut in Boston as de Nevers (April 2) with some success. As Mercutio he was distinguished by vocal wobble and false intonation. Now he is a tenor, or rather a boosted-up baritone. He took first prize at the Paris Conservatory in 1896, and he had sung at the Opera before he came to this country. A late discovery for the Era.

This reminds us that Jean de Reszke's theatre, built from his own designs, will be opened in Paris on Easter Tuesday, when Amherst Webber's opera "Fiorella" will be produced. Mrs. de Reszke will take the chief soprano part, and her husband, the eminent Polish tenor, will be the hero. Theatre des Invalides would be an appropriate name for the new opera house.

We do not like to think of the Wesleyan freshmen carrying dolls about the town. They recall the unpleasant picture by Veber and certain incidents recorded by our old friend Krafft-Ebing.

Murdered on account of jealousy, and she was 44 years old. Another tribute to "das ewig Weibliche."

A well dressed and singularly attractive woman will call on you, Mrs. Johnson. She is anxious to make a pastel portrait of you. You would be such an excellent subject. She has warm recommendations, and leading families of the Back Bay have given her orders. You refuse. She accepts your answer sweetly, and as she is about to go she sees a photograph of your little Mary. "The dear, sweet child! Could you possibly be induced to let me make a fancy head from this? I have never seen such an enchanting subject." Maternal pride is touched. The caller bears away the photograph. Some days afterward she returns with an enlargement, a portrait that is indeed a sight. This she is ready to give you for the ridiculously small sum of $100. "But I didn't order it; I cannot afford it; and it is not worth any such sum; it's a very poor likeness." She smiles sweetly and says: "A lady was in my studio yesterday and admired it so much that she offered me $150 for it." You think of Mary with distorted features on a stranger's wall, and you are tempted to submit to the imposition. Be firm. And above all ask for a prompt return of the photograph.

We learn from Paris that women's hats are huger, sleeves fuller at the wrist, and skirts fuller.

It is now said that the great Micawber was a York man; one Richard Chicken, described in 1843 as a teacher of elocution, who was in the York office where Alfred Dickens, a brother of Charles, was employed. Chicken was in a constant state of financial stagnation. No pent up Utica or York contained Micawber's state. He was known to the early Egyptians, Solomon, the Moundbuilders, the founders of Chinon. He is as immortal as the Wandering Jew. Now he is masked as a promoter, now as an inventor. His pockets are stuffed with circulars; he suspects a gold mine in every vacant lot. He is always eloquent, generally cheerful; and, best of all, he is seldom a bore, although he is given to wasting your time.

"What do you think of her performance?" said one amateur to another at a recent piano recital. "I think she plays like a good Christian," was the answer. "A good Christian?" "Yes, her right hand does not know what her left hand is doing."—The Tatler.

We publish this to show the welcome given by breezy London journals to old and decrepit jokes.

Mr. Remy de Gourmont waxes hot over the negro question in the United States. From his tower of ivory he looks across the Atlantic and raises up his voice: "However perfect Baptists

and delicious Methodists Mr. Roosevelt's negroes may be, the Saxon and the Latin and the Celt revolt unanimously; and their revolt is a fine thing, for it is in conformity with the laws of nature. Patriotism of soil is excellent, and that one should defend his house against thieves is an elementary principle. The patriotism of the species, or, if you prefer the literary word, the patriotism of race has become as necessary as the patriotism of soil * * * The Americans by their protest against the too biblical sentiments of Mr. Roosevelt serve the cause of civilization, which depends absolutely on the preeminence of the white race; but if they decide to obey him, and accept black officials and marry negresses and raise a fine race of mulattoes; if in a word they are willing to degenerate, they will do Europe a great service. The country of Judge Lynch is too vigorous to consent to such humiliations, and the noble patriotism of species is too powerful there."

Here is a survival of the old and illogical question put by the slaveholder: "Do you wish your daughter to marry a negro?"

And we remember seeing these words on public buildings in France: "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity."

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Several murders committed lately in this country would have excited the attention of De Quincey. The Burdick case might have been alluded to in a foot note to the essay on murder as one of the fine arts, but the Siren of Neuilly story would have inspired additional pages. Here is a band of cutthroats led by a fascinating woman of nineteen years, and at home in a grand house which contains a hospital and an operating table for the advantage of any who may be wounded by a gendarme or a miserable bourgeois.

Mch 20 1903

# MISS JESSIE SHAY IN A RECITAL YESTERDAY

## A Pleasant Concert With a Show of Brilliance in Steinert Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Jessie Shay gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was an audience of fair size and applausive tendencies. The program was as follows:

Theme and variations.....Raff
Gavotte.....Emery
Chanson Triste.....Salmon
Capriccio, Op. 76, No. 2.....Brahms
Andante from Sonata Op. 5.....Brahms
"Alceste".....Gluck-Saint-Saens
Nocturne.....Chopin
Waltz, Op. 34.....Moszkowski
Hark, Hark the Lark.....Schubert-Liszt
Night Song.....Schumann
Military March.....Schubert-Tausig

Miss Shay has a pretty technic, well adapted to the performance of salon pieces. Her musical speech is inclined to be staccato, and when she sings a melody, it is generally without a liquid and persuasive flow. In pieces that demand a firm musical grasp and comprehension, a strong and soulful interpretation, she is unsatisfactory. Witness her inadequate performance of Brahms's andante. But there are moments and even hours in life when glitter and show and gay tunes and tinkling of cymbals have their worth and give enjoyment. And so it is not necessary to lay stress on Miss Shay's performance of the pieces by Brahms and Chopin, or to complain of absence of intellectuality or romanticism. She was effective in some of the variations by Raff, the arrangement from "Alceste," and especially in Moszkowski's waltz. Playing such pieces she is often brilliant, and her diction has genuine distance.

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The Irish of Newark and New York should not take Colonel Blake too seriously, even if he has been characterized as "an ideal champion of Irish liberty." We shall not soon forget our first meeting with the Colonel. We were terribly frightened and we meekly said, "Yes, sir," and "You are dead right" to every proposition advanced by him, however preposterous it might have seemed to a braver or reckless man; for we felt it in our bones that he would not hesitate to fill our voluptuous form with lead or to spill our New England blood all over the priceless rug that decorates the front parlor of the Porphyry. He himself told us that he had been shot to pieces and yet was never happy except when hearing the clash of sabres and the roar of cannon. But we found him later to be affable and kindly in spite of his warlike front, and as the evening wore on he was discovered to be a philanthropist incog. with the abiding wish to die for Texas, Ireland, or any other old country; and in this desire he merely echoed the opinion of the poet concerning the most glorious of deaths.

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Colonel Blake is constantly rhetorical. When he spoke of ferryboats sinking in the North River under the weight of English spies, and drew a fine picture of himself smiling on the shore, he was simply setting off fireworks at the banquet. The Colonel would be the first to jump into the water, bent on saving at least a dozen lives; he would be the first to aim at the mouths of the saved his trusty pocket pistol.

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Miss Floretta Vining "had no idea until this winter that theatres sometimes keep open until 11 P. M. Her studies of the Greek and Elizabethan drama had led her to believe that shows were held in the day time, and a visit to continuous performances would confirm this opinion. As a flat-dweller and a friend of humanity, we agree with her in the opinion that it is better for a young man to take his best girl to sup at a restaurant or hotel rather than at his lodgings. Even when you occupy the top flat, the sound of revelry, the popping of corks, the shouts of appreciation and tumultuous confidences arise and put sleep to flight, as though the floors were of paper and the rooms built with special consideration of acoustical properties.

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Mr. Thomas Lawrence, the elephanteer of the late Jingo, exclaimed in a passionate burst: "Six tons in weight, and yet all that flesh could not keep in a little life. Grief broke the heart of the majestic exile, sorrow at being parted from his consort." Mr. Lawrence need not despair of occupation, even if he does not find another elephant. Press agents are born, not made, and the bees clustered about the mouth of the young Lawrence in his cradle.

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B. H. T. writes to us that the name of Whitaker Wright suggests that of Montague Tigg; that the whole scheme was laid bare prophetically in "Martin Chuzzlewit"; but the avenging Jonas has not yet appeared.

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We have received the following letter:

Boston, March 18, 1903.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

I received this morning a circular from a firm of apothecaries, one of those confidential, persuasive circulars with which our letter boxes are stuffed daily. It addressed me as "Dear Friend," a familiarity that I resent, as I do the pawing of any genial acquaintance, who pats my shoulder, or calls me "Chatty, old boy," especially when we meet in a lobby or at the club.

The circular begins: "I do remember an apothecary, and hereabout he dwells." The writer affects the manner of the "artistic advertising agent"; but Romeo said "hereabouts" not "hereabout." And how unfortunate the allusion! The apothecary of Mantua had no show windows filled one week with bottles of perfumes, another week with rubber goods, now with throat-cures, and again with sponges eager to be squeezed. He had no fountain flowing with mineral waters, no cigar-case, no stock of candy. There was no army of clerks, white-jacketed, with hair pleasingly combed, with a seductive smile, and with vast fund of miscellaneous information and misinformation.

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthern pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a shew.

How misleading the allusion, for I assure you that the apothecaries who send out this circular keep a singularly attractive shop, in which it is a pleasure to wait for street cars, to consult the directory, to use the telephone, to ask questions, and incidentally to admire the musk-scented houri who draws soda and prepares phosphates with inimitable grace.

"At the door of our dispensing room stand three sentinels, Skill, Accuracy, Dispatch." "Sentinels?" But a sentinel is one who watches or keeps guard to prevent surprise. In this case do they sound an alarm at the advance of a clerk armed with a prescription?

CHATTERTON BLOW.

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The Pall Mall Gazette declares that a violent controversy has been raging in Flemish over the origin of "Everyman," that Mr. Logeman of Ghent insists that the English play was borrowed from the "Elckerlije" by Pieter Dorland of Diest, while Mr. de Raaf says Dorland stole from the English author.

"Has been raging"! But Dr. Henri Logeman advanced his proposition as far back as 1892 and Mr. Alfred W. Pollard in his "English Miracle Plays" (2d edition, 1895) says that "Everyman" is now known to be only a translation from the Dutch play. The discussion is by no means new.

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Here is a curious case of the law. A man in England had been in the habit for some years of drinking beer at a certain "pub" which he knew was maintained by a brewer whose beer he approved. One day he drank arsenic with his beer and was poisoned. The publican was innocent of the arsenical infusion, but the jury gave the customer £50 damages, and this verdict was sustained by the court of appeals, because "technically he bought by description—that is, he asked for So-and-so's brew."

Mch 2 1903

# MISS ANNA JANSEN IN

Miss Anna Jansen gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a small and exceedingly friendly audience. The program was as follows:

Beethoven.....Sonata, Op. 31, No. 2
Brahms.....Rhapsodie, No. 2
Rubinstein.....Barcarolle, G major
Neupert.....Poetical Study
Mendelssohn...Capriccio, F-sharp minor
Rachmaninoff.....Prelude
Delibes.....Passepied
Liszt.....Etude de Concert, D flat major
Wagner-Liszt.....Isolden's Liebsted

Miss Jansen may well stand as a type of many. She has no doubt studied faithfully with the ambition of being a concert pianist, and by hard work she has acquired a plausible technic which would carry her safely through a performance in a parlor or before an audience of personal friends. This technic is not authoritative when she plays in a public concert, and it at times deserts her. Because a person is fond of music or has devoted her life to learning an instrument, it does not follow that she is of a truly musical nature which inspires her and individualizes her. Many play the piano with a certain facility, and impress thereby their friends, and yet they do not grasp the meaning of a composition, and are far from catching the spirit of the composer.

Miss Jansen showed facility in Mendelssohn's Capriccio, but her rhythmic sense here, as in other pieces, was not pronounced, and she did not reproduce the demoniac spirit which is found in the Capriccio, as well as in portions of "The Walpurgi's Night," the spirit rare in Mendelssohn's work, and to which Buelow alluded. In Rubinstein's Barcarolle she did not sing sonorously the melody, while the comparatively commonplace passages were played neatly. Miss Jansen was unfortunate in the first movement of the sonata; there were pleasant moments in the movements that followed, but the sonata as a whole was beyond her grasp. Even if she had played it all correctly, the meaning of the music eluded her, and this may also be said of her interpretation of Brahms's Rhapsodie. Nimble fingers are not enough in themselves to reproduce heroic or emotional sentiments, and these particular fingers are not so thoroughly trained as to excite admiration and blind one for the moment to the absence of necessary aesthetic qualities.

There are many concerts during a season which are given for the purpose of reminding the musical world of the concert giver's existence; concerts for friends, and the parents of pupils or possible pupils. Such concerts do not call for long and searching criticism, and among them should be numbered the one given by Miss Jansen.

I too knitted the old knot of contrariety,
Blabb'd, blush'd, resented, lied, stole, grudg'd,
Had guile, anger, lust, hot wishes I dared not speak,
Was wayward, vain, greedy, shallow, sly, cowardly, malignant.
The wolf, the snake, the hog, not wanting in me.

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Rash and unconsidered words of the dead and the living are now brought forward as irrefutable evidence in murder trials or inquests. As it was said long ago: Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.

On last Monday we heard a man of blameless life and mild manners say, or rather scream out in the presence of several that it would give him great pleasure to see a prominent Bostonian hanging from a lamp-post. It was m__ hanging from a lamp-post. It was merely a rhetorical flourish, and it was accepted as such by the hearers. Now suppose that the prominent Bostonian had been found murdered in a quiet street near his home and that the man of the violent speech had been seen in the same street within a half hour before the murder. Would not that reckless speech have been brought up as damning evidence?

Not long ago we heard an amiable woman say of a pompous sister in this city that when she saw her, she knew how the knitters felt beneath the guillotine in the Reign of Terror. Again a mere rhetorical flourish.

And how is it, Mr. Johnson, with you? Have you not often expressed a wish, and in violent language, that So-and-So could be put out of the way for the good of the community or the country at large?

Even if Mr. Pennell wrote in a letter that he felt it his duty "to kill Ed. Burdick,' did he write more than what you have sometimes thought, if not said, of another?

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There is so much hysteria in the air. We heard yesterday a man of shrewd business sense explain the true inwardness of the Pennell accident. "He had thought it all out carefully. He lost his hat purposely. He feigned a motion to recover it. The setting of the brake meant nothing, for he set it too late as a bluff, or the brake set itself in the tumble." Yes, and Mr. Pennell thoughtfully provided for the presence of the small boy or boys who saw the hat fly off, the gesture of attempted recovery, and all that. And the shrewd business man went on: "Or he may have repented of his purpose when it was too late, and then set the brake." Thus is valuable time wasted.

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And has no one of you ever thought of the consequent advantage if a rival in business or office were suddenly removed? Not that you yourself were willing to use the sandbag or the knife, but if he were only under ground, you might be judge, or managing editor, or in control of a monopoly, or free from the possibility of exposure. It is the old story of the mandarin and the button. If by pressing a button in Boston you could kill a mandarin in China with great advantage to your own condition and without the slightest risk of detection, would you do it? If you have ever felt the temptation, why are you so cocksure of the guilt of every accused one before the evidence is in court? And why are you so eager to assume that any relationship between a man and a woman must be amatory and in all probability illegitimate?

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It appears that in Buffalo, as in other large American towns, the citizen has few rights. What redress has the woman clerk of Mr. Burdick, who was humiliated publicly by being dragged to an examination? During her absence, her room was searched and her effects left in the wild confusion that attends investigation by burglar or American custom-house officer. Had the searchers a warrant for their purpose? Of all forms of tyranny, police tyranny is the most offensive. In this country it is generally founded on invincible stupidity or the wish to save the honor of—the police force.

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Remote Patchogue has also its diversions. We like to think of Mr. "Mule" Hoey, one of a family of distinguished play-actors and himself no mean ventriloquist, firing a revolver at prominent persons in a box, in a spirit of pique, because they did not fully appreciate his art. If spectators are sluggish in applause, they should be quickened to sentience. The stage cannot be elevated, either by subsidy, consulting committee of college professors, or jack-screws, so long as audiences are dull of hearing and fat-witted.

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"Fudge" is the one illuminative word at Cambridge. Mayor McNamee says "fudge," and the citizens say "fudge" to him. Nothing could be fairer than this.

But just what does fudge mean? Is it merely "the inarticulate expression of indignant disgust"? The first appearance of the word in literature is in the description of the call of Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs on the Vicar of Wakefield's household: "But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behavior of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out 'fudge!' an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation."

Does the word come from the provincial French "fuche" or the low Ger-

man "futsch"? Or shall we trace it to the story of 1700 quoted by the elder D'Israeli: "There was, sir, in our times one Captain Fudge, who always brought home his owners a good cargo of lies, so much that now aboard ship the sailors, when they hear a great lie told, cry out, 'You fudge it!'"

The talk for a fortnight will be of the opera singers, their personal tastes and opinions, and incidentally there will be some discussion of the operas in which they deign to sing.

### The Repertory.

We have already considered the repertory. It is a pleasure to see the Italians so well represented: Donizetti with his delightful "Daughter of the Regiment," of which Chorley wrote: "There is a careless gayety amounting to merriment—there is a frankness, always military, never vulgar—in this music;" the opera of which even the priggish Mendelssohn said when some were decrying it in his presence: "Well, I don't know; I am afraid I like it. I think it is very pretty—it is so merry. Do you know, I should like to have written it myself." And to many of the audience the opera will be a positive novelty. Then there will be Leoncavallo's tragic "Pagliacci," in which Alvarez will appear here for the first time as the crazed Canio; Alvarez, whose favorite amusement off the stage, they say, is playing the cornet. Verdi will be represented by his "Traviata," in which young Mr. Dani, the lyric tenor, will make his debut here as the lover of Violetta-Sembrich, and by "Il Trovatore" with Nordica, Louise Homer, De Marchi, and Campanari—old "Il Trovatore," which still today is one of the most popular operas on the stage throughout Germany, and in total number of performances in a year ranks close to "Lohengrin," "Tannhaeuser" and "Carmen," the opera of immortal melody, and with a fourth act in which there is poignant dramatic intensity as well as a wealth of tunes. (Are we not to hear "Un Ballo in Maschera" the second week?) And Puccini's "La Boheme," with Sembrich as Mimi, makes the fifth Italian opera of the week. "Le Prophete" will be revived, once a glory of the French opera, and Wagner will be represented by "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger" and "Die Walkuere," in which Georg Anthes and Alois Burgstaller will make a first appearance in this city.

### Possibilities.

I have asked whether "Un Ballo in Maschera" will not be given, especially since the Italian censor decreed that the scene should be laid in Boston, and we should all feel a peculiar interest in the sorrows and naughty deeds of leading citizens and their wives, as portrayed by the ingenious librettist. The presence of a sorceress should not disturb us, for there have been witches in Boston. There has been talk of producing Miss Smyth's "Der Wald," which first saw the footlights at Berlin in April of last year. Miss Ethel Smyth, the daughter of General J. H. Smyth of the Royal Artillery, studied at the Leipsic Conservatory, and with Herzogenberg, and first attracted notice by her string quintet performed at Leipsic about 20 years ago. She has written a mass (London, 1893), a serenade for orchestra, and an overture, "Antony and Cleopatra," as well as an opera, "Fantasio," performed some years ago at Weimar and Carlsruhe. Miss Smyth last Sunday explained the libretto of "Der Wald" and played and sang some of the more important pages to guests invited by Mr. Lang to his music rooms. She is a woman of extraordinary vitality and frankness, a woman wholly without affectation. Her belief in her own work is firm and abiding, and it may here be said that the story is out-of-the-common and invites dramatic music. But this story has already been told in the Journal, and it is time enough to speak of the music when the opera is performed—if it be performed.

### Operatic Notes.

There will be only one sacred concert this season by the Metropolitan Opera House Company at the Boston Theatre, the performance of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" on Sunday evening, March 29, when Gadski, Schumann-Heink, Salignac and Journet wil be the solo singers.

Mozart's "Magic Flute" may be given during the second week with Sembrich, Gadski, Scheff, Seygard, Homer, Bridewell, Salignac, Campanari, Reiss and Edouard de Reszke in the cast. The repertory and casts for the second week will be announced tomorrow, and the seat will go on sale at the box office of the theatre Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. A change of bill is promised for each evening.

### People's Choral Union.

The program of the People's Choral Union concert this evening, Mr. Cole, conductor, will include two or three choral works that are not familiar to the mass of concert-goers. Professor Paine's cantata, "The Nativity" was written for the sixth triennial festival of the Handel and Haydn, and was produced under the composer's direction May 2, 1883. He chose for his text verses from Milton's ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity." The cantata is in three parts: the first begins after a short prelude with "It was the winter wild" and goes to the end of the seventh stanza. Part II. treats of the shepherds on the lawn. Part III., "Ring out, ye crystal spheres," includes stanzas 13, 14, 15. At the words "And with your manifold harmony" the voice parts burst fortissimo into nine parts, two sopranos, two altos, three tenors, and two basses. The solo singers were Emma Thursby, Mathilde Phillipps, George W. Want, M. W. Whitney. The Handel and Haydn sang the work again Jan. 29, 1888. Weber's cantata, "In Constant Order," was written in 1812. It was dedicated to the Swiss Music Society. It was sung for the first time at Leipsic Jan. 1, 1813. Weber wrote of the performance: "It went well until the choral, when Miss Campaguoli flatted so terribly that I broke out in a cold sweat." Edgar Stillman Kelly's "O Captain, My Captain" is music set to Walt Whitman's noble lines.

### The Misses Sondheim.

Ottyle and Jullette Sondheim, who will play pieces for two pianos here this week, appeared in New York last January, after study and concerts in European cities. The stern critic of the Evening Post was moved to admit that they were "young and comely," and the Rhadamanthus of the Tribune found that their minds and muscles were "happily synchronized." "The field which they have chosen for their artistic activity has charms for the lovers of pianoforte music sitting in cozy and sympathetic communion." Sitting on the grass? Or on the fence of the field? The Mail and Express alluded to the Misses Sondheim as "the double star that swam into the ken of Mendelssohn Hall." An ensemble piano concert was given here in February, 1890, by Messrs. Doerner and Andres of Cincinnati, but such performances are not common. The Misses Sondheim will play a Romanze by Thern, as did the Two Gentlemen of Cincinnati before them. Carl Thern (1817-1886) was busied at Budapest as conductor and teacher; but he left his positions to educate his sons, traveled as a virtuoso and died at Vienna. He wrote three operas, which were produced, but he was especially known by his arrangements for two pianos of classical pieces. He made them for his sons, Willie and Louis, who were some time famous as ensemble players.

### Other Concerts.

The fourth of Miss Lincoln's Sunday afternoon concerts for the benefit of the Mt. Pleasant Home will take place next Sunday afternoon, March 29. Mr. Stephen Townsend will sing "Vision Fugitive" by Massenet; Miss Lincoln, Mr. Ellison Van Hoose and Mr. Townsend will sing a trio from "Attila"; Mrs. Langton-Frothingham will play three piano pieces; and the second part of the program will be devoted to Homer Norris's "The Flight of the Eagle."——Mrs. Antoinette Szumowska's piano recital will be on Thursday afternoon, April 2, in Steinert Hall. She will play pieces by Handel, Brahms, Mozart, Scarlatti, Chopin, Chaminade, Schloetzer, Liszt.——Mr. Herman Heberlein, 'cellist, assisted by Miss Masson, soprano, Miss Annah Howe, 'cellist, Miss Uhlig, pianist, and Mr. W. T. Uhlig, 'cellist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall on Monday evening, April 6.

### Creatore's Band.

Mr. Mudgett has arranged for two concerts by Creatore's band early in April. Since Creatore was here he has made an extended tour of the country, and given from twelve to fourteen concerts each week. He returns with new pieces in his repertory, and he has composed certain pieces especially for Boston. The concerts will be in Symphony Hall, on Saturday afternoon, April 4, and Sunday evening, April 5.

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And since I have friends in the earth and sea—
with a few, I trust, on high—
'Tis a matter of small account to me, the way
that I must die.
For whether I sink in the foaming flood, or
swing in the triple tree,
Or die in my grave as a Christian should, is
much the same to me.

So sang Charles Godfrey Leland in a volume of his youthful years, "Meister Karl's Sketch-Book." Let us not inquire too curiously whether he wrote "lie in my grave" or "die in my grave." The printer preferred the latter phrase.

To the world at large Leland is Hans Breitmann, not the antiquarian, the translator, the comrade of gypsies, the handicraftsman, the scholar. He is the author of "Hans Breitmann's Barty." Yet Breitmann himself first appeared as a poet in Vanity Fair and his adventures and musings in the Tyrol were published by a London firm, long after the early sets of ballads became caviare to the fickle crowd and the author was merely a name.

The word Breitmann is spoken and every one mentions Breitmann's Barty. Yet there is a finer and more subtle Breitmann, he that exclaimed at the sight of Schnitzerl's proud ride on a velocipede:

Oh, vot ish all dis eart'ly pliss?
Oh, vot ish man's soocksess?
Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?
Aud vot ish hobbiness?
Ve find a pank node in de shtreedt,
Next dings der pank ish preak!
Ve folls, and knocks our outsides in,
Vhen ve a ten shtrike make.

There is a heroic Breitmann, glorious in war as when he led his company in Maryland:

Mit shout and crash and sabre flash,
And wild husaren shout,
De Dootchmen boorst de kelier in,
Und rolled de lager out;
Und in de coorlin' powder shmoke,
Vhile shtill de pullets sung,
Dere shtood der Breitmann, axe in hand,
A knockin' out de boong.
Gling, glang, gloria!
Victorin! Encoria!
De shpicket beats de boong.
Gotts! vot a shpree der Breitmann had
Vhile yet his hand was red,
A trinkin' lager from his poots
Among de repel tead.

And again there is the Breitmann, who dreams of old legends, who always hears the murmuring of the Rhine, as Heine's Rabbi was haunted by the splash of the Jordan; the Breitmann that sings the melancholy fate of the noble Ritter Hugo von Schwillensaufenstein:

Und oop dere rose a meermald,
Vot hadn't got nodings on,
Und she say, "Oh, Ritter Hugo,
Vhere you goes mit yourself alone?"

As a boy Leland went to school to Bronson Alcott, but he did not suffer materially thereby. He was afterward at Greene's in Jamaica Plain, where at the age of 10 he wrote a poem on an oriental subject. Before he went to college he was versed in the lore of the alchemists and Rosicrucians, and at Princeton he pored night and day over the volumes of the transcendentalists. Then there was student life abroad, and he was in the advanced class that fought at the barricade in the Faubourg St. Antoine. At home with Parisian vagabonds and London swells, he returned to this country, studied law, entered the bar, turned newspaper man, edited, translated, established a weekly paper, speculated in coal and petroleum, went to Europe and studied the gypsies, traveled, introduced industrial education into public schools, was one of the originators of the Folk Lore Congress, and put forth volume after volume full of curious learning, shrewd observation and reflection, and rich, bubbling humor. And the end came to him at Florence, a city very dear to him.

Whether he wrote about Gypsy or Indian lore, Etruscan superstitions, slang—for he compiled a slang dictionary—poetry, or workmen's tools, he was always entertaining. He has been accused of superficiality, but the accuracy of the great majority of his statements has not been shaken, and the few slips he made are as a little chaff in a vast storehouse of sound wheat. When his amusing memoirs appeared, he was reproached for his vanity, but vanity was hardly the word to be applied to the personal confessions any more than to the essays of Montaigne or the disclosures of Herbert of Cherbury, Cellini, Rousseau. Leland had seen and observed enormously and in many deeds he had played an active part. To have eliminated himself would have been mock-modesty, offensive egoism.

He was a most accomplished newspaper man in the days when there were giants. He was the foreign editor of the International, the assistant editor of Sartains, the editor of the Illustrated News, editorial writer on the staff of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, on the staff of Frank Leslie's and Vanity Fair, foreign editor of the New York Times under Henry J. Raymond, managing editor of the Philadelphia Press. As a newspaper man he was industrious, versatile, keen, discriminative, sane. And as such he should be ever remembered honorably in the annals of journalism.

As a translator he is best known by his version of Heine's prose and poetry. No one who approached this difficult task was more in sympathy with that master of satire and sentiment; no one caught so fully Heine's spirit of mockery; no one has had the audacity to translate Heine so literally even when he was most extravagant and at contemptuous war with English conventionalities. And now we may fancy Leland, not at rest, but talking familiarly with Rabelais, Heine, and George Borrow, for each one of these who passed through the door that leads from this poor ante-chamber to the true and vast gathering-hall of the universe can understand his speech, and no doubt they have all waited for him with some show of impatience and constant straining of the eyes.

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The European Express of Feb. 15, published at Brussels, contains an article of great value to all students of woman, her place in nature, and her peculiar and legitimate sphere.

"In women, character in dress shows itself, primarily in three very distinct types. These are: 1. The tailor-made. 2. The artistic (so-called). 3. The merely clothed."

The writer puts in the first class all the women who are by nature "neat, methodical and generally exemplary." "This class usually does its hair like a fashion plate." "The clique called 'smart society,'" is also included in this class.

The artistic woman, it appears, wears either a soft lace collar or no collar at all. "An abnormally high collar argues, in either sex, small brain power * * * a floppy one, artistic feeling, unconventionality, originality, and sometimes even genius."

"If her bonnet be very much on one side, or her skirt awry, you may suspect her to be political; if she have big shoes, you may take it for granted that she has also deep interests."

Now, all these paragraphs invite, nay say rather demand discussion, but we must defer the delight of battle until the return of our valued contributor, the Earnest Student of Sociology. At present he is in Buffalo, a guest of the Elmwood Club.

But we were nearly forgetting an extraordinarily illuminative paragraph.

"Much character may be divined from a woman's 'doing' her hair. Hair dragged back from the temples suggests a dull, tenacious, prosaic nature; parted in the middle, it gives, in youth, an idea of engaging simplicity; in age, of calm stateliness; drawn high over a cushion, it indicates pride, obstinacy, prejudice, determination; pulled or dropped forward in 'early Victorian' loops over the ears, it suggests, in youth, coquetry and slatternliness; in age, conservatism, mingled with pure philosophy."

We could write column after column on woman's hair, and give admirable instances from the amorous eulogy of Apelelus to the profound observation of Cooley ("The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts"): "The hair, too, often indirectly becomes, in other ways, a rude exponent of perturbations of the mind. In moments of intense thought, hesitation, and perplexity, where does the hand unconsciously wander to, and the busy fingers find occupation?" And there might be digressions as to why the glory of woman should be the shame of man. Thus Mr. Israel Zangwill says: "There are three reasons why men of genius have long hair. One is that they forget it is growing. The second is that they like it. The third is that it comes cheaper; they wear it long for the same reason that they wear their hats long. Owing to this peculiarity of genius, you may get quite a reputation for lack of two-pence."

But we must wait the coming of the Earnest Student. Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?

We have received the following original quotation:

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

What's in a name? Why everything. Just see
How Bryan named his journal cleverly;
Boon to the sleepless, certain to bring slumber
He makes it Commoner with every number.
CONSTANT READER.

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At the Jardin des Plantes:

"Why, see, the bear has gone into his cave It must be too hot for him. These animals are as sensitive to the temperature as so many thermometers."

"Centigrade?"

"No, plantigrade!"—Figaro (Paris).

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All checks given as wedding gifts this spring must be certified, otherwise society editors in pursuance of instructions will not mention them.

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The Reverend Minot J. Savage, D. D., says that poverty would vanish if men lived according to Christ's teachings.

This statement reminds us of certain words of the Saviour:

Blessed be ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God. Luke vi., 20.

But woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation. Luke vi., 21.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. Matthew xix., 24.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth. Matthew vi., 19.

For ye have the poor always with you. Matthew xxvi., 11.

Perhaps Dr. Savage means to say that there would be beneficent communism if the sayings of the Teacher were obeyed implicitly by all who profess to follow him. No doubt in a state of ideal Christianity there would be ideal communism, there would be one huge, all-embracing trust for the advantage of the whole world, Cuba not excepted.

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If you wish to know how stupid city-life will be a century hence read Mr. Tarbouriech's "La cite future," a thick book of 500 pages—over a page for each day of the year. He that will refuse to do his appointed work—for everyone will be born with an office and a salary—will not be fined but deprived of his income, and if he persists in the desire to loaf and invite his soul, a medical tribunal will sentence him to a psychotherapeutic treatment. Any one that happens to have a queasy stomach or weak lungs will be promptly set apart as a degenerate and prevented from propagation. Any imperfect baby will be sentenced by this tribunal—what were those of Venice or Seville in comparison?—to a return to nothingness. Truly a book that reconciles us to life in Boston, Terre Haute, Prairie du Chien, or Hockanum Ferry.

# PEOPLE'S CHORAL UNION

Last evening at Symphony Hall there took place the sixth annual concert of the People's Choral Union, Mr. Samuel W. Cole, conductor. The program consisted of Professor Paine's cantata, "The Nativity," the text from Milton's poem, E. S. Kelly's setting of "O, Captain, My Captain!" by Walt Whitman, Mozart's "Ave Verum" and "Glory, Honor, Praise and Power," and a hymn by Von Weber, "In Constant Order Works the Lord." The chorus was assisted by the Boston Festival Orchestra and the following soloists: Mrs. Kileski Bradbury, soprano; Miss Alice M. Stanaway, contralto; Mr. Clarence B. Shirley, tenor, and Mr. Leverett B. Merrill, bass.

All things considered, the chorus did good work last evening. In commenting upon a performance of this sort, it must be borne in mind, as the printed program suggests, that this is not a chorus of picked voices. But the ensemble was even, the intonation for the most part accurate, and the singers responsive to every slightest signal. There were tedious pages in the music and a good deal of raw fortissimo is trying to the ear, however leniently disposed that ear may be; but the performance is to be commended as a thoroughly conscientious and creditable effort in the right direction.

The work of the orchestra gave great pleasure. The solo artists sang simply, and were well received. Mrs. Bradbury's voice, as true, clear and incisive as a bird's, strained a little at the highest notes; but her breath-control was excellent, and her sustained passages very smooth. Mr. Merrill has an agreeable voice, full, resonant and so flexible that he has not gotten it entirely under control; there was some tremolo. Mr. Cole was warmly greeted by a large and friendly audience.

Opera Mch 24 1903

The Metropolitan Opera House Company began a season of two weeks last night at the Boston Theatre. The operas were Donizetti's "The Daughter of the Regiment" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." The cast of Donizetti's opera, conducted by Mr. Flon, was as follows:

Marie ........................ Sembrich
The Marquise ........................ Van Cauteren
Tonio ........................ Salignac
Sulpice ........................ Gilibert
Hortensius ........................ Dufriche

## Operatic Revivals.

Operas, like books, have their fate. Some, yes the great majority, see the day of publication, enjoy a little popularity, or at once fall flat, and are soon known only to makers of catalogues or rummagers in the huge dustbin of Time. The very modernity of an opera is often the cause of its speedy dissolution. A few of the older operas, as Mozart's "Don Giovanni," and "Marriage of Figaro," smile in the face of the arch destroyer; Rossini still laughs with his "Barber of Seville," but how many opera-makers with their once admired works are merely names in the lists punctiliously prepared and verified for complete encyclopaedias! Here is Donizetti, whose tunes were so familiar and beloved, a man of sixty-six operas, and by what is he known to American audiences of 1903? By his "Lucia," abridged and mangled to make a prima-donna's holiday. "Lucrezia Borgia," with music that breathes voluptuous elegance, with music that stirs and thrills, is as though it never had been. Not even the superb last act has saved "La Favorita." Now comes Sembrich and reveals to the younger generation the grace and sparkle and spontaneity of Donizetti, the composer of "The Daughter of the Regiment" and "Don Pasquale," admirable music-comedies.

## Dangers of Revival.

The revival of an old opera is always adventurous, generally fatal. A composer writes for his contemporaries; he is in the fashion; and as a rule the later audience is not in sympathy with his thought or expression. Comedy, which is supposed to portray life and manners, hears better than tragedy this touchstone of revival. (There is glorious music in the serious operas of Rossini and Spontini, but what audience today would sit till the fall of the curtain on those old and faded dramatic works?) The veterans among the audience, at first delighted to renew their youth, are soon saddened by the thought of golden and applauded voices now choked by dust, and if they smile, it is at the ignorant enthusiasm of the younger. Then there is the hostile hearer, who does not value perspective, and compares the method of the composer of 1840 with that of the opera-maker of to-day, and prates of "thinness of orchestration," "old-fashioned formulas." As though any composer worthy the name is without formulas and mannerisms! The mannerisms of Wagner are even now intolerable to some.

## Donizetti's Opera.

The veteran last night perhaps remembered Alboni, and surely the long procession of Maries who beat the drum, down to Parepa, Duval, Marimon. Has "The Daughter of the Regiment" been sung here since 1889? Would it be tolerable and to be endured if it were produced as Donizetti planned it for the Opera Comique in Paris? When it was first produced in 1840 it was coolly received, and not till it was translated into Italian did it make its triumphant way over all Europe. We heard it last night squeezed down as by a duck press into a Donizettian essence for the use of sopranos.

But as the opera was revived for a prima-donna, why should not all that is extraneous be cut out? The old tunes, sung and strummed by the musical women of New England for twenty-five years were heard again, and the veterans nodded wise heads and whispered to their neighbors: "This is like old times;" an idiomatic phrase, but one easily understood. And how charming some of the music is! How direct the appeal! How frank and spontaneous the melody! The trio of Sulpice and the two women is as delicious as some of the best numbers of "Don Pasquale," and there is an honesty of pathos in Marie's farewell to her soldier friends which would save even a less characteristic melody, and move even when sung by a singer of less renown. It is not often in musical comedy that a composer is at once so poignant and so gay with so little apparent labor. But this opera was written in holiday mood.

## The Performance.

The performance was something more than the vocal display by Sembrich. She acted with the charm of simplicity; her high spirits were contagious; her sentiment was unaffected; and her singing for the most part was a great delight. At first she was perhaps not wholly in the vein; but her reading of the musical sentences was always one of consummate artistry, and by this beauty of phrasing she gave a rarer pleasure than by flights of bravura, brilliant as they often were. Admirable as was her interpretation, the impersonation of Sulpice by Gilibert was by no means secondary. He acted the part manfully, with a sense of humor that was un[der] artistic control, with a finesse that was not incompatible with the brusqueness of the character, and he sang delightfully, with purity of tone, breadth of phrase, and general understanding. Salignac's voice is not suited to flowing Italian melody, and brave endeavor and great care will not of themselves save the tenor in such music. The other parts were acceptably taken.

Sembrich for a finale—matters were brought to a conclusion in this version, as though the librettist were named Wemmick—introduced Arditi's "Parla" waltz, to the great joy of the audience, which was of good size and indefatigable with applause. The shortness of this opera and that of Leoncavallo's grim melodrama should have guaranteed an evening of reasonable length. But the waltz were long and the final curtain did not fall till midnight. It would have been wiser to have changed the order of the operas, to have dismissed the audience in cheerful mood. After "Pagliacci," Donizetti's opera would have been a relief, would have been even more sparkling. As it was, a black draught followed a light and foaming wine.

## Pagliacci.

The cast of "Pagliacci," conducted by Mr. Mancinelli, was as follows:

Nedda ........................ Scheff
Canio ........................ Alvarez
Tonio ........................ Scotti
Peppe ........................ Reiss
Silvio ........................ Declery

Alvarez was seen and heard here for the first time as Canio, and as both Fritzi Scheff and Scotti were in familiar parts the interest naturally centred in the unknown impersonation. Alvarez has his great gifts and his limitations. Nature gave him a sonorous, vibrant organ, which yet has tones of velvet. He has abused this voice of late in his insatiate desire to be constantly heroic and irresistible, so that his intonation is often uncertain. Furthermore he has acquired mannerisms that detract seriously from the force of his performance; mannerisms, such as changing tone to a sob or a merely bronchial exclamation; too frequent and unmeaning slurring.

He has great and overwhelming moments, when by animal force he carries all before him. Too often in his outbursts he sweeps away the composer and his music. Thus last night he was much more effective in the earlier passages of the first act than in the famous soliloquy of despair which closes the act; and De Lucia, by his quiet intensity and by supreme authority that was never boisterous, gave a stronger portrayal of heart-breaking anguish in spite of his slighter figure and his naturally weaker voice. Scotti was a malignant Tonio, who delivered the prologue with true subtlety. Fritzi Scheff appreciated the character of Nedda, and as a soubrette found the part congenial. Mr. Declery was the best Silvio that has yet appeared in Boston. The chorus was effective. The orchestra, led with spirit and authority by Mr. Mancinelli, forgetful of the difference between the acoustic properties of the Boston Theatre and the huge Metropolitan, was constantly boisterous throughout the first act. After the first act there was stormy and long-continued applause. There were recalls and recalls, but Mr. Scotti did not appear with Fritzi Scheff and Alvarez. The cries for Scotti became so urgent that Alvarez finally repeated the soliloquy. This repetition injured the general effect and prolonged unnecessarily and fruitlessly the performance.

The opera this evening will be "Lohengrin."

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We have received the following letter:

Westwood, March 22, 1903.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Occasion drew me last Friday to the city. I am never tired of watching the endless panorama and I often loaf at a corner as though I was waiting for a car, but solely for the purpose of seeing the passing crowd.

The Arabian Nights has long been my favorite book and I remember the thrill of joy that seized me when Dr. Edward Everett Hale told me that he had several editions of the immortal stories and that he ranked the unknown tellers as among the supreme masters of imagination.

I was in the upper part of State street a few minutes before noon, and I saw a sight such as Emir Musa saw when he entered into the City of Brass—a strange scene of human-petrification. Men of all classes and every description of dress stood silent; rigid figures, expectant, with mouth open and eyes strained they gazed at the Ames Building. Each gaper held something in his hand. The resemblance of the human face to that of a lower animal was strangely marked; but the human squirrel was not chattering, the pig's face was turned from fruit stand or barroom, the horse and the sheep and the rabbit all looked upward, immovable, rigid as were the doorkeepers, and eunuchs and chamberlains and officers and merchants and handicraftsmen, and Tadmurah herself, the daughter of the kings of the Amalekites in that far-off walled town of the Orient. I moved among them, I jostled them, and no one turned his head, no one frowned, no word of harshness broke the awful silence. Suddenly, as at some magic formula, each one said, "Ah," "Ha-ha," "Dear, dear;" there was a shoving of watches into pockets; eyes were again speculative; there was babel and haste. The time-ball had fallen.

LUCIEN B. HENDERSON.

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Mr. Johnson is as unlucky as Romeo or Murad; nor can he be accused of contributory negligence. He did not send away his light overcoat last fall to be naphtha-cleansed and stored, for he argued to himself shrewdly: "there will be an early spring; I'll need the overcoat so soon that I'll keep it in in the hall closet and look at it often for fear of moths." Last week he smiled and rubbed his hands, as a coal merchant in December. "Let others sweat, and catch pneumonia; I have my light overcoat." He went to the closet. Scene for the Historical Painter. Mr. Johnson's passionate look would have reminded him of Thyestes when he was told at table that he had eaten of his own son, or of Bajazet when he first went into the iron cage. His roaring filled the flat. To him came tripping Mrs. Johnson: "Augustus, dear, I gave your spring overcoat to Mrs. Bollman to mend. The sleeve linings were giving out. I thought you'd like to have the coat all ready for the warm weather." Mr. Johnson sweated great drops those memorable days. In spite of all precautions he now has a hacking cough. Mrs. Bollman still has the overcoat.

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Some insist that the dramatic critic of the London Times should have taken his seat in spite of the remonstrances of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and the manager. They say everyone has a legal right to an unoccupied seat at a theatre as long as he is willing to pay for it and conduct himself properly. This is not true in England, where a manager may turn a man out without giving any reason. Some go so far as to say the manager need not return the ejected his money. In 1845, a Mr. Wood, who was known to the police, bought a ticket for the Doncaster ring, was ordered out by the Earl of Eglintoun, the steward, and at last removed by force. He did not get his guinea back; he did not win his action. "He was a mere 'licensee' on the land, and unless he had got a deed duly executed his license could be revoked at any moment. So any playgoer who wishes to be protected absolutely against the manager should (if he does not take a conveyance) at least enter into a formal contract with the money-taker that if he is expelled he shall have his money back."

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We have received a copy of "Musical Notes," a magazine which is "published quarterly" in Philadelphia. The correspondence from New York has the note of personality that now characterizes the higher criticism. Thus we read:

"It is reported that Hermann Rietzel (oboe) and Jerry Kregel (bassoon) have in contemplation a tour of the Western

States in their new sketch entitled 'scenes in a bug-house; or, why I was compelled to gargle my throat with Evan's ale.'"

There is a complimentary allusion to "John Knelsel," the concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but nothing is said about the conductor, George Henry Gericke.

"Musical Notes" is, first of all, alive and modern. There are no long winded articles on "Precursors of the Ocarina" or "Did the Egyptians Know the Use of the Trill?" The document consulted are all human. Witness this paragraph concerning a distinguished New York artist:

"George McNeice, who experienced an exceedingly violent attack of inflammatory rheumatism, has fully recovered his health and is as chipper as ever. He still wears that same pair of red socks, and may they long be preserved, for the writer has seen them for five years."

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Here is a bit of singular advice from the new edition of Bradshaw's "Overland Guide": "In the few cases when one does want a revolver one wants it very badly, so let it be handy—not in the hip pocket, but in the side pocket of the overcoat or jacket; not under the pillow, but down in the middle of the bed or berth, near the right hand, and at need do not hesitate to fire through the clothes, and before the weapon can be seen."

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The whims of collectors have excited wonder for years. We all have read of collectors of halters, hats, boots of celebrities, etc. Rosaline Masson, the novelist, and youngest daughter of Professor Masson, collected kisses from famous men and women when she was a young girl. Among the most prized kisses in her collection are those of Carlyle, Browning, and Modjeska. Youth is the time for collecting. But youth is reckless and does not always inquire into the celebrity of the one kissing or kissed.

Mch 25 1903

# Lohengrin

"Lohengrin" was performed last night t the Boston Theatre by the Metropolian Opera House Company. Mr. Alfred lertz conducted in Boston for the first ime. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| lenry, the Fowler | Ed. de Reszke |
| ohengrin | Anthes |
| lsa | Nordica |
| rederick | Bispham |
| rtrud | Schumann-Heink |
| he Herald | Muehlmann |

The performance was on the whole ighly respectable and matter-of-fact. n certain technical respects it was the est performance that has been given ere for several years, and the credit r this result is due Mr. Hertz. The reat audience was mightily pleased ith the ensemble and after the finale t the first act there were repeated realls. The rapture grew more and more nodcrate, but there was always close ttention, and there was evident satisaction.

### Knight and Maiden.

Wagner himself took pains to analze minutely the character of Ortrud, nd he wrote at length concerning the anner in which the music should be erformed. But traditions are soon hopessly confused, or clean forgotten. The ssential features of an ideal performnce of "Lohengrin" are the mystic athosphere that should enwrap the night-errant, and the portrayal of a reamy Elsa. Lohengrin is no ordinary avalier with a good sword and a ready ar for a maiden's tale of woe. Seen a night vision, he comes and he dearts as in a dream. He is not wholly f this earth, even when he is prepared wed Elsa. He is not really in need f mortal weapon when he battles with elramund. His thoughts, his recollecons, his hopes, are of a far-off land, nd there is a gracious condescension his love for the slandered maiden. nd Elsa? She dreams dreams and sees isions in the night-watches. She is aporous, neurotic, passionate, with the errible passion of unconscious womanood, curious as Eve, and yet somewhat fraid of the conventionalities. What her Count should have no just claim his title? Did she fear ridicule? In ules Laforgue's strange version she is orward and exacting as soon as Lohngrin declares his love, and the knight, sturbed by her aggressive womanhood, alls for his swan, even when her arms ncompass him.

### Anthes as Lohengrin.

Mr. Georg Anthes made his first apearance last night in this city. As a nger he is more agreeable than many his predecessors. His voice is manly nd naturally an instrument for the splay of contrasted emotion. He does t wander so recklessly from the true pitch as does the ordinary German tenor; nor is he so throaty or guttural. His intonation last night was not absolutely flawless; but the vocal faults which we are accustomed to consider as given by divine right to tenors made in Germany were not in evidence so as to impair the value of his impersonation. He sang in a straight-forward, unaffected manner. His farewell to the swan was given with surprisingly short breaths, but he afterwards showed that when the occasion demanded he could deliver the long phrase. But his impersonation lacked the quality of qualities: it was unimaginative, prosaic. His apparition was without suggestion of the supernatural. He left the swan boat as any passenger today might disembark at Cologne or at Mainz. His behavior before Henry's court was civil but not distinguished. He brought with him no atmosphere. He was simply Mr. Anthes, late of Dresden, who proceeded to sing and do his stage-business in a conscientious manner to the very best of his lights. These lights unfortunately were not of a high illuminative power. An excellent German tenor took the part of Lohengrin, and he sang and acted without subtlety, without marked tenderness, without chivalric distinction, without the suggestion of mysticism.

### Nordica's Elsa.

Nordica's Elsa has been a slow development. At first she was the conventional heroine in distress, a self-conscious heroine, whose delight, like Burns's beggar-woman, was in proper young men. This Elsa might well have alluded to Lohengrin as her "gentleman friend." But Nordica soon outgrew this conventionality. Her impersonation gained steadily in sweetness, in repose, in quiet authority. Last night she often sang with exquisite emotional skill, as when she poured out her maiden soul from the balcony. She has learned to color tone for the sake of a specific emotion, and long ago she was a mistress of the art of song. Last night she fell occasionally below the pitch, but on the whole she sang admirably. Is she the Elsa of the legend? I do not find in her the dreamy, languorous maiden of night sweats, ecstatic visions, vague yearnings; the maiden that lured Lohengrin from his home and made him content to dwell with wrangling mortals. And who is there today upon the operatic stage that suggests at once this maiden, not a heroine, or if a heroine a weak and pitiable one, human and lovable? I doubt if a superb Bruennhilde can be Elsa even for a night.

### In General.

Thus there was a Lohengrin without ineffable distinction, and there was a noble singer and most zealous actress who was not the ideal Elsa. Add to them Mr. Bispham, whose Telramund as an impersonation was wholly within the frame, and who stood out boldly from the canvas. We are all accustomed by this time to Schumann-Heink's Ortrud. She has some fine moments, native moments, but why does a woman who can sing intelligently and effectively, as she has shown here in Verdi's Requiem, give way to all manner of vocal extravagancies and present to the audience in one performance a compendium of vocal faults? Why does she persist as Ortrud in slurring, unmeaning emphasis, vicious attack, grotesque dislocations of phrases? Mr. de Reszke was in better voice than when he last visited us, and Mr. Muehlmann as ever gave out vigorous proclamations.

### Mr. Hertz.

A matter-of-fact performance on the stage—if Mr. Bispham's impersonation be accepted—and a remarkably imaginative performance by the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Hertz. So long as the orchestra of Wagner is not below the stage, the brass will blare and shake the hearers in their seats. But what a vital and glowing and poetic orchestral performance! One long to be remembered. Mr. Hertz does not gain his effects quietly. His exercise is violent. His gestures threaten and command, and they are of infinite variety. In a climax his body shakes as a reed is shaken by the wind. But he gains the effects. His movements are never futile, an impotent display. And this conductor has the soul of a poet, not of a mere bandmaster.

The opera this afternoon will be "Die Meistersinger;" this evening it will be "La Traviata."

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The reports from Buffalo give additional proof, if there be need of it, of the folly of ready writing and a flowing pen. Ingenious novelists, as Besant and Rice, and Mortimer Collins created charming heroines who were brought up deliberately in ignorance of reading and writing, and such women would fascinate in everyday life. But take the case of Mr. Pennell, a graduate of Yale College, one used to the pen. Of what avail is a university education, if it does not confirm the wisdom of Solomon, if it does not teach prudence as well as loyalty? Thackeray years ago insisted that paper and ink should be chemically treated so that after a few days the characters would fade and the paper be fresh for another declaration of love or for business purpose. "Drink water out of thine own cistern, and running waters out of thine own well," said the blase and royal moralist. Even though a man have a capricious thirst, why should he write affidavits concerning the merits of the spring and the benefit he derived from the treatment? Take away the pen; families have been saved without it.

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Boston, March 23, 1903.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Wherein lies the quality of insignificance? Why is it that Ferguson is a noticeable man, and yet Robinson, an intellectual giant, passes in the street as a vain shadow? I myself am among the unfortunates.

I go into Hickerman's for a hurried luncheon. The voluptuous beauty behind the counter ignores me for ten minutes while she gossips amiably with a bald-headed "gent"—I use the term with full intelligence of the odium implied therein—a gent who drinks his coffee from his saucer.

Late for the office I rush into McGurkie's restaurant for a vampire combination breakfast, i. e., an egg and a bone and a hank of hair. I am not served for twenty minutes, but the man at the next table who came later than I gets his food, bolts it, and is gone.

In the street wild-eyed women mad with the shopping frenzy charge into me and try to go through rather than around or even over or under me. Why? I am not without force, and the men under me in business usually know where I am, and they show unfailing respect and proper deference. I have worn "art neckties"; I have sported a hat with a four-inch brim. In vain, in vain! I pass unnoticed. Even street car conductors often fail to collect my fare, and I keep my nickels as a trifling recompense for the degradation of slights in other quarters, and my joy is fierce.

Is there a remedy?

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

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Ah, dear Mr. Witherspoon, you ask a baffling question. We once heard a celebrated statesman complain because he could not impress hotel clerks. Bulk has something to do with it. Singularity in dress is by no means a sure card. A cravat is only a simbol to the imaginative, and the crowd is without imagination. There are men who might wear the trousers of Tonio—you saw them Monday night at the Boston Theatre—and yet no one would turn his head. It is not so much the wild irregularity of dress as it is the way in which the clothes are flaunted. A shiny coat may be respected. Baggy trousers may inspire awe in the breast of the fastidious beholder. The soul shines through queer raiment, as the sun through a dirty, squalid cloud.

There is a silence more weighty than Johnsonian periods. There is music all the sweeter because it is not heard. Do not be discouraged because Maggie and Kitty in the restaurant do not appreciate you. Their favorite might not dazzle at foreign courts or at a Cheap and Hungry. Cultivate an insolent, glacial, first-family mask. It may hurt your features at first, but you will soon get used to it. Landor's Mr. George Nelly did not attract attention until on a sudden he cried out at the Haymarket, "There is no God!" "It was then surmised more generally and more gravely that there was something in him, and he stood up on his legs almost to the last. Say what you will, once whispered a friend of mine, there are things in him strong as poison and original as sin." But if you should make such a declaration on the Common, we doubt if even a policeman would stop to listen. There are so many out-of-door debaters in Boston, and your statement has been made here so often.

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Jeanne Mairet is trying to correct some of the ideas of foreigners concerning the American woman. She does not describe the life of the absurdly rich or of the miserably poor, but she writes about the "great middle class." For there are "classes" in this country in spite of the Declaration of Independence. She praises "the small but pretty villas of the suburban kind" and corrects the impression that all respectable Americans live in hotels or tenement houses. The independence and freedom of manners of the working woman is removed from insolent license as well as from servility, and yet Mrs. Mairet was somewhat shocked when a dressmaker engaged in the mysterious operation of "trying on" patted her on the shoulder with a "Turn around, dear." That Mrs. Mairet is not yet wholly a philosopher is shown by her regret at seeing shopgirls wearing terrifying hats and chewing gum. These hats, these sticks of gum—what are they to the Infinite but symbols?

Mch 26, 1903

# Sembrich's Violetta

The Metropolitan Opera House company performed Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" yesterday afternoon at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Hertz conducted. There was an audience of good size in the upper galleries and many empty seats on the floor. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Hans Sachs | Van Rooy |
| David | Reiss |
| Pogner | Muehlmann |
| Beckmesser | Bispham |
| Walther | Burgstaller |
| Eva | Gadski |
| Magdaline | Schumann-Heink |

There was a long delay in beginning. Mr. Hirsch finally came before the curtain and said that Mr. Blass had been suddenly taken sick; that Mr. Muehlmann would sing the part of Pogner from the score, and therefore begged the indulgence of the audience. It may here be said that Mr. Muehlmann sang under these unfavorable circumstances with animation and good emphasis.

### The Endless Melody.

On account of this delay and the long waits the opera dragged along its endless length of melody to a late hour. No sane person disputes today the many beautiful pages in "Die Meistersinger," but no sane person believes that the score of any long opera is a work of plenary inspiration. When Wagner is boresome, he opens abysses of dullness. Why should these abysses be allowed to yawn till the victims in the theatre gape?

There are abridged encyclopaedias and dictionaries for household and familiar use; why should there not be condensed music-dramas for American opera houses? Let each measure be reverentially preserved at Bayreuth, where the pilgrims can give up a whole day to the worship; but in an ordinary theatre the works would gain and the hearers might have unjaded ears at the fall of the curtain.

### Mr. Burgstaller.

Mr. Alois Burgstaller made his first appearance in Boston. They say he had something to do with clocks or watches in a Bavarian mountain village and that he used to enliven his work after the manner of handicraftsmen in ancient England by cheerful bursts of song. Some conductor happened to hear him and saw a prize. So far the story is not unlike that of the Postillion of Longjumeau. Burgstaller was trained at the Bayreuth school, as was shown yesterday by his curious attitudes and gestures, by his declamation, by his artless song. He at first took small parts in the Bayreuth performances and in 1897 he appeared as Siegfried. In spite of his training in Bayreuth vocal and dramatic mannerisms, in spite of his pious adherence to Wagnerian traditions, as remembered by Siegfried Wagner (who was in his fourteenth year when his father died), and invented by Cosima, the personality of this tenor is interesting and his individuality makes its way.

You forget angularities and the strange postures and you realize that he is a man with a good voice, which can be heroic or tender, a man thoroughly respectful and devoted to art, as it has been revealed to him. More graceful and more irresistible Walthers have visited us. To me the part of this knight bent on being a singer and constantly rehearsing a song for the greatest effort of his life is not a sympathetic one. His raptures and his tribulations may be viewed with well-bred indifferr-

ence. But Mr. Burgstaller himself is a sympathetic person, and the strength of his individuality is felt across the footlights without undue effort on his part.

### Hans Sachs and Eva.

Mr. Van Rooy is an incorrigible sentimentalist as the cobbler poet. He sings the music with uncommon charm, but he is saddest when he sings. He is sentimental with Eva; he is to her as an Uncle Tom; he would be sentimental toward Beckmesser, if Beckmesser would only be responsive. Where are the unctuousness and the kindly roughness and the shrewd sense and the humor and the broad humanity that distinguish Sachs? There is little or nothing in Mr. Van Rooy's impersonation of the German spirit that animates every thoug... and action of the glory of Nuremberg and all shoemakers.

Mrs. Gadski is a restless Eva, a chatterer, not a bit shy, ready to flirt with any one of the bearded meistersingers, impatient lest she be not always the centre of attraction.

### The Others.

Mr. Bispham's Beckmesser is Hoffmannesque in its grotesque malignity. Mr. Bispham has composed his impersonation with the utmost care, and with a talent that is of kin to genius, although the objection might be raised against his conception that his pedant is too openly prejudiced against Walther and too generally hateful from the very start. Beckmesser, it should be remembered, was honest in his adherence to the principles of art as he understood them.

There are Beckmessers today who accept Wagner, but cry out against Cesar Franck, d'Indy, Debussy, Richard Strauss. But grant the truth of Mr. Bispham's conception, and the impersonation must justly be called admirable. Mr. Reiss was an excellent David with reminiscences of Mime. Mrs. Schumann-Heink played the duenna with broad enjoyment. The performance as a whole deserved a much larger audience, although the work of the orchestra during the first act was at times ragged and constantly boisterous, nor did Mr. Hertz show truly poetic appreciation of the score until the prelude of the third act.

### "La Traviata."

The opera performed last night was "La Traviata." Mr. Mancinelli conducted. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Alfredo | Dani |
| Germont | Scotti |
| Gastone | Vanni |
| The Baron | Bars |
| The Marquis | Dufriche |
| The Doctor | Begue |
| Violetta | Sembrich |
| Flora | Van Cauteren |
| Annina | Bauermeister |

The audience was surprisingly, discouragingly small. Here was the last of the sopranos of pure race in a most congenial part, assisted by Mr. Scotti, a baritone of established reputation, and by Mr. Dani, a lyric tenor who made his first appearance in this city. Here was an opera of rare melodic charm and with a story known to all; here was a performance of uncommon excellence. Sembrich never sang with rarer skill, with more genuine feeling. The theatre should have been crowded.

### Sembrich's Violetta.

Sembrich as Violetta is weakest in the first act, which is musically the least distinguished, in spite of the one famous air. Her Violetta is not a marked woman, not one of the long and illustrious line that includes Lais, Phryne, Thais, Flora, the Fair Imperia, down to and beyond Cora Pearl and Fanny Leer. She has not the superb insolence of the grand courtesan; she has not the meretricious charm of the splendidly profligate; she has not that quiet, baleful fascination which tempts the philosopher to quit his books and the anchorite to leave the desert for the town. She is simply a good-natured woman, who sings extremely well and meets an impressionable young stranger at a supper table.

For in the opera we have nothing to do with Dumas's romance or play. We are concerned only with the libretto as it stands, not as it deviates. But with the beginning of the second act Sembrich's impersonation begins to assume a character. It is not passionate, it is not poignantly tragic, but it is reasonable, consistent, and quietly moving.

The emotion, however, in pure song reaches a high pitch of intensity; and not dramatic explosiveness, not in wild bursts of love and grief, but by exquisite delivery of the phrase, which is fast becoming a lost art. Ah, the admirable effects achieved last night merely by consummate vocal artistry. Here was no cold, polished, hard and flawless art, the mere product of an accomplished teacher. A woman's soul, as well as mind, entered into the phrase and vitalized it. The soprano in Turgenieff's "Helene" was an ordinary Italian singing woman until she came to the last act of "La Traviata," when she dropped everything external and sang herself.

Sembrich did not wait for this last act before she made a like revelation. Her effects were cumulative. Nor had she need of full voice and blaring orchestra to make a climax. Even ordinary and vulgar sentences as of base metal were here transmuted into pure gold.

### Dani et al.

Mr. Dani is a young tenor of a light and agreeable voice, who respects old-fashioned Italian conventionalities. He sang generally with discretion and taste, and in action he was without special distinction. Mr. Scotti gave valuable assistance. The minor parts were adequately taken and Mr. Mancinelli conducted carefully and sympathetically.

It is a pity that the costumes in this opera, which were originally intended to be of the period in which Dumas's heroine dazzled, broke her heart, and died, were taken finally from the eighteenth century. What tenor could bear himself like a gallant man in Alfredo's dress? Mr. Scotti's make-up last night was calculated to excite a smile rather than respect. In other words, the traditions were observed.

The opera this evening will be "Il Trovatore."

## CONCERT FOR BENEFIT OF CRIPPLED CHILDREN

Last evening at Steinert Hall Mrs. Edith Noyes Porter gave a concert for the benefit of the Home for Crippled Children. Mrs. Jeanette Rice, contralto, and Mr. George Parker, tenor, sang groups of songs. Mr. Frederick Mahn and Mrs. Porter played a sonata for violin and piano, by Mrs. Porter, and Miss Alice Eldridge played numbers for the piano.

The Boston Philharmonic Sextet being unable to appear as announced, a gavotte by Fitzenhazen, a Chopin nocturne and songs by Richard Strauss were substituted by Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Nagle.

The feature of the concert, at least if one judge by the applause, was the playing of Miss Eldridge, a child of 12 years. While it is impossible to apply to her work the standard by which mature players are rated, there is no doubt of her talent; it is to be hoped that the infant phenomenon system will not ruin her possibilities. All the participants in the evening's program were warmly received. The audience was large and most friendly.

## THE MISSES SANDHEIM AT THE STEINERT HALL

Yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall there was a concert by Misses Ottyle and Juliette Sandhelm, the program consisting of compositions for two pianos. The list included two movements from a Bach concerto, Chopin's Rondo, op. 73, variations by Duprosse, and various lighter numbers.

The performance was interesting, as being of an unusual sort. The sisters displayed facility, a correct sense of rhythm, and expository clearness; and the ensemble, as such, was well-nigh perfect.

There were serious faults, however, in the matter of interpretation. The touch in both cases was hard and cold, the readings generally lacking delicacy. The tone was too uniformly loud; there was "shading" of a certain sort, but it seemed rather because the players wished to produce a sort of incidental variety than because they recognized any demands on the part of the music itself.

The audience was respectably large, considering that there was an opera in progress.

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We read the other day that Jack the Ripper turned up in London in the person of Mr. George Chapman, who was lately convicted of murder and sentenced to death and that his real name is Klosowski, which leads us to think he came from the fair land of Poland. We doubt the truth of the report. The older stories are more credible as well as romantic; how Jack was a London swell and either went mad or killed himself and then the atrocious murders ceased; how Jack was a surgeon seized with the conviction that it was his duty to destroy a certain class of women. We like to think of Jack as a passionate collector, but a reserved, pale, silent man, very gentle in character quiet, almost stealthy in his movements, a refined host who carved game in a manner to excite the admiration of the most hardened diner-out. Spare us our illusions!

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Mr. Johnson went two years ago to a specialist, who told him to beware of potatoes. Avoid them as you would the plague. While you at present are not suffering from Bright's disease, you must take every precaution. Potatoes are a miserable food for anyone." Mr. Johnson said with a touch of the old sad irony that characterized Sir Thomas More on the scaffold. "And how about the kidney-bean?" The specialist has no sense of humor, otherwise he never would have prospered. "Remember Pythagoras and avoid beans," was the strictly professional answer.

For two years Mr Johnson shunned the potato, white, sweet, fried, boiled, baked, or in any tempting form. Last week he went to another specialist. "You are all right—that is, there is no organic failing. But you are 50 years old, and you are working against the clock. Be moderate. Walk for a couple of hours. Confine yourself to two highballs and two cigars a day. Go to bed early." And how about potatoes?" asked Mr. Johnson, who was already wondering how he should distribute two high balls among twenty-four hours. "Eat them freely. Eat starchy things."

And Mr. Johnson read yesterday in a French journal that Professor Mosse of Toulouse had publicly declared, even in the awful presence of the Academy of Medicine, that spuds were the staff of life. "Not only is the potato harmless; it is beneficial in cases of gout, rheumatism and diabetes, for the water and organic salts contained in the tuber constitute a form of alkali calculated to nourish the sufferer while curing the specific disease." Great are the specialists! Hurrah for the professors! Johnson, have another potato, and Mary, pass Mr. Johnson the gravy!

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Years ago Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote an exquisite ending for the old song, "How should I your true love know." We quote the final verse:

"How may I, when he shall ask,
Tell him who lies there?"
"Nay, but leave my face unveiled
And unbound my hair."

Can you say to me some word
I shall say to him?"
"Say I'm looking in his eyes
Though my eyes are dim.

---

And now some one comes and insists that our old friend Maeterlinck not only had these lines in mind when he wrote one of his little poems, but that he unconsciously paraphrased them. We insert "unconsciously" for the sake of courtesy. Maeterlinck, whom we admire beyond measure and accept in bulk, has been mightily influenced by Shakespeare, Coleridge, Poe, Rossetti, and he has reproduced lines as well as moods and situations.

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You know Tennyson's "Beggar Maid," which the poet published in 1842 and fortunately did not afterward tinker. He took the idea no doubt from the old ballad in Percy's Reliques:

I read that once in Affrica
A princely wight did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did faine.

---

But who is the author of these verses of continuation which were published lately in the Pall Mall Gazette:

The beggar-boys with tipsy pride
Lolled in the road from side to side:
"And who," said they, "dare alms deny
To cousins of her Majesty?"

Nor heeded one who lagged behind
Whispering to the evening wind,
"She is a queen, a queen; but ah!
That e'er she met Cophetua!"

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Does any one know the years of Cophetua's reign? Was the name of the beggar maid, Zenelophon or Penelophon? Did Cophetua ever reproach her for her vagrant roadside adventures? The old balladist tells us that they led a quiet life and were buried in one tomb.

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We were reminded of the old legend by Mr. Maugham's "Man of Honor," published in the Fortnightly. A man of culture for the sake of honor marries a barmaid although he is in love with a woman of his own rank, but, stupid, does not know it. When the ex-barmaid discovers her husband's secret, she drowns herself. Few barmaids would be so obliging, and ten to one the husband would have lived more agreeably with her than with the woman of rank; or if he had first married the w. of r. would he not often have sighed for the barmaid?

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Will some American manager bring out Henry Berenger's drama "Genius" in this country? It is of contemporaneous human interest. Laurière, a scientist of the first rank, has discovered "eutaxine," a fluid which will kill an ox and cure epileptics and other sufferers. He is looking for a corpus vile for his experiments. A peasant boy turns up, an epileptic with a singularly bad family history. Laurière administers the drug, and the cure is in progress when hated rivals stir up the Press and send the Prefect of Police to him with a sort of habeas corpus for the patient. He resists, but a telegram announces that his favorite pupil, whom he had sent with a bottle of eutaxine to Marseilles, where the yellow fever is in full power, has been attacked by the epidemic, and the scientist, already overtaxed, falls struck by apoplexy just as he was about to triumph.

mch 27, 1903

## "Il Trovatore."

Verdi's "Il Trovatore" was performed last evening at the Boston Theatre by the Metropolitan Opera House company. Mr. Mancinelli conducted. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Manrico | De Marchi |
| Conte di Luna | Campanari |
| Ferrando | Journet |
| Ruiz | Vanni |
| Leonora | Vicini |
| Inez | Bauermeister |
| Azucena | Homer |

There was a very large audience, which was enthusiastic, in spite of the fact that Nordica was indisposed and did not sing. The part of Leonora, Countess of Sargasto, was taken by a Mme. Vicini, who was caught in New York as soon as the need of a soprano was known. With her it was possible to give the opera, and for this reason alone the audience was courteous to her and ever kindly disposed. It is not necessary to speak in detail concerning her singing; it is enough to say that it was exceedingly bad in nearly every respect.

### The Spell of the Opera.

The new soprano was inadequate in her solo work and a positive injury to every ensemble number; neither Mr. de Marchi nor Campanari was at his best; and yet the thorough enjoyment of the audience was unmistakable. This music of Verdi worked its customary spell. It is still the habit of those who are fanatical admirers of Wagner to sneer at the operas of Verdi that preceded "Aida," and to say recklessly that they are heard only in Italy and occasionally in this country.

As a matter-of-fact "Il Trovatore" is today one of the most popular operas in Germany. In the cities of Germany alone last year the number of performances of this one opera placed it near "Lohengrin" and "Tannhaeuser." It is now fifty years since "Il Trovatore" was produced, and its frankness, its wealth of spontaneous melody, its fire, its passion still crowd the opera house, still shake the audience.

The elect who find no absurdities in Wagner's music-dramas are never weary of reproaching the libretto that Cammarano wove from the Spaniard Guttierez's play for its silliness, for its absence of human interest. But there are two men madly in love with one woman; there is bitter rivalry, there is furious passion that is cooled only by death. There are four characters drawn simply and boldly, human beings, intelligible, not at all legendary or symbolical. What more would the gentlemen have?

### Mrs. Homer's Azucena.

Mrs. Homer bore away the honors. Her impersonation was on the whole stronger and better balanced than any other in which she has been seen and heard in Boston. It would be easy to say that she did not always handle skilfully her beautiful and thrilling voice. The tones of the middle register were throaty, and all of her tones would be freer if she did not have what might be called an interfering tongue. But the use of her voice for purely dramatic purposes was generally effective, her phrasing was broad, and she did not give way, as on former occasions, to mere rant and boisterousness. As a play-actress she has gained in repose; her attitudes, her gestures are fewer and they are beginning to have significance.

The part of Azucena is a trying one; but it may be performed in a way to turn the heart to water and to freeze the blood. For Azucena was a woman who knew and practised incantations. She could blight crops and children with her evil eye. She was familiar with strange Eastern lore, and the Thessalian women who brought down the moon and quenched the light of stars would have welcomed her as sister.

Of most honorable rank in the hier-

archy of sorceresses and witches, the bravest soldier, the most careless beggar, shrank from her and prayed. A woman wrinkled and crazed, with ghastly memories, consumed by desire of wild revenge. And to her Verdi gave haunting strains of music, strains as wild and beautiful as the legends of mysterious Biscay.

Few opera singers, if any, that now visit us could compose the character in bold relief, for the grand style in opera is now well nigh a tradition. Mrs. Homer's conception is at least in the right direction, and while it is not yet profoundly tragic, it is individual, and it is not without authority.

### The Others.

Mr. de Marchi is essentially a heroic tenor, but even heroic tenors are supposed to have their tender moments. He has sang here in several parts, and he has been least successful as Manrico. Of course there was tumult after his delivery of the too famous song, but Manrico has other music to sing.

In neither of the scenes with Azucena did Mr. de Marchi sound the note of tenderness. When he sang to her in prison, there was little comfort or consolation in his song, yet it was here that "Mario soothed with a tenor note." When Mr. de Marchi had a broadly dramatic phrase he sang with marked emphasis; but he was not last evening a tenor of the nuance or even a tenor of moderate tones. Mr. Campanari was evidently not in the vein.

Mr. Journet was excellent as our old friend Ferrando. Mr. Mancinelli conducted with care and spirit, and wisely refused a repetition of the "Miserere."

The opera this evening will be Meyerbeer's "The Prophet."

## MR. BOGEA OUMIROFF'S RECITAL LAST EVENING

### A Program of Slavic Songs at Steinert Hall.

Mr. Bogea Oumiroff, the Bohemian baritone, gave his second Boston recital last evening at Steinert Hall. In choosing a program he had followed certain suggestions made after his former recital, and the list consisted solely of Slavic songs. These were in three groups: Six gypsy songs by Dvorak, numbers by Chvala, Novotny, Novak, Vibich and Dousa and five Bohemian folk songs. Mr. Alfred de Voto was the accompanist, except in the last group, when Mr. Oumiroff accompanied himself.

As remarked at his earlier appearance, Mr. Oumiroff has a flexible voice, of lovely quality and good range. He has temperament, too, of the order that finds expression in songs of tender sentiment. Thus he seems naturally well equipped. But there are great defects in his performance. Last evening, indeed, he was ill, which may have accounted for much, but there was some faltering even at his first recital, and he is injudicious in his management of breath. Moreover, he should sing more simply. He apparently gave much pleasure, for the applause was warm and generous and there were encores. The audience was large. Mr. de Voto played excellent accompaniments.

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The Reverend Thomas Van Ness in the course of a lecture with a stereopticon in the Bulfinch Place Church said that Catherine the Great had forty lovers. He underestimates the most remarkable woman of her century.

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"We like to think of a grand league of temperance barkeepers." Nothing is more disconcerting when you go into one of the gilded halls of the demon, on account of a sudden faintness or uncomfortable sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach, than to find a chatty person drinking with the analytical chemist in the white apron. You are looked upon as an intruder, and you hasten to spin jauntily a half-dollar on the bar so that there may be no injurious suspicion. But a long story is telling. "Sez I to Bill, you may take me for a sucker, but I've skin enough on my back for a pair of boots. That's what I said, Ed." "And what did Bill say?" "Say? He said nothing. What could he say? He knows me. Do you remember that night at the firemen's ball?" etc., etc. You begin to feel abashed, yet you would fain sing the chorus of the old ditty: "O give us a drink, bartender." But Ed's friend is still chatty and has invited Ed to have just one more, just a small one with him.

You do not insist that the cigar-man should be always smoking. You do not invite him to smoke with you. Nor do you ask the apothecary's clerk to take a little sal hepatica at your expense. The head of the ideal barkeeper should be unclouded and serene. His eye should be unerring, not glazed. His hand should have the steadiness of a bank-safe. Nor should he be any respecter of persons, a discriminator between Trojan, Tyrian, Bostonian or Pawtucketite. All should stand on an equality before his awful bar.

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There is screaming in Cincinnati because dancing women were dressed as nuns at a reception. But we remember the ballet in "Robert the Devil," where the nuns rise from their tombs in order to dance their bacchanale and tempt Robert by wine, gaming and love; and has this ballet ever excited the wrath of the faithful so as to lead to prohibition? Thackeray makes a happy allusion to the scene. The Duke d'Ivry and the Countess Kew are wagging heads and tongues together: "Old scandals woke up, old naughtinesses rose out of their graves, and danced, and smirked, and gibbered again, like those wicked nuns whom Bertram and Robert de Diable evoke from their sepulchres whilst the bassoon performs a diabolical incantation."

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Why should Mr. Henry Arthur Jones have foamed at the mouth and leaped into the air and pawed it when Mr. A. B. Walkley, the critic, characterized "The Manoeuvres of Jane" as "comédie rosse"? In the seventeenth century "rosse" meant a jade, a wretched horse. A century later it was applied to an old and broken-down woman. It is now applied in familiar French to a man without reputation and a woman without modesty. The word is said to be of Spanish origin, although some derive it from the German. "The 'comédie rosse' is not only a comedy which gives the heroine a villainous part; 'rosserie' extends to all the characters, and, in fact, consists in simple lack of conscience. 'Rosserie' is a vicious sort of ingenuousness; it represents the state of mind of people who have never had any moral sense, and are as much at home amid impurity and injustice as a fish is in the sea. It is a sort of childlike and heavenly repose in an atmosphere of corruption, which suggests a travesty of the Golden Age—a world in which all our principles of morality are reversed, and where in the words of Milton's Satan, evil has become good. This reign of evil is inaugurated without any noisy revolution, without any apparent change in family or social relations or in ordinary conversation; it is brought about by a gradual diversion of modern ideas from their original source, until they end by justifying all the crimes against which they were at first directed. Imagine a society which retains the Decalogue as its moral code and guides its actions by the Seven Deadly Sins." Who would think to find so much obnoxious meaning in this little word "rosse," which rhymes with joss?

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Now if Mr. Jones were the new Congressman described by Mr. William Allen White he might have cause for anger:

"He is a parasite on the flea on the end of the hair of the tip of the tail of the dog of the boy of the wife of the Wild Man of Borneo. It is barely possible that he may agitate the flea, and ruffle the hair, and wag the tail, and animate the dog and attract the boy and startle the mother and move the old man and get something done, but it is highly improbable."

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We spoke lately of the advantages of ink that would fade after a few days and leave letter-paper ready for use. Some Frenchman has invented "disappearing paper," paper so treated with acid that it will perish within a fixed time.

The New York Evening Post finds innumerable uses for such paper: "Upon disappearing stationery of fine quality, the tenderest expressions may be lavished without fear either of breach of promise suits, or the indiscretion of literary executors. Checkbooks composed of disappearing paper should be popular both with willing debtors and over-certifying banks. Stock watering, furthermore, will attain an unheard-of refinement when a certain proportion of the certificates are engraved upon this new material. Political strategy would gain a sensational manoeuvre if the clerks at the polls could apply the destructive fluid to all the ballots of a party. Obviously, telegraph blanks on disappearing paper of the most rapid brand would be a great convenience to officers of the Standard Oil Company in their communications with Senators."

Mch 28. 1903

Meyerbeer's "Le Prophete" was performed at the Boston Theatre last night by the Metropolitan House Opera Company. Mr. Flon conducted. The cast was as follows:

Jean de Leyde.....Alvarez
Fides.....Schumann-Heink
Berta.....Marilly
Jonas.....Bars
Mathison.....Declery
Zacharie.....Ed. de Reszke
Oberthal.....Journet
An officer.....Begue

Meyerbeer's ponderous and sombre opera has not been performed here for some years. It was revived probably for the benefit of Mr. Alvarez, whose contract calls for a certain number of appearances, and Jean is one of the chief parts of any heroic French tenor. The audience last night was of fair size. Whenever there was reasonable excuse for applause, there were recalls.

### The Real Prophet.

In the early years of music drama, librettists turned to Grecian mythology and Roman legends and history for inspiration. The same libretto, if it were popular, served many composers. During the days of the First Empire, operas were founded on subjects that breathed a heroic spirit and admitted pompous military display. The romantic wave swept opera houses as well as the studios and poets' chambers. And then again there was a return to historical episodes, but of a comparatively modern nature. Scribe wrote librettos in which a historical fact served as the starting point for romantic or tragic adventure.

There was once a butcher, Johann Buckhold or Bockold, who was described by old Alexander Ross as crafty, eloquent, subtle, very perfect in the Scriptures. He was an Anabaptist fanatic, who was crowned King of Zion. Scribe wove about him a fantastic story, perverting history, and inventing recklessly incidents for dramatic effect. He even changed the manner of his death, for Johann did not blow himself up; he was pulled to pieces with red-hot pincers; and after an hour of this torture he was run through with a sword, "to hasten somewhat his death," and his carcass was exposed in an iron basket.

### The Opera Itself.

"The Prophet" hardly bears revival. Its faults are patent to every operagoer; and to appreciate its merits and a certain skill in the workmanship, it is necessary to remember that it was written as a historical—dramatic—pageant for the Paris Opera House with all its scenic resources, and it is necessary to compare it with other works of its time, not with more modern operas. The story is not one of marked interest; and the only vitally dramatic and musical scene is the denial of Jean by his mother, a scene which Meyerbeer did his best to spoil by incongruous and vulgar tunes and rhythms.

Berta is a lay figure; the three Anabaptists are tiresome persons, who are worthy to stand in the great gallery of operatic bores with Wotan and the Landgrave and Henry the Fowler, and the Harper in "Mignon," and the father in "Mignon," and other solemnly loquacious characters. The Prophet may be made a striking personality by an accomplished actor of presence and authority; witness Niemann even when his singing stabbed the ear. There is an exultation, a mysticism in the part, and finally the frenzy of baffled ambition and the dismal surprise of one awakened from a proud dream.

Fides has one great scene. The music is labored and too often insincere. The worst mannerisms of Meyerbeer are more in evidence than in "Robert the Devil" or in "The Huguenots." How seldom is there a fresh and spontaneous melody, or irresistible page of ensemble! Instead of true dramatic intensity, there is elaborate endeavor, or tawdry pomp. And naturally the greater part of the opera is dull.

### The Performance.

It may be said first of all that the performance was memorable for the universal false intonation. Jean and Fides and the Anabaptists and the tyrannical Count were grievous offenders and all deserved the fate reserved for them by the librettist. Miss Marilly, as Berta, sank here for the first time. She is a comely woman, the type of a soprano heard so often in Paris, and the French provinces, with shrill upper tones, with a voice that is agreeable in the medium and lower registers when there is no occasion for effort, but which becomes hard and metallic in the endeavor to be dramatic; a singer and playactress of some routine who often charms in repose and is without distinction in emotional episodes. Miss Marilly is an example of the better class of these sopranos. Mr. Alvarez was most effective in the early scenes, where he told his dream, and was persuaded by the Anabaptists to join them. Later in the opera he was deficient in imagination.

No one who ever saw Niemann in the part could forget his entrance before he meets Oberthal in the camp. The audience saw more than a mere tool of fanatics or the leader of a host. It saw a man so convinced of his mission, so persuaded that he was the prophet of the Most High, that he was for the time in close communion with celestial powers, and his face was as the face of an angel. And so in the cathedral scene, there was not the overwhelming authority that turned the mother's heart, yearning for her son, although she held him as the basest of creatures, to denial of him.

Mr. Alvarez gave a robust performance, one that was without finesse, one that was not aglow with the fire of genius. And something more is required than conventional stage attitudes to make the Prophet heroic, or even tolerable. Mrs. Schumann-Heink sang the famous "Ah! mon fils" effectively, and in the more subdued moments of the cathedral scene her voice had charm; but her performance was not poignant; neither her recognition nor her denial gave a thrill.

The chorus had evidently been well rehearsed; Mr. Flon conducted as though he had heard the opera many times, and the orchestra gave the score as much attention as was due.

The opera this afternoon at 2 o'clock is Puccini's "La Boheme." This evening "Die Walkuere" will begin at 7.30.

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"Yale is still faithful to the memory of Mr. Pennell." There was once a secret society in Yale, a sophomore society with the motto "Friends even to the altar," and the spirit of that motto is still alive.

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Why is it remarkable that radium radiates?

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Wagner had just given the first rehearsal of "Die Gotterdammerung."

"It's fine!" cried his friends, enthusiastically, "The best college yell we ever heard!"

Flattered by their criticism, the great composer knew that he had at last reached his ideal.——New York Sun.

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When you read of a book-thief, you scan curiously the list of books he stole. "A copy of Bacon's Essays said to have been owned by John Milton." Yes, you can understand why he took it; but that he should run the risk of jail for a work by Von der Voort or a first edition of some too familiar novel—this you cannot understand. If you had his courage, you would have chosen more wisely; you would have slipped into your pocket or hidden under your overcoat books that would be daily companions and by your bed at night.

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Here is a list of words and phrases that according to the London Academy should be taboo: Succulent bivalve, sacred edifice, devouring element, well-earned rest, pronounced life extinct, no reason can be assigned for the rash act, scene of her former triumphs, young lady of prepossessing appearance, ample justice, tables literally groaned, numerous and costly wedding presents, Johnson the great lexicographer, the Swan of Avon, the Wizard of the North, the Sage of Chelsea. It is interesting to note, I crave a portion of your valuable space anent a question which is an evidence, rush into print, comes as something in the nature of a surprise, woo the muse, a place not mentioned in polite society, apologizing for taking up so much of your valuable space.

We add to this list: Willing hands, caught redhanded, among the prominent persons present, gallant fire laddies, a gentleman who does not wish his name to be mentioned, a lady of an uncertain age.

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Eugene Vivier, the horn player, wrote about ten years ago a little book, published at Nice, and entitled "Un pen de ce qui se dit tous les jours." It is a collection of the small change of conversation heard the world over among the amiable and the genteel at table, in the street, at social gatherings. Here are

some of the commonplaces:

You are fortunate in having a good digestion.

They quarrel from morning till night, and yet they adore each other.

He must live in our neighborhood, for we see him go by every day.

Make yourself at home. There's paper, pens, ink. Shut the door if you wish; nobody will disturb you.

The ladies evidently have their little secrets. Suppose we walk on ahead?

Why shouldn't you grow fat? You never take any exercise.

You must be fond of us to come out in such a storm.

It is strange you did not receive it; I mailed it myself.

How you flatter me. I have on my walking boots and they are two sizes too large.

You are too young to have heard Italian opera in its best days—Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, Pasta, Grisi, Malibran: it was superb.

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An impresario at Paris has such a mania for contracts that he made his cook sign a document by which she became liable to a fine every time dinner was served late. When the first fine was imposed, the cook used unpleasant language and summoned her employer before a magistrate for pocketing her wages. This impresario tried to obtain damages from Heglon, the singer, because at Marseilles she failed to appear in an opera, for the railway company left her trunks at Bordeaux. The court decided that the singer could not be held responsible for the company's mistake. The impresario sued the company, but the court decided that only the singer could claim damages. Whereupon Heglon took the hint and obtained a good sum.

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We were interested in the whisp of human hair found in a tree at Bridgton, Me., by Mr. Ingalls. The hair taken from a child's head had been put there long ago as a cure for asthma. And there were other cures that have unfortunately fallen into disuse. Thus ancient Greeks heartily recommended live hog-lice burnt in the fire and taken by the spoonful. "Some do torrifie in a dish a small quantity of them into most white ashes, and then give them with honey." The Egyptians were in the habit of applying cones of cotton to the breast and setting them on fire, which recalls the treatment of Rodin in "The Wandering Jew."

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Mr. Sims not long ago called attention to the sentimentalism of women convicted of baby-farming crimes. A Mrs. Dyer accused of the murder of a child, and in jail waiting trial, asked for a copy of "East Lynne." She received the book, and in her letter of acknowledgment said that she had wept over the death of little Willie. "I know scores of cases in which the most cold-blooded wretches—to judge them by the crimes for which they suffered—have shown the most intense anxiety for the welfare of some one near and undoubtedly dear to them. In the case of the man it was generally the mother. In the case of the woman it was the child. I know even of one case in which a man condemned for a cruel murder asked that before he died he might be allowed a farewell interview with his pet dog."

MCh 29

# "La Boheme" I

Puccini's "La Boheme" was performed yesterday afternoon by the Metropolitan Opera House Company at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Mancinelli conducted. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The cast was as follows:

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|---|---|
| Rodolfo | De Marchi |
| Schaunard | Gilbert |
| Benoit | Dufriche |
| Mimi | Sembrich |
| Parpignol | Vanni |
| Marcello | Campanari |
| Colline | Journet |
| Alcindoro | Dufriche |
| Musetta | Scheff |

The performance was one of absorbing interest; it was, all in all, the commanding feature of the first operatic week, in general vocal excellence, in brilliance of ensemble, in histrionic power.

### Looking Backward.

Both libretto and music gain by repeated hearings. The former has been slurred as a bundle of episodes, but these episodes are very human. Rodolfo the poet, Marcello the painter, Colline the philosopher, the superb Schaunard, with his amazing aspirations and his incredible vitality—these men with their reckless gaiety, their reprehensible improvidence, their loves, their poverty, their tragedies—they are all known to many of us. And unhappy is he to whom such life has always been as that passed in another planet or existing only in the fancy of novelist or playwright! Bohemia! "A pleasant land," said Thackeray in that loving and regretful description: "A land where most are poor, where almost all are young, and where if a few oldsters do enter, it is because they have preserved more tenderly and carefully than other folks their youthful spirits and the delightful capacity to be idle. I have lost my way to Bohemia now, but it is certain that Prague is the most picturesque city in the world." And Mimi and Musetta, these little women are very near and dear to us; simple creatures, who live their lives, give out their love without thought of the morrow, the hospital or the potter's field; who are never utterly forgotten by those who knew them in Bohemia.

### Puccini's Work.

We are not now concerned with Murger's book or the play founded on it. A libretto must stand or fall by itself. The chief questions are: "Does it hold the attention?" and "Does it admit of dramatically musical treatment?" Here are four scenes in which comedy and tragedy are blended, for the tragedy does not begin in the fourth act, it begins when Mimi first meets Rodolfo and they reveal to each other their longings and lay bare their souls. The task set for the composer was to combine the elements of musical comedy with those of pathos; to avoid glaring contrasts, but to lead his men and women through the pleasant country of Bohemia to the chill and barren land beyond. Puccini has been singularly successful both in his musical portrayal of character and in the establishment as well as the suggestion of successive moods. The melodic thought is now exquisitely tender as in Mimi's music, romantic as in that given to Rodolfo, coquettish when Musetta plays her pranks, uproariously gay when the Bohemians are together, in resistance of a landlord, in a cafe frolic, in their attempt to forget cold and hunger. The meeting of Mimi and Rodolfo and the final parting—these are scenes of ineffable beauty. These little women do not die like Amazons on a battle-field; they do not shout to the clash of spears and the sound of a trumpet; they do not insist on a roaring orchestra; they fade and disappear more quietly than they lived, and Puccini's music is very quiet toward the end, as though it wished to listen to Mimi's faint voice and not disturb those standing or kneeling reverently near her. It would be easy to discuss Puccini's methods, to speak of his harmonic audacities, his orchestral palette, but who after such a performance and under the immediate spell of the music would have the heart to quote the empty and progressive fifths or analyze an ensemble or inquire into the precise nature of the local color in the scene before the Cafe Momus?

### The Performance.

The opera has been called realistic. Absolute realism is impossible in opera. The moment a man or a woman begins to use song as the familiar expression of any emotion high or low, then absurdity enters. "La Boheme" is lifelike in the essential qualities; and, as I have said, it is intensely human. The dominating feature of the performance yesterday was the humanity displayed throughout by all the members of the ensemble. You forgot the supreme art of Sembrich the singer, for you said to yourself, that must have been Mimi's voice; even thus did she meet Rodolfo in the garret, part from him that snowy morning, and at the last leave him forever, disconsolate, haunted by her tones and accents. Her impersonation was skilfully composed, carefully considered in the detail, most touching at the close. The death scene was of simple pathos, free from superfluities of agony, tear-compelling, long to be remembered. Miss Scheff found as Musetta a congenial part; for Musetta was a born soubrette. Mr. De Marchi sang with marked taste and power. The cause for Mr. Campanari's apology was not revealed by the quality of his performance, for he was in fine voice, and he acted with more than ordinary spirit. The chorus was effective and the orchestra gave a brilliant performance. Much more might be said in praise of all the artists that took part, from Sembrich, whose singing was only equaled by her own remarkable achievements last Wednesday night in "La Traviata," to Mr. Dufriche, a versatile and well-trained comedian. But pleasure, like agony when at its height, is mute.

### "Die Walkuere."

"Die Walkuere" was performed last night. Mr. Hertz conducted. The cast was as follows:

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|---|---|
| Siegmund | Burgstaller |
| Hunding | Emblad |
| Wotan | Van Rooy |
| Sieglinde | Gadski |
| Bruennhilde | Nordica |
| Fricka | Schumann-Heink |

There was a very large audience, and again there was enthusiasm. The admirers of the "Ring" were present in full force; both those who can show cause for their admiration, and those, a much larger number, who have been led to believe that there is no musical salvation outside of Wagner that is fashionable. It was a pleasure to note that the louder the singers and the orchestra, the greater was the enthusiasm, so that at times applause thundered in rivalry, a gross violation of the rules of Wagnerian etiquette. But the quietly beautiful and moving portions of the opera, and the finest work of Nordica passed unnoticed by the audience at large.

### Declaimers and Singers.

Sieglinde had just cause. No sane person would be willing to spend a night under the same roof with Hunding as impersonated by Mr. Emblad, and the only wonder is that Sieglinde did not run away before the arrival of the distinguished and loquacious stranger-brother-lover. In size, voice, and ferocious demeanor, this Hunding was the most stupendous and fearsome apparition ever seen here in the Wagnerian drama. Mazourk in "Girofle-Girofla" was in comparison an effeminate and perfumed darling. Nordica's Bruennhilde is now a glorious impersonation, in some respects incomparable. Gadski's Sieglinde is a sympathetic figure, and in song and action one of her most distinguished parts. It is free from the extravagances which occasionally mar the work of this painstaking and well-equipped singer, who is constantly developing her part. Mr. Burgstaller confirmed the impression made by his appearance in "Die Meistersinger." He has by nature a heroic voice, one that by proper cultivation would lend itself easily to the display of tender emotions. He now sings with a pleasant artlessness; his intonation is better than that of the great majority of German tenors; and his personality wins regard in spite of the attitudes and gestures learned under the personal supervision of the Widow Cosima and her colleagues at the Bayreuth school. It is a delight to hear Mr. Van Rooy sing much of Woton's music; but his conception of the part is not impressive. Wotan is a deity, though a shabby one. Impersonated by Mr. Van Rooy, he yields too easily to Fate, and he meets Frieka more than half-way. (Fortunately Mrs. Schumann-Heink did not turn Fricka into a raging virago; she sang with dignity, and not after the fashion of a fishwife who had taken a few vocal lessons.) Nor do I think that Wotan was ever sentimental, not even toward Bruennhilde. Mr. Hertz, by his masterly conducting, re-established himself in favor. After the performance of "Die Meistersinger" there was good reason for the fear that he was a man of one opera, the opera "Lohengrin." All in all an interesting performance on the stage and a superb one in the orchestra.

The opera on Monday night will be "Don Giovanni."

This evening at a sacred concert led by Mr. Mancinelli Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and portions of Mancinelli's "Hero and Leander" will be performed.

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Verdi's opera "Un Ballo in Maschera" has not been performed here since 1889, when it was given in English by the Henrichs company with Louise Natalie, Clara Poole, Aida Varini, Charles Bassett, Alonzo Stoddard, Knight and Langlois as the chief singers. And yet some excellent judges are inclined to rank the opera among the best of Verdi's dramatic works.

### Origin of the Libretto.

Gustave III., King of Sweden, went to a ball on the night of March 15-16, 1792, and was killed by a bullet fired by Ankarstroem. Eugene Scribe based a libretto on this fact. Now Gustave was assassinated through a political conspiracy, for he had taken away from the nobility one of their most ancient privileges: that of deciding on peace or war; but Scribe's assassin is an outraged husband. Auber wrote music for this libretto, and the opera "Gustave III." was produced at the Paris Opera on Feb. 27, 1833. The scene is laid in and near Stockholm. The pomp of the ball, the dance tunes and especially the galop made the opera a success, and the opera is even now heard occasionally in Germany. Verdi wrote his "Un Ballo in Maschera" for the San Carlo at Naples in 1857. It was his twenty-third work for the stage. The libretto was adapted from Scribe's by a Venetian lawyer and poet, Antonio Somma, who at the time preferred to let the libretto go out as anonymous. The title was at first "Gustave III."; it was then changed to "La Vendetta in Domino"; and it was changed again to "Un Ballo in Maschera."

### Grotesque Censorship.

Verdi was at Naples to begin rehearsals when the news came on Jan. 13, 1858 that Felice Orsini had attempted to kill Napoleon III. at the Opera House in Paris. The police in Italy were at once more rigorous, and the censorship was more severe. At Naples the license to produce Verdi's opera was withdrawn, on the ground that the assassination of Sweden's king on the stage might set a bad example. Then the manager tried to induce Verdi to set his music to another libretto. Neither coaxing nor threatening moved the composer; he was firm, even when a writ was served with a claim of damages to the amount of $40,000. Now Verdi was well known as a republican, and as all Italy was panting to be free, the city of Naples espoused his cause. The Count of Syracuse, brother of Ferdinand II., begged Verdi to let him introduce him to the king, who would undoubtedly give permission. Verdi declined the honor. Meanwhile the populace became more and more restless. Verdi could not leave his inn without awakening the enthusiasm of the crowd, and the cry "Viva Verdi" had then a peculiar political significance, for the cry was an abbreviation of "Viva Vittorio Emanuele, Re d'Italia!" The government thought it prudent to release him from his obligation, on condition that he would soon write another opera for the San Carlo. The manager of the Apollo, Rome, Jacovacci, visited Verdi and asked leave to produce "Un Ballo in Maschera" at Rome. He swore he could influence the Roman authorities. Verdi insisted on the condition that Fraschini should sing. He also made this concession: that the action should be transferred from Sweden to America, and that a Count Warwick, governor of Boston, should be the victim of vengeance.

### First Performances.

The opera was produced at the Apollo, Rome, on Feb. 17, 1859, with great success. The chief singers were Dejan, Scotti, Sbriscia and Fraschini and Giraldoni. The three women were inadequate, and when Verdi reproached Jacovacchi, the shrewd manager answered that he would provide better and better singers so that the success would be more pronounced each time. The opera was first performed in New York in February, 1861, with Colson, Adelaide Phillips, Isabella Hinkley, Brignoli, Ferri, Colletti and Dubreul. The first performance in Boston was at the Boston Theatre, packed from top to bottom, on March 15, 1861, when Colson, Phillips, Hinkley, Brignoli, Ferri, Barili and Dubreul were the singers. On Feb. 23, 1863, it was performed here with Kellogg, Morensi Cordier, Brignoli, Amodio. It was performed at the Globe on June 1, 1871, with States, Ridgway, Himcia, Villani, Buonglorni, Bacelli and Locatelli. At Paris the "American" version was not preserved, but Naples, not Stockholm, not Boston, was the scene of action, for Mario, the tenor, refused to wear the sober costume of a Puritan. To music lovers of the younger generation in Boston the opera is known only by the romance, "Eri tu," for baritone, which has long been a favorite concert piece.

### The Story.

As there are two versions, the assassin is Renato, or Rheinhart, a creole. The page is named indifferently either Edgar or Oscar, and the governor's wife is Adella or Amella. A singular article on the opera was published in Vanity Fair of March 2, 1861, and as the story is here told picturesquely, Vanity Fair's account is of contemporaneous interest. Vanity Fair went to see the opera because it was told that it portrayed accurately the Hub as it was at the end of the sixteenth century, "and consequently at the present day—Boston not having changed materially in its upper circles since that time."

"Scene splits, disclosing a Hall in the

palace of Richard, Count of Warwick and Lord High Governor of Boston (Mass.) We presume the Palace was Faneuil Hall. We used to think that Bostonians Blew rather too Boreally about that Hall. We don't now. They're a great deal too modest about it. The half has not been told. Hereafter we ll regard Bostonians as the Only dest people in existence. Well—scene displays crowd of Boston peasants, nobility, vassals, serfs and retainers, dressed all the way from Henry VIII. down to Charles II., with great accuracy, and extreme cavalier-esque brilliancy as was usual among the Puritans who were as You Know, Death on Dress, and the Trunk Empty—as is still usual in Boston.

"Lords and peasants sing praises of the Count de Boston. But the Count has certain enemies, Sam, Tom e loro adherenti—'and their retainers'—who sing vengeance. Enter Count Brignoli de Boston, accompanied by Bella Hinkley, as the very nicest of all tom-boy pages—just as dainty, plump, piquant—darling and desirable as a pretty girl with tangled black curls and deli—hold your horses, will you. Count arranges with Hinkley * * * for a ball. Goes off on name of Amelia, wife of Reinhardt Ferri, his secretary and D. F.'s devoted friend. Sings as Counts of Boston only an sing. It's a musical place, you now, and has concerts.

### The She Astrologer.

Scene V. Abode of the She Astrologer ica Phillips (and birthplace of her Vendell). Singular Upholstery Con- g of Snaix, Chemical and Literary dients, and a Human Skull, exact- k times as large as the head of the est Choruster—which latter, as the er may observe, is by no means a juvenilest cocoanut measure. Enter nt Brig on this Scene of Horror— guised as a Sailor. Amelia Colson appears on the scene. Confesses e for Brig as a secret anguish. That What is the Matter with Her. Wild tories of excited Bostonians, mystical jurations of Satan, red-dragons, spir- groaning in graves and other due re- its of cod-fish banquets, and pork and an festivity are strangely mingled in is scene with the vagaries of a Gallant lleur Boy named Sylvan who swears y Bacchus!' as is usual in Boston. melia is informed that to the west de of the city the pallid moon falls on abominable field where grows on in- mous rocks a magic herb where Guilt haled his last sigh. Cieli—qual loco! rd! what a hole. This exquisite vege- ole must be plucked from the Rock the person who needs it. Amelia Col- n of the Beautiful Shoulders and Win- ng Voice declares that she will pluck die—being a lady of pluck in all par- iculars—as is usual in Boston. Exit melia, enter Sam, Tom e loro adher- nti. Ulrica, the Black Demoniac As- rologer (Fifty Cents for gentlemen and as no rivals, the real Chinese charm for ale, cures drunkenness or forfeits the oney) prophesies to the Count, that the rst who shakes hands with him will ll him, which stringo del mano, or ndshaking is forthwith accomplished Rheinhart Ferri—as is usual in Bos- n.

### The Mocking Chorus.

"Act II. View of rock—Plymouth ock—you know—awful papers—green oonlight—two Romanesque Lombard llars of the Ninth Century (of the kind common in the ruined palaces around oston) with a Bar between them ap- oprately sustaining a cord. Enter melia, followed by Count Brig of Bos- n. Intense lovemaking—tremendous assion—She Trembles! She Yields!!! errible Struggle! hist! Somebody's omin'—Wall—I calculate there is, and ooty darn quick, tew! Renato! Chi unge in questo albergo, blarst me if in't that husband o' yourn a comin' to this tavern, full chisel!!! Let's put! ain't no use. We're gone coons! Enter ferri, bound to save life of Count Brig. Has heard the festive Sam and Tom roposing his murder. They've tracked ou hither! to your Lair! Amelia is eiled—disguised—her husband unknow- ing who she may be, consents to 'scort her tu hum! Such is Bosting! Enter Conspirators Sam and Tom. They jest with Ferri, become personal and fa- mlliar. Amelia loses her mask. Grand arfing Chorlous! Well, naow I calculate kwarn't worth while to fetch your wife eout here by moonlight—sa-ay! Massy sakes! haow the folks will larf tomor- row. Wall, I wouldn't!

E che baccano sul caso strano,
E che commenti per la citta

"They sing it again and again—those wild sons of Bosting—'tis a strange laughing chorus—the finest bit of music in the whole. It rolls in, over and over—that mocking refrain—e che baccana—baccano—baccano. 'Der Freischuetz' is nothing to it—we expect to hear it—e che baccano—for a—baccano—month. Bac-ca-no! Exit the mocking Yankees behind Plymouth Rock piling on the aggravation, and leaving Mr. and Mrs. Rheinhart in a State of Mind—a la mode de Boston.

### The Ball.

"Act Third—Rheinhart and Ameely tu hum. R. disposits his soo—word on the table before an enormous portrait of Old Brig in his best clothes. Requests Ameely to prepare to dye—with her heart's blood. Enter Milords Sam and Tom, with whom Rheinhart at once goes in cahoot to extinguish Briggy. Draws lots for the privilege of murder—as is usual, it seems in Boston—and make poor Ameely pull the tickets. Of course Rheinhart strikes the heavy check and is elected. Agony of Ameely, obliged to aid in killing Brig, and thereby deprive the world of so much sing and grace—as is usual in Boston. Scene VII. A ball-room on extensive principles—one of those low immoral masked balls which were so common among the Puritans of the seventeenth century, and which account for the virtuous horrors of the N. Y. Herald. Immense variety of clowns in glazed muslin—extraordinary fandango—eccentric dancing by quadrille of Pierrots behind * * * and a marvelous mazurka as a finale. * * *

### Finale.

" 'Tis a very fine scene this, Madame, I assure you. Wethinks we hear it yet. The serio-comic well-timed sweeps of those pink Pierrots in their droll pastourelle—the marked waltz of the Mazourek—or Cracoviak of Elena * * * and the fine concert of soprano, baritone, and contralto in front—all fused together in strange concord, and daintily blended chromatic action—we're bewildered of course—but 'tis a fine scene, and Vanity Fair knows nothing of the kind better Anywhere or Anywhen. As is usual in Boston! And, of course, Renato lanciatosi (slings himself) inosservato (unobserved) fra loro (out of the crowd) e lo trafigge (and sticks Briggy) di pugnale (with a dagger). Dance continues for a time—Elena still treads Krakoviaka—multitude still swim—in life we are in death, and when you die, oh, dear one, whoever you may be, now reading this—why, there will still be waltzing and wild singing, and chorus-dance of Pierrots and dainty steps, ringing Polish measures—in secula sacculorum. Amen! As is usual in Boston."

Mch 30, 1903

# CONCERTS YESTERDAY AFTERNOON AND NIGHT

## Fourth in Miss Lincoln's Series at Steinert Hall.

The fourth in Miss Lincoln's series of concerts for the benefit of the Mount Pleasant Home took place yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall. The program consisted of Massenet's aria, "Visino Fugitive," three piano numbers, and "The Flight of the Eagle," Mr. Homer Norris's setting of Walt Whitman's text, for soprano, tenor and baritone. Owing to Miss Lincoln's illness, Verdi's trio from Attila, which the printed program announced, was omitted, and the soprano part in Mr. Norris's work was taken by Miss Laura Van Kuran, who has sung it before. The other artists were Mrs. Langdon Frothingham, Mr. Ellison Van Hoose, and Mr. Stephen Townsend.

### Mr. Norris's Book.

The music of Mr. Norris was naturally the feature of the program—and a strangely disconcerting feature it proved. Indeed, final comment upon it could scarcely be made after a single hearing. It is music quite out of the common, as any adequate setting of the text must be, and so full of difficult intervals that the singing of it is no ordinary task. It has beautiful pages, however, about whose charm and power there can be no doubt. There was something the matter with the performance. Owing to the difficulty of the music the intonation was frequently insecure, and the accompaniment, played by Mrs. Frothingham, lacked inspiration; Miss Van Kuran's voice, of lovely, clear quality, had a bad tremolo. Still, it was an interesting performance. Mr. Townsend sang with authority, and Mr. Van Hoose's beautiful voice was in excellent condition. The final ensemble, "I triumph!" was a marvel of concentrated fervor.

The applause, from a large audience, was very hearty, and Mr. Norris was obliged to come forward.

### GRAND SACRED CONCERT.

In the evening there was a concert at the Boston Theatre, given by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company, with its entire orchestra and chorus. The program consisted of excerpts from Mr. Mancinelli's opera, "Ero et Leandro," and Rossini's "Stabat Mater." The soloists were Mrs. Gadski, Mrs. Schumann-Heink, and Messrs. Salignac and Journet. Mr. Mancinelli conducted.

The concert was a stirring one. Everybody seemed in the vein, and the audience was responsive. Mr. Mancinelli's music came first, and was well received; it is romantic, and has some winning tunes, and the "Fuga Bacchanale" was sung with a gorgeous chaotic intensity that brought down the house. Mr. Salignac and Mr. Journet made their appearance in the "Stabat Mater." It is not necessary to speak in detail of the performance. It was earnest and spirited; of course, it was often deafening, but the audience loved that; the louder the welkin rang, the more tumultuous was the clapping of hands and the smiting of heels on the floor of the auditorium. No one was worsted, however. Mrs. Schumann-Heink sang with splendid dramatic force, but always with moderation; Mr. Journet was robust, but never rasping. Mrs. Gadski arose to her opportunities with musicianly discretion, and sang the "Inflammatus" triumphantly. Spite of the printed declaration that no encores would be given, she was obliged to repeat the latter part of this number. Mr. Salignac sang with dignity and good intonation, but was not his phrasing in a few measures of the "Cujus Animam" a little queer? The audience was huge.

Mch 31, 1903

# Don Giovanni

The Metropolitan Opera House Company of New York began the second week of its season at the Boston Theatre with a performance of "Don Giovanni." Mr. Mancinelli conducted. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Don Giovanni | Scotti |
| Donna Anna | Nordica |
| Donna Elvira | Gadski |
| Don Ottavio | Salignac |
| Leporello | Ed. de Reszke |
| Il Commendatore | Journet |
| Masetto | Gilibert |
| Zerlina | Scheff |

No matter how brilliant the cast may be, the centre of attraction is the rakehelly hero Don Giovanni, the consummate egoist, indefatigable in his search of an ideal. The women, however beautiful in face and form, however resplendent in song, are secondary characters on the stage as in life.

### The Conquering Don.

That they love him is inevitable. His choice, as Leporello broadly chuckles, is catholic: the noble dame, the coquettish peasant, maid, wife, widow all treasure his memory as a sacred relic. Donna Anna undoubtedly burned in proud silence for him, and if he had not imprudently murdered her father, her name would have graced the catalogue. Elvira was faithful to the end. Baudelaire's portrayal of him in hell, unmoved by the regretful tears or by the hysterical curses of those whom he had in turn rejected as unworthy of his lasting devotion, is not merely a morbid fancy. And how difficult the impersonation of this character of grace, charm, audacity, this hero that fears neither avenging man nor guest from the spirit world! How easy to fail, either as masher or as poseur!

### Scotti's Impersonation.

Mr. Scotti's impersonation has gained in lightness and in variety. When he last killed the Commander and invited the Statue to supper, he played in monotone. He was then an ordinary gallant, a mere cock o' the walk. His gallantry was not free from the suspicion of cheapness. His elegance was as a cloak awkwardly worn. His performance last evening was more specious. He was lighter on his feet, more persuasive with face and tongue. He sang with more dash and also with more finesse—witness his delivery of the so-called drinking song and the serenade. Nearly every man believes that if he would only let himself go, that if he would make up his mind to fly in the face of the conventionalities and the commandments, he, too, might easily be a Don Giovanni; he is sure that the potentialities are within him. The question of individuality then enters, and with it determines the precise nature of the ideal. One play-actor may see in the Don a mere breaker of hearts; another may imagine him with an expression of face such as the French call "fatal," or with a Byronic curve of the lip and an irresistible sneer; still another may go far beyond the libretto and portray him as a sated, disappointed voluptuary, who in despair of ever finding a woman of all possible attractions, able to satisfy all longings, invites the Stone Man to sup with him, not from bravado, but from desire to hasten the inevitable end. Mr. Scotti is not so psychological; and it is a question whether psychology should have any standing in opera. Mr. Scotti's endeavor is simple, not complex. He sees in the Don the perfection of elegance, and his effort is to attain this perfection. And so his hero is built up of costumes, gestures, personal bearing, suavity of song. His Don Giovanni has not the authority that would make him formidable to a woman's peace of mind if he should woo in shabby dress. What, pray, did Anna or Elvira care for his outward show? Only Zerlina and those like her would think first of the plumed hat and brave and festival apparel. Mr. Scotti's Don is at yet without commanding authority, without explanatory and convincing atmosphere. It is an impersonation built on conventional conceptions, without marked individuality, not lighted by imagination. Nevertheless, it is a good and pleasing impersonation of its kind.

### In General.

Of course Mr. Scotti's performance, as well as the opera itself, would gain if it were given in a small theatre. The audience should be an accomplice in Don's crafty wooing, just as it should feel the chill air of the tomb which the Stone Man brings with him into the banquet hall. The gaiety, the sparkle, the pathos of this immortal and inimitable music would be italicized, and yet the exquisite serenity that characterizes Mozart's dramatic music, even in passionate situations, would be preserved. This music is a touchstone of vocal and instrumental art. Messrs. Scotti and Gilibert were the singers who answered the test last evening to their advantage. Mr. Scotti was almost always pleasing and at times admirable, and Mr. Gilibert, a delightful comedian, is also an accomplished singer who need not fear Mozart. Mr. de Reszke's Leporello is well known here. His conception is broadly and at times almost clumgsily humorous rather than restlessly and maliciously witty. Nordica was not vocally in best condition; her singing was too often laboured; her recitative was not sufficiently varied; and her intonation was not always pure. Gadski sang with painstaking endeavor the difficult aria of Elvira. Mrs. Scheff was a soubrette Zerlina, but Zerlina was something more than a soubrette. There was an audience of good size, and there were many recalls.

The operas this evening will be "Don Pasquale" and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Let us now praise famous men.

Dr. H. C. Bolton told lately in his lecture before the Chemical Society of Washington the story of Tycho Brahe and his silver nose. For as a young man Tycho lost his nose in a duel and was obliged to wear a silver one instead. Dr. Bolton stated according to a Washington paper:

"This nose he was in the habit of removing at night when he slept, and one night his favorite dog managed to gain possession of his master's silver nose, which, after he had played with it all night long, was of very little service the day following. Tycho was in great distress the next morning, when, after an hour's search, he found his precious nose battered and chewed out of all shape and service. In order, therefore, to avoid future accidents Tycho hied him to the silversmith's and had ten silver noses made in place of the one. One of these was preserved in one of the museums of Germany until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when, by some mishap, it disappeared and thus far has not been recovered."

It is singular that this fact is not recorded in "The World of Wonders"; but the silver nose was known to the early biographers, as other curious circumstances in the life of the astronomer were well known. For instance, he was exceedingly superstitious with regard to presages. If he met an old woman when he first went out doors he used to turn back immediately, and he did the same when he was on a journey if he saw a hare. While he lived at Uranibourg he had in his house a mad man named Leo, whom he put under his feet when he sat at table, and he fed him. "And as he imagined that everything which mad persons said presaged something or other, he observed carefully all that his own man said; and because it happened sometimes to prove true, he fancied that he might depend on all that he spoke." Brahe could not endure contradiction, and although he was fond of rallying others, he could not take a joke at his own expense. He was prodigiously fond of a dog. His death was cruelly painful. Like unto the wild and dolorous torment inverted by the Emperor Tiberius. And yet this death not so many years ago took away some traveling long distances by rail in France: witness a prominent Senator, who died as Tycho died.

Ten noses seem to us as superfluity. Why was not one for each day of the week enough? And were they all of the same shape? Why should not a man with a false nose be fiercely aquiline on Monday, classically Grecian on Tuesday, pug-nosed on a holiday, or with a cucumber on the morning of any important business transaction? And what if internal organs as well as external features could be thus worn? Think of the advantages of a fresh liver with a fresh shirt, or a clear pair of lungs while the stopped lungs were tinkering at the specialist's.

We are told that an eminent Parisian chef weeps for the days that are no more, when the great of the earth knew how to dine. "'Your King Edward was a customer of mine; but what do you think he preferred? The simplest dishes. And Leopold of Belgium'—Casimir's dark eyes blazed with scorn—'soup and a slice of beef. Alas, is that a dinenr for a king?'"

And what would Casimir say to the tastes of untitled and uncrowned monarchs of America—to Senator Hanna and his favorite corned-beef hash?

It is said that the late Mr. Osgood, who represented Harper & Brothers in London, used to make hash the feature of his luncheons to which publishers, artists, literary men, were invited. Hash was a novelty, a luxury to them, and they ate so greedily of it that there was no need of providing any other substantial dish

"Walt Whitman was born in Huntington, L. I., and the old homestead of his family is still standing." No; Whitman was born at White Hills, near Huntington.

Medical Talk assures us that no one is in "the least particle of danger of catching smallpox who eats a little lettuce every day * * * it is a thousand times better than vaccination." Is this true? We know if you sow lettuce seed in the form of the name of your sweetheart, and if the lettuce grows well, you will win her love. Furthermore, it is an established fact that if you are desirous of children you should not have too much lettuce in your garden.

Someone alluded in a New York paper to "that commonplace article, the safety pin." Now a safety pin is never commonplace. It often is romantic; it is often a very present help in trouble.

Maxim Gorky's latest play, "In Lowest Depths", which was produced at Moscow, deals with scenes at a night-refuge. Among the inmates are a Baron who has just undergone a sentence of hard labor, a drab, a drunken playacter, a thief by heredity, a telegraph clerk who has undergone a long sentence for murder. They all live up to their characters in the refuge. "The thief continues to steal, the woman plies her trade; the ex-assassin swindles at cards; the drunken actor drinks on the proceeds; and the Baron gets drunk on the woman's earnings. The thief is honored above all the others because he acquires money so easily."

A little old man named Luke turns up. He is good and simple. He has known all forms of sin and suffering. He gives hope of a better life to these wretched inmates, he awakens humanity in them. "Then Luke departs, and the inmates of the shelter feel that they can no longer go on living as before, and each strives to find some way of escape. The drunken actor commits suicide. The woman gives way to despair. The Baron the thief, and the ex-assassin go on drinking, but they now drink 'to the health of man.' Luke has communicated a ray of hope, germ of salvation to them: they realize what they might have been. But not one of them is actually saved. Gorky's manifest seems to be the prevalence of sentiment over reason. The learned man seeks truth and justice, but finds it not where as the plain, simple man arrives at it instinctively. The reality of life, however, cannot be recast all at once, nor evil eliminated. But good is original, and is found at the bottom of all men; evil is the result of a weakness of will. Will can do everything if it be properly guided, and eventually leads to truth, goodness, and justice. Evil is no less real. Reality is the outcome of these two tendencies."

April 1903

The Metropolitan Opera House Company performed Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" at the Boston Theatre last evening. Mr. Flon conducted Donizetti's opera, and the cast was as follows:

Don Pasquale.....Gilibert
Dr. Malatesta.....Scotti
Ernesto.....Dani
Norina.....Sembrich
The Notary.....Vanni

The most surprising feature of this delightful opera, written shortly before the composer's mind gave way, is that the music shows no symptoms of fatigue, no trace of perfunctory labor. And yet "Don Pasquale" was Donizetti's sixtieth work for the stage.

Written for the Italian Theatre at Paris, and for Grisi, Lablache, Tamburini and Mario, it at once became popular; but here in Boston it had not been heard for several years until Sembrich, with her own company, revived it at the Boston Theatre early in January, 1901, when Rossi impersonated the tricked, foolish, yet lovable old man.

### Gilibert's Impersonation.

The music is still for the most part fresh and charming, the very music for light comedy, in which the conversation is now in recitative and now in phrases that are borne swiftly along in the orchestral flow. The subject is amusing and the moral is an excellent one: an old man should not dream of marriage either with spinster or widow. Youth, said Liszt, is the time for virtuosity, and the application of this maxim should not be confined to pianists. The rich bachelor of 50 should be content with books, his club and the indefatigable attentions of those who expect to be his heirs. Poor Don Pasquale! He deserved a better fate. Mr. Gilibert played the part according to the admirable traditions of the French opera-comique. His Don Pasquale was never grotesque, never ridiculous; nor was there a false note of melodrama, even when, after the slap from Norina's hand, he exclaimed, "It's all up with Don Pasquale."

Mr. Gilibert played with finesse rather than with the unctuous humor of Rossi; his impersonation abounded in fine strokes and the composition of it was individual and consistent. He sang glibly and skilfully, with mastery of the phrase, with appreciation of the text. In ensemble his voice was not always sufficiently heavy; but it may here be said that the orchestra was continually too much in evidence; flowing, but delicate violin passages were played as though to assist a Wagnerian hero in distress, and Mr. Flon did little or nothing to preserve the balance between the accompaniment and the voices.

The conductors should remember that the acoustic properties of the Boston Theatre are famous, and that the orchestral fury which gives confidence to the conversation of Metropolitan box-owners is not necessary in the Boston playhouse.

### Sembrich's Norina.

Norina is one of the very best of Sembrich's parts; and who will sing it after she is gone? Absit omen! Last night she was not uniformly brilliant in song, for her voice occasionally, and especially at first, sagged below the true pitch, but it seems ungracious to make this comment when there was so much in her performance to praise in glowing terms. Now sparkling and gay, now mock-demure, now shrewish, she played vivaciously; her coquetry was free from the ghastly endeavor of middle-age, nor was it so nervously restless, so affectedly kittenish as to bore. There were vocal passages that she sang with inimitable artistry, and the beauty of her sustained song was, as ever, a pure joy.

Mr. Scotti was an excellent Dr. Malatesta, and Mr. Dani had pleasant moments now and then. All in all the animated performance gave much pleasure, and the large audience—it should have been larger—was highy appreciative. In the finale Sembrich interpolated the well-known air from "Linda"—which was unnecessary.

### "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Mr. Flon also conducted Mascagni's opera. The cast was as follows:

Santuzza.....Seygard
Lucia.....Bauermeister
Lola.....Bridewell
Alfio.....Campanari
Turiddu.....De Marchi

This performance, no doubt, would have seemed excellent in certain ways had not an Italian by the name of Mascagni visited Boston early this season, with his own company, and led a memorable performance of the opera that made him famous. He had with him a lyric tragedian of unusual dramatic power; his tenor was robust; but above all Mascagni himself showed us how his opera should sound.

How much there is in the prelude, the opening chorus, the entrance of Santuzza that Mr. Flon either was unable to find or too indifferent to bring out with a far better orchestra! And one might go through the score page by page and point out Mr. Flon's sins of omission. Mrs. Seygard is a singer of routine experience, who does her best within her limitations; but the part of Santuzza demands something more than experience and praiseworthy intentions.

Mr. De Marchi's Turiddu is familiar to our opera goers, and how many baritones are there who ever made much out of Alfio and his song? There was some new business at the opening of the act, but it was laboriously carried out and it was not at all like Mascagni's own idea of the situation. A great performance is tragic in this; it dwarfs all future attempts until some man or woman of dramatic intensity comes along and persuades the hearer that comparisons for once are not odious.

### Change of Bill.

Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" will not be sung Saturday afternoon. "Carmen" will be performed in its place, and De Marchi will then make his first appearance here as Don Jose. Seygard will be the Carmen, Gadski the Michaela and Campanari the Escamillo. Mr. Mancinelli will conduct.

'Twixt the red after-glow and the night-time
There's an hour that there used not to be
When the light that is left, of a sudden,
Throws a charm on the land and the sea
And a spell over me.

Vague twitters of satisfied songsters,
And sunset's farewell in the west,
Remind us that toil-time is over;
The last hour of day is the best
When the world is at rest.

But what is this thing that I yearn for
With all the mad dreams it will bring?
I'm athirst with a fever of longing
For that subtle and sumptuous thing—
The dear first day of spring.

There will be a lecture of more than ordinary interest this evening in Chickering Hall. Mr. Frederick R. Burton, journalist, composer, novelist, conductor, will tell the story of his adventures among the Ojibway Indians; how he gained their confidence so that they sang their native tunes to him and explained the origin of them so far as it was in their power; how, pleased by his appreciation of their music and by his harmonizations of melodies, they made him a member of their tribe. Mr. Burton will also tell of their out-door performances of "Hiawatha," for which he has arranged and composed music. And Mr. Burton will himself give musical illustrations, and he will have the aid of solo singers and a friendly chorus.

Professor Fillmore and Miss Alice C. Fletcher spent much time and labor in the investigation of Indian music, but they were unfortunate in their choice of material. Mr. Burton has found the Ojibways more musical than other tribes, and he believes that with judicious training composers may yet appear among them. No doubt the Ojibway would at first write after European models, but Mr. Burton thinks that when he escaped the influence of his master, he would write something distinctively—not American—but North American Indian.

And in some future symphony or symphonic poem the drum used in the Wabeno rite to excite the love of a sweetheart and the Winnebago courting flute may play prominent parts. George Catlin tells us that in the vicinity of the upper Mississippi a young man serenaded his mistress with this flute for days together until she acceded to his wishes and gave him her heart and hand. And it should be remembered that in the earlier years the pipe or flute was thought to be irresistible in wooing. No woman, thought Plato, could hear the Lydian pipe with impunity, which recalls the story told by Garcilasso of the Indian woman met by a Spaniard late at night in a street of Cuzco; and she cried out: "For God's sake, sir, let me go; for that flute which you hear in yonder tower is calling me with such passion and tenderness that I cannot refuse the summons of him who plays it; for love constrains me to go thither, that I may be his wife and that he may be my husband."

The program of the Symphony concert of this week has been materially changed. It will include a symphony in D minor by G. M. Witkowski of Paris (first time); prelude, menuet and fugue for strings by Hugo Reinhold; Schumann's Overture, Scherzo, and Finals. Mr. Charles Gilibert of the Grau opera company will sing Massenet's "Pensee d'Automne;" a song from Masse's "Paul and Virginia;" and a group of old French songs.

The King of Italy will publish sometime this month a catalogue compiled by himself of his collection of coins. The work will be in twenty volumes and there will be many illustrations. Orders should be sent at once. We advise you to cable directly to the King. The price of each copy is only $30,000.

An extraordinary divorce suit was ended lately in London. The co-respondent, a Mr. Thompson, is eighty-two years old. The jury found in favor of the respondent and thus showed unusual intelligence.

The French language has long been enriched with "le snobisme," which may be seen, in company with "le sleeping" and "le steeple," on the first page of most newspapers. In the case of the two words last named the better part has supped away; and when we read of a gentleman-rider "mounting a steeple," we must distinguish. It is not a church-steeple, but a steeple-chaser that he mounts. But "le snobisme" is complete, and so is "io snob," borrowed, with careful grammar, by the newspapers of Italy. So is a new word which has, somehow, a grotesque seriousness in German. It was spoken in Sudermann's play by the German actors, and we hasten to present it as a novelty worth noting—"snobthum."——Pall Mall Gazette.

Coquelin was not successful as a lecturer at Rome when he talked about Shakespeare and Moliere. "Every one expected fire, wit and verve, gesture and extempore speaking. Instead a serious person appeared, who sat, calmly put on a pair of glasses, buried his head in his MS. and from then to the end nothing was seen by the audience but the top of his head, accompanied by his rather monotonous reading.

April 2, 1903

"Aida" was performed by the Metropolitan Opera House Company yesterday afternoon at the Boston Theatre. Mancinelli conducted. The cast was as follows:

Aida ..... Gad
Amneris ..... Hor
A Priestess ..... Mar
Radames .....Alvaz
Amonasro ..... Campari
Ramfis .....Jourt
The King ..... Muehlma
A Messenger ..... Vai

Some, and among them I regret to say is Mr. John F. Runciman, th "Aida" merely another proof of Verdi's "rowdy imagination;" and Mr. Runciman insists that the first two acts might as well not exist; that material for a truly dramatic libretto and the inspiration for a stage-composer is not provided before the Nile scene. They say that Aida is the only character of flesh and blood; that Amneris is a mixture of stage queen and Camille. But why Camille?

### Character of the Opera.

The performance yesterday was of a nature to invite remarks concerning the opera itself; for neither the false intonation of some of the chief singers nor the fact that one of them at least, Homer, was not in favorable vocal condition, nor the general boisterousness on the stage and in the orchestra destroyed the beauty and the power of Verdi's music. There are three characters strongly defined both by the artist and composer. Dismiss Radames, if you please, as a good, honest, but conventional operatic soldier-hero. The Priest and the King are conventional types, with a tendency to break out into Salvation Army rhythms. There remains Aida, who is exquisitely and

ically identified by her music, and when the slave is impersonated by a woman of mobile face, passionate and splendid beauty, glowing temperament, this same slave dominates the stage. There remains Amneris, whose music is sumptuous and proud, and, mark you, it is rightly without the tender appeal of Aida. There remains one of the most striking figures on the operatic stage, the savage Amonasro. Can you imagine any music that would be more dramatically appropriate? Or to whom could you give this music with any fitness?

### A Work of Occasion.

The marvel is that Verdi wrote so spontaneous and vital work for a special occasion; and a yet greater marvel is that this Italian, profoundly national to the end, could summon as by a wand or incantation, the exotic atmosphere in which the characters are enwrapped, this suggestion of ancient and gloomy worship of a mysterious god, this thought of wild and desert tribes, and the Nile at night and under the liquid moon. It is easy to say this one scene smacks of vulgarity in melody and rhythm or that one scene is unnecessarily bolsterous. Verdi wrote for the Egyptian Opera House with full knowledge of the necessity of scenic display, tonal masses, pomp and ceremony. But the first two acts are not merely decorative; they abound in dramatic touches, in effects gained by simple means, in nobly beautiful melodic lines. Note the simple phrase in the orchestra that gives significance to the news brought by the messenger. The quality of that phrase is picturesquely barbaric, as is the melody of the Cossacks in Tschaikowsky's overture "1812." It does not require a strain of the imagination when you are reminded by this phrase to picture the tribal revolt, the fury of Amonasro leading his host across the sands. The Nile scene, wonderful as are the first pages of it, is not the sole instance of high imagination on which the composer, as on Solomon's carpet, borne across the sea, surveyed an alien land and men and women of a foreign tongue, but with the universal and eternal passions. It is too late, however, to write the eulogy of "Aida." Faults it has; and what opera is flawless? But the merits are so many and supreme, that the faults seem insignificant; and these faults, say rather mannerisms, are those of a most puissant nature.

### The Performance.

Gadski is a singer who is versatile and laudably ambitious. When she first came here she was distinctively a lyric soprano, but she has since assumed dramatic parts. Her face is not naturally mobile, she is not a playactress of great intensity, nor has she the clarion organ that triumphs in stormy finales. Yet the honesty of her endeavor is apparent, her routine work is generally respectable, and her voice when it is not forced beyond or within her limitations is agreeable, and in the display of moderate emotion, effective. She, as well as the other singers, is now at the end of a long and trying season, and it is not surprising that yesterday she showed fatigue. Mrs. Homer, a woman with a beautiful voice, whose method of producing tone lessens and impairs her tonal display, whose tones are too often throaty, whose disposal of her tongue, as in the case of Scotti, handicaps her in free and full delivery of phrase, now acts the part of Amneris with more discretion and more marked effect than in her performance a season ago. Mr. Alvarez had brilliant moments, and he was a heroic figure, but his intonation was uncertain, as was that of both Gadski and Homer. Campanari's Amonasro was vigorous, but his savage monarch was not splendidly barbaric. Mr. Journet as Ramfis was not so pontifical as Plancon in bearing or in song. The orchestra was too constantly noisy. The ballet in the second act knew only primitive steps, and the chief dancer missed her entrance, to the dismay of her humbler sisters. There was an audience of good size, and there was much applause.

### "Siegfried."

The opera last evening was "Siegfried." Mr. Hartz conducted. The cast was as follows:

The Wanderer.....Van Rooy
Siegfried .....Burgstaller
Alberich .....Bispham
Mime .....Reiss
Fafner .....Blass
Bruennhilde .....Nordica
Erda .....Schumann-Heink
Forest Bird.....Seygard

A most excellent performance; in many respects the best that has yet been given in Boston. Mr. Hertz conducted in masterly fashion and the orchestra was a constant delight. Mr. Reiss's Mime is a remarkable impersonation, distinguished by artistic restraint, infinite detail and by authority in the portrayal of despicable malignity. The Wanderer is inevitably and inherently the bore of bores, with his dismal maunderings, his heart to heart talks with Mime and Alberich. Once, it is true, he mounts his throne and proclaims the godhead in one of the most sublime bursts of music ever conceived by man; but this is only a proof of Rossini's bitter jest at Wagner's expense: "fortunate moments and most unfortunate half-hours." Mr. Van Rooy by his vocal art made the Wanderer frequently endurable, and this is the highest praise. Mrs. Seygard as the Bird was not in truly bird-like condition. Mr. Bispham's Alberich was repulsively, greedily, and therefore appropriately dramatic, and Mr. Blass roared as only dragons roar. Nordica's Bruennhilde is heroic, yet womanly. But the one commanding figure in this fairy play is the youth Siegfried, the youth that knew not fear, that was so lonely he missed even the companionship of wretched Mime, that finally knew the bliss of awakening a virgin to the full knowledge of love, and by this awakening brought on his appointed doom. A lovable youth, this Siegfried! Mr. Burgstaller was thoroughly admirable in the trying impersonation. He was not an elderly gentleman with a sweet voice, masquerading in the forest as a young man, and thoroughly uncomfortable far from his club. He was not a professional beauty. And thus he differed from predecessors. He was a wholesome, sympathetic youth, brave without fanfaronade, not artificially naive, not pruriently modest in his awakening of the Valkyr. He was Siegfried, the natural man of youthful longings, unknown emotions, who loses this and that illusion, who learns the treachery of the world, feels loneliness of soul, and then knows the height and fulness and glory of earthly bliss.

There was a very large and enthusiastic audience. The opera tonight will be "The Magic Flute."

The opera on Saturday afternoon will be "Carmen," with Seygard, Gadski, and De Marchi.

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And now what will Mr. McGovern do? Will he assist in the elevation of the stage? Or will he open a saloon which he will personally conduct, not as a bouncer, but as a genial host, a man of experience, one that hath had losses, one of a noble band. Leaning in a graceful attitude on the bar he can say with Ulysses:

> I am become a name;
> For always roaming with a hungry heart
> Much have I seen and known; cities of men
> And manners, climates, councils, governments,
> Myself not least, but honored of them all;
> And drunk delight of battle with my peers.

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The fight was no doubt an agreeable affair, but it seems to have been deficient in memorably picturesque incidents. There was no "store of ladies" present, "whose bright eyes rain influence, and judge the prize." There was no such instance of woman's devotion as when Mrs. Fitzsimmons cried to her liege lord: "Poke him in the slats, Bob." Nothing finer than this is to be found in Plutarch's essay "Concerning the Virtues of Women."

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The reports published in the newspapers are too dry and technical. Right and left jabs, upper cuts, hooks to the stomach, rights to the kidneys, wallops in the mouth—it's dull reading. No reporter should be allowed to attend a mill in his professional capacity until he has mastered the art of Hazlitt's essay, "The Fight." Henley quotes this essay as an instance of Hazlitt's incomparable criticism and expression of life. "His summary of the fight between Hickman and Bill Neate is alone in literature, as also in the annals of the Ring. * * * Hazlitt looked on at the proceedings of Neate and the Gaslight Man exactly as he had looked on at divers creations of Edmund Kean. He saw the essentials in both expressions of human activity, and his treatment of both is fundamentally the same. In both he ignores the trivial; here the acting (in its lowest sense), there the hits that did not count. And thus, as he gives you only the vital touches, you know how and why Neate beat Hickman, and can tell the exact moment at which Hickman began to be a beaten man."

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We cannot refrain from quoting two extracts from this marvelous achievement of Hazlitt's intellect:

"In the first round every one thought it was all over. Ater making play a short time, the Gas-man flew at his adversary like a tiger, struck five blows in as many seconds, three first, and then following him as he staggered back, two more, right and left, and down he fell, a mighty ruin. There was a shout, and I said, 'There is no standing this.' Neate seemed like a lifeless lump of flesh and bone, round which the Gasman's blows played with the rapidity of electricity or lightning, and you imagined he would only be lifted up to be knocked down again. It was as if Hickman held a sword or a fire in that right hand of his and directed it against an unarmed body."

And this is still nobler:

"There was little cautious sparring—no half hits—no tapping and trifling, none of the petit-maitreship of the art—they were almost all knock-down blows; the fight was a good stand-up fight. The wonder was the half-minute time. If there had been a minute or more allowed between each round it would have been intelligible how they should by degrees recover strength and resolution; but to see two men smashed to the ground, smeared with gore, stunned, senseless, the breath beaten out of their bodies; and then, before you recover from the shock, to see them rise up with new strength and courage, stand ready to inflict or receive mortal offense, and rush upon each other 'like two clouds over the Caspian'—this is the most astonishing thing of all: this is the high and heroic state of man! From this time forward the event became more certain every round; and about the twelfth it seemed as if it must have been over. Hickman generally stood with his back to me; but in the scuffle he had changed positions, and Neate just then made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards; he hung suspended for a second or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's 'Inferno.'"

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There is George Borrow's description of a fight; there is a great fight in Victor Hugo's "L'Homme Qui Rit" between Phelem-ghe-Madone and Helmsgail—"when Phelem-ghe-Madone, released at last, raised his head, he had no longer any features at all; what had been a nose, eyes, and a mouth had the appearance only of a black sponge soaked in blood; he spat out four teeth upon the ground"; there is brave slugging in Homer and Virgil; Fitz James O'Brien's poem should not pass unmentioned; Maginn's "Idyl on the Battle" and his "Luctus on the Death of Sir Daniel Donnelly, late champion of Ireland," should be familiar to every schoolboy; but nothing approaches this essay by Hazlitt. (It may be remembered that Donnelly, after he retired into private life, opened a pub. "the Shining Daisy," and he flourished until in February, 1820, "having drank an almost incredible number of tumblers of punch at one sitting (out of mere bravado), and swallowing half a bucket of cold water, while in a state of profuse perspiration, after the aforesaid tumblers, he burst a blood vessel and departed this life in the 44th year of his age." Mr. McGovern should ponder his fate in retirement and avoid water from bucket or from glass.

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The statement that Johanna Gadski will take the part of Michaela in "Carmen" for the first time in Boston next Saturday afternoon is incorrect. She was the Michaela at a performance by the Damrosch company at the Boston Theatre Feb. 3, 1897, when Camille Seygard was Carmen; Salignac, Don Jose; and Maurice de Vries, Escamillo.

April 3 1903

Mozart's "Magic Flute" was performed last night at the Boston Theatre by the Metropolitan Opera House Company. Mr. Mancinelli conducted. There was the largest audience of the season. The cast was as follows:

The Queen of Night.....Sembrich
Pamina .....Gadski
Papagena .....Scheff
Three Ladies of the Queen of Night, Seygard, Homer, Bridewell
Three Genii of the Temple, Marilly, Van Cauteren, Mapleson
Tamino .....Salignac
Monostatos .....Reiss
Sarastro .....Ed. de Reszke
Papageno .....Campanari
The Speaker .....Dufriche
Two Priests .....Muehlmann, Vanni
Two Armed Men...Dufriche and Maestri

This opera is performed so seldom in Boston that a discussion concerning its origin and character may not be impertinent. No doubt many wondered last night why Mozart was persuaded to put music to such a nonsensical farrago. It is not an explanation to invent symbolical meaning or to talk knowingly about Masonic secrets hinted at by the composer. Mozart was a simple man, fond of folk-plays as well as punch and billiards; he was not given to symbolism, nor was his period one of psychological analysis.

### Schikaneder, Librettist.

Emanuel Johann Schikaneder, the librettist of "The Magic Flute," was a wandering theatre-director, poet, composer, and play-actor. Restless, something of a bore, vain, shiftless yet shrewd, he had good qualities that endeared him to Mozart. In 1791 Schikaneder was manager of the Auf der Wieden, a booth, where comic operas were performed; and he no doubt would have made a success of his venture, had he curbed ambition; but he found himself sorely embarrassed. On the verge of failure, he put his trust in "The Magic Flute," a fairy drama which he had made out of Wieland's story "Lulu," and he asked Mozart to write music for it. Mozart was amused by the scenario, and he said: "If I do not bring you out of your trouble, you must not blame me, for I have never written magic music." There was talk of a rival stage production of Wieland's story; so Schikaneder, with the help of an actor named Giesecke, made changes and substituted for Wieland's Evil Genius, the high priest Sarastro, who appears to be the custodian of the secrets and the executor of the wishes of the Masonic order. Yet some have gone so far as to believe that Schikaneder intended the libretto as a symbolical representation of the French Revolution. The Queen of Night is the incarnation of Royalty; Pamina is Liberty the, daughter of Despotism, and for her Tamino, the People, burns. Monostatos is Emigration; Sarastro is the Wisdom of Legislation; the Priests represent the National Assembly. Goethe, who was not given to the extraction of sunbeams from cucumbers, wrote a continuation of the libretto. He recognized the absurdities of Schikaneder's work, yet he insisted that the librettist "understood perfectly the art of producing great theatrical effects by contrasts." Hegel found that story and music together broadened the imagination and warmed the heart, and he praised the mixture of the common and the supernatural.

### Mozart's Share.

Schikaneder knew the ease with which Mozart wrote, and he also knew that it was necessary to keep watch over him. Constance, Mozart's wife, was then at Baden, so Schikaneder lodged the composer in a pavilion in the midst of a garden near his theatre, and in this pavilion and in a room of the casino of Josephdorf the music was written. At first, like the usher in Hood's ballad, Mozart sat remote from all, a melancholy man, for he was even then in the shadow and the coolth of Death. Soon gay members of the theatre company joined him. The bowl went merrily around, and as the legend has it, the beautiful eyes of the playactress Gerl softened when Mozart looked at her. The opera was produced on Sept. 30, 1791, and Mozart conducted the first two performances. The audiences were disappointed and Mozart was cut to the quick. The cool reception was not due to the character of the subject; for "magic plays," with music of Viennese composers, as Wenzel Mueller, were popular, and "the Magic Flute" was ranked as a "singspiel," or a magic farce, with unusually elaborate music. The report from Vienna that was published in Reichardt's Berlin music journal soon after the opening night was as follows: "The new machine-comedy, 'The Magic Flute,' with music by our chapelmaster Mozard (sic) which was performed at great expense and with much sumptuousness, did not meet with the expected success; for the contents and dialogue of the piece are utterly worthless." But Schikander did not despair. The opera soon became the fashion; and the 200th representation was celebrated in Vienna in October, 1795.

### A Tragedy or Two.

Mozart died early in December of the same year, wretchedly poor, diseased in mind and body. The day before his death he said to his wife: "I should like to hear my 'Magic Flute' once more," and he began to hum in a scarcely audible voice the bird-catcher's song. He was buried in a storm and his body was lowered into a common vault. No stone marked his resting place; no man knows his grave. Schikaneder, "sensualist, parasite, spendthrift," filled his purse from "The Magic Flute" and waxed fat. He built a theatre, the An der Wien, and he put on the roof his own statue, clothed in the feather-dress of Papageno, the part created by him.

Then luck began to forsake him. He again became a wanderer, half-mad, desperate. The end came in 1812 when he was dependent on charity.

### The Masonic Question.

Since the very first performance there has been discussion concerning the treatment of Masonic thoughts and rites in "The Magic Flute." Jahn admits that Mozart distinguished Masonic symbolism from artistic impulse, but he is also confident that "the dignity and grandeur with which the music reveals the symbolism of these mysteries certainly have their root in his intense devotion to the Masonic idea." Especially is this true, Jahn thinks, of the overture. Now Mozart was a zealous Freemason and he may have been inspired by Masonic thoughts when he wrote the overture: the solemn opening and interrupting chords may suggest the knocking of those seeking initiation, or they may recall the "probation which must be undergone by those who engage in the search for a higher light"; or, according to Herder, he may have tried to express the idea of a struggle between light and darkness. But it is more probable that Mozart was chiefly busied in making music.

### Prior Performances.

This opera, which should not be taken too seriously, which is a muddled mixture of the vulgar, the grotesque, the inexplicable and the solemn; which grew in a large measure out of Wieland's "Lulu," Hensler's opera, "The Sunfeast of the Brahmins," and Mozart's own "King Thamos," was first performed in Boston Jan. 11, 1860, when Colson and Gazzinga where the chief women singers. Other performances were in 1861 (in German), with Johanna Rotter and Lizzie Eckhard; in 1873, with Di Murska and Rudersdorff; in 1882, with Gerster and Hauk. The opera was revived on March 13, 1902, with Sembrich, Eames, Scheff, Ternina, Dippel, Campanari, Reiss, Ed de Reszke, and it was repeated on March 22, when Gadski replaced Eames and Blass was substituted for de Reszke. "The Magic Flute" in German towns is a favorite Sunday night piece, when families and sweethearts, without inquiry into symbolism on the stage, enjoy hugely the mixture of sentiment and mystery and comedy and clowning, wonder at the menagerie introduced into the action, and applaud alike the vocal rockets of the unaccountable Queen of Night and the farcical duet of Papageno and Papagena. In this country a performance is one of "stellar attractions." The managers approve of "The Magic Flute" because it admits of "a tremendous and ideal cast." It is, in other words, a box office opera.

### Last Night's Show.

A review of the performance resolves itself into comment on the singing of those who take part. To criticize seriously the action, when there is no action, to speak of impersonations, would be to out-Schikaneder Schikaneder.

It may be said in general that Mozart's music is a severe test of vocal proficiency. No other music exposes so pitilessly imperfect tone production, worn voices, ignorance and incompetence. The most applauded singer in the Wagnerian music-drama may well tremble at the thought of a recitative or aria by Mozart. The performance last night was not conspicuously brilliant, but there was much singing, good, bad and indifferent, the menagerie was in high spirits, there were decidedly amusing moments, the stage settings looked fresh and appropriate, and there was little or no cause for grumbling at long delays on account of shifting scenery. The audience, which packed the theatre, was impartial in the distribution of applause and rewarded the just and the unjust. Sembrich sang the slow movement of the first air with her accustomed polish, but in the following section of bravura and in the second air the whole hard work of coloratura singing was by no means secure in intonation. The part as a whole is no longer for her. Gadski sang with unvarying monotony of tone and expression the beautiful music given to Pamina, and in her aria of the second act she nearly went to grief. Mme Scheff again had an opportunity to show her fitness for light opera and vaudeville. Miss Marilly, Mrs. Van Cauteren, and Mrs Mapleson sang unusually well the pretty music that is so often butchered, and they outshone their three sisters in black. Salignac was respectable in a thankless part, and Reiss was a capital Mor. De Reszke did little justice to the [illegible] music of Sarastro. He was frequently below the pitch, he chopped his phrases, or did not support them, and his voice was dry and not sonorous. Mr. Campanari often sang well, but his Papageno was hardly rustic and naive. Mr. Mancinelli conducted chorus and orchestra carefully and with discrimination.

The opera this evening will be "Faust" with Scheff, Bridewell, Alvarez, Scotti, Ed. de Reszke.

## BY MADAME SZUMOWSKA

Mrs. Antoinette Szumowska-Adamowska gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall. The program was conventionally grouped: Handel's suite in D minor, Brahms's Caprice in B minor, a Rondo by Mozart, and an "Allegrissimo" by Scarlatti; four Chopin numbers, and pieces by Chaminade, Schumann, Saint-Saens and Liszt. There have been few recitals so thoroughly enjoyable in a long time. It is good to be hearing Mrs. Szumowska again. The program was an animated one; the performance was thoroughly delightful. From first to last her playing was fresh and musical. In the matter of technic, of rhythm, of general conception little need be said, for this quality of Mrs. Szumowska's work is familiar to the Boston audience. There were occasional slips, as in the F minor Fantasy of Chopin (which was not letter-perfect), and one or two effects were impaired by what seemed a lack of physical strength, although in other passages the physical outlay was most noticeable. Mrs. Szumowska has a lovely tone, and an excellent legato. The Nocturne in B major was played exquisitely. The Fantasy, spite of certain faults already mentioned, was powerful and impressive. To hear a woman play Chopin recalls the distracting Mr. Huneker, and one praises (if impressionable) with a certain deprecation. But in Mrs. Szumowska's playing there was no feminine frippery—no sentimental perversion of tempo, no flippant song and dance. It was virile and intelligent throughout.

The audience was large, and showed its keen appreciation by a most uncommon silence.

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President Roosevelt said to the Baron Sternburg: "Oh, it was so lovely of you to come to see me off. It was simply delightful." Somehow or other this does not sound like the speech of a strenuous man. Was the President correctly reported? Or was he using the sweet shop-keeping talk of diplomacy?

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Miss Marian Fergus Woolman, beautiful, rich and accomplished, has "quit society to pray for sinners." Would services in her parlor be of no avail? Is society at Burlington (N. J.) past praying for?

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Important news from Newport, R. I.: Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt sent his mother last night (March 31) and tonight (April 1) "at least $30 worth of violets, lilies of the valley and other flowers." This, alas, is vague. Might not the sum expended have been $29.75 or $31.30? And did the sum cover the floral expenses of both nights? Let us not burst in ignorance.

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A new anecdote about Victor Hugo is published in the Revue Hebdomadaire. Hugo was fond of taking an omnibus at random and riding to its destination. One day a charming woman entered the 'bus, and by a jolt was thrown into the poet's arms. "I beg your pardon," she said, for she was a Parisian, not a Bostonian. "I thank you, madame," was the still more courteous reply.

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Mr. Sims reminds us that trial by newspapers was not unknown in England in less sensational years. Thurteil's legal advisers applied for a postponement of the trial on account of the prejudice created against him by statements published "in a certain daily newspaper or journal called the Times." The solicitor in his affidavit asserted that the Times (1823) was printing 6000 copies daily.

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Why should Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain wish to be a peeress? Did she not come from Salem, and what is the aristocracy of England to that of "the city of the unburied dead." Even the less distinguished women of Salem, if Herman Melville may be believed, had breaths of such entrancing sweetness that sailors returning home were not obliged to consult chart or soundings as they neared the harbor.

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The late Legouve, who died at 96, with a light heart and unimpaired digestion, fenced to the last morning. Sophie Arnould, when she heard a certain man had died of poison, exclaimed, "Dear me, he must have sucked his own pen." But Legouve never thought out a malicious or severe line. He wrote in the columns of the Temps shortly before his death: "I have been happy. Life has dealt gently with me." The love of exercise seems to be hereditary in the Legouve family. His daughter, a sexagenarian, swims across the Seine and back before breakfast in vacation time. Fencing, by the way, is the favorite exercise of Sir Theodore Martin, who is vigorous at 86. But what is he or Dr. Samuel Smiles, now past 90, to Manuel Garcia, the singing teacher, who is 98?

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A Roman correspondent tells us this queer story about Marconi:

"Marconi's mother was an Irish Presbyterian, while his father was a Roman Catholic. Mutual love in the case of the parents overcame religious differences, and the one child of the union was to be left free to make his choice when he came to years of discretion. Signora Marconi instructed her son carefully in the tenets of her religion, while we may be sure that Signor Marconi was equally solicitous about his. William, the little Englishman, grew in stature and intelligence until his eighteenth birthday, when the momentous decision must be made. His father said to him, in substance, 'My boy, you are now a man; will you, like your Italian friends, become a Catholic, or will you elect to throw in your lot with the aliens?' The young man made his decision, and as in those days there was no Presbyterian communion in Bologna, he joined the Waldensian Church, of which he is today a member. Thus William Marconi finds himself in England not only among fellow-countrymen of the same tongue, but also of the same religion. In the long years that followed his choice he has not wavered, although constantly under Catholic influence, and also the difference of creed has never lessened the love and esteem reigning between father and son."

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Kansas City, as we learn from the Star, has its own sweet singer, Julia Edna Worthley, who chants in sonorous verse the praises of her city. The poem has four stanzas and thirty-two lines. It begins: "She waits by the westering waters." "Westering" is good, very good.

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Admirers of "L'Aiglon" should read a monograph on Napoleon II., compiled by Baron Albert Lombroso. The volume contains hitherto unpublished letters of the Eaglet, the reports made to the Cabinet at Vienna concerning his education, and details of the endeavors of the Countess Camerata to be his guide, philosopher and friend.

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The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette speaks of the crowd at the Salon des Independants. "The danger to the canvases will be considerable. Art-lovers may console themselves, however, with the fact that comparatively few of the pictures exhibited would be very much the worse after a dig from an umbrella; for, with very rare exceptions, this year's Independant show is a collection of the most daring daubs that I remember to have seen. Among the rare good pictures, which give all the more pleasure owing to their environment, is a cattle fair ('Foire aux Boeufs'), by M. Milcendeau, which has both character and color, three Breton scenes by M. Piet, which reproduce the strange sweet melancholy of the Breton landscape wondrous well, and some delightful drawings and pastels by Forain. M. de Minartz, too, whose name is new to me, exhibits some Paris nocturnes (in silhoutte) which should attract attention. But, after all, the real show at the Paris spring salons is not the pictures but the dresses."

Avril 4 1903

Gounod's "Faust" was the opera performed last night at the Boston Theatre by the Metropolitan Opera House Company. Mr. Flon conducted. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Marguerite | Scheff |
| Marthe | Bapermeister |
| Siebel | Bridewell |
| Faust | Alvarez |
| Mephistopheles | Ed. de Reszke |
| Valentin | Scotti |
| Wagner | Dufriche |

When it was announced early in the season that Fritzi Scheff would impersonate Marguerite in Gounod's opera, a cry of incredulity went up. This cry was followed by indignant protests: "A soubrette act the part of Marguerite? She is good enough as Musetta or as the gypsy girl in 'Manru.' For the sake of the argument we are prepared to accept her Cherubino or even her Zerlina. But Marguerite? Shades of Nilsson and Lucca and Calve!" Such in substance were the opinions pronounced in advance. Nevertheless, Fritzi Scheff appeared as Marguerite in New York. The walls of the Metropolitan Opera House are still standing. Nor did any strange perturbation of nature interrupt her performance last night.

### A Young Marguerite.

Thirty years or more ago Herve wrote an opera bouffe, entitled "Le Petit Faust." When Fritzi Scheff appears in Gounod's opera should the title be changed to "La Petite Marguerite"? Mrs. Scheff is guilty of the atrocious crime of youth. But Marguerite was young, in spite of the efforts of several middle-aged prima donnas to persuade us that she had reached the years of irksome sobriety.

Faust was an old man and a philosopher, and old men, whether they be philosophical or not, gaze enraptured on the vision of girlish maidenhood, as did Faust in his study. Is it not a pleasure to see and hear a youthful Gretchen at least once in ten years? Think of the long procession of elderly Marguerites arm-in-arm with bulky Isoldes, a line so long and highly respectable that the apparition of an undeniably fresh young German girl is as disconcerting as would be that of a graceful and supple and wholly desirable woman borne on the ship towards Cornwall's coast.

### The Marguerite of Opera.

If you pardon this crime of youth, you may yet say: "But Marguerite is an intensely dramatic part. How can a woman born for light opera and identified with gay or frivolous impersonations hope to succeed in operatic tragedy?" It is true that some women, as Lucca and Calve, have played Marguerite with marked dramatic power, but did they not thereby step out of the libretto and stand firmly on Goethe's poem? Madame Carvalho, who created the part of Marguerite, made her debut in one of Auber's sparkling comedies. She sang in other operas of this class, she appeared as Cherubino, but she never was identified with any tragic part before she created Marguerite. And was she a tragic Marguerite?

### Scheff's Ambition.

Or should Mrs. Scheff be censured for her ambition? Must a soubrette always be a soubrette? Are there fixed castes in opera as under the Brahmin dispensation? Must youth and beauty be side-tracked to make room for the slow freight of gray-haired experience? Should not youth have at least the opportunity even though the result be disastrous?

Mrs. Scheff is not an amateur who pines for a professional career, who would gladly exchange all the comforts of home for the discomforts of the opera house. She is of professional stock; she has sung in more than one or two theatres; she has shown that she has certain gifts. Why should her ambition be considered insolent?

Her impersonation last evening was at times charming and at times weak, but it was almost always interesting. She was the Marguerite of the French librettists, but now and then her German blood asserted itself and she remembered Goethe. Her first scene was managed discreetly. She walked in her own atmosphere, and walked unconsciously. In the first part of the garden scene she was quietly charming, and she was within the somewhat narrow frame until the meeting with her lover after the jewel song. Then there was a false note in her bearing toward Faust, as though he would be impressed by her bejeweled appearance.

But the prison scene makes severer demands, for here there must be, if not intensely dramatic action, at least some facial expression. Some look of unutterable remorse, woe, fear. A young soprano like Mrs. Scheff is here liable to fall into extravagance of face or posture, to use unmeaning gestures, to be hysterical, and yet the spectator remains indifferent. He sees a woman feigning emotions. It is not surprising that Mrs. Scheff in this scene was fair to look upon when kneeling at the prayer desk and ineffective. She was a pretty woman in evident distress, but this distress did not sink into the spectator's soul.

And what should be said about her singing? In the "King of Thule" she did not sustain the phrase in every instance, and certain tones would sag, or she would seem breathless, but these faults were later less in evidence, and might well have been due to nervousness. It is not necessary to criticize her vocal performance in detail. It was generally respectable; it was occasionally charming; it was never brilliant or impassioned.

### As a Whole.

Mrs. Scheff's Marguerite had the inestimable advantages of youth and beauty. Her composition of the part was on conventional lines. She was more effective in her quieter moments. Tragic or strongly melodramatic scenes are at present beyond her abilities. Whether she will grow to them is a question with which we are not now concerned. Her performance as a whole, vocally and dramatically, was what we might expect from a young and light soprano in the stock company of a German opera house, who makes her first appearance and is encouraged by the applause of a kindly and interested audience, and by the evident admiration of gallant army officers.

Mrs Scheff, however, did not appear last night as a lyric tragedian at the zenith of her fame. She admits frankly that she is a beginner. But she has resolution as well as ambition, and after her vaudeville frolic next season, who knows what she may or may not do? At present this may be said: She has a right to ask for a hearing, to demand serious consideration. She did not play Marguerite in jest, and many singers of acknowledged fame began with a far more lame and impotent performance.

### Her Associates.

Mr. Flon awoke from his lethargy and conducted admirably. Miss Bridewell was a most attractive Siebel, and she sang the Flower song with uncommon art, with a delicacy and a finesse that gave distinction to the performance of this hackneyed air. Mr. Alvarez sang far better than on former occasions. Now and then he would be throaty or uncertain, but his brilliant moments were frequent, and he often displayed true emotion, without the aid of sobs and gurgles. His address to Marguerite's dwelling was thoughtfully considered and full of delightful detail.

Mr. de Reszke's Mephistopheles was strongly characterized, and vocally short-winded, false, and of chopped phrases. Mr. Scotti's Valentin was excellent in many ways. The chorus was unusually effective and actually indulged in dynamic distinctions. There was a large and applausive audience.

The opera this afternoon will be "Carmen." This evening the performance of "Goetterdaemmerung" will close the season.

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Mr. William James Roffey, an English tutor and examiner of training classes for teachers, published the other day entertaining excerpts from examination papers which had been handed to him for correction.

Brethren, the Fourth Estate, to which we belong and by which we live, was thus defined:

(1.) "Consisting of vagrants, homeless wanderers—the lowest of all."

(2.) "The Press—So styled from the body of gentlemen to whom is assigned the care of lighthouses."

(3.) "The Fourth Estate is India."

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"A crossed cheque means when an illtrate (sic) person wants to sign a cheque, if he cannot write, he puts a cross instead of his name."

"The Prime Minister is the person next the King. When the King is abroad the Prime Minister does all the work."

"Calcutta is noted in history for the mutiny of many Englishman (sic) by the natives commonly called the Black Hole of Calcutta."

"The Kimberly diamonds are found in an ingenious (sic) black clay."

"The Outlanders are one of the tribes of South Africa belonging to the Bantu race. Oom Paul is a cape on the Gold Coast."

"The Trossacks (sic) are a mountainous valley, noted for its scenery. It has been called by Sir W. Scott 'The Lady of the Lake.'"

"Wallace never led his soldiers where he couldn't go himself."

Newfoundland's condition may be due to the fact that it "exports iron pirates" (sic), or because "where the soil is barren, there the people are usually engaged in fishing."

"A policy of insurance is a written document showing what a person is entitled to after his death."

Benefit Societies have disadvantages: (1) "Members often die, and thus lose their benefits;" (2) "A member only gets £10 for wife's death, while his wife gets £20 for the husband's death."

"The blind man walks the street with a hand like an eye, and if any one is deaf he can talk by means of his fingers."

"France is governed by a Chamber of Disputes."

"There are two sorts of manners—good and bad. The good are for outside show, the bad for home use."

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These statements—of which the last is profoundly true—are no more grotesque than the grave opinions of the ancient scientists collected and published by Victor Hugo in his "William Shakespeare," or the astounding quotations from approved authors chosen by Flaubert as illustrations of the stupidity of man for his "Bouvard et Pecuchet." Read for instance this opinion expressed by Damiron in a philosophical treatise:

"Extraordinary men, of whatever species they be, owe no doubt a part of their success to the superior qualities with which their organization is endowed."

Ponder Havin's declaration:

"As soon as a Frenchman has passed the frontier he enters upon foreign territory."

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How many seniors at Harvard or Yale can name correctly the capitals of the States and Territories of this country or draw a rough map of the countries of Eastern Europe?

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While we are thus bent on giving out improving information we note that, according to statistics compiled within the last twenty years, there is a diminution in the birth-rate in those regions of Italy where the populace is most educated and refined. Twenty years ago the medium by the 1000 inhabitants was: marriages, 8.00; births, 37.50; deaths, 27.60. They are now: marriages, 7.13; births, 33.46; deaths, 22.87. Although the births are less, the population is rapidly increasing, which is due to the fact that the mortality is much less. There is not always a direct conection between the birth and marriage rates. In France the marriages are more than in Italy, and the births much less. In Italy the proportion of the marriages is about the same in seven of the provinces, while the births vary from 30.6 to 34.9, and two others which have comparatively the same number of births have great diversity in the number of marriages.

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Possibly Deputy Pinshia's bill may affect the statistics of the next twenty years, if it be passed. He proposes to make it obligatory on every primary school in Italy to have rooms "where all the students before going into class shall be thoroughly washed under the eyes of the teachers; to insure a proper supervision the health officers will be subject to a fine if any slackness is observed. Furthermore, those communes that are too poor to sustain new expenses will have a government subsidy." If the bill passes, emigration to the United States will increase enormously.

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The Court of Appeal (England) declares solemnly that a bicycle is not "a sledge or a drag," nor is it "a suchlike carriage." It all came from a question of toll. The bicyclist offered the tollkeeper a penny and was willing to wheel his machine across the bridge. The tollkeeper insisted on sixpence, which is extracted from "siedges and drags." And a bicycle is not a gondola, nor is it a hansom.

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The Conservator publishes this quatrain by Edgar Fawcett:

ON THE PIETY OF WILHELM II.

The number of monarchs our world has seen
Is beyond conception prodigious;
But, wicked or virtuous, all have been
Irreproachably religious.

April 5. 1903

# Witkowski's Symphony

The twentieth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, was given last night at Symphony Hall. The program included these orchestral works: Witkowski's symphony in D minor (first time); Reinhold's Prelude, Minuet and Fugue for strings; Schumann's Overture, Scherzo and Finale. Witkowski is an officer in the French army and a pupil in music of Vincent d'Indy. His first work of any pretensions was a quintet, produced in 1898. This symphony is apparently his second, and it is a remarkable composition. It is in three movements, and the thematic material is derived from one chief or generative motive, viz.: a melody of Lower Brittany, of folk origin and liturgic character. All the developments have their source in this theme. The composer is naturally of that wing of the ultra-modern French school represented today by d'Indy, Ropartz and adherents of the Schola Cantorum, the music school in Paris which is of radical tendencies and is impatient with all manner of formalism and routine.

### Witkowski's Symphony.

The first movement opens with a solemn prelude in which there are harmonies that recall "Parsifal." This is followed by the main body of the movement, an allegro which is made up of successive metamorphoses of the theme relieved by contrasting sections of a less stern character. This movement as a whole and after one hearing seems dry, although there are passages of interesting orchestration. The music is for the most part austere. The second movement is an amplification of a broad phrase sung sonorously by the strings. The finale is the musical portrayal of a kermesse, of "humanity in its cups." It is full of rhythmic changes; it is not picturesque or pictorial; it is at times brutally and ineffectively noisy; and yet the slower sections have genuine charm Witkowski seems to mo to be a close follower of d'Indy, but he has caught his occasional austerity and grimness rather than his sense of proportion and exquisite taste, his ability to put into music the sentiment of a landscape. Witkowski is not rich in melodic thought, or he prefers to choke such thought in his anxiety to shun the commonplace. Whether you like or dislike the symphony, you must admit the high purpose of the composer, who leaves lush meadows and the joy of the town to live on the heights or even in the clouds; for his kermesse is not really of the town or village and the only drunkenness is in the brass.

### Mr. Gilibert.

Mr. Gilibert of the Metropolitan Opera Company sang Martini's "Plaisir d'Amour," the "Menuet d'Exaudet," "Jeunes Fillettes," Massenet's "Pensee d'Automne," and the slave song from "Paul and Virginia." He sang with rare art so far as vocal technic was concerned. Seldom is such admirable management of the voice observed in Boston. His diction was a joy, it was so true, so sincere, so effective. The sentiment was pure; there was constant suggestion as well as immediate and irresistible appeal. No wonder that he was recalled again and again.

### Operatic Finale.

The opera, performed yesterday afternoon by the Metropolitan Opera House Company, was Bizet's "Carmen." Mr. Mancinelli conducted. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Carmen | Seygard |
| Frasquita | Padroni |
| Mercedes | Van Cauteren |
| Michaela | Gadski |
| Don Jose | De Marchi |
| Zuniga | Declery |
| Morales | Begue |
| The Dancaire | Gilibert |
| The Remendado | Reiss |
| Escamillo | Journet |

Camille Seygard first appeared as Carmen in this city when she was called suddenly to take the place of Calve. It was during a season of the Damrosch Company at the Boston Theatre, and the night was that of Feb. 3, 1897. Gadski made her first appearance here in the part of Michaela in the same performance. Salignac was the Don Jose, and Maurice De Vries was the Escamillo. The sale of seats had been very large and naturally the disappointment was keen. Miss Seygard, for she was then unmarried, was announced as "of the Paris Opera," a complimentary, but vague phrase. I doubt whether at that time she had had much dramatic experience. She made her debut in New York, not in opera, but at a Philharmonic concert, Nov. 7, 1896. It is said that she was born in Sweden, of French parentage; that she was brought up in St. Petersburg; that when she made her debut, it was in "Philemon and Baucis." After her season or seasons in the United States she married Emil Fischer, the bass, and lived with him in Europe.

### Seygard's Carmen.

When Seygard first appeared here as Carmen she was chiefly conspicuous for personal beauty and undeviating amiability of character. (Now Carmen was not an amiable young woman.) In the first act she was merely piquant and pretty, and in the second she was merely a fair apparition. Only in the third act did she show dramatic force.

" coquetry was never savage and infernal; her vanity was harmless, not baneful, and in no way did she give cause for the mad behavior of Don Jose. But during the last five years Mrs. Seygard has evidently gained greatly in experience. Earlier this season she sang in Dubois's operetta "Paradise Lost," performed by the Handel and Haydn, and she then took the part of Eve, who played Carmen to Adam's Don Jose, but as she did not sing in costume, and as there was no action we could not judge of her improvement. Her performance of Carmen yesterday was individual and interesting. It was a gradual crescendo, for in each act there was a steady approach to the climax. Her second act was distinguished by her sensuous, or rather sensual appeal, and she achieved her ends skilfully, without descending to anything that was common or mean. Her Carmen would have turned immediately from consenting Don Jose to the officer who, breaking down the door, taunted her with her preference of a soldier. And as before her card scene was strong and sinister. Occasionally the music was outside the working part of her voice, but she sang with sense of rhythm, and at times she colored tones adroitly.

### The Others.

Mrs. Gadski's Michaela is one of her best parts. Mr. De Marchi, alas, is not the tenor that stirred us last season. Either he feels the work of the last months or he is not in voice. Journet's Escamillo was logy in action, and he sang with monotonous heaviness. The minor male parts were very well taken, especially those of the smugglers by Gilibert and Reiss, in fact, the former's Dancaire was one of the features of the performance. The sparkling quintet was loudly and persistently applauded There was a comparatively small but appreciative audience.

The fortnight ended with a performance last night of "Goetterdaemmerung." Mr. Hertz conducted. Nordica was the Bruennhilde; Reuss-Belce, Gutrane; and Anthes, Siegfried. On account of sickness of two of the Rhine daughters, the beautiful aquarium music was omitted.

# MME. HELEN HOPEKIRK'S

Yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall occurred Mrs. Helen Hopekirk's third and last recital of this season. Her program contained Schumann's "Carnival Prank," a group of "Memories" by Mrs. Hopekirk, Chopin's B minor Scherzo, and a waltz, and pieces by Stcherbatcheff, Rubinstein, Liszt, Debussy and Gabriel Faure. The afternoon chosen for this recital was an unhappy one, as the foul weather and a performance of "Carmen" at the Boston Theatre combined to make a small audience. But those who were present showed intelligent appreciation, and, indeed, had every reason to be well pleased.

Mrs. Hopekirk's conceptions are always scholarly, whether one happens to agree with them or not. It seems petty to mention an occasional false note, or a certain nervous irregularity of tempo now and then. The most noticeable fault in yesterday's performance was a frequent blurring with the pedal, which injured the effect of otherwise clear passages. But for the most part the pianist's work was thoroughly musical and a keen delight. Her own compositions are romantic; the first, called "Wandering," is brilliant and full of character, although rather too long. The prominent and sonorous bass more than once suggested certain works of Mr. Edward MacDowell. The suite was much applauded.

April 6. 1903

OUT OF ARCADY.

In dreaming fellowship I talk with you,
Sweet sisterhood by happy poets nam'd,
With titles musical as field-flow'rs bear,
Whose simple joy is just in being fair,
Not knowing how their beauty has been fam'd.

Coriuna, Iseult, Beatrice, Una—how
They ring together, as faint hyacinth-bells
Blow ne'er so softly!—Anthea, Rosaliud,
And Guenever—their very sounds are spells!

Sweet spells, in sooth, for all who sigh to hear
Of lovers, and love's mastery over man,
Working like spring's elixir in the blood,
The luring smiles of gentle womanhood,
And fragrance from the dewy paths of Pan.

O beautiful young faces! In the dusk
I yearn for you, who are so dear to me;
And syllable the dainty names that rang
To such fine music, when the lyrists sang,
Fluttering orchard-blooms of Arcady.

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It has been feared, and it has been said that the introduction of electricity as a motive power has coarsened the manners and blunted the intellect of the street car conductor, who was once the pride of Boston and its suburbs. No longer, we hear, does the conductor courteously correct the passenger in the use of "may" and "can;" no longer does he furtively read a passage of Herbert Spencer during a block; no longer does he take a pride in pointing out the many illustrious Bostonians to country visit-

...or gaudy barbarians from New York. We were glad to learn from Major Ulysses last week that this decadence is only in the imagination and probably in the wish of the envious. "I was going to the theatre on Thursday night, and I was struck just before the entrance to the Subway by the long procession of carriages on Boylston street. I happened to remember that the opera that night was 'The Magic Flute,' and just then the conductor turned and said to me: 'I tell you what it is, sir. It takes Mozart to bring out the hacks.'"

"This put me in mind," added Mayor Ulysses, "of Henley's reference to Thackeray as a man who thoroughly understood 'the feelings of them that go down into the West in broughams.' Verdi, Wagner, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, the young Italians were no doubt recognized by this conductor as deserving persons, but Mozart was the glorious Apollo, the hack-compeller!"

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The N. Y. Sun says that Miss Smyth, the composer of "Der Wald," was so anxious to have her opera performed here that she offered to buy off the performance of "Don Pasquale" by paying the singers their fees. Perhaps this peculiar enthusiasm accounts for the first production of the opera at Berlin, where it failed dismally.

Nevertheless, it's a pity that we did not have an opportunity of judging for ourselves. A well-known musician in Boston looked over the opera carefully and gave this criticism: The composer's name is Smyth, but the music is undeniably plain Smith.

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Several interesting autograph letters will be sold at auction this week on Tuesday and Wednesday. The letters form part of the library of the late Edwin P. Whipple.

Richard Cobden wrote from Midhurst, Jan. 28, 1865, a letter of five pages on the American political situation and the position taken by the London Times:

"A silly report seems to have been propagated, apparently originating with the correspondent of the 'Times' at New York, that our Government is contemplating the recognition of the independence of the South in March. This rumor * * * is, I suppose, launched with the design of comforting the Rebels & encouraging them to continue their hopeless struggle. * * * It is difficult to understand the motives which still prompt the 'Times' to admit such rubbish & ravings as Mackay continues to send from New York. * * * We are looking anxiously for news from Sherman's army. Political justice will not be done until Charleston is held by a black army corps, with negro sentries pacing the streets to keep the white rowdies in order. * * *"

And see how John Boyle O'Reilly put his heart on his sleeve (March 20, 1878) for Mr. Whipple to look at it:

"* * * I am more Bohemian than any of you. I love this dear old city as I never loved any other. My friends are here—whatever I have or have done is here—I have taken deep root—I am a fixture. Truly if I were not editor of the Pilot * * * you would never think me such a terrific Papist and Paddy. I am indeed intensely fond of my native country. I love the queer varieties of her character, which some condemn; I love her old history, her delicious old music, her overflowing emotions of humor and pathos. Now, when you see all these so plain as I do, how could you help loving Ireland and wishing to see her free? I dreamt these things since I was a little boy—dreamt of them for years in prison when a very young man—surely they would not have me change. * * * Believe me, I am the more truly American because of this old love * * *."

Among the books is "the first complete set of 'The Pioneer' offered for sale at auction, and only one other complete set is known." This literary and critical magazine, "J. R. Lowell and R. Carter, Editors and Proprietors," lived for three numbers, January, February, March, 1843. Among the contributors were Lowell, Hawthorne, Poe, Whittier, Parsons, Story, Neal, Elizabeth Barrett. Lowell wrote in a letter, which will also be sold, to the late John S. Dwight (Oct. 7, 1842) about the scheme of the new magazine, and added:

"If you are willing, I should like to have the musical criticism under your charge. At first I shall not be able to pay as much as I wish. But I will give at least $10 for every article of three pages or more and $2 a page for less. The possibility of raising our people's taste in this divine matter must be a part of your reward at first. If the magazine succeeds I shall be able and glad to pay you as you deserve."

This shows that wind-pudding was a dish set by Boston editors and publishers before hungry newspaper men and essayists and poets sixty years ago; and this dish has been in fashion ever since.

# MISS ELSIE LINCOLN'S FIFTH SUNDAY CONCERT

Yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall Miss Elsie Lincoln gave the fifth in her series of Sunday concerts for the benefit of the Mount Pleasant Home. The program announced Miss Janet Spencer, contralto; Mr. Otto Fritzsche, clarinetist, and Mr. Max Zach, accompanist, as the assisting artists. Owing, however to Miss Spencer's inability to appear Miss Anna Miller Wood took her place in three duets, and sang also a group of five songs in lieu of Miss Spencer's Aria from "Don Carlos." Mr. Fritzsche played an arrangement of Chopin's Nocturne, Op. 1, No. 2, for clarionet, with piano accompaniment, and Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen." Besides singing in duets by Henschel and Hildach, Miss Lincoln sang Schubert's "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen," with clarionet obbligato.

If one could forget Chopin's Nocturne in its original form, the arrangement would not seem ill-suited to the clarionet. It sounded like a simple melody. Mr. Fritzsche played very well indeed throughout. Miss Wood has an attractive, strong mezzo-contralto voice, and she sings charmingly; although in the solo numbers her intonation was frequently insecure, it was perfect in the ensemble pieces. Miss Lincoln's voice is clear, and she sang simply, but showed an inclination to sharp. Mr. Zach's accompaniments were, as always, conspicuously good. The audience manifested great interest and pleasure, and Hildach's duet had to be repeated. The sixth and last concert of this series will take place on April 19.

*April 7, 1903*

# KNEISEL QUARTET AND LEKEU'S VIOLIN SONATA

The Kneisel Quartet gave the eighth and last concert of the eighteenth season last evening in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

Quartet Satz in C minor (op. posth.)..Schubert
Sonata in G major for piano and violin.. ..Lekeu
Quartet in E minor, op. 59 No. 2....Beethoven

Schubert was fortunate in his unfinished works, perhaps, by very reason of their incompleteness. Take the Symphony in B minor for instance; the second movement, beautiful as certain passages are with that romantic charm peculiar to Schubert, is inferior to the wonderous opening, which for so many years was clad in dust awaiting patiently appreciation. And who would wish a scherzo and finale with a continuous diminution of interest? So this allegro of a quartet never finished is enough as it stands. It is more modern than many of the composer's works, more modern in its shifting moods and tonalities, and harmonic progressions. In itself, admirably played, it was a delight; and it served to prepare the hearer of Lekeu's sonata.

### Guillaume Lekeu.

When this sonata was played here in public for the first time by Mr. Ondricek and Miss Alice Cummings (in March, 1902) I wrote at some length concerning the short life of this Belgian, whose talent was akin to genius. It was an uneventful life; a young man with high ambition working in the face of death. Born at Heusy, Belgium, in 1870, he studied with Cesar Franck, wrote orchestral works, chamber music, three strange songs, piano pieces, and then died at Angers in 1894. His talent was recognized by some while he was yet alive, and after his death Ysaye did much to spread his fame. A quiet, blameless life, with this final tragedy; he did not live long enough to express his thoughts in perfect language molded by himself for his own use. And whenever a musician, painter, or worker in prose or verse, who has pondered his art dies before he has thoroughly formulated his expression, here enters tragedy. Now Lekeu was a man of peculiar originality. As is the case with certain Belgians, mysticism was instinctive, not acquired. Henry Maubel dwells on this in his short memorial essay: "In the prison of flesh, where one is stifled by darkness, a window looks out on the infinite landscape. Those who do not wish to make the effort to draw themselves up to it, say that it is a blind window. He divined this window; he opened it, and images poured into it. He felt that life put itself in movement for him alone. He wished to stay by the open window of his thought and contemplate the procession of his dreams."

### The Sonata Itself.

"The procession of his dreams." This fine phrase, or Walt Whitman's term "Sleep-chasings," might serve as the motto for the sonata; and he to whom a dream is as foolishness, he who insists on the supreme value of the concrete, the material, the formalism of success will see nothing in this music but vagueness, ill-defined themes wandering as in a mist. It has been said that the characteristics of Lekeu's music are tenderness, compassion, and the premonition of early death. We find this same premonition in the prose and verses of Jules Laforgue; but Laforgue is often in consequence ironical and sometimes bitter, whereas Lekeu is not rebellious in his music, but he accepts his fate. In the first movement the melody is for a long time continuous as though the composer could not bear the thought of silence when he should so soon be silent forever; as though his obsessing thought could not brook episodic interruptions; and the shifting and undecided tonalities are as the symbol of all earthly illusions and delusions, while the theme of tenderness, of affection is sustained above them all. The second movement is one of ineffable beauty, while in the finale there is a strength, a virile force that prevents the reproach of monotonous expression. The sonata is not a flawless work. Here and there are proofs that the composer had not full mastery of his speech. There are sentences that fall abruptly; there are gaps; there are thoughts which are not made clear to the hearer, as though Lekeu had not achieved the inevitable and convincing phrase. But when you remember the age of the composer, the sonata is, indeed, remarkable.

### Changing Forms.

Some perhaps find no "melody" in it. There was a time when Beethoven had no melody; and many of us have heard Wagner censured for his lack of melody, whereas today pages of Wagner seem old-fashioned. Ideas concerning beauty change from period to period. To Horace Walpole and his traveling companions—and one of them a poet—the Alps were hideous. The melodic outline is constantly shifting; the formulas of emotional expression change; the hearer who is at first disquieted or perplexed soon accepts the new phases of form and melody and then expects them until they in turn pass their way and make room for others. These ultra-moderns will seem normal and orthodox to the music lovers of fifty years from now. Surely Lekeu's sonata is continually melodious, and his melodic thought and harmonic progressions are something more than the result of a wish to avoid the commonplace. Forget that he died so young; the music will still be the strange and individual and human and haunting expression of a poet, who kept himself unspotted from the world and its influences. It is music that is not cold, that is not ascetic. It is the music of a human being with passions, who was also the amorist of all that is beautiful and celestial.

The sonata was played sympathetically by Mr. Kneisel and Mrs. Szumowska. Never has Mr. Kneisel displayed here more exquisite tone or more authority in artistry.

For the crown of our life as it closes
Is darkness, the fruit thereof dust;
No thorns go as deep as a rose's,
And love is more cruel than lust.

Time turns the old days to derision,
Our loves into corpses or wives;
And marriage and death and division
Make barren our lives.

Marie Studholme and Gilbert Porteous were for a time wife and husband; but constancy lives in realms above, and life is thorny, and soon there was a divorce. They are now in "The School-girl." "Each was engaged without the other's knowledge. At the first rehearsal those in the show expected an interesting scene at the meeting, but they were disappointed. Mr. Porteous nonchalantly greeted Miss Studholme with 'Hello, Marie, are you in this?' And Marie replied: 'Yes. Are you? How odd!'"

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We have several books of etiquette—from Giovanni della Casa's "Galateo, of Manners and Behaviors in Familiar Conversation," to "The Art and Etiquette of Making Love, Including a Complete System of Love Telegraphy and Handkerchief Flirtation; Also Practical Remarks on Bashfulness, Its Prevention and Cure." This last named book is an invaluable companion, with its examples of letters—thus Mr. Octavius Riley offers his heart and hand to Miss Tillie Haven, and there is a letter from a lady (Miss Ella Rogers) to a gentleman (T. G. Watmough, Esq.) with the request that he should return a photograph which he abstracted from her album. We consult it daily, for we are at work on a novel illustrative of Boston society, and we do not wish to go astray in our delineation of the gentler emotions. And yet we have not been able to find one line in any of these books—not even in Mrs. Sherwood's guide—that would assist the divorced in their behavior toward each other.

For, of course, the divorced do meet this side of the grave—especially at Newport during the season. We cannot help thinking after mature deliberation that the conversation of Marie Studholme and Mr. Porteous was the fine flower of courtesy. Mr. Porteous was natural, unaffected, within his rights when he called her Marie. Everybody calls her Marie. If he had addressed her as "Miss Studholme" he would have insulted her by the open denial of intimacy, furthermore she is not a Miss, and the term from his lips would have had peculiarly ironical significance. And Marie showed good breeding by not answering him "Yes, Gilly." The nickname might well have seemed contemptuous, and the onlookers might have laughed rude, jarring laughs. No, her reply was good natured. And when she exclaimed "How odd!" she acknowledged the supremacy of Fate, as though she had said, "Verily we are in Allah's hands and unto him shall we return!"

There was no recrimination, there was no hysteria. The husband was nonchalant—how much better than to be unpleasantly retrospective, or nervous, or apprehensive of some anecdote at his expense. The attitude of Mr. Porteous was of one about to sing "Just tell them that you saw me."

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Suppose Mr. Johnson should obtain a divorce from his wife. The mere thought is preposterous, for Mrs. Johnson is a blameless woman, singularly attractive, and all that. We merely say Johnson, as we might say Smith or Ferguson. But let us suppose that Mrs. Johnson deserts her husband and that he after divorce takes to himself a second wife. Would the divorced wife be curious as to the physical conformation and mental characteristics of the second? Would she be eager to find out whether Mr. Johnson had been governed in his choice by points of resemblance or dissimilarity? Would she smile if she discovered that her successor was dumply, although Mr. Johnson had always lauded the tall and svelt and lissom? And might she not be easily persuaded to laugh with this second wife over some grotesque feature of Mr. Johnson's bodily structure concealed from the world at large?

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Would Mr. Johnson be tempted to comparisons? Might he not at times be in grave doubt, even to the shaking of the head and saying, "I don't know; I don't know. Much might be said on either side." And might there not be moments when Mr. Johnson would long with unspeakable longing for No. 1, although No. 2 were assuring him with her arms about his neck that he was the best and most illustrious of mortal men.

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All these are interesting problems, but they belong to speculative rather than practical thought. It seems to us that a divorced husband should treat his divorced wife when he meets her at a social gathering with the distinguished consideration that he should pay any woman. He should not presume on any former intimacy. Thus he should not wink at her knowingly or poke her slyly in the ribs. Nor should he in the course of general conversation say in aggressively cheerful tones: "You remember, Elizabeth, I never could eat Brussels sprouts." It would also be in bad taste to ask: "Who keeps you in mind of your engagements now?" The divorced husband should be dignified, yet at ease, neither priggishly sententious nor nervously garrulous: his eyes

should betray the appreciation of any admirer of the beautiful, but they should not soften especially for her. On no account should he show marked interest in any other woman present. His bearing and conversation should be such that when she leaves the house and is alone, she says to herself, "why did I not know enough to keep him?" Or if he leaves first, the other women look at her curiously, as much as to say, "You had your chance, and you threw it away." But if the divoreed husband should be capable of doin gall this he would never have been divorced.

# HERMANN HEBERLEIN

Last evening at Steinert Hall there was a 'cello recital by Mr. Hermann Heberlein, with the following artists assisting: Miss Greta Masson, soprano; Miss Annah Howe, 'cellist; Miss Annie Uhlig, pianist, and Mr. William P. Uhlig, 'cellist. The program consisted of a suite by Arthur Foote, a trio for 'celli by Mr. Heberlein, and solo numbers for 'cello and soprano. Mr. Foote's suite began the concert. It was smoothly played, with full tone and musical phrasing; once or twice the ensemble was a bit ragged, owing to a slight hitch in the accompaniment; although it was seldom actually unrhythmical, one had a nervous fear that it might become so at any moment. In the group of solo numbers the rhythm was convincing. It seemed as if Mr. Heberlein's trio was played rather tentatively—as if no one dared display much self-assertion until he knew whether people were liking the music itself. Otherwise it went pretty well. The composition is of a romantic nature, musical and coherent. It was much applauded and Mr. Heberlein was several times recalled.

Miss Masson probably was not in best voice—her middle tones sounded thin and a trifle husky. Her upper notes, however, were full and clear. She sang Wagner's "Traeume" and "Schmerzen" with inward feeling, but with not much effect. Being recalled, she sang Mrs. Beach's "The Year's at the Spring," and here really showed what she could do. The higher register was better suited to her voice. The audience, although not very large, applauded loudly.

April 8, 1903

# BACH'S B MINOR MASS

## AS SUNG BY THE CECILIA

Bach's mass in B minor was performed last night at Symphony Hall by the Cecilia, Mr. Lang conductor. The soloists were Mrs. Rice, Miss Griggs, Miss Hussey, Mr. Van Hoose. Mr. Whelpley was the organist.

### Miscellaneous Numbers.

This mass was not conceived, planned executed as a whole by the composer. It was not written with any unity of purpose. It was not intended to serve or ornament any great occasion. Bach composed the "Kyrie" and the "Gloria" to gain favor at the Court of Dresden so that he might seem to be a man of more importance at his home in Leipsic. The very gracious Prince and Lord Frederick Augustus, Royal Prince of Poland and Lithuania, Duke of Saxony, etc., paid no attention to Bach's music. These two movements were written in 1733.

Although some still believe, or wish to believe, that the whole mass is a work of plenary inspiration, it is my duty to record the fact that many pages were written originally for cantatas, and the music fitted for German words which bore no possible relation to the words of the mass. When Bach put the mass together he helped himself freely from other works by him. Thus he took the "Gratias" from a cantata to celebrate the election of a municipal council at Leipsic in 1731; the "Crucifixus" is from an old "Jubilate"; the "Agnus Dei" is from an Ascension cantata.

Since this is so, there should be no protest raised against liberal cutting. The work cannot thus be injured as a whole, for it is not a whole; nor was it ever performed in its entirety during Bach's lifetime; nor would it be possible to use it in the service of the church.

### The Performance.

The performance of the chorus was generally excellent, and the "Cum sancto spiritu" was remarkably well given. The difficulties are incessant and great, but the chorus sang for the most part with spirit and confidence. The solo numbers are, as a rule, thankless and without emotional quality, and the man or woman who attempts them shows heroism, as well as a trust in technic. Perhaps it is a case of imperfect sympathy, such as Charles Lamb discussed in a well-known essay; but I cannot find any deep devotional spirit or any profound religious feeling in nine-tenths of the pages of this voluminous work.

Bach thought in contrapuntal formulas and applied these formulas indiscriminately to text of praise and text of supplication. These formulas have lost their significance; they are as a foreign tongue. Page after page is without blood or soul; yet there is emotion in the highest religious feeling. But because Bach wrote certain great works the fetishist asserts loudly that all of his works are great; that every scrap of routine counterpoint, every dry formula is inspired. It is a bold man that dares to contradict a fetishist, for he is at once accused of ignorance, and, as the fetishist always has the louder voice, the crowd, however bored it may be, sides with him, and feigns to enjoy even while it stifles yawns.

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A Munich newspaper informs us that a poor cowboy discovered a big pressed corned-beef deposit in the Yellowstone Park, and that capitalists are now secretly forming a company to put it on the market. We are able to add to this information: This corned-beef deposit is only half a mile from the celebrated natural Mustard Pit and not over a quarter of a mile from a geyser that spouts cool and humming ale. Wonderful are the ways of Providence! The juxtaposition of these natural phenomena reminds us of Maginn's remark: "As to the mutual adaptation of cold rum and cold water, that is beyond all praise, and, indeed, forms a theme of never-ceasing admiration, being one of nature's most exquisite achievements."

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Consideration of the etiquette of divorced persons toward each other at receptions, teas, lectures, absorbed our attention yesterday so that we neglected to pay the last tribute to Mr. Tom Allen, who used to enter the ring weighing just 175 pounds. He was of the old, heroic days, and he shook hands with Waggoner, Mike McCoole, Bill Davis, Jem Mace, Joe Goss. In those days a fight was a fight. The vanquished did not appear in a saloon or at a theatre that night or the next night, nor did he have much to say to friends and reporters. He was badly mauled. Nor did the conqueror strut about "without a mark on him."

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We now quote from the New York Sun:

I once heard the expression, "Isn't she the barge?" and understood it to mean a gabby, gallerous, irrepressible woman. I can't find this word "barge" in the dictionary with a definition to fit the above. Perhaps the spelling is incorrect. A sailor used the expression. Can it mean "an old boat?"

J. L. ROSS.

"Barge" in certain English provinces means "a fat, heavy person; anything large; large or protuberant;" and the expression "a barge of a woman" is by no means uncommon. The term is applied especially to a man or woman rotund at the back.

The verb "to barge" means to scold, abuse, slang.

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We have received the following letters:

Boston, April 4, 1903.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

Is the opera "Faust" usually sung in French or Italian? Which language has it been sung in the most often of late years in Boston?

OCCASIONAL READER.

"Faust" is sung in French at Paris, and of late years it has been sung in French in Boston, New York and London. But the chorus here sings in Italian, and Valentin usually sings his aria "Dio possente" in Italian, for the aria does not exist in the original version; it was written by Gounod for a performance in London, and, we believe, for Santley.

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Boston, April 1, 1903.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

What has become of Old Chimes and your whilom correspondent "Q," who used to hold forth in your column a few years ago to the amusement and edification of your readers?

OLD READER.

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Old Chimes is in Boston, but he has been suffering acutely from rheumatism and his visits to the Porphyry have been few. A fortnight ago he had a touch of bronchitis and we called on him. We found him in execrable humor because a visitor pronounced "chi" in bronchitis as though it were spelled "key." "'Chi' as though it were 'kei,'" roared Old Chimes. "If I have a disease, I have it hard." We recommended a simple prescription made of the roots elicampane, florentine, orris, dragons with betony, hyssop, savory and a few other pectorial medicaments; and after he had taken this and a decoction of senna, with an infusion of agarick and rhubarb with an ounce of sirup of roses added, he became quite cheerful. Miss Eustacia told us on Sunday when we supped with her that the old gentleman would probably be in his accustomed seat at the Porphyry in a week or so: "I hope so at least, for he is rather trying, and a little diversion will do him good."

As for "Q," he has vanished. We have not heard from him for months. Perhaps he is dead; perhaps he is in a gold cure; or he may be at work as a contributor to some new encyclopaedia.

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At the recent anniversary of the Commune in Paris, one of the thirteen survivors of its chiefs turned up, Mr. Allix, who invented a wireless system of telegraphy about thirty years ago. He found out that a snail which had once loved another snail remained in telepathic communication with its life's companion, no matter how far apart they might be; and so he invented an apparatus which bore the name, "Compass of Pasilalinic Sympathy." He sent a complete alphabet of sympathetic snails to a scientist in Vienna. Each snail was lettered with a letter of the alphabet, and his idea was that when he moved the mates of these snails which he had kept in Paris those sent to Vienna would move also. But the Viennese scientist cooked and ate the snails which Mr. Allix sent him, and there was rude and uproarious laughter in scientific circles.

And yet snails are handy in the house for according to Lupton (1595): "Snails without their shells, or otherwise with their shells stamped and mixed sometimes with cheese-lope or rennet, do draw out thorns, or any other thing out of the flesh, though never so deep, if they be applied to the place."

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We long ago noted a peculiar charm about the name of Binghamton; yet we never knew what she really is until one of her own newspapers revealed it:

"The people of Binghamton retire early. They are not owls. For them night is the time to sleep, and with the exception of those few who attend theatres and dances the great majority of Binghamton people are usually sound to sleep by 10 o'clock each evening."

One gets an unpleasant impression of the few who attend theatres and dances. What are they thinking of, when, between 9 and 10, "it is only an occasional house that contains lights, and most of those shine from bedroom windows, showing that the occupants are retiring? Residence streets grow dark, so far as house lights are concerned, with about the same regularity that marks the going to bed of the farmer in the country where there is no incentive to keep awake."

Here is a new virtue of Binghamton people. With every incentive to keep awake, in stern self-denial they go to bed.—New York Evening Post.

April 9, 1903

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That the Angora goat industry will be pushed vigorously at Kansas City is welcome news to every true American. The utmost care, however, must be taken with the angustura bark, the favorite food of the goat, which gives to the animal its delightful flavor. There are means, chemical and otherwise, of distinguishing the true from the false Angustura barks, and they should be rigidly applied. Sherry should be given to the goats only once a week; cocktails have a tendency to coarsen the wool.

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Mr. Sims suggests that each English oyster should have a coupon attached to it. This coupon should carry with a hundred pound insurance in case of sickness, or a thousand in case of death within a fortnight.

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He reads a statement in a magazine that outdoor sports and exercises have done wonders for women, and that today the typical woman of fifty is frequently of rare charm and beauty; and he goes still farther by declaring that we have passed the age of the merry maiden and come to that of the gay grandmamma.

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Mr. Sims's colleague, Guinevere, recommends skittles to English girls in place of bridge whist and other nuisances.

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We read an article yesterday about clocks for the desk. Jeweled timepieces are pretty ornaments for the writing desks of women, but a man who writes for his living should not be conscious of the presence of clock or watch. If he writes against the clock, the hands will always be a little ahead of him, his copy will be hurried, he will not put in print exactly what he thought, and if he persist in the practise he will soon have a queer heart, a short breath, a sulky liver and overworked and excited kidneys. Better an hour-glass than a clock, for as the sand passes, you are reminded to put sand in your copy, and the hour-glass has no definite meaning; it merely tells of an hour, not the particular and inexorable hour.

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To C. S.: "Blue blood" is a translation of the Spanish "sangre azul," attributed to some of the oldest and proudest families of Castile, for they boasted they had never been contaminated by Moorish, Jewish or other foreign admixture. The expression originated probably in the blueness of the veins of people of fair complexion as compared with those of dark skin.

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Dr. Chauncey M. Depew declares that "the man who can have a natural slumber every night the year round, of eight hours, can move the world." Dr. Depew's engagements evidently allow him only six or seven hours sleep.

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A good many of us are worried by the rise in diamonds, and no wonder; at least one diamond is indispensable to the comfort of a household. For as the ancient traveler observed: "He that beareth the diamond upon him, it giveth him hardiness and manhood, and it keepeth the limbs of his body whole. It giveth him victory of his enemies in play and in war (if his cause be rightful); and it keepeth him that beareth it in good wit; and it keepeth him from strife and riot, from sorrows and from enchantments, and from fantasies and illusions of wicked spirits. And if any cursed witch or enchanter would bewitch him that beareth the diamond, all that sorrow and mischance shall turn to himself through virtue of that stone. And also no wild beast dare assail the man that beareth it on him. Also the diamond should be given freely without coveting and without begging; and then it is of greater virtue. And it maketh a man more strong and more sad against his enemies. And it healeth him that is lunatic, and him that the fiend pursueth or travaileth. And if venom or poison be brought in presence of the diamond, anon it beginneth to wax moist and for to sweat."

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But diamonds should not be worn at breakfast. They do not go with health-foods and morning nervousness. Diamonds are for swollen and pompous dinners, for lights, and sparkling conversation, and polished ivory shoulders; and even then they do not always strengthen you against the host's wines.

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Ponder this saying of the ancient traveler: "Natheless it befalleth often time, that the good diamond loseth his virtue by sin and for incontinence of him that beareth it." This is true, you observe, only of the male wearer. Chemical blondes may sport diamonds with impunity.

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Sir Thomas Browne in the final chapter of his sombre yet gorgeously eloquent "Urn Burial" refers to those who were content at death to recede into the common being, and then declares that "Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

"Mummy is become merchandise." So they think at least in Paris, where there is a flourishing mummy industry. Mr. Elina of Montmartre, who with the help of another artist made the tiara of Saitaphernes, for which the French National Museum paid a large sum, says there is, or at least was, a mummy factory in the Montrouge quarter. Skeletons were procured from a medical college near by, and rolled up in the approved Egyptian manner. Then a liquid composition of resin and pitch, mingled with spices, was poured on the skeleton and allowed to dry. The mummy was well dusted, and in a fortnight it was ready for the Egyptian hieroglyphics. These were artistically put on by means of black lead. The mummy was sent to Egypt to be naturalized, sent back to Paris, and then sold to provincial museums.

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But such frauds are not new. In the 14th century mummy was prescribed for wounds and bruises; the asphalt and bitumen were thought beneficial.

(Yet if a man is knocked down on an asphalt pavement, the asphalt does not immediately revive him.) The Jews therefore embalmed dead bodies and sold them to the Christians as genuine mummies, and this practise was in high favor even in the 15th century. To this day the Arabs mix mummy with butter and use it as a medicine.

April 12 1903

# BOSTON SINGING CLUB.

The Boston Singing Club, Mr. H. G. Tucker conductor, gave the third and last concert of the season last evening in Chickering Hall. The club was assisted by Miss Harriet A. Shaw, harpist, who played Parish-Alvars's "Il Papagallo" and Hasselmar's "The Patrol;" Miss Gertrude Miller, soprano, who sang songs by Delbruch, Hahn, von Fielitz and Bachelet; and Messrs. Lorbeer and Schumann, horn players, who assisted with Miss Shaw in the performance of Brahms's "Song From 'Fingal.'"

The program included, in addition to the pieces already named, Bach's choral, "Lord Jesus, Thy Dear Angel Send"; Pinsuti's "Moonlight and Music"; Burdett's "Spring Song" (first time); Madrigal from "Patience"; Benedict's "Hunting Song," Mendelssohn's "Judge Me, O God," and six ancient folk songs of the Netherlands, arranged by Kremser.

The conditions were more favorable than at the last concert, and the society was better able to do itself justice, so that the intonation, as a rule, was surer and the attack steadier. Mr. Burdett's part song is skilfully put together and it was well received. The soloists, as well as the chorus, were heartily applauded by an audience that nearly filled the hall.

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The Duke of Ratibor quotes scripture: "Love thy neighbor as thyself" to reckless automobilists. Scripture lends itself easily to this purpose. We are reminded of John Phoenix's story about Kerren who drove the Chaplain after the performance of the afternoon service. "The rattling 2.40 pace at which they tore along was rather too much for the worthy preacher. 'Kerren' gasped his anxious reverence, as he held firmly by the back seat, after a flying leap over a stone of unusually large dimensions, 'do you know why you are like the Pharisees?' 'No, sir,' said Kerren, touching up his off leader. 'Why,' rejoined the good old man, 'Ye appear unto men too fast.'"

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Messrs. Armstrong and Burton are doing much to preserve the traditions and the music of the Ojibways. Miss Laura Miriam Cornellus is making a book of the legends of her tribe, the Oneidas, and she has already written a grammar and a dictionary of her native tongue. Who will do like work for the Narroprats, perhaps the most interesting of New England tribes? Members of this once powerful body are now living on Cape Cod and in Rhode Island, and maintain the cold, haughty demeanor that characterized their ancestors in the days of the apostle Eliot.

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There is discussion in New York as to the sacred character of certain songs sung by Mr. Pete Dalley at a Sunday evening performance. The sacredness of a song may be in the ear of the hearer, as the landscape is in the eye of the beholder. This fact was recognized by Sir Thomas Browne when he declared: "For even that vulgar and tavern-music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer."

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The New York correspondent of the Referee gives curious statistics concerning Mr. John D. Rockefeller's fortune, and then adds the moral:

"In accomplishing this feat John D. Rockefeller has lost all his hair, has secured a stomach which will not digest the simplest sort of food, and is the undisputed owner of a case of insomnia that would make the reputation of a night watchman. I have less money than Mr. Rockefeller, but I have all the hair that I need in my business, my stomach would digest tacks merely as a recreation, and I seldom wake except under compulsion. This simple array of facts should convince the most skeptical that everything breaks even."

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London fashion notes: the spring hat is to be flatter and larger than ever, and the short skirt is the correct thing for morning wear in town and country. "But of all things the most important is this: The pattern from which the skirt is cut, or the measurements made by your dressmaker, must be most scrupulously accurate."

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Just as Gustav Charpentier, the composer of Paris, is anxious concerning the welfare of the shop girl, the milliner, and the humble dressmaker, and chose one of this class as Muse of his cantata and heroine of his opera, "Louise," so Mr. G. R. Sims is interesting himself in the condition of servants. He advocates the formation of "A league of Merciful Mistresses," although he has no doubt that two-thirds of the housewives of London will be up in arms against him, breathing threatenings of libel.

"But is it merciful to keep girls shut up in a house day after day with only the chance of taking walking exercise in the fresh air once a fortnight? Ought not a girl to have at least an hour a day out of doors? In how many families do they get it? Yet these young women who are shut up in a house and kept at work frequently from 6 A. M. to nearly midnight—or, shall I say, are compelled to remain on duty?—are of the same flesh and blood as our own daughters. Does not a mother send her girls out in the air every day when the weather permits? Do we not all know that exercise, change of surroundings, and fresh air are essential for our bodily health and our mental activity? But when it comes to servants we forget or ignore this great fact. We expect a girl to remain for a whole week at work in a house without crossing the threshold for her own pleasure and amusement."

Even in prison, says Mr. Sims, there are visiting days, and prisoners have a certain time daily in the exercise yard.

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Sir Philip Burne-Jones evidently takes himself seriously. He talks, not without symptoms of hysteria, about "yellow critics." Did it ever occur to him that there may be yellow painters? Does he really consider "The Vampire" a masterpiece?

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Ludwig Mollitor in a description of the horrors of the Thirty Years' War mentions "a most revolting form of maltreatment to which the country people were especially subjected. After the victim was thrown down, large quantities of impure water were forcibly poured into him, and his distended body was then trodden on. Many succumbed at once, and others soon after the administration of this torture." This punishment was known as the "Swedish Drink." Today the administration of Swedish Punch is attended with equally disastrous results to the victim, and it is given under the guise of hospitality.

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Mr. William Maby, a cornet player, died lately at Bristol, Eng. He was 84 years old. And where are they who heard him?

April 11 1903

We quote from the record of women's club proceedings published in the N. Y. Sun:

"At one of the recent club meetings in Greater New York the secretary was exceptionally tardy. 'I am exceedingly sorry to be late,' she offered on entering, 'but just as I was about to leave the house my husband came in and required a good deal of attention.' The excuse was accepted without a single note of protest."

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This excuse gives rise to pleasing conjecture, for it may be construed in several ways. The general proposition may first be stated that the husband in normal condition after a day's work does not require attention. He wishes to be let alone until dinner or even after dinner. He resents expressions of pity. "How tired you look!" "You'll kill yourself if you keep on." "I hope they appreciate your work at the office"—these and like sentences are not as balm. And the gentlest voice asking "What sort of a day have you had, darling?" or "well, whom have you seen today?" rasps every nerve.

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It is safe to assume then that this particular husband was not in normal condition. It is not probable that he had met with an accident on the way home, so that he required lotions, plasters, poultices or internal medicaments. We regret to say, and we blush for our sex, that he undoubtedly had stopped at his club or some more public life-saving station. There he had met congenial souls.

And reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame;
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy.

And of what did they not talk? Chiromology, sociology, anthropology, the Burdick case, trusts, everything that pertains to humanity and inhumanity. Deep thinking provokes thirst and then there are potations pottle-deep. The husband returned home in a highly nervous state. Perhaps he was violently argumentative; perhaps he was overcome with the mania of breaking bric-a-brac, a pardonable, often commendable mania; or perhaps he was demonstratively affectionate. Whatever his precise condition, he needed attention, and it is the duty of a model wife to bestow attention when it is imperatively demanded.

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Marriage in the eyes of the law is first of all a civil contract. When husband and wife live only for the sake of the other then it is a sacrament. When the marriage was the result of propinquity, restlessness, vague longing, and the one did not meet the only and appointed mate, it is then a question of mutual tact and forbearance. We knew years ago in New York State a brilliant newspaper editor whose published opinions on political matters were of national concern. He was given to strong drink. One afternoon his wife was talking with callers, when her husband lurched into the parlor with his hat on and fell in a heap on a sofa. The wife picked up the hat, went into the hall, returned with a wrap, which she put over her brilliant and stertorous lord and master, and then said: "Poor William! He has these fainting spells during an election season. Dr. Herkimer told him yesterday that he must stop writing. But he will soon be out of it; all he needs now is a little rest. What were you about to say, Mrs. Ten Eyck?" Every woman in the room honored her for her pride and loyalty and then went home and told the story.

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Some may argue that no officer or even member of a woman's club should be late at a business meeting on account of accident to so slight a thing as a husband. Do not men often tarry at clubs when wife or child is sick or alone? Why should not women have the same privilege? But as a mere amateur we are not inclined to pronounce judgment in such cases of intimate domesticity. We are told that there are knagging or extravagant wives and careless, dissipated husbands. Incidents of contemporaneous life reported in the newspapers lead us against our will to believe the statement. We know that there are wives who spend life in forgiveness; and we know husbands who, through marriage, are taught philosophy, that is resignation. If there are women who have to put up with neglect, who are expected to look fondly on a babbling, wild-eyed husband reeking with whisky and tobacco, and especially nauseating when he is affectionate, so there are men who work patiently to satisfy the whims and the social ambitions of a wife, who sit patiently, yes, admiringly while she displays in speech shallowness or selfishness; and there are men who, in their simple devotion, believe themselves the happiest of mortals, and are sure that they are envied with an exceeding envy. If this were not so, how long would society exist?

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We were passing by a saloon on Monday night about the closing hour. The guests were farewelling each other on the pavement. There were the customary boisterous expressions of good will and appreciation; but an elderly man was suddenly affronted because a companion wished him good-night. "I never say good-night," said the elderly man in a play-acting voice; "I say good-morning, or good-afternoon, or good-evening; but never good night." Nor would he be appeased until someone whispered in his ear and he was led to an adjacent hack. Truly a fine spirit! We were reminded of the Western landlord, to whom a stranger stopping for a febrifuge at 3 A. M. remarked: "It appears to me your visitors are rather late tonight." "Oh, no!" said the landlord, "the boys of San Diego generally run for forty-eight hours, stranger; it's a little late for night before last, but for tonight! why, it's just in the shank of the evening!"

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So President Roosevelt holds "expectorate" as "a vile word." It is when it is used by the genteel as a prettier or more polite word than "spit." So there are persons who never "sweat," they "perspire"; and they have "limbs" but are without "legs." At the same time "expectorate" as used by physicians is an old and worthy word; thus Harvey wrote in the seventeenth century: "Excrementitious humors such as are expectorated by a cough." And who can justly find fault with "expectorate" in the sense to ease or relieve one's mind? As when Horace Walpole, a truly elegant person, wrote "Sir George came to expectorate with me as he called it," or as when Carlyle described Frederick the Great as taking to verses, "by way of expectorating himself."

Out of Place. April 5

The fortnight of opera furnished by the Metropolitan Opera House Company ended last night. The performances on the whole deserved much larger audiences. The two most admirable performances of the first week, those of "La Traviata" and "La Boheme" were shamefully neglected; but "The Magic Flute," simply because it compels the services of many singers, packed the theatre.

### Looking Backward.

There were at least four performances of unusual worth; those of "La Traviata," "La Boheme," "Don Pasquale" and "Siegfried." Meyerbeer's dull "Prophet" was revived for Mr. Alvarez, and Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," alas, was not given. When this last named opera was produced here, the theatre was packed from top to bottom, but the Boston public is no longer anxious to hear new works, as Mr. Grau found out to his cost. How many would have gone to Mr. Ellis's production of "La Boheme" if Melba had not impersonated Mimi? For our opera-goers, like the Magi, follow a star. That Nordica was unable to sing in "Il Trovatore" was a genuine and severe disappointment. An effort was made to persuade the management to substitute Miss Smyth's "Der Wald" for "Cavalleria Rusticana," but nothing came of it, in spite of round-robins and personal application. The repertory as a whole was varied and catholic, and there was far less disappointment in this respect than during former seasons.

### False Intonation.

These singers came to us at the end of a long and trying season. It is not surprising that some of them showed symptoms of vocal wear and tear. There was an epidemic of false intonation, nor did such singers as Nordica and Sembrich escape. Now it is not the habit of either Nordica or Sembrich to fall below the true pitch. I have heard amusing speculation concerning their ages. I am informed by a positive person that Sembrich "must be nearly 60 years old." But Sembrich was born in 1858, and she made her debut in 1877 at Athens. Nordica was born in 1859, or as some say, in 1857. Consider, for a moment, the important fact that these sopranos were exceedingly well taught and that they are of robust stock. When their intonation is impure, they are no doubt aware of it. But human voices are not made of iron. As for Alvarez, his false intonation, which was not pronounced when he first sang here under Mr. Ellis's management, is now a confirmed habit, a serious injury to his performance. Music of the old Italian school—music by Mozart—and Donizetti is now among the ancients—is pitiless toward singers who can shout bravely against a roaring orchestra in German music-drama. Mr. Burgstaller is a most effective Siegfried; but what would he do with an aria by Mozart, or rather what would he do to it?

### Possible Causes.

False intonation comes, as a rule, from imperfect or erroneous tone production. There are singers who flat at the end of a phrase. There are singers who are unable to produce certain tones, as soprano upper F sharp and G, with security of pitch, although the few tones above may be marvelously effective. There are singers who apparently have no ear, but in thte opera house they are very few, if they are to be found there at all. Some writers insist that false intonation is a characteristic singer's disease of this period; but the reproach goes back to the first treatises on singing. Tosi, in the early part of the eighteenth century, wrote: "One who has not a good ear should not undertake either to instruct or to sing; it being intolerable to hear a voice perpetually rise and fall discordantly. Let the instructor reflect on it; for one that sings out of tune loses all his other perfections. I can truly say that, except in some few professors, the modern intonation is very bad." I believe the necessity of forcing the voice in such an absurdly huge building as the Metropolitan Opera House has much to do with the impure intonation of the better trained members of the company. The difference in the sonorous quality o

rooms should be recognized and appreciated by singers and conductors, as Stephen de la Madelaine pointed out years ago. A singer may force tone and yet be true to the pitch in the Metropolitan, but it requires the nicest calculation to readjust tone for a smaller and more sonorous theatre. If a conductor does not recognize the difference his orchestra is needlessly boisterous, as it was in the Boston Theatre during the first week. Some of the singers—and some with excellent voices—sang false during the fortnight because they have not yet learned to sing. They hear the applause; they are flattered; they persist, and they will undoubtedly persist in the error of their ways, until they will find suddenly that they have no control over an abused and rebellious organ. Then they will study—when it is too late.

### The Newcomers.

Mr. Hertz, in spite of his unfortunate reading of "Die Meistersinger," proved himself to be a conductor of the very first rank. Mr. Burgstaller was, indeed, a welcome visitor. Let us hope that he will not listen seriously to the teachers in the Bayreuth school. It would not be fair, perhaps, to judge Mr. Anthes by his prosaic Lohengrin. Mr. Dani is a type of the young Italian lyric tenor, without special charm or distinction.

### "Israel in Egypt."

The Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor, will give a performance of Handel's "Israel in Egypt" on Easter Sunday at 7.30 P. M. The solo singers will be Mrs. Bradbury, Mrs. Child, Messrs. Hamlin, Flint and Merrill. The last performance was on Feb. 3, 1895, when Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. Alves, Messrs. Thiers, M. W. Whitney and M. W. Whitney, Jr., were the solo singers. The first performance of the oratorio by the Handel and Haydn was on Feb. 13, 1859. The solo singers were Mrs. Long, Mrs. Harwood, Messrs. Adams, Powers and Wetherbee. Mr. Dwight wrote of the reception: "The public would not have it. Of course, it had a public here, as wherever an appreciative interest in music exists; but the great public which decides the fate of such enterprises, at least for the time being, the public which pays, testified its indifference or its positive dislike by staying away, or by finding the whole thing dull and wearisome; and by voicing itself in newspaper criticisms, full of rebuke, contempt, and ridicule." Selections from the oratorio were sung in 1865; but "Israel in Egypt" as a whole was not given until May 10, 1871. "For the first time in this country this colossal oratorio of Handel was presented entire. Only fragments of it had been given here before." Yet Mr. Dwight wrote of the performance in 1859: "Israel at last! The great task * * * was finally essayed in earnest." In 1871 there was evident appreciation and criticism was most most respectful. The solo singers were Mrs. Rudersdorff, Mrs. West, Miss Sterling, Messrs. Cummings, J. F. Winch and Whitney. The oratorio was sung by the society at the Peace Jubilee of 1872 and with the assistance of societies from Salem, Lynn and West Roxbury, and with an orchestra of 250. Later performances: May 20, 1877 (Miss Thursby, Miss Cary, Messrs. Adams, J. F. Winch, Whitney); March 28, 1880 (Miss Fanny Kellogg, Mrs. F. P. Whitney, Mrs. Kinsley, Messrs. W. C. Power, J. F. Winch, Whitney); April 5, 1885, (Miss Juch, Miss Welsh, the two Winches and Mr. Whitney); April 13, 1890 (Miss De Vere, Miss Poole, Messrs. Lloyd, Ludwig, Whitney). The performance on Easter night will be of special interest, for Mr. Mollenhauser will use Chrysander's version of the score, for the first time, I believe, in this country. The chorus was never in such admirable condition as at present, and, it should be remembered, that "Israel in Egypt" is peculiarly a choral work.

April 12, 1903

# FREDERICK CONVERSE'S ORCHESTRAL ROMANCE

The program of the twenty-first Symphony concert, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture, "King Lear".....Litolff
Aria, "Il mio tesoro".....Mozart
Romance, "Endymion's Narrative" Converse
Aria from "Esmeralda"..Goring Thomas
Symphony for organ and orchestra, No. 1.....Guilmant

Litolff's overture was played for the first time in Boston, and probably for the first time in this country. Mr. Converse's Romance was played for the first time. Guilmant's Symphony was played for the first time at these concerts.

### Flamboyant Litolff.

Liszt, who evidently admired the talent of Litolff, nevertheless characterized it as flamboyant. This adjective described the man, the pianist, the composer. It is hard for us of today to realize that Litolff was once an indisputable influence, but his concertos and early overtures found imitators in the Byronic vein. This overture to "King Lear" was composed probably during his dark, sad days in Paris. There are traces of the old extravagant spirit which now seems rather formal and antiquated, just as "Lara" is today a much older and more primitive poem than the "Atys" of Catullus or the fourth book of the "Aeneid." Litolff's Lear struts across the stage and his Cordelia anticipated a play-actress something like Virginia Buchanan. There is little romance, there is no passion in this music. And thus again we learn that extreme modernity runs a great risk of speedy dissolution and oblivion.

### "Endymion's Narrative."

This is the second of Mr. Converse's orchestral romances. It was not suggested by the old legend nor was it inspired by the story of Endymion, who was expelled from his kingdom for being vanquished at the Olympian games; "upon which he retired into Caria to Latmos, where he applied himself to the observations of the stars, but chiefly of the moon, which gave the poets an occasion to feign that he was beloved by the moon, who came to visit him every night as he lay asleep upon the top of that hill." Mr. Converse was moved by the narrative of Keats's Endymion, who leaves the Festival of Pan, and talks with his sister Peona, like the walrus and the carpenter, of many things. There is no lavish attempt to follow the text, and the composer sensibly wishes his Romance to be judged first of all as music. After that the hearer can ponder the relationship of the music with the expression of a mind, bound by affection and material conditions, which yearns for an ideal beyond the common view. It is easier to enjoy the Romance and to speak of it as absolute music without esoteric significance. This Romance is an advance on its predecessor, "The Festival of Pan" (1900). The composer is surer of his strength, his imaginative flight is higher, his speech is more certain and eloquent. The music is sanely modern. There is little or nothing that seems experimental; there is no affectation of originality; there is clear melodic outline; but there is also modern feeling, modern expression. Mr. Converse has made a marked advance in orchestral ease. His orchestral speech is natural, entertaining, and at times it rises to true eloquence. The Romance is, indeed, an interesting work, full of musical matter, with the thought of ideals of beauty, free from materialism. The applause that followed the excellent performance and was acknowledged by the composer from the stage was much more than a courteous compliment.

### Guilmant's Symphony, Etc.

Guilmant's symphony for organ and orchestra is familiar to many in its sonata form for organ alone. In the symphony Guilmant succeeded in the difficult task of reconciling organ and orchestra, chiefly by letting each in turn have the appointed say. There is antiphonal use of the rivals, or the orchestra is so employed that it does not quarrel with the less elastic organ. Mr. Goodrich played with taste and musical intelligence, and the Pastorale gave the audience special pleasure.

Mr. Ben Davies did not sing "Waft Her, Angels." He chose Don Ottavio's aria and Phoebus's chief tune from Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda." It made little difference how he sang the latter frothy salon aria, but "Il mio tesoro" demands supreme elegance as well as the finest vocal artistry. Mr. Davies sang this air in a bluff, hearty, England - expects-every-man-to-do-his-duty manner, and Mozart suffered.

Mr. Arthur Beresford did not sing at the performance of Bach's Mass in B minor by the Cecilia on Tuesday night, although no announcement was made of the fact and his name was on the program. This led at least one reviewer to criticise him by name and unfavorably. Mr. Beresford was suffering from the effects of the grippe and he was replaced on the subscription night by Mr. Stephen Townsend.

### Local Notes.

The concert season is fast drawing to a close. Belated pianists and singers will no doubt appear and wonder at the lack of interest shown in the precise degree of their art. The concert to be given by Mrs. Isidora Martinez on Thursday evening is of an unusual nature. She will sing in Spanish a group of five songs, which were written in the 17th century and the first half of the 18th century by Don Antonio Literes, Don Blas Laserna and Don Pablo Esteve. These composers were "brilliant exponents of Tonadilla writing. The Tonadilla, an essentially Spanish form of musical composition, was originally of small dimensions. It sometimes consisted of only a few phrases which served to introduce the main piece of the evening. The ones chosen by Mrs. Martinez belong to the later developments of this form, which assume the proportions of a one-act musical farce and hit the social and personal fads as well as the court intrigues of the time." Then there will be vocal ensemble as well as instrumental pieces.——At the next symphony company Walter Rabl's symphony and Richard Strauss's Burleske in D minor for piano and orchestra will be played here for the first time.——The often deferred Gabrilowitsch will at last appear here after his journeys up and down and across the land.——The Handel and Haydn chorus will have a great opportunity this evening in "Israel and Egypt." The choruses are truly stupendous. Mr. George Hamlin is always a welcome visitor. Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child was known here some years ago as a church singer with an unusually true and beautiful alto voice. She studied in Paris with Mrs. Richard, returned to this country, married, and then was not heard in public until a few months ago.

### An Ouida Opera.

Ouida once wrote a simple and pathetic story about two little wooden shoes and the cruel fate that befell the wearers. Miches Carre and Georges Hartmann, two ingenious Frenchmen, founded a libretto on this story, and Edmond Missa put music to it. The opera entitled "Muguette" was produced successfully at the Opera-Comique, Paris, on March 18. Ouida's story ends with a tragedy. The librettists changed this ending, and not for the better. In their fourth act Lionel is in his studio at Paris, and his model Melka, who is a little dearer and nearer than the ordinary model, is sitting for him. Lionel cannot drive away the little Flemish girl from his mind, and while his model is before him he paints the portrait of Muguette. She, poor thing, has walked through snow and known hunger to come to him. And when she enters the studio with her old friend Klotz, who rescued her in the forest, she finds the model, but no Lionel. The model is a singularly good girl, for she weeps at Muguette's story and is easily persuaded to let her sit for the portrait. Lionel returns. He begins to paint; Muguette speaks to him, and then there is a joyful meeting. Thus ends the comedy, whereas in Ouida's story, Muguette dies. The composer, Missa, is a pupil of Massenet. It is said that in this opera he tries to imitate Puccini, but he has not the dash, the contagious warmth of the Italian. Mr. Imbert assures us that the temperature of the first two acts does not rise much above zero; but he applauds the other acts. Mr. Pougin wishes the composer had more individuality. Meanwhile the audiences are enthusiastic. Marie Thiery (Mrs. Luigini) is highly praised as Muguette.

### Here and There.

There will be three cycles of "The Ring" at Covent Garden this season, and see with what care the music dramas will be given. Richter will conduct; there will be an orchestra of 100; thirty extra German choristers have been engaged; special secenery has been painted; and there wil be an attempt at least to realize in a measure Wagner's impossible stage directions for the last act of "Goetterdaemmerung." Ternina and Lieban have been secured, and among the new comers will be Miss Leffler Buckard and Mueller of Wiesbaden, and Mrs. Bolska of St. Petersburg. Seats in the ballery will be reserved at 5 shillings each. Perhaps, under Mr. Conried, Wagner's music dramas will be staged here with greater care, nor will such a disgraceful performance as that of "Die Goetterdaemmerung" a week ago Saturday night be permitted.——Gabriel Faure, that most fastidious musician, is now the music critic of Figaro.——The Pall Mall Gazette says of the proposal to perform "Parsifal" in the United States: "Parsifal has, of course, been sacred to Bayreuth for years; but the reasons for that isolation have not lain in any particular idea that was consciously religious. The Wagner family would have been precisely as anxious to retain the sole copyright of Tristan had that opera been given under conditions similar to those under which 'Parsifal' was given at Bayreuth; one does not seriously take the anxiety to retain 'Parsifal' as being altogether from a spiritual motive. And now comes the news that it is proposed to give performances of 'Parsifal' in the United States, although we would not presume to say how the law of copyright lies exactly. The natural result, we hear, has been to cast a bombshell into Villa Wahnfried, and many discussions are afoot as to how the supposed catastrophe can be averted. For our part, we cannot say that we view the proposal with the slightest disfavor. We are devoted to 'Parsifal' at the nearest point this side of idolatry. We have a profound reverence for its argument and a full admiration for its poetry and its musical beauty. Bayreuth is very largely supported by the American contingent, and we see no reason to suppose that the stay-at-home American is likely to be the more frivolous American. Moreover, as we have hinted, we shrewdly suspect that it is the ground of money that is at the back of the whole thing; but as it is on questions of respect and reverence that the thing is usually argued, we need scarcely do more than just touch the sordid element of the affair."

### Concerning Virtuosos.

Lancelot in "The Referee" says of a pianist well known here: "Mr. Godowsky has one of the most wonderful pair of hands that ever coqueted with the keyboard, and his playing, as on former occasions, was an astonishing exhibition of digital dexterity controlled by clear but cold comprehension of the music performed. The masterfulness of his execution could only be fully appreciated by those who have practical knowledge of the pianoforte, but the lack of emotional warmth, the element which engages the sympathies of the audience, must have been felt by all sensitive to subtleness."

An amateur, the Marchioness Paveri-Fontana, lady of honor to the Queen of Italy, made her appearance lately at Parma as Elsa.

### Bret Harte and "Tannhaeuser."

Pemberton's "Life of Bret Harte" contains a letter in which Harte describes a performance of "Tannhaeuser" he heard in Germany:

"My first operatic experience was 'Tannhaeuser.' I can see your superior smile, Anna, at this; and I know how you will take my criticism of Wagner, so I don't mind saying plainly, that it was the most diabolically hideous and stupidly monotonous performance I ever heard. I shall say nothing about the orchestral harmonies, for there wasn't anything going on of that kind, unless you call something that seemed like a boiler factory at work in the next street, and the wind whistling through the rigging of a channel steamer, harmony. But I must say one thing! In the third act, I think, Tannhaeuser and two other minstrels sing before the King and Court to the accompaniment of their harps—and the boiler factory. Each minstrel sang or rather declaimed something like the multiplication table for about twenty minutes. Tannhaeuser, when his turn came, declaimed longer and more lugubriously and ponderously and monotonously than the others, and went into nine times nine are eighty-one, and ten times ten are twenty, when suddenly when he had finished they all drew their swords and rushed at him. I turned to Gen. Von Rauch and said to him that I didn't wonder at it. Ah, said he, you know the story, then? No, not exactly, I replied. Jawhol, said Von Rauch, the story is that these minstrels are all singing in praise of Love, but they are furious at Tannhaeuser, who loves Hilda, the German Venus, for singing in the praise of Love so wildly, so warmly, so passionately. Then I concluded that I really did not understand Wagner."

### Puccini's Press Agent.

I quote from the Roman correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette:

"The automobile accident to Maestro Puccini has spread consternation all through Italy. Many, besides sending messages imperiously demanding answers which have kept Signora Puccini busy from morning to evening, undertake a pilgrimage personally to ascertain how matters really stand. As the composer and his family live in the depths of the country, this entails entertaining these enterprising friends, which, to tell the truth, has become a sore tax. Puccini is the worst of patients. He is a most active person and enthusiastic sportsman, so that to stay in bed or on a sofa for over a month seems like an eternity. He has had a writing apparatus rigged up on the bed, on which he is busy composing 'funeral dirges, as he calls them himself, but I hear they are not so melancholy as all that. 'Save me from my friends' is his continual cry just now; 'if they will let me alone I will write wedding marches,' but as he says he is writing the other kind I can only suppose he has not been thus saved.

"The other day his daughter went into his room and found him working his arms frantically about. 'Oh, papa, she said, 'don't; you will make your leg much worse.' 'Not at all, my dear,' he replied; 'I must exercise, and as my legs are not available I must use my arms. Come and feel my muscle and see if it is getting soft.' Reassured on this point, he went tran-

quilty to work on a new opera, in which there is to be a song called 'The Joys of Motoring.'"

Puccini's "Tosca," by the way, will be produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, before the close of the season, and Calve will impersonate the heroine.

### Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich.

The programs of Mr. Heinrich's four recitals at the Tuileries were extremely interesting to students of the history of song during the last three centuries. The first recital of English songs included five melodies before 1600, and songs by Lawes, Playford, Purcell, Humphreys, Leveridge, Carey, Arne, Bayley, Storace, Dibden, Davy, Braham, Bishop, German, Lidgey, Thomas, and a group by American composers. The German songs at the second were by Von Loufenberg, Sachs, Mattheslus, Hasler, Albert, Ahle, Keiser, Graun, Neefe, Reicharat, Zelter, Schulz, Franz, Brahms, R. Strauss. The French songs at the third were by De Coucy, Marot, di Lassus, Francis I., Durant, Guedron, Lefevre, Louis XIII., Lully, Rameau, Rousseau, Albanese, Rigel, Gretry, Mehul. And the Italian school was equally well represented. Miss Marguerite Hall, Mr. Francis Rogers, Mr. Schuecker, and Miss Florence Mirick in turn assisted.

We have received from an old and retired clergyman the following letter of admirable advice:

Melrose Highlands, April 9, 1903.

Editor of Talk of the Day:

It is related of Wendell Phillips that he had his frock coats made so as to take effect at about fifteen feet from the platform. He understood the value of taste in dress and address as well as in utterance of eloquent words. I have no suggestions to make about the pulpit dress of my brother ministers, but I hear my younger ministerial friends often speak from other platforms, and sometimes in a style of coat that, while proper enough for the street or house, is fitted to lessen the effect of their platform utterances. I refer specially to that class of sack coats that are cut with a shortness suggestive of Hanun's tailor, who abbreviated the skirts of David's messengers, as found in First Chron. 19:4. In the ancient arrangement for sacrifice, we find the command, in Ex. 20:26—"Neither shalt thou go up by steps unto mine altar, that thy nakedness be not discovered thereon." Last Monday I had the pleasure of listening to a fine young minister, whose coat seemed a trifle short. As he passed up the aisle to the platform you could see the very place where the motherly slipper may have once been applied. It was covered by black trousers, but one was reminded of Irving's story of the "Stout Gentleman," where, as he was getting into the coach, "the skirts of a brown coat parted behind, and gave me a full view of the broad disk of a pair of drab breeches."

My young ministerial brethren dress their necks very tastefully, their boots are faultless in shape and shiny, their trousers are duly pressed in creases, but we sometimes see a part of their trousers a modest, old-fashioned parson would prefer to see covered.

The story is told of a western judge who, in charging a jury, said: "Gentlemen of the jury, in considering the case before you, be very careful to avoid the greater extreme, and also you are to avoid the lesser extreme, and above all be on your special guard against the middle extreme, and while you are trying to avoid Sculla, do not tumble into Charibogus." PARSON BUMBLE.

Miss Bessie Greenwood of Brooklyn, who has refused an offer of $1000 from a theatre manager to appear on the stage twice a day for 15 minutes each performance for a fortnight, "has a range of five Gs." Hully G!

Here is a Sunday story. When the Duke of Cambridge celebrated his birthday—it was not long ago—he was praised by the newspapers for his good-humored candor. His father had the same "faculty of outspokedness." They say that one day the old duke was at church, "and the celebrant, deferring to the farmer's need, put up a prayer for rain. 'Amen,' said the duke aloud, just as Sir Roger de Coverley might have done. 'Amen; but I don't think we shall have any until the wind changes.'"

Lent is now over, and this news from Paris is a day late. A "well-known member of the French aristocracy" regulated her Lent dinner conversations according to the number of guests she invited. If there were twelve, there was talk about travel and literature; with eight, conversation was concerning painting, science, and inventions; six were expected to confine themselves to philosophy and politics; but four were permited to be sentimental.

There is nothing more grotesque in the wildest opera-bouffe imagined by an ingenious Frenchman than the serious proposal of the president of the Law and Order League of Greater New York that "ladies" who desire "at all times to be protected from insult by all gentlemen" should wear a button, to be issued by the league. He suggests that the league should be extended to other cities, especially Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston. When the extension is made the favorite game here in all circles will be, Button, button, who's got the button?

President Hadley is reported to have said: "Arthur R. Pennell, in connection with the Burdick murder case, did not act like a typical Yale man." How should a typical Yale man act in connection with a murder case?

An Englishman—he prefers to be anonymous—contradicts the generally believed statement that this is the era of youth. He insists that modern Englishmen are not so old as their ancestors were, nor do they grow so quickly. Children must attend school until they are 13. 'It is no longer possible, as in Tudor or Stuart days, for a man to be master of all the wisdom of the world on making his debut at 18." The marriage age is growing later and later. The apothecary starts his business at a more advanced age. "The modern doctor rarely establishes himself in practise before 28 or 30." Business men are also older. "Mr. Pierpont Morgan did not commence his big operations until he was 60; the original Gould and Vanderbilt were well on their way to millionairedom at half that age. The formation of trusts, the concentration of businesses into limited liability companies, all tend to subjugate strong individuality—that is to say, youth—and render success more difficult and therefore later obtained." Public men are not so young as they used to be. The House has grown into a middle-aged assembly. The age of literary production is advancing. There are no Shelleys to write "Queen Mab" at 18, no Byrons to wake famous at 21. "On the stage and between linen boards now we have middle-aged men as heroes, and the heroines are women with very extensive pasts. * * * Superannuation at the age of 65 is the modern remedy of an impatient generation." Twenty years ago we should have laughed at such statements as preposterous. Today—today we commend the writer as eminently sound.

Surely English school-children must be older, for we read of a head-master in an East End of London school who was trying to impress upon a class in English the desirability of using effective words. "Now 'impregnate,'" he said, "is an excellent word; this afternoon when you go home, if your mother does not give you enough sugar, say to her, 'Mother, impregnate my tea with sugar.'"

— M . 13. 1903

## HANDEL'S "ISRAEL" SUNG BY HANDEL AND HAYDN

The Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor, performed Handel's "Israel in Egypt" last night in Symphony Hall at the final concert of its eighty-eighth season. The solo singers were Mrs. Bradbury, Mrs. Child, Messrs. Hamlin, Flint and Merrill. Mr. Tucker was the organist and Mr. De Voto the pianist. Mr. Roth was concert master of the orchestra.

### The Work.

They did not like "Israel in Egypt" when Handel produced it, and the oratorio was performed only nine times before his death. When it was revived in 1756 Mrs. Delany frankly wrote a friend that the oratorio was a bore and she preferred going to a coffee party rather than yawning through the music. For some years in this city listening to the choruses was considered an ordeal. The newspapers in 1859 voiced public opinion, as Mr. Dwight sorrowfully confessed, and the Boston Journal, when "Israel" was performed that year, spoke of the audience "cloyed with a monotonous series of choruses"; it also said: "Where an audience with patience to sit through so much blatant vocal music, or lungs for the performance of it can be obtained, we are ignorant."

Last night the performance lasted nearly two hours and a half. Had there been more heroic cutting the work would have gained. Why should the recitatives and airs consigned to the appendix have been introduced? The duet "Thou in Thy Mercy" might have been spared, and it would be easy to name choruses that might have been cut out. It would be folly to deny the stupendous character of some of the choruses. There are many master strokes, as the walk of the basses in "And Their Cry Came Up Unto God;" the beautiful "He Led Them Forth Like Sheep;" the great choruses, "He Led Them Through the Deep," "I Will Sing Unto the Lord," and the famous ones of the plagues. Great effects are here often gained by simple means; but in the chorus "And in the Greatness of Thy Excellency" there is a daring suspension that any modern might envy.

On the other hand, there are choruses that are commonplace, that might have been written by any fugal hack. And let us not forget that Handel pillaged right and left for this work, and thus stands by the side of Shakespeare, Moliere, Sterne and others of the noble army of plagiarists.

### The Chorus.

After hearing a performance of one of Handel's oratorios one is tempted to say with Saint-Saens that such works should not be given, for the question of proper accompaniment is a baffling one, whether Franz may tinker or Chrysander experiment or Costa add all manner of brass and pulsatile instruments. This is not the place for a technical discussion of Handelian accompaniment. It may be said, however, that the accompaniment last evening was often thin or muddy. It was muddy chiefly because the organ was not used with discretion. For instance, in the chorus of the plague of flies, the registration was so loud that the characteristic and vital violin figures were hardly heard. It was as though the organist said: "Here is a powerful instrument; let us show it off for what it is worth." Time and time again the organ covered chorus and instruments.

The choral difficulties are great and constant. The mere matter of physical endurance is formidable. Chorus after chorus, and human lungs are not of brass. As a rule, there was an imposing volume of sound, but in some of the double choruses the chief theme was lost at times through the inability of the singers to vie with those singing counter motives. There were few attempts at nuances, and in this work there is not so much opportunity, perhaps, for expressive contrasts as in other oratorios by Handel.

Still, the chorus of darkness might well have been sung with a feeling of groping and mystery, and the pastoral episode, "He led them forth like sheep," was sung without due appreciation of its tender, peaceful character. On the whole, and in view of the difficulties, it may be said that the choral performance was generally respectable and occasionally brilliant.

### The Solo Singers.

The solo singers in this oratorio have a thankless task. For once Handel's melodic genius slumbered. The solos in "Israel" are almost without exception a severe task for the singer and a weariness to the hearer. The singers last night made a brave endeavor. Mr. George Hamlin bore away the honors by his performance of the runs in "The Enemy Said."

Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child has a true alto voice, a voice of beautiful quality. It would be a pleasure to hear her in emotional music, and in these days of mezzo-sopranos who force low tones and go in the catalogue as altos, such a voice as that of Mrs. Child is, indeed, welcome. But what voice or what artistry could make anything out of the "Fr[illegible]-blotches-and-blains" air? The basses sang with some effect in the difficult interpolated arias.

Mr. Merrill, for instance, showed excellent management of breath in "Wave from Wave"—but their duet was tame and their statement that the Lord was a man of war would not have annoyed the wildest anti-imperialist. Mrs. Bradbury was, as ever, sure of herself. There was a large audience, and there was occasional applause.

How seldom you escape in these days neighborly hawking, coughing, or sneezing in street car or in theatre. Many make no pretense of turning the face away, or covering the mouth or nose with a handkerchief. Some go so far as to cough or sneeze directly at you, defiantly, with an air of "What are you going to do about?" Thus, as the inspector of police said of Sophie Arnould, who was famously wet-mouthed, they throw the cream of their conversation into your face. And this is a microbic age!

G. W. T. writes to the New York Evening Post: "While all the ways of eating oranges are pleasant, my most favored way is to eat the whole orange, except (sometimes) the seeds. In this way the delicious rind, the juices, the pulp combining to make the fruit, are all made food, easily digested, at least by yours truly."

Thus does G. W. T. bare his stomach to the world, as an Arabian woman her face to her lover, or a poet his aspiring soul to the stars. As a rule, the digestion of others does not interest us, but we like to think of G. W. T. in the sunlight of Fifth avenue gnawing an orange held firmly with one hand. Rind and pulp are slowly chewed while the juice squirts in his eyes or falls, like a glory, on chin, cravat and coat.

"Mr. Coatsworth referred to Mr. Penney as a 'smart Aleck'."

Dialect Notes (1896): "Aleck: 'A smart Aleck', one who thinks a great deal of himself. N. Y. C."

We are inclined to think the expression of Southwestern and Western origin. At Yale in the seventies it was not known until it was brought to that fount of learning by students from Cincinnati and Sedalia. They made a delicate distinction between "Aleck" and "Smart Aleck"; and the latter was a most offensive epithet. They insisted it was a corrupt abbreviation of Alexander, the hero of the poem: "How great was Alexander, pa?" A smart Aleck has been decribed as one that answers questions before he is asked them; but this does not give an adequate idea of the aggressively disagreeable type. And note that an ass is not necessarily a smart Aleck or even an Aleck. An ass many be a good fellow, generous, kindly, humane; but he cannot help being an ass. An Aleck is self-conscious, arrogant, selfish, unbearable. And there are Alecks and smart Alecks in high places. They write books; they are on the bench as well as before it; they are in pulpits. Indeed, it may be laid down as a general proposition that the smart Aleck is prosperous.

"Character readers believe that the sole of the foot is as good an index of personal traits and the individual destiny as the palm of the hand."

Young men and women delight in testing their knowledge of palmistry by examination of the loved one's left hand. The hand is held tenderly, not without a pretty display of emotion, and there is much soft talk about the heart-line and the life-line. Will it soon be an expected step in courtship to say "Let me look at the sole of your left foot, and I'll tell your character"?

The poets are never weary of praising a sweetheart's feet, which are compared to mice and smiles, which plant primroses and violets wher'er they tread;

> And where she went the flowers took thickest root,
> As she had sow'd them with her odorous foot.

The Padmini, or perfect woman of the Hindus, has a little foot like a lotus. Charles Reade represents his hero in "Put Yourself in His Place" as kissing the stained and bruised feet of Grace when they are escaping from the flood. But in spite of poets and novelists, in spite of Sir Charles Bell's remark, "There is nothing more beautiful than the structure of the human foot," we doubt whether reading of character by the foot will ever become popular in parlors and boudoirs. The experienced Solomon in his eulogy of the prince's daughter exclaimed: "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes." Observe, he said "with shoes."

And although victims of fetishism have often chosen feet for their devotion, the foot is always shod, and the boot itself is often accepted for the foot.

The Eastern foot is singularly prehensile; the tailor, said Burton, will hold his cloth between his toes and pick up his needle with it, whilst the woman can knead every muscle and at times catch a mosquito between the toes. Think of Magdalene Rudolph Thuinby; born without arms, she performed all offices with her feet, with a dexterity and readiness so that she was deservedly the wonder of the spectators. With them she span and threaded her needle, discharged a gun, played at dice, drank, combed her hair and fed herself and her child. But would you, Smith, or would you, Ferguson, be easily enamored of such a one? A foot is never so attractive as when clothed in tightly-drawn stocking and coquettish slipper. He that would strip it of its adornment to display his empiricism deserves the fate of disenchantment.

Dr. Forbes Winslow laughs at the idea that Mr. Chapman, who was lately hanged at London, was Jack-the-Ripper. He repeats the story of his investigations; how he obtained a definite clue in 1889 and was convinced that Jack was a homicidal religious monomaniac; how the police declined to co-operate with him; how he published his clue, and from the date of this publication no further crime was committed. "Jack-the-Ripper was a slightly built, active man, with rather a small head, delicate features, and copious light brown hair.

He boasted of his knowledge of anatomy. Some months after the publication of my theory a young man was arrested for attempted suicide, and was pronounced by the prison doctor as being insane. He was removed to a government lunatic asylum, where, so far as I have been informed, he now remains. At that time the terrible Whitechapel crimes were uppermost in every one's mind, and the asylum authorities noticed that the description of Jack-the-Ripper tallied with this person. His complaint was despondency, followed by outbursts of homicidal mania. A journal at that time stated 'Investigations were at once set on foot, resulting in the discovery that the mysterious lodger, as described by Dr. Winslow, Jack-the-Ripper and the unfortunate inmate of the asylum were one and the same person.' "

April 14 1903

"Maid Marian," a romantic opera in three acts, libretto by Henry B. Smith, music by Reginald de Koven, was performed by the Bostonians last night at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Samuel L. Studley conducted. The cast was as follows:

Maid Marian.....Grace Van Studdiford
Lady Vivian.....Alice Judson
Dame Durden.....Josephine Bartlett
Robin Hood.....W. C. Weeden
Little John.....W. H. MacDonald
Will Scarlet.....H. Chambers
Alan-A-Dale.....Olive Moore
Friar Tuck.....G. B. Frothingham
The Sheriff.....H. C. Barnabee
Guy.....C. Donald

There was natural curiosity to see this sequel to "Robin Hood," and there was a very large audience. Although the opera was produced late in 1901, the performance last night was the first in Boston. It may here be noted that when "Robin Hood" was produced in London it was then entitled "Maid Marian."

### The Work Itself.

I should prefer to discuss "Robin Hood" rather than its sequel; for the former is a reasonably coherent and amusing operetta with pretty music. The libretto of "Maid Marian" is childish and dull. The naivete of Mr. Smith in this instance is incredible. No one demands in an operetta or a romantic opera marked attention to historical, geographical, meteorological, sociological, or zoological facts. The operatic kingdom defies time, space and the realities. But even in the wildest opera bouffe there must be some sequence of ideas; there must be some excuse, however grotesque, for the situation. There is such a thing as logic in nonsense, as Offenbach's librettists and Gilbert have clearly and successfully proved. Even if there be only the most rudimentary skeleton of a plot, the librettist may be forgiven if he provides amusing dialogue, comic situations, or anything with which comedians can work. Mr. Smith's libretto is not only infantile in its serious absurdity, it is devoid of wit and humor. The dialogue is leaden; the situations are contrived after the artless manner of the young man in "Great Expectations."

"Hello; here's a church. Let's get married." Nor does the music call for serious attention. The best numbers in the first two acts are the quintet and a dance trio in the park near Huntington's castle. There are tunes of an amiable jingle and there are tunes that are modeled closely after popular ditties of ear. De Koven's early years and also after approved melodies by Offenbach and Sullivan. In a word, the music as a rule is without distinction. Now certain tunes by Dave Braham, certain tunes in Mr. Hoyt's farces, certain tunes sung by eccentric comedians have individuality, or distinction. This quality is not found in the music of "Maid Marian." There is little or nothing, simple or speciously elaborate in this operetta that is remembered ten minutes after the final chord has died away.

### The Performance.

Miss Van Studdiford and Mr. Weeden are both worthy of better music. The former has a telling and agreeable voice, which she generally manages with skill, and she sings at times with true brilliance. There are few if any in light opera to compare with her, and it is surprising that she does not plume her wings for a higher operatic flight. Mr. Weeden is a virile tenor with free and effective delivery. Alice Judson was a vivacious Lady Vivian, a high stepper in hunting boots. Miss Moore has a voice with much color. As for Messrs. Barnabee, MacDonald and Frothingham they are even now traditional institutions, and no one would think of criticizing their histrionic methods any more than he would describe analytically the Bunker Hill Monument. Mr. MacDonald's voice still gives pleasure, and as for Mr. Barnabee, does he not still excite uncontrollable laughter in many even before he opens his mouth or goes in mediaeval way? Mr. Barnabee has a large following. Hundreds are honest in their belief that he is an irresistible humorist. Why quarrel with them, or incur by so doing the charge of railing at the Lord's anointed?

Mr. Studley conducted with authority, and with discretion save in the matter of granting or rather forcing encores. Even when the applause was hardly complimentary, the encore was inevitable. Thus was the performance prolonged to an unnecessarily late hour. And thus was much of the music sung twice, so that the hearer could not be possibly mistaken as to its inherent emptiness.

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Last Sunday night on our way from Symphony Hall, where we had been stunned by choruses from "Israel in Egypt"—when will some local composer write an oratorio "Israel in Boston"?—we stood on the back platform of a street car. The conductor exclaimed suddenly and in defiant tones: "If he thinks I'll stop for his whitsling, he's mistaken. Thinks I am a dog. He can't ride on my car." We said nothing, for we did not know what to say.

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Now whistling as a call to excite attention is not necessarily disagreeable. No boy resents the alluring whistle of one of his mates. When he is older and at college he both whistles and is whistled at, or for. Nor does the ordinary free and enlightened citizen feel at the sound of the whistle like saying: "Is thy servant a dog?" Have not women listened eagerly for this amatory signal? As the old song has it, "O whistle and I'll come to you my lad," or words to that effect, for we have no collection of ballads of the heart and home at hand.

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This conductor, we fear, is somewhat ashamed of his position. The motorman is a proud and splendid animal. He feels the thrill of his machine. He is the tyrant of the street. If an automobilist should try to dispute him, he would grind him to powder. He often halts in a long run merely to show gallantry toward beauty, not because some one is making semaphoric gestures near a waiting post. If he were so inclined, he would not hesitate to run by president and board of directors, with a far away look on his face. In his hands he holds the keys of life and death. What to him are whistles, groans, cheers, curses, prayers?

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But the conductor is at the beck and call of passengers. He is expected to help small children and the infirm; to be a walking volume labeled: "Inquire within for all you want to know;" he must be ready with the timetables of all railways, the character of all public buildings, the addresses of prominent citizens, the hour of service in every church, etc., etc. If he is a philosopher, he will smile; but it is hard to be philosophical on $2.25 a day, or on 20 cents an hour. The philosopher is not disturbed by a shrill whistle. He knows that by not turning his head and by keeping his hand in a graceful attitude at some distance from the bell-rope he will turn the hope of the whistler into rage and despair.

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The conductor who was insulted last Sunday night spoke of the car as his, as though he were being driven for his pleasure. His the car, the whole car with advertisements pictorial, poetical and pectoral, the whole car with its foul wild-beast smell. The child is father of the man; and just as a boy refuses to let some other boy play on the imaginary pirate ship, so this conductor would not on any condition allow the whistler to board his car.

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To us the sound of a compelling, imperative bell is far more insolent and exasperating than any whistle, whether it comes from human being or from factory. We wonder continually at the patience of the maid-servant whose life is spent in answering bells. The college chapel bell still haunts us in early morning dreams, though we could not now construe four lines of Horace nor rip with Euripides. The bell threatens harsh words, discharge, if it be not immediately answered. There is no repartee to it; it admits of no appeal. Yet this conductor did not mind the bell except to mind it.

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We spoke of the wild-beast smell in this car. It was a noisome odor, thick, dank, pestilential. There was the suggestion of the soap factory, the charnel house and the rock goat. Never have the cars of this city smelt so horribly as this winter. The new vestibule cars are deliberately contrived for the storage of foul odors; and the man standing on the platform cannot now escape the whiffs that come from unclean and discased men and women everytime the door is opened.

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And this was on a Sunday, on Easter Sunday, when mankind is supposed to be clean. The blacksmith in the old comedy woos his sweetheart by assuring her that he is clean on the Lord's day. Is the old practise extinct? We well remember the preparations for divine service in the country town where we were raised. Saturday night we were washed, say rather scrubbed, sorely against our will. Sunday morning all clothes were spotlessly clean, from the more intimate to those that were worn as a vain show. It was the fashion then for men to slush their hair with grease, scented, adorned with some foreign name, but it was unmistakable grease. We watched our father as he applied the unguent. We wore at a tender age a stiff, broad, turnover collar with tassels, and were guyed accordingly by boys who had not been properly brought up. We marched in solemn procession to the church, stood on a cricket during the long prayer, and found some comfort in looking across the church at a sallow and scraggy girl of whom we were violently enamored. The prayers and sermons were long, very long. The pews were uncomfortable. But we were all clean, and if we had been crowded into street cars there would not have been that vile stench which charged every car this Easter.

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The church was burned to the ground. The sallow and scraggy girl now weighs 180 pounds, we hear, and is a fine figure of a woman. They that washed and dressed us have put on immortal robes. The boys that guyed us are Aldermen or lawyers or storekeepers. We are left alone, a victim in common with hundreds of comparatively clean persons, to a corporation stench.

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If you are of a nervous temperament, keep away from auctions and let someone bid for you on commission. Mr. H. Willett tells this story about Bernardino Luini's "The Lord of the Vineyard:" "An intending purchaser went to Christie's prepared to pay £50 for this picture, but because another work fetched over £2000 he went away deterred by the high price, and this one was knocked down to my agent for 10 shillings and sixpence."

April

Some months ago we described a delightful dining club, limited, at which no words were spoken, but there was good fellowship, there was even joviality, in dumb show. Now we learn that a club has been established in Paris, a club that is named the Silent Club. Its members are all deaf and dumb. There are no proceedings viva voce, and if loose stories are told in the parlor they do not pollute the air, they soil only the teller's fingers. The waiters are all deaf and dumb, which is an improvement on the ordinary dumb waiter. By an ironical stroke the club house is established in the Montparnasse quarter. There are so many noisy persons on Mount Parnassus who burst out in sonnets, odes, ballades and other metrical atrocities, that the presence of dumb persons on the sacred hill is a relief. As some one sang or should have sung: "Sweet are the songs that are sung, but the unsung songs are sweeter."

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We quoted Dr. Forbes Winslow on Monday as saying that Jack-the-Ripper is now in a lunatic asylum. He is cocksure of it, and he smiles disdainfully at the idea that Mr. Chapman, who was hanged the other day in London, was Jack of bloody memory, the passionate collector. Now comes Mr. George R. Sims, and he is surprised that anyone could make the mistake of identifying Jack with Mr. Chapman. "Jack was a homicidal maniac." Here he agrees with Dr. Winslow. "Each crime that he committed was marked with greater ferocity during the progress of his insanity. How could a man in the mental condition of Jack have suddenly settled down into a cool, calculating poisoner?" Mr. Sims knows who the Ripper was. He, too, is cock-sure. "Jack-the-Ripper committed suicide after his last murder * * * It is perfectly well known at Scotland Yard who Jack was, and the reasons for the police conclusions were given in the report to the Home Office, which was considered by the authorities to be final and conclusive. * * * The genuine Jack was a doctor. His body was found in the Thames on Dec. 31, 1888."

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We wish that Mr. Sims would write a Life of Jack-the-Ripper. It should have an introductory essay by Mr. Havelock Ellis, or by Dr. Krafft-Ebing, and it should be illustrated with cuts.

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It is said that the Parisian newspaper men behaved nobly in their treatment of Sir Hector Macdonald and his sad end. "Soldiers themselves from twenty to twenty-three, the career of the man fascinated them. The accusations against him they discarded with the contempt with which accusations are dismissed in France. His career was traced with the enthusiasm of men who knew what it all meant and what he had done. He was treated as a hero whose name would go down to history, and whose bravery was a model to the soldier of France."

This is all very well. We believe that Sir Hector was a much abused man and we are glad to learn that our Parisian brethren did not act the part of the hyena. It must be remembered, however, that in France a military man can do no wrong. The honor of the army must be preserved though a Dreyfus be tortured and ruined. We notice a tendency in this country to put military honor above all other kinds of honor, but the horse-sense of the American people at large may be trusted to laugh down such a preposterous idea. An officer is a human being in spite of his uniform. Even the members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company are human, very human. Though warfare is their trade, and they toast a glorious death at their banquets, they respect the rights of others and in many ways are highly estimable, God-fearing persons.

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Francois Lanny, the play-actor, died a strange death. He was to create a part in Anatole France's "Crainquebille," which was produced at the Renaissance, Paris, the 25th of last month. He did not appear at a rehearsal, and the stage manager went to his lodging. No one answered, and finally a forcible entrance was made. Lanny sat dead in his chair, with eyes wide open, with the manuscript of his part in his hand, and with a smile on his face. This smile must have been a relief to the playwright. It showed that Lanny was pleased with his part.

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When Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" was first produced, there was a cry: "It will not draw; the piece does not act." We note the fact that the play reached its 100th performance at the Deutsches Theatre, Berlin, late in March. "Its popularity is not yet diminished, and even on the abnormally warm evenings we have been having the theatre was well filled," writes a Berlin correspondent.

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The Era (London) is, indeed, a conservative journal. It criticizes gravely Puccini's "Tosca" as "a new opera," and, of course, entitles it "La Tosca."

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King Edward is indeed himself again. He sends word ahead of his visit to Paris that he should be most happy to meet the leading French actors and actresses at a gala performance. When he was Prince of Wales he was happy to meet Parisian actresses at a gala or ordinary performance, or behind the scenes, or in any old place. Mighty rulers have often been interested in the elevation of the stage, as Lola Montez, Hortense Schneider, the soprano Ambre, Cleo de Merode and others knew or know.

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C. S. writes: "I saw in a newspaper yesterday an allusion to 'the so-called Mad Mullah.' Can you tell me why the Mullah is called mad?"

This particular Mad Mullah is not the original, simon-pure article. This Mohammedan who has assumed authority in Somaliland is called the M. M. on account of the fact that the term has become a catch one for any Mohammedan leader who founds his authority over the crowd on religious teaching. The original Mad Mullah was the fanatical Bonerwal, who tried to usurp the place of our deeply lamented friend, the Akhund of Swat. It was he that was responsible for the troubles on the Indian frontier. Army and Navy said of him: "If this progressive Bonerwal was mad, there was considerable method in his madness, and few in this country (England) realize how nearly he scored a success in his attack on the Malakand post, a success which would have been far-reaching in its effect on far-off Kabul."

April 16. 1903

## LAST NIGHT'S CONCERT OF ORCHESTRAL CLUB

The Orchestral Club gave the second and last concert of its fourth season last night in Chickering Hall. Mr. Longy conducted. There was a large and applausive audience. The program

was as follows:

Overture, "Le roi d'ys" ..... Lalo
Nocturne from "La Navarraise" .. Massenet
Zorahayda ..... Svendsen
Allegro and Adagio for violin..... Bruch
Funeral march, "Hamlet"..... Berlioz
Espana ..... Chabrier

The pieces by Lalo and Svendsen are familiar, and the Nocturne of Massenet was first heard at the memorable performance of the opera in Mechanics Building. Chabrier's Espana, a superb example of fire, rhythm and dazzling brilliance, has also been played here but it should be heard at least once a year.

### Berlioz's Funeral March.

Berlioz wrote in 1848 a singular funeral march for the last act of "Hamlet." It was suggested by the speech of Fortinbras in honor of Hamlet, the soldier, not the doubting, irresolute philosopher. The idea is of a march, while behind the scene the body of the prince is borne. The lamentation of the crowd is heard—for voices sing "Ah!" most dismally; drums beat, and there is the suggestion of the commotion of a people.

And all the time the wild dirge is played by the orchestra. Berlioz directed that a cannon should be fired at the end, and I have heard this effect at a performance in Paris. The march is seldom played, but last night it was the feature of the concert by its high flight of orchestral as well as poetic imagination.

### The Performance.

The performance, as a whole, was by far the best that this society has yet given. It was the best in approach to technical perfection and in the appreciation and understanding by the players of the composers' intentions. This result was of course due in great measure to Mr. Longy, whose rare abilities as a conductor are by this time so well known to concert goers and recognized so thoroughly by all musicians and by those who are truly musical that it would be impertinent to insist on this point.

But the amateur players themselves showed greater technical skill, more marked elasticity and authority. Never in this city have I heard Lalo's fine overture given with such flaming spirit and at the same time with such attention to the detail. The growth of the players in delicacy was shown both in the nocturne and in Svendsen's pretty symphonic poem, and the performance of "Espana" was irresistible in its presentation of color and rhythm, in its general mad spirit, although, as was inevitable under the circumstance, the orchestral technic occasionally was not faultless.

The society and Mr. Longy are to be congratulated warmly. Miss Strasser played the allegro moderato and adagio from Bruch's familiar concerto. She displayed a warm, rich tone, musical sentiment, and no mean mechanical proficiency.

Thus ended the fourth season of a society that has already done much for musical knowledge and taste in Boston. Its record is an honorable one, and of this record I shall speak next Sunday.

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Happy are they who live in the dream of their own existence and see all things in the light of their own minds; who walk by faith and hope, not by knowledge; to whom the guiding star of their youth still shines from far, and into whom the spirit of the world has not entered! They have not been "hurt by the archers," nor has the iron entered their souls. They live in the midst of arrows, and of death, unconscious of harm. The evil thing comes not nigh them. The shafts of ridicule pass unheeded by, and malice loses its sting. The yoke of life is to them light and supportable. The world has no hold on them. They are in it, not of it, and a dream and a glory is ever about them.

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A New York photographer stood up in a car of an elevated train and swatted a builder in the face. When he was brought before the magistrate, he thus defended himself. "Yes, I struck him, judge. Any gentleman would have done the same thing. He was making goo-goo eyes at a lady passenger, and I did not propose to let a man insult a woman who happened to be without a male escort. I saw him ogling a lady who sat in a cross seat some distance away. He chirped to her to attract her attention. He acted like one of those mashers you read about." When the builder had a chance to explain, he remarked that the said "lady passenger" was his wife, and he had been trying to call her attention to one of the pictures in the car.

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We are not concerned with the fate of photographer or builder before the magistrate. It may be remarked, however, that the photographer should be a judge of expression, and he may have seen in the builder's face something which easily escaped the notice of materialistic fellow passengers. The question is, Has a husband a right to ogle his wife in public?

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Both Dean Swift and Charles Lamb have protested against a display of undue affection on the part of the married in the presence of others, and we do not purpose to dilute their strong reproaches. Problems have arisen since their day that may be pertinently discussed: For instance, the proper treatment of a wife by a husband in a street car.

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He should behave with the forbearance and consideration that the strong should ever show toward the weak, and though his wife be corn-fed and red-necked, for the sake of argument she is always the weaker, the frail and clinging ivy. If the car is crowded, he should at least secure for her a microbe strap. If he be so fortunate as to sit beside her he should occasionally speak to her, and not read doggedly a newspaper. When he pays her fare, he should not do it with a sigh, nor is it in good taste for him to give her a quarter and say in a clear, bell-like voice, "Will that be enough, dearest?" We like to see a husband behaving himself toward his spouse as though she were not his wife, as though he were bent on making an impression by his delicate courtesy, his amusing conversation ornamented now and then by a flower of sentiment. At the same time, if he and she be separated, if she be hanging from a strap and lurching now and then against a fat man fixed securely in his seat, the husband should not signal her by frown or smile. Ah, these domestic signals, now of joy and now of distress! Mrs. Johnson is chattering with the hostess and recks not of time or space, although the hour is late and the last car is nearing the house. Mr. Johnson's eyebrows are raised and lowered as by some pulled string. His mouth twists and twitches. Even his nose is eloquent in appeal. Mrs. Johnson looks at him as though he were the victim of some cruel nervous disease. Then there is a wild dash to the car track, and Mrs. Johnson pants: "Why didn't you tell me it was time for us to go?"

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Has not a man a right to flirt with his own wife? Mr. George Gissing has, or had, a theory, which he exploited in one of his novels that reek with the smell of fried fish, a theory to this effect: That if husband and wife should have separate lodgings and not in the same street, that if they should meet only by appointment, and not be exposed to the daily attrition of grinding routine, that if he should send up his card or if she should occasionally invite him to dinner, that marriage would be a happy one. We remember a novel by some ingenious Frenchman in which a young couple made a romantic wedding journey. They registered at an inn, not as man and wife, but as Mrs. X. and Mr. Y. The husband would crawl along a gutter to call on his wife. If the innkeeper protested at the scandal, he bowed at the production of the marriage certificate. And in a hundred ways romance was preserved till the end of the long journey. There is something in this, just as there is in a husband that never falls in love with his wife until he is assured by the devotion of other men that she is really desirable.

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But a husband should not make "goo goo" or butter-eyes even at his wife. He is then a ridiculous object to others, and no woman worth wooing enjoys such public demonstration. We are inclined to side with the photographer, and we should not be surprised if the builder's wife that night dreamed about him. Possibly by this time he has taken her photograph—at a reduced price by the dozen.

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In our younger days we read the New York Ledger with a stealthy joy. The weekly was forbidden and garret fruit. Never shall we forget our enjoyment of "The Hidden Hand" and "The Gunmaker of Moscow." What are colonial or problem novels of today in comparison. Idle words, dead leaves, dust and ashes.

When Artemus Ward returned to Baldinsville he was welcomed by his children. "My only daughter threw herself onto my boosum, and said, 'It is me, fayther! I thank the gods!' She reads the New York Ledger. 'Tip us yer bunch of fives, old faker!' said Artemus, Jr. He reads the New York Clipper."

And now the Ledger, after a sad change to monthly form, has joined the majority. Hail and farewell!

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Parisian courts have decided that hissing in theatres and concert halls, "if it arise from the soul's agony" and not from premeditation is as legitimate as applause.

April 17, 1903

# SPANISH MUSIC SUNG

Mrs. Isidora Martinez, soprano, assisted by Mrs. Sawyer, alto; Mrs. del Castillo, pianist; Mr. MacKenzie, tenor; Mr. Morawski, bass; Miss Gorham, accompanist; and Mr. Poole, organist, gave a concert of old and modern Spanish music last evening in Steinert Hall. There was a small audience. Miss Rebecca R. Joslin, the president of the Castilian Club, made an introductory address, in which she spoke of the character of ancient forms of Spanish music and also of the composers represented.

### The Purpose.

It was the purpose of Mrs. Martinez to arrange a program which should include specimens of Spanish vocal music from the thirteenth century to the twentieth, and show that the music of that country is something more than ditties sung to bolero or seguidilla or other dance rhythms associated in the popular mind with castanets, the plunk-plunk of guitars and mandolins, and dashing brunettes in short skirts vibrant and twisting in a comic opera atmosphere. Students of church music have long admired the solemn beauty and grandeur of the motets by old Spanish composers, whether, like Moraics and Vittoria, they flourished at Rome, or worked peacefully in home cloisters. Mrs. Martinez chose necessarily songs for solo voice, and quartets that are of a secular or only quasi-religious nature. The composers represented were Don Alfonso the Wise (1250), Navarro, Literes, de Navas, Correa, Laserna, Esteve, Gaztambide, Breton, Caballero, Zubiaurre, Salas; and she herself put music to "El Jaleo del Contrabandista," which was Englished in verse by Longfellow. Furthermore, there were examples of Don Teobaldo Power's piano music, which were played by Mrs. del Castillo. The piano pieces chosen do not put the composer in a favorable light. They are a curious mixture of salon twaddle and Chopin vulgarly and thinly disguised, as though a pianist should hear in a grotesque nightmare passages of Chopin burlesqued yet unmistakable.

### The Vocal Music.

The selections from Breton's "Les Amantes de Teruel" and Zubiaurre's "Don Fernando" are without national character and like the arias of any third-rate Italian opera-maker of the early years of the 19th century. The Romance of Caballero (1860), sung by Mrs. Martinez, has character, but as a rule the older the music, the more interesting it was. Thus the "Christmas Song" by Don Alfonzo, restored by Mrs. Martinez and sung by Mrs. Sawyer, is, indeed, beautiful. The Cuatros by Navarro and Corea, though old and written in modes that are now foreign to ears accustomed to modern tonalities, have a decided national character, and in the occasional suggestion of dance rhythm would not be mistaken for madrigals of Italian or English origin. There was much that interested the hearer in this old music; and there was also not a little in the program as a whole that was boresome. The piano pieces might have been easily spared, and even then the program would have been too long.

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A correspondent asks why we have not commented on the Vanderbilt wedding. We have been silent because we thought the published reports showed clearly the amazing vulgarity of some persons who are uneasily rich.

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Yet we were interested in the fact that the bride and groom ate a luncheon on Tuesday "in which chicken was the prominent feature." For chicken is recommended by the ancients as a light and wholesome meat. Beef, pork, goat, red deer, hare, conies are hard of digestion, and breed rheumatism and melancholy, and mutton is the worst of all. Chicken, when it is not hen, is the food of love. We are also pleased as an honorary member of the Band of Hope that plain lemonade was served, and not lemonade with a stick of Hollands or Plymouth gin. Yet we notice with surprise that eryngoes and stewed prunes were not on the bill of fare.

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Nor are we left ignorant as to the manner in which the bride and groom spent that outwardly dismal day. They read newspapers and magazines, and thus improved their minds.

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The emerald "predominated among Mrs. Vanderbilt's wedding jewels." This predominance is appropriately symbolical, for the emerald increases riches. "Them that has, gits." If the stone be hung about the neck, it "helpeth also against all phantasies and japes of fiends and ceaseth tempest." Tempest here includes, no doubt, all domestic storms. As an old writer remarks: "The emerald if put in drink is suitable for deadly venoms, and for venemous bites and punctures of stings. If it be worn, it increases substance, causes persuasiveness in all business; makes men cheerful of body and speech; makes the memory good, and if it be carried under the tongue, the bearer will straightway prophesy."

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The latest plaintiff in a breach-of-promise suit is "a beautiful young woman." The plaintiff in such suits is almost always beautiful; otherwise she would have no occasion to bring suit.

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How the Carlyles were misunderstood! Their knagging words and verbal explosions, it now appears, were only "exaggeration of speech". Each was addicted to irony. The trouble with household and subtle irony is that it is not appreciated by a matter-of-fact third person.

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The cunning of the New York police surpasses that of Vidocq, Gaboriau's hero, Poe's friend, Old Sleuth, or Sherlock Holmes. Take this ghastly barrel case. "Cigars exactly similar to those found in the pockets of the murdered man were taken from the pockets of two of the arrested men." This fact is indeed inculpatory. We know several men who smoke by preference the cigar known as the Mora Breva, so called because the tobacco is strong and the smoker's life is short. Now if one of our friends should be murdered—not for smoking this particular cigar in the presence of others—but from vengeance or caprice, and we should be arrested because we were with him a day or two before, a Mora Breva would be found in our upper left-hand waistcoat pocket—in smokable condition, we hope.

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Old Chimes is not at all vexed by the weather. He was again in his accustomed seat at the Porphyry and heard a grumbler complaining of the way the rain "came down." "Yes," said Old Chimes, "but suppose that the rain, instead of coming down, came up, rose in sheets from the ground. Then we should all be obliged to wear leg-umbrellas. Think of lovely woman thus grotesquely weaponed against the storm. A painful thought! Although a gallant man would surely offer to assist her in providing protection if the rain came suddenly."

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Thus is Old Chimes cheerful, optimistic, in spite of rheumatic twinges, which forbid him the free use of alcohol in its various enticing forms.

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Some one wrote the other day that the title "Fighting Joe Hooker" was distasteful to the general. No doubt nick-names are sometimes derogatory, and Bishop Wilberforce did not probably enjoy being called "Soapy Sam," although the army officer now living who is known familiarly as "Hell-Roaring Jake" may rejoice in this publication of his strenuousness to the world at large. Boys, though cruel, are often unerring in their judgment as expressed by the bestowal of a nick-name. And these names stick through life, no matter how estimable or successful the men may be. We know a highly respectable citizen who is still called "Guffens" by his former classmates, because his feet are of the brand described as beetle-crushers, monitors, cigar-boxes. We know another who will always be "Lunky," although he occupies positions of trust and dignity. We know a woman, now of splendid beauty, who was in school dubbed "Snag-toothed Sally."

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Mr. Charles W. Bardsley drew up a category of nicknames. He made these divisions: Physical and External Peculiarities; Mental and Moral Peculiarities; Miscellaneous. He sub-divided these divisions: thus, the first division includes nicknames for peculiarities of relationship, condition, age, size, shape and capacity; nicknames from peculiarities of complexion; nicknames from peculiarities of dress and its accoutrements. And these nicknames passed into surnames: as Armstrong, Crulkshank, Redhead, Gauntlet, Moody, Gay, Playfair, Oliphant (some ancestor was as huge and ungainly as an elephant), Bird, Jay, Pike, Herring, Skinner, Lit-

tlejohn, Goodchild—there are hundreds of such instances. Does the Honorable Mr. Cody sulk because some persons insist on speaking and writing of him as "Buffalo Bill"?

The Rev. Mr. Kitto, the Biblical scholar who died lately, was stone deaf from boyhood. What advantages he had in authorship! What to him were organ-grinders and singers in the court, the voice of one breaking in on deep thought by asking whether he preferred beef or mutton for dinner. Even if a publisher found fault, he was obliged to put his complaint in writing. It is a good thing to have the gift of concentration, but there are so many who are trying to take it away from you. There are consolations for all infirmities, except success; as Victor Hugo says, success is hideous.

April 19 1903

From my very earliest youth it has been my pride to converse familiarly, more Socratico, with all human beings, man, woman, and child, that chance might fling in my way: a practise which is friendly to the knowledge of human nature, to good feelings, and to that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher. For a philosopher should not see with the eyes of a poor limitary creature calling himself a man of the world, and filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, but should look upon himself as a catholic creature, and as standing in an equal relation to high and low, to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and the innocent.

There was some talk because a woman who killed herself in Boston left the request that her age should not be mentioned on coffin or tombstone. She looked forward to a stone as marking place of her rest. Yet years ago a prominent Southerner requested that no tombstone be put at the head of his grave, lest in time these memorials of the dead should hinder the ploughman in his work. Not long ago we read of some madman whose amusement or self-imposed duty was to go about smashing tombstones wherever he could find them; and no wonder, for bad taste and snobbery and falsehood are often supposed to glorify the dead. "While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them, and some have been so vainly boisterous, that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alericus seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom."

The delegation of estate owners and farmers sent to this country by the German Agricultural Society will bring their own cigars. It is fortunate that their hellish purpose is announced, so that the coast and custom and immigration officers will be on their guard. All German cigars are bad; and it is a singular fact that the badness increases in direct ratio to the price of the cigar. We are not speaking at random, as one beating the air and making faces at invisible things. We have smoked German cigars from Hamburg to Munich, from the Rhine to the eastern frontier. One becomes hardened to the 10 pfennig cigar as he does to enforced hard labor, or the poverty of others. But if he climbs the scale and on a holiday chooses a cigar for a mark or 25 cents, after a few puffs the solid earth quivers and shakes, huge warehouses bow their roofs to the street, the sun is darkened, and men and women are as trees walking.

There are persons, perhaps, who shudder when they read of the cheapness of human life in old times, of the hired assassins, of princes and cardinals and noble dames handy with dagger and poison. 'Twas in the nightmare of the world, they say. What do they think to the poisonings and butcherings recorded in the daily journals? What do they say to the deeds of the Italian band in New York and other cities? And there is ex-Governor Taylor of Kentucky with his dear Youtsey-tootsey.

We like to think of Melba, the emotional singer, waving her handkerchief as she stood at the rail of the Orontes, and sobbing violently at the thought of leaving her native land forever, aye, forever and for aye. There has been no such grief since Mary Stuart bade farewell to the shore of her loved France. Fortunately Melba's passionate press agent was not wholly overcome by the scene; by a heroic effort he did not break down until he had penned a descriptive cablegram.

This reminds us that Miss Ada Crossley, who will sing at the Symphony Orchestra Pension Fund Concert a week from Sunday, comes from Australia and not long ago she declared that everybody sings in Australia, "from the fishman, as he rides through the great forest, to the boy on the 'milk run.'"

We saw an inquiry yesterday into the origin of the word "cahoot," a discussion as to whether it came from "cohorte" (company, gang), or "cahute" (cabin). What we should like to know is the origin of the term "bone" as a synonym for dollar: "It will cost you two cold bones." And why "cold"? Farmer and Henley's "Slang and its Analogues" says that the tip given in this country to a Custom House officer for running baggage through is called a "bone." We had something to do with custom house officers of New York in years past, but we never heard the word "bone" used in connection with their urbane behavior, and their gentleness cost us more than one dollar.

There is tragedy that approaches opera-bouffe: as when a German officer kills an old friend because he did not salute him in the proper manner, and then apologizes to his victim's mother.

Let not the sun go down upon your highball.

Now that Mascagni is at home in Rome and "receiving ovations," the newspapers of that city will be mighty interesting reading. There will, probably, be allusions to Boston and its Bastile on the Charles.

Mr. Paul Gottschalk is the author of a cheerful play produced lately at Berlin. A young man marries a woman and then falls madly in love with her sister. He goes about bemoaning his chains. His young sister-in-law returns his passion and then cools herself by jumping into the sea. Three acts are judged necessary for the telling of this story.

The following paragraph from the Signale (Leipsic) looks like a roast on Miss Smyth, the composer of "The Forest," who was in Boston during the fortnight of opera: "The English composer, Miss Brown, who is widely known through her successful operas, has composed a new one, 'The Plain,' which will be produced simultaneously at Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Leipsic, Dresden, London and Timbuctoo. The celebrated composer hopes with this opera to surpass Mascagni, whose 'Masks' failed simultaneously in six cities."

The Signale also announces the fact that Miss Geraldine Farrar, the American soprano at Berlin, has celebrated the event of her 5000th visit to a photographer. And yet the Signale used to be an eminently serious journal, even for Leipsic.

April 19 1903

## Richard Strauss's "Burleske" as Played by Mr. Heinrich Gebhard.

## MR. OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH

The program of the twenty-second Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis"... Gluck-Wagner
Burleske for piano and orchestra (for first time) ..... R. Strauss
On the Russian Steppes.....Borodin
Symphony, "Lenore".....Raff

The noblest music last evening was that which came first. It was nearly 130 years ago that the overture of "Iphigenia" was first heard in Paris, and this overture is today Greek tragedy in music. There is the direct, poignant appeal; there is the suggestion of brooding fate; there is the exquisitely simple beauty; there is classic and tragic serenity instead of melodramatic throe or convulsion. This is music of which one never tires, and mark the genius that used so powerfully the simplest means.

### Strauss's Burleske.

This piece for piano and orchestra was played here last night for the first time, but it is not therefore a composition of recent date. It was written about 1885 when the composer was strongly influenced by Brahms—and it was played by d'Albert, to whom it is dedicated, as far back as 1890. But why "Burleske?" I confess I find little significance in the title. It surely is not a burlesque of Brahms's style, although the music is at times essentially Brahmsian. I have seen English burlesques, played by British blondes, which were not unlike Strauss's piece in stretches of dulness. For this "Burleske" as a whole is long-winded and generally inclined toward dulness. Here and there are grotesque effects or bits of orchestral humor; here and there are pleasing examples of melodic thought; but the piece is purposeless, neither wildly extravagant, neither consistently serious. It is said to be of extreme difficulty, indeed Mr. Lessmann says he knows of no concerto to compare with it in this respect. But what is difficult to one pianist may not be so extremely hard to another; for one hand differeth from another hand in glory. Take for instance Balakireff's "Islamey." There are excellent pianists who dare not attempt to play it in public; yet others of less technical proficiency have triumphed with it. Mr. Gebhard gave a clear idea of the piano part of the "Burleske," but he did not by any surpassing brilliance or pronounced individuality raise the work high above monotony; yet he was applauded heartily by the audience and recalled more than once or twice.

### Raff and Borodin.

Borodin's little orchestral sketch has been played here twice before, and it is still effective, though to Western ears the Oriental song and the Russian are both exotic and not so unlike in character as to be strongly contrasted. It is a mood picture as well as a tone-poem, and it will please hearers of imagination for some years to come. Portions of Raff's "Lenore" have grown old, very old. This is especially true of the Andante, which now may be classed with once popular piano music: "Fallen Leaves," "Moonlight on the Hudson," etc. Yet there is in this symphony plenty of evidence in favor of Raff's great talent and his unlimited technical skill.

### Gabrilowitsch's Recital.

Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave his first piano recital here this season at Chickering Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a warmly applausive audience of fair size. The program was as follows:

Fantasia in C major, op. 17...Schumann
Gavotte in B minor....Bach-Saint-Saens
Nocturne in G major.....Chopin
Valse in E minor.....Chopin
Polonaise in A flat major.....Chopin
Bigarrure .....Arensky
Pres de la Mer.....Arensky
"If I Were a Bird".....Henselt
Valse, "Le Bal," op. 16.....Rubinstein

This concert gave true pleasure. With Mr. Gabrilowitsch criticism is confined to matters of interpretation. He is a sensitive pianist, easily influenced, I infer, by passing moods, the character and the first attitude of an audience, the hall, the weather. Yesterday he was in the vein. His performance was distinguished by warm but unexaggerated poetic feeling and by brilliance. The brilliance was not metallic, the polish was not so high that it was dead, as there is a dry champagne that provokes thirst. For there can be sentiment, there can be heart even in brilliance. Mr. Gabrilowitsch's reading of the great Fantasia was highly imaginative, and there was no undue degree of sentiment, just as there was no forcing of tone in stormier pages. The nocturne was neither mawkish nor perfunctory, and the waltz by Chopin was played inimitably. The pieces by Arensky were pleasant to hear, although they are not far above the level of the best salon music. In Rubinstein's waltz Mr. Gabrilowitsch let loose the dogs of technic. There was much enthusiasm during the concert, and there were encores.

Here in Boston as in New York and Philadelphia and Chicago we were for a long time thoroughly Germanized in our views and knowledge of music. The orchestral players and the conductors were Germans; the chamber players so far as stringed instruments were concerned were chiefly Germans; it was often stated by persons of authority that there were no good songs save those by German composers, no really good orchestral or chamber works that did not bear the German hall mark.

### A Gradual Change.

At first there was some excuse for these statements. The French composer, like his Italian brother, looked toward the stage and sighed for operatic triumph. As Vincent d'Indy said lately in a lecture: "One fact is certain, before 1875 the orchestral production of France was almost null and suddenly a large and powerful school arose, and symphonies and chamber music came into life. This influence of Cesar Franck was felt even by those who, not being directly his pupils, felt the ascendency of his lofty artistic integrity. Nothing can prevent the doctrine of Cesar Franck from spreading, for it is the purest expression of sincerity and genius." Here in Boston some were interested in this modern French music, just as they welcomed the Russian and the Czech invasion. Little by little the demand for hearing these new works grew so pressing that it was at last considered with respect. Here and there a musician of prominence had the courage to introduce this music in concert. And now, thanks to Messrs. Gericke, Kneisel, Longy, Nikisch, Paur, Adamowski, Fox, Mrs. Hopekirk, and a few others, the musical horizon has been extended in all directions. Franck, d'Indy, Gabriel Faure, Debussy are no longer mere names to be passed over idly in a catalogue. The Russians are no longer considered merely as singular barbarians with still more singular music.

### The Orchestral Club.

Now the Orchestral Club, a private organization formed for the purpose of providing an opportunity for amateurs to become acquainted with orchestral music by playing it, has much to do with spreading the knowledge of French music throughout the city. The second concert of the fourth season was given last week. A list of the new works performed during the four years will show more conclusively than any complimentary burst of rhetoric what this society has accomplished: 1900—Pessard's Danses Espagnoles, Bonnaud's serenade Enfantine, Dubois's Marche des Batteurs, Saint-Saen's overture to "La Princesse Jaune," Becker's Scenes Luxembourgeoises, Dubois's Rigaudon and danses Cenevoles, Tavan's Noce Arabe; 1901—Lefebvre's Prelude to Act III. of "Eloa," Delibes's suite "Le Roi S'amuse," Loeffler's Divertissement Espagnol for saxophone and orchestra, Luigini's Ballet Egyptien and Voix des Cloches; 1902—Enesco's Poeme Roumain, d'Indy's Prelude to Act I. of "Fervaal," Chauvet Marechal's Album Leaves; 1903—Berlioz's Funeral March for last act of "Hamlet." The club has also played Gounod's overture to "Mireille," St. Saens's prelude to "The Deluge," Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" suite No. 1, Berlioz's Marche Troyenne, Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy," Bizet's overture "Patrie," Massenet's Meditation from "Thais," Lalo's overture to "Le Roi d'Ys," Massenet's Nocturne from "La Navarraise," Chabrier's "Espana," as well as Svendsen's "Zorahayda," Bach's suite in B minor and various arrangements, some of them to introduce the saxophone as a solo instrument, as arrangements of Franck's "Panis Angelicus" and Bizet's "Ave Maria," itself an arrangement from L'Arlesienne."

### Deep Influence.

That these works have been performed is not the only triumph of the Orchestral Club. Each season the programs were of a higher grade. The players gradually became accustomed to French musical thought and expression, so that their own taste was finally raised to appreciation of d'Indy and Chabrier and others of rank. They themselves, when they hear performances of French works by other players, will be able to comprehend quickly, to judge of the quality of the performances. Under Mr. Longy they have learned many lessons in mechanism, rhythm, taste. No one of these amateurs is likely to be patient henceforth with what is known as "the slow allegro." These players are more liberal in spirit toward strange composers, less prejudiced in their outlook, less parochial, for their work together in this club under such a leader. And the curse of music in this city has been the long continued tendency toward parochialism. I have heard "patrons of music" say of an unknown work—unknown in Boston, but long ago applauded in European cities—"It cannot be good for anything; otherwise we should have heard it here."

### The Club's Future.

It is said that Mr. Longy has resigned the leadership of the club which he has conducted so brilliantly. The cause of his resignation and the manner in which it will be treated by the club are private matters. Nevertheless, it may be justly said that such a private organization is a public benefit. It may also be said that it is not possible to think of the existence of the club without Mr. Longy as the conductor of it. He may leave it, and an Orchestral Club may survive his departure, but it will not be the Orchestral Club. The success of a musical society does not depend on an imposing list of patrons and patronesses of such splendor that the eyes of the outsider blink while he reads. The artistic success of such a club depends on the players and the conductor. With

the social success of a musical club true musicians are not concerned. For, to parody the couplet of Catullus:

Society tries to climb the Hill of the Muses.
The Muses push her off with forks.

## Foreign News.

The variable Calve! And yet we cannot believe all we hear. Has she canceled her engagement at the Opera-Comique? Did she refuse to sing in "La Navarraise," because the critics reproach her for singing the same parts? The charge was unjust, if it was made. This very season she created a part in Hahn's new opera and she was announced as Tosca in the forthcoming performance of Puccini's opera for the first time in Paris. Wagner for the masses! Maximilian Norden proposes to give in Paris twenty-four stereopticon reproductions of scenes from Wagner's "Ring," while a mechanical organ grinds out the fitting musical pages.——The Signale maliciously announced the fact that Richard Strauss has nearly completed two symphonic poems; one entitled, "Kant, 'on the power of becoming a great composer merely through the resolution of his morbid feelings;'" the other "Schopenhauer, 'Parrerga and parallpomena'"——It is also said that a young Leipsic composer, Thuemichen, has composed a symphonic poem "Lipsia" in these sections: "Sunrise in Stuenzer Volkshain," "A Saturday morning on the Bruehl," "Dance of Gnats in Rosenthal," "In the Garlic forest of Connewitz" (misterioso), "Fair-time in Peter street," "A moonlight night in Sellerhausen."——Saleza, the tenor, makes his reappearance in Paris, this time at the Opera-Comique in Massenet's "Werther."——Stojowski's symphony in D minor, which took the Paderewski prize, was played at a Colonne concert March 29, but not for the first time. Portions of it are said to be descriptive and picturesque, but it is not program music. Noskowski's symphonic poem "The Steppe" was also played at the same concert. The composer is a teacher at the Warsaw conservatory.——Augusta Dorla (Klaus), formerly of Boston, is now a member of the Antwerp opera company.——Francis MacMillen, a young American violinist, gave a concert at Brussels March 30, and was highly praised.——We learn from the Guide Musical (Brussels) that Mrs. Roger-Miclos's tour in the United States was "one long triumph," although she was treated "shabbily and unjustly" by the reptile press.——Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's "La Vita Nuova" (after Dante) for baritone, soprano, orchestra, organ and piano, was produced at Munich, March 21.——Glazounoff's 7th symphony and Scriabine's 2d have been published.

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And in a smile of peculiar meaning, the teeth of the changed Berenice disclosed themselves slowly to my view. Would to God I had never beheld them, or that, having done so, I had died!

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Not long ago in Boston a waiter returning home after a day of perplexing and boisterous orders, fell into animated conversation with two young women and, as one of them told the magistrate, the waiter, to illustrate a point, hit her on the mouth, a facial feature that was not primarily designed by nature for such a use. "A gold tooth was knocked out."

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Years from now the antiquarian endeavoring to reconstruct and vitalize the forgotten civilization of the early twentieth century will find this record in a newspaper: "A gold tooth was knocked out"; and he will quote the record as an instance of the unbridled luxury and extravagance of the people. Just as La Mothe le Vayer recorded in the eighteenth century that the Japanese thought black teeth the most beautiful; just as Marco Polo wondered at the women of Cardandan, who covered their teeth with little golden plates, and just as we read today that the Javanese snatched out their teeth to replace them with those of gold, silver, copper, or iron.

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A Londoner made the statement lately, with reference to his own country, that the English are both hungrier and eat twice as often as their forefathers. "This is the age of four meals per diem." And he appealed to the past centuries for confirmation. Thus in the fifteenth century there were two meals a day: dinner at 9 A. M. and supper at 4 or 5 P. M. Early in the sixteenth century the Percy family, a swell family in those days, rose at 6 A. M., drank something at 7, dined at 10, supped at 4 P. M., and the gates of Northumberland House were closed at 9 P. M. Queen Elizabeth dined at 11 A. M. The theatres opened at 1 P. M., and after the performance supper was eaten between 5 and 6. Cromwell was still more aristocratic; he dined at 1.30 P. M. In the time of Charles II. merchants were at their desks by 6 or 7 A. M., and their only breakfast was a half-pint of Rhenish wine or a dram of strong liquor. And the day grew older and older, although Horace Walpole complained of 5 P. M. as a late hour for dinner. The postponement of dinner until late in the afternoon changed the character of breakfast; but not till the nineteenth century did three meals a day become an institution. An American traveler in 1810 noted the breakfasts, and the almost universal habit of visiting the pastry cooks about noon, for "a slight repast of buns, tarts, etc., and a glass of whey, at a cost not exceeding 6d. or 8d." Dinner was then about 6 P. M., and consisted of two courses: the first included soup, fish, roast and vegetables placed on the table at the same time; the second was made up of ragout, game, celery, macaroni, cream, pastry. And now the well-bred Englishman is not satisfied unless he has breakfast, luncheon, afternoon tea, dinner, supper.

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It appears, therefore, that the no-breakfast theory was put into practise years ago, centuries ago. Did not Mr. Pepys go to work at 4 or 5 A. M. at his office without any belly-timber to sustain him except a glass of raw spirits.

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And see what sort of breakfast was eaten in the days of Charles II., who we believe is accepted as an exemplary monarch by all the Jacobites of Boston, the rising young Jacobites, and the old that are setting. Dr. Muffet wrote: "Where the air is pure, clear and wholesome it is best to fast till dinner," but on another page of his "Health's Improvement" he insisted that butter is best at breakfast. Venner wrote about the same time—and it is surprising that the Londoner does not quote from him or Muffet: "If any man desire a light, nourishing and comfortable breakfast, I know none better than a couple of poached eggs, seasoned with a little salt and a few corns of pepper, also with a drop or two of vinegar, if the stomach be weak, and supped of warm, eating therewith a little bread and butter, and drinking after a good draught of pure claret wine. This is an excellent breakfast, and very comfortable for them that have weak stomachs."

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Breakfast is a show-place for whims and caprices. We knew a man in Hampshire county, who sulked a whole summer day if he did not eat raw tomatoes with cream at his first meal, and it was his habit immediately on rising to drink a pint of hock with seltzer. On the other hand, Archbishop Sancroft used to take two small cups—or dishes of coffee, as the phrase was in his day, and a pipe of tobacco, which reminds us that there are men who eat only for the pleasure of smoking before the cloth be removed; poor, wandering souls—may they be spared the smoke of future torment that rises from the bottomless pit. Bunyan's Mr. Badman became so common a drunkard at last that "he was taken notice of to be a drunkard even by all," a swinish vanity, but Bunyan says nothing about his habits of eating. There are men and women who cannot begin the day's work without some preparation of chicken food, and we confess openly we are addicted to buttered toast and Shaker apple sauce.

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If the English knew not breakfast, they, as would-be world-rulers, followed the example of the ancient Romans, who if they broke their fast at all early in the morning, took a grape or two, a raisin or two, a date, an olive. But we refer you to De Quincey's essay on "The Casuistry of Roman Meals" and are content with quoting this one fine thought: "If life is a wilderness, then day, as a little life, is a little wilderness. And this wilderness can be safely traversed only by having relays of fountains, or stages for refreshment. Such stages, they conceive, are found in the several meals which Providence has stationed at due intervals through the day, whenever the perverseness of man does not break the chain, or derange the order of succession." Mark you, De Quincey says "several meals."

April 20 1903

# MISS ELSIE LINCOLN'S

The last in Miss Lincoln's series of Sunday concerts took place yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall. The program consisted of solo groups for soprano and violin, a song with flute obligato, and a fantasy by Gattermann for flute, violin and piano; and Miss Lincoln was assisted by Mr. William Sturtevant, Mr. Henri Berger, and Mr. Max Zach, who played the accompaniments as well as the piano part of the fantasy.

The last, which came first on the program, is commonplace enough, and was played for the most part as well as it deserved, although the instruments were not always in accord with one another. Each of the three artists did better work in connection with other numbers. Miss Lincoln was more successful with a group of children's songs, by Homer Bartlett, George W. Chadwick, Mrs. Beach, and others, than she was with more pretentious numbers. Mr. Berger played an air by Bach, and Pierne's familiar serenade, delightfully. He has not much self-assertion, but plays with great charm. Mr. Zach's accompaniments were impeccable. The audience was of fair size and very applausive.

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A Berlin doctor has discovered that by violent exercise we can destroy all the microbes in our system. This led a humble and unknown Londoner to break into verse.

On the light fantastic tripping
Do I shave, and tub while skipping,
As the Berlin sage advises;
Punching football, I compose
All my lighter verse and prose,
And review while doing Sandow's exercises.

As I polk through dinner, luncheon,
Which are meals I won't for one shun,
You might murmur "What a bounder!"
And my hostess in amaze
Notes my saltatory ways
As at 5 o'clock I frisk and caper round her.

Oh! I sprint through Piccadilly
Till the force force willy-nilly
Me to try the more discreet hop;
And no sleeping-draught avails,
For I only sleep in gales,
And invariably then upon a tree-top.

But by this perpetual motion—
There is rapture in the notion—
The advantage that I seize is,
All my microbes, fever germs,
Thus are made mere food for worms,
And I waltz through life immune from all diseases.

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"A senior at Yale told the police that his valuable diamond pin had been stolen." But what business have Yale men to wear diamond pins? And a senior! When we knew Yale and Eli Hill's and Morlarty's and Gus Traeger's and Card's and other lecture courses of the college the seniors wore society pins on the cravat by day and on the night shirt at night; but only one man wore a diamond, and he was looked on with suspicion.

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She looked at him from the window, and she saw as he walked away that he was bent and tired and old. As she looked sorrow came into her heart because they were of two different generations, and this sorrow was compounded of seven-eighths pity and one-eighth love.

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Paul Verlaine regretted bitterly that he had not made his son a waiter in a restaurant, where he would gain intimate knowledge of life. If we were to be a professional sociologist we should serve at least three years as clerk to an apothecary. The experience of such a clerk is broad and constantly broadening. He soon learns the weaknesses, sympathies, prejudices, vanities of mankind. Only yesterday morning we were waiting at a corner "drug store" for a car. The clerk and a customer, whose left shoulder sagged by reason of Sunday newspapers in the left hand, were talking together, and confidentially. At last the customer answered in set tones: "No, I couldn't think of doing it. A colored shirt don't go with black coat and vest, and besides it's Sunday."

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Deep thinkers tell us the modern boy is larger than the boy of twenty-five years ago. But he doesn't make any more noise.

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Not a day passes but someone clamors in the newspapers for a statue to this or that neglected official, general, admiral, citizen. Nine cases out of ten this sentence occurs: "Let there be a statue, and let it be of life-size, to show to our children and to preserve, etc., etc." This reminds us of what a Scotch judge said when there was talk of a testimonial to a brother judge about to retire from the bench, and also talk of the beautiful form of this testimonial: "Oh," said his lordship, "give him a life-sized statuette."

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The Emperor William has been picked up for describing himself as "one of the youngest sovereigns of Europe." Some beastly particular person has pointed out that the rulers of Bulgaria, Portugal, Russia, Italy, Servia, Holland, Spain, are all younger than William. But a man, ruler or ruled, is no older than he feels. Dr. Depew will corroborate this opinion, we are sure. The Emperor William feels himself a boy, and such is the power of the human will that he often acts like one.

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Mascagni will soon be at work on a new opera, but it will be a tragedy, based on the wars of the thirteenth century in Southern Italy. We are disappointed, for we hoped he would write a serio-comic opera founded on the wars of American managers and with at least one of the chief scenes in Boston.

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"Increase in Suicides." So we have read for the last thirty years, and if you look over old books on suicide, you will find the same statement. Centuries ago poets and satirists referred to the greater number of men and women each year who gladly went through the open door of Epictetus. Did not the Milesian virgins suddenly begin to hang themselves without apparent cause, so that there was a moral epidemic. They loathed life. Why? Some say because they saw in a prophetic looking-glass how they would appear at sixty. And at Lyons toward the end of the fifteenth century there was an epidemic something like this. There have been other instances, so that Mr. Bayle did not hesitate to say that the difference between such maladies and the plague or the smallpox is that the former are more frequent.

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The Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal is publishing interesting excerpts from old newspapers. Here is a singular paragraph with a London date early in 1774: "Letters from Boston complain much of the taste of their fish being altered. Four or five hundred chests of tea may have so contaminated the water in the harbour, that the fish may have contracted a disorder not unlike the nervous complaints of the human body. Should this complaint extend itself as far as the Banks of Newfoundland, our Spanish and Portugal fish trade may be much affected thereby."

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And here is an excerpt dated Portsmouth, April 7, 1774: "Yesterday the Act of Tarring and Feathering at Boston was repealed and it's very uncertain whether it will ever be revived." Who was the first man, or woman tarred and feathered in North America? The punishment, or hint toward better behavior was known as far back as the twelfth century, for Richard I. during his stay in Normandy made laws regulating the conduct of the pilgrims in their passage by sea. A thief was to have boiling pitch and feathers put on his head and was to be set on shore at the first opportunity.

April 21. 1903

The Bijou Theatre was crowded yesterday at the performance of "The Song of the Sea Shell" in aid of the New England Peabody Home for Crippled Children. The young people who took part have been rehearsing for a long time in order to make it a great success, and their work was not in vain.

The story of the opera, which was written by C. B. and Alonzo Price (its music being composed by L. E. Orth), is simple, and therefore delightful, and proved of marked interest to a large audience.

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It is the fashion to assail the Rev. W. J. Long and Mr. Thompson-Seton for their gross inaccuracies, lack of shrewd observation, lime-light imagination in their stories about animals. (An awful doubt turns our heart to water. Is it Mr. Thompson-Seton or Mr. Seton-Thompson, and was it Mr. Seton-Thompson or Mr. Thompson-Seton? Some hyphenated men are particular about their names, and we would not slight Mr. T.-S. or S.-T. for the world.)

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Here, for instance, is Mr. Abbott H. Thayer, who at his Monadnock leisure amuses himself by showing the difference between the real quiet and well-behaved forest and Mr. Long's "School of the Woods." And yet Mr. Ernest Newman in a contribution to The Weekly Critical Review (Paris, March 5), "The Animal in Faction," speaking of Kipling's Jungle Stories, says: "Compare any of them with the superb animal stories of Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson or the equally faithful studies of animals in such a book as Mr. W. J. Long's 'School of the Woods' and you will see how flashy, how theatrical, how untrue are almost all Mr. Kipling's stories. The complaint is not that they are not real, but that they are not consistently fanciful. We do not sniff at

the fairy tale because it is not a realistic novel; but what we have a right to expect is that it shall be consistent within its one sphere." And so Mr. Newman goes on, much to his own enjoyment. Kipling's animals are pasteboard figures; the clumsily jerked puppets of a bad dramatist; they are brought out for the gallery; "It is all hopelessly theatrical, hopelessly unconvincing either as a painting of life or a pure effort of the imagination."

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Some may say, "What does Mr. Newman himself know about animals? He is an Englishman, who has written much about music; his "Study of Wagner" is beyond doubt and peradventure the best book ever written about the art of Richard of Bayreuth. But it is not necessary for a man to be a zoologist or to work in a menagerie for him to know whether a story in detail and dialogue and psychology be consistent and true when once the premises are granted.

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Animals are largely what we make them; not by our treatment of them, but by the motives we assign to them. We attribute the worst thoughts and actions of mankind to the hyena, the snake. The crocodile is a hypocrite, but in life he is a most matter-of-fact person, who does not cloak his purpose or his tastes. The monkey is true to himself; but to the man in front of the cage he is ridiculous because he chatters and scratches himself after the fashion of so many human beings. The monkey at that famous dinner at Newport was by far the most sensible and the best behaved of those present. A dog runs about and barks; that is his business; or he carries a stick in his mouth because he is good natured and wishes to please his master, his employer. Mr. Harry Lehr, who not long ago got down on all fours, put a cane between his teeth, ran back to a boat rail and deposited the cane at the feet of one of the women, and then barked, was not framed and molded by the Deity for such actions. His performance was not in harmony with nature. Furthermore, by his mimicry he insulted a higher animal. There are many dogs and horses who are deliberately blind to the weaknesses and faults of their masters, and do not take advantage of them.

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Men like to read stories about animals because it flatters their vanity. Such reading reassures them of their own superiority. They cast off doubt and say, "After all, we are the lords of creation."

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We spoke disrespectfully just now of the hyena, and yet he has sweet uses. If you wear under the sole of your foot a hyena's tongue no dog will bark at you. "And the hairs growing about the muzzle of this beast have an amatorious virtue with them to make a woman love a man in case her lips be but touched therewith." If the left foot and nails of the beast be bound up together in a linen bag, and so fastened unto the right arm of a man, he shall never forget whatsoever he hath heard or knoweth. And if he cut off the right foot with the left hand and wear the same, whosoever seeth him shall fall in love with him, besides the beast.

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Again we are the sinners, in spite of the fact that blood is thicker than water. Guinevere of London does not hesitate to say: "I am afraid the Americans are greatly to blame for the extent of the mass of bogus bric-a-brac which floods the so-called curiosity shops of European cities. For some years past the daughters of the very wealthy, having a smattering of artistic knowledge, have been paying the most fantastic prices for anything that seemed to be old."

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There has been adverse criticism of Mr. Hugh O. Pentecost's address "Nonsense About Race Suicide." We have read the address and regret that Mr. Pentecost used "born" as a transitive verb in the sentence "Think of borning a child to live in a tenement or to work in cotton mills!" Yes, and think of "dying" a child in a gilded palace.

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Will the letters of Mrs. Thomas Carlyle to her Thomas "vindicate" her memory? A woman may write letters of sweet affection to her husband and yet be a knagger, a shrew. She does not see her husband when she is writing. There is nothing to irritate her. She then has the natural jealousy of her sex and would fain keep him for herself. Or she pours out her love to the ideal man whom she has worshiped since girlhood and never found, though she has conscientiously tried to see him in her husband. Do not men and women in their quarrels say "My dear"? Furthermore, there are women who write letters as a literary exercise. Heine said that every woman wrote with one eye on her work and one eye on the public, except a certain woman, and he named her, who had only one eye.

April 22, 1903

# S. TANEIEFF'S QUARTET AT MR. FOX'S CONCERT

## Russian Chamber Work Played Last Night by the Hoffmann Club.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Felix Fox, assisted by the Hoffmann String Quartet, gave his second chamber concert last evening in Steinert Hall. There was an applausive audience of good size.

### An Unfamiliar Quartet.

The concert began with the first performance here in public of Serge Taneieff's string quartet, op. 11. The composer was hitherto known in Boston by a symphony and an overture played by the Symphony Orchestra, and by a part song produced at a Cecilia concert. This quartet, I believe, was played at a private concert earlier in the season. Taneieff was a pupil of Tschaikowsky, but in no one of his works performed here is the marked influence of the master found, nor has the pupil the flowing melodic thought or the mastery of rhythm or the audacious colors or the poignant expression of Tschaikowsky.

It is perhaps unfair to judge of this quartet from the performance of last night; for the reading was one of evident labor. There was the honest resolve to play the notes as they are written; there was little freedom or elasticity; there was for the most part a monotony of strong tonal force; and there were times when themes in development were not properly exposed, but were almost buried in the contrapuntal treatment. I do not underestimate the qualities of these players as solo players; but it may be said that a string quartet does not suddenly spring up prepared to do justice to the works of all comers.

There was often last night a sensible lack of euphony, nor was this invariably the composer's fault, for I have heard this work of Taneieff when it sounded far differently. Surely the first movement is not one of unrelieved and aggressive force; and there is more beauty in the Adagio than was brought out last evening.

The players were heard to their best advantage in the second movement. In the Finale they did little to free the music from the reproach of vulgarity. The chief theme of this Finale is not unlike a gutter-ditty; yet a fine spirit of recklessness may make such a ditty piquant, and there is such a thing as jaunty vulgarity; but perfunctory commonness is intolerable.

### Mr. Fox's Solo Group.

Mr. Fox played MacDowell's Prelude from Op. 10; E. B. Hill's "Moonlight"; Brockway's Ballade op. 10; Foote's poem op. 41, No. 4; a Scherzo by Salmon. Of this group MacDonald's Prelude is easily the most musical in thought and expression and written with the surest artistry. Next in point of imagination is Mr. Hill's "Moonlight," but as played, the moonlight was hard and pitiless in its exposure of objects beneath the beams. It was as though the moon lighted the metallic landscape dreamed by Beaudelaire. There was no softness, no mystery. Mr. Brockway's ballade is pretentious, and the other pieces are without distinction.

And then came the noble and uplifting piano quintet of Cesar Franck, the supreme chamber work of the last century. Such music is good to hear even when the performance is not inspired. The full revelation of Franck's deep humanity and lofty mysticism calls for the consecrated devotion of the greatest artists. It is enough to say that the performance last night was sincere, but with inevitable limitations.

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Whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

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The old man sat in front of the fireplace. He was bloodless and stiff and chilly. Not for some years had he been to a club, and for some months he had seen no acquaintances. His few friends had died or were bedridden, and he was suspicious of his nurse. In the depth of his loneliness he recalled the girls and women whom he had fancied or loved and might have married had he not wished to be independent, to be his own master. He could just remember Cornelia, tall, and with thin carrot hair. Kate had married twice. He saw her about ten years ago. She was bent, peevish, stone-deaf, and she did not know even his name. Lilla was a grandmother in a small town; Ada died the year after she came out—a sumptuous beauty. There were two Helens, one was fond of dancing and one was serious, too serious, for did she not once presume to inquire into the state of his soul? She was a good woman, thought the old man. Susanna married, but Minnie grew fat and was still a spinster. Then there was Mary and there was Etta—was it Etta or Edith? Yes, Etta, and she was now in Boston, but he never saw her. Then there was that girl whom he loved with a mad love, but it would have been folly to marry her. What was her name? She was a blonde of blondes; he remembered her eyes and hair and slim, virginal form; her silence was dearer to him than the brilliance of other women. Why did he not take her as wife? Why did she not comfort him for years and then go before to meet him in the next room? There she was standing by the fire, and she was sad, but not reproachful. And he could not remember her name, try as he might, till his feeble brain protested. The old man began to cry, and he touched the bell for his paid nurse, who had large feet and hands so that he could not bear to look on her.

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We do not believe that even Fanny Bullock Workman, "the American geographer," will succeed in climbing the highest Himalaya. There are several reasons for our belief. We shall give them later. One reason is that the mystery about the Himalayas numbs the will. There are strange beings high up on those mountains, stranger than the people of the steeple who were familiar friends to Poe.

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There is much talk at present about that noble animal, the horse. Let us tell in all confidence certain facts that were known to the ancients, but are ignored in this supercilious and superficial age.

The fresh, raw blood of a horse is venemous, as is the blood of a bull. If horse's foam is mixed with ass's milk and quaffed freely, it will kill venemous worms.

If a horse be shod with an iron wherewith one hath been killed, that horse will be fast and lively. And if you make a bit of the same iron, "the horse that hath it in his mouth will be made tame and easy to be handled; yea, though he be never so wild, stubborn, or given to biting."

There is a bone like a dog's tooth in the heart of a horse: "it is said that this doth drive away all grief and sorrow from a man's heart, and that a tooth being pulled from the cheeks or jaw-bones of a dead horse doth show the full and right number of the sorrows of the party so grieved. If swords, knives, or the points of spears, when they are red fire hot, be anointed with the sweat of a horse, they will be so venomous and full of poison that if a man or woman be smitten or pricked therewith, they will never cease from bleeding as long as life doth last."

No family should be without a horse. If you cannot afford to stable it, keep it in your flat, where it may be ready for domestic use. The hoof of a horse burnt in a house drives away mice; the tooth of a mare placed on the head of a raving madman straightway frees him. And colts should be encouraged; for the tooth of a yearling colt laid on the neck of a baby makes its teeth come without pain. But look out for a horse when its ears bend toward the neck, for then it is mad and no companion for children.

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A New York newspaper published lately the following advertisement: "If fresh fiddler returns purse he sat on then appropriated, all will be forgiven." We are inclined to view this advertisement as a cipher; it no doubt gives information to a coiner, or a deserted wife. Fiddlers, whether they be fresh or salted, are notoriously honest.

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A still more extraordinary advertisement was published Saturday in a newspaper of this city.

"Blacksmith—To go to White Mts. for summer, that plays violin; must be Protestant."

Blacksmiths are occasionally harmonious, witness Handel's well known piece; and a blacksmith sometimes sings at his work, with a deep, big, black voice. You cannot imagine a tenor blacksmith. But smithing is not supposed to help the hands of a violinist, nor do we see how a blacksmith can fiddle at his work. And why "must be Protestant"? Does this particularization refer to the man as blacksmith or fiddler? Some of the best fiddlers we know are Roman Catholics, but we have no statistics at hand to show the influence of sectarianism on blacksmiths. For a long time cordwainers were classed as dangerous freethinkers.

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Notre-Dame, Paris, is now lighted by electricity. Shades of Victor Hugo, Quasimodo, the wicked Priest, and Esmeralda! This reminds us that two rich American women were talking about the cathedral as they left it. "By the way, dear, who built the church?" "Why, I thought everybody knew; Victor Hugo, of course."

April 23, 1903

# OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH IN HIS SECOND RECITAL

## A Clear Performance of One of Beethoven's "Ultra" Sonatas.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave his second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

Sonata, Op. 110.....Beethoven
Nocturne, B major .....Chopin
Etude, C major.....Chopin
Variations Serieuses .....Mendelssohn
Caprice Burlesque (by request) Gabrilowitsch
Nuits de Mai .....Tschaikowsky
Toccata, D minor .....Leschetitzki
Berceuse .....Liapounoff
Marche Militaire.....Schubert-Tausig

Mr. Gabrilowitsch substituted the Op. 110 for the more familiar sonata after the manner of a fantasia. He chose one of the "ultra" sonatas, which were for along time a stumbling-block, and even foolishness, to the admirers of the composer's second style. Yet today how clear the scheme of these once radical works! If certain pages are of unearthly beauty, on the other hand how many passages of deep emotion in their revelations of human hope and longing and despair! Now a performance of one of these later works by an admirable pianist is commendable either for clearness of comprehension or—and this is rare—for an appreciation that is akin to inspiration, which lifts the hearer to the plane of the composer. Mr. Gabrilowitsch yesterday was clear, rather than inspired. The program as a whole was not equal in interest to the preceding one. Nor was the performance of so uniformly high level. Yet the pianist was often effective through interpretation as well as through the display of admirable mechanism, and there was hearty applause, and there were encores.

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The wedding of Miss Genevieve Hecker took place "without fuss or frills." That is the way to be married. Eve set the good example.

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Miss Marie Corelli has at least a style of her own. She calls attention to an abuse by screaming. Thus at Stratford-on-Avon "the ruthless hand of the moderniser and jerry-builder is allowed to play havoc with such old relics as can never be replaced." We stop to inquire into the origin of "jerry-builder." The word means "a speculating builder who 'runs up' unsubstantially built houses of inferior materials." The dictionary-men say that the term was derived probably from a builder named Jerry. No doubt he had a partner whose name was Tom.

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But listen to Miss Corelli. Her scream on a previous occasion, as she says, "saved those who sincerely reverence Shakespeare's memory from the bitter shame of having to look across the historic grave to an ill-designed alto-relievo of a modern actress sitting by a modern reading-lamp, backing the Communion-table, with the poet's works kicking casually about her feet, and a medallion of the Immortal himself falling, as it seemed, out of the folds of her skirt and rolling under her chair!"

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We learn from an advertisement in a California journal that "The Stockton Undertaking Company always leads with its modern service and modern prices. Lady assistant in attendance."

This reminds us of a singular story. They say that one of the bodies sold lately to a famous museum as that of a genuine Egyptian mummy—a Princess in the years of an early Pharaoh—the early Pharaoh, you observe, did not catch the worm—they say that this body now gaped at is that of the wife of "a brilliant, but eccentric man of science"; that her loving husband prepared her after the old Egyptian fashion, put her in a historically correct coffin which he happened to have in his collection, and then sold her to the officers of the museum.

Mr. Sims sees here a hint for the safe disposal of a victim's body. The thing in a glass case, hidden in wrappings, labeled "No. 97. A Princess of the Third Dynasty," would really be Mrs. Dash.

Mr. Sims is responsible for the statement that small waists are no longer fashionable at the Portuguese Court; for the Queen, fond of experimenting with the Roentgen rays, once induced a maid of honor, suspected of tight-lacing, to allow herself to be photographed internally by this scientific process.

The New York Evening Post pays tribute to the prowess of Mr. Chartran—yes, prowess seems to be here the one, the definite word. The Post states that Mr. Chartran by doing Secretary Shaw's portrait in three sittings of eleven hours in all holds the painting record, hands down. Hubert Herkomer used to do the Oxford dons in a single half-day sitting before a class; but this performance lacked technical qualities; for Herkomer did the job for nothing, only for his salary, and gave the pictures to the Ashmolean Museum; hence his record smells of amateurism. And now the Post waves its hat for Mr. Chartran.

"He got $6000 for his portrait, of which he cannot have given his dealer partner more than $3000. It appears to have been in every way a clean performance, though we understand no previous examination of the canvas for a solar print was made. But since no protest has been entered on this score in behalf of the National Academy of the Fine Arts or the Society of American Artists, the record must stand as reported.

"Again, a caviller might object that the despatches do not state how many stop watches were held on M. Chartran. If only one were used, the record might justly be questioned, or at least the fractions of a second rejected. Some of the officials of the United States Treasury—under whose financial auspices this exhibition paint was held—evidently had their doubts as to the genuineness of the performance. But upon careful measurement, Secretary Shaw and his portrait were found to tally within a sixteenths of an inch. In view of these facts, no one should be unsportsmanlike enough to raise narrowly technical objections to M. Chartran's record.

French newspapers tell us that the death of Count Zborowski at Nice made a profound sensation in Paris, and that it will have a marked effect on the future of the automobile in France. "No one can have the slightest sympathy with the French automobilist. Once on a clear road, and he is off at ninety kinometres, and pity help the cyclist or the pedestrian. He has only one foe that is serious, and he is beginning to know the cost of killing sheep, and particularly poultry. The peasantry in all parts of France simply smash up old crockery and bottles, and the children take it out and strew it judiciously on the roadway. Furthermore, the Nice authorities have decided on rough-and-ready justice for the scorcher. His machine is pounded, and if he wants to get it out he pays a minimum fine of 100 francs."

It appears that proprietors of villas on the borders of the Seine are also up in arms against the automobile. For between Paris, St. Cloud and Versailles the houses are deserted on account of the dust and the noise, and the danger to children.

April 24, 1903

"Rain-proof trousers for men" no doubt fill a long-felt want. But what are needed still more in these days of restlessness, storm and stress are trousers copper-bottomed and riveted to office chairs, so that though the lightning flash and the thunder roll, the wearer may smile, secure in his position.

Why should Germans prance and paw the air in rage because President Roosevelt apostrophizes the Baron Speck von Sternburg as "Specky"? What if he should thump the ambassador on the back and cry out, "I say, Specky, old boy"? The truly great are familiar in their intercourse with those about them. Suetonius gives many pleasant anecdotes concerning the freedom that existed between the Roman Emperors and their courtiers; and did not Napoleon go about, the mad wag, pulling the ears of those with whom he was well pleased?

A dress-designer died the other day in New York. Her death, they say, was probably hastened from worry over complaints of customers. Yet she had been in business for over 50 years. There have been few examples of such sensitiveness in her profession. The average fashionable dress-designer or dressmaker is adamant. She listens with a weary air to a complaint and says: "You are mistaken. If you are not satisfied, go elsewhere." And then the customer whose dress does not fit and who is charged outrageously for findings apologizes. History will preserve the name of this sensitive dress-designer, just as Mr. W. S. Gilbert immortalized the name of that eminent counselor-at-law, Mr. Baines Carew, who wept so violently at a client's talo of woe that he was unable to draw up papers or consult authorities.

The eminent surgeon, Professor Johann Mikulicz, who is opening men and women at Bellevue Hospital and regulating their clock-work, wears white cotton gloves while he is conducting his explorations in darkest humanity—15 pairs in the course of three operations. It was the comedian John Le Hay, as Mat Munck in "His Excellency," who kept exclaiming ruefully, as he looked at his hands: "Rotten cotton gloves!"

Dreyfus appeals for justice. O where is Zola? One blast upon his bugle horn were worth a thousand men.

The new shudder producing play at the Grand Guignol, Paris, "Le Systeme du Docteur Gaudran," by Andre de Lordeu, has a simple story. Two journalists go to Dr. Gaudran's private lunatic asylum. They hear moans in the adjoining room. A tall pale man enters, dressed in exquisite taste, decorated, and introduces himself as the Doctor. They talk; a disagreeable shriek is heard. "It's all right," says the Doctor; "it's only a lunatic under treatment. Excuse me a moment." The Doctor soon returns. Then colleagues enter and behave in a singular manner. A thunder storm comes up. The lunatics, disguised as doctors and keepers, are highly excited. One crows like a cock, another barks under the table, another tries to climb the wall and hang from a looking-glass. They all grow wilder, and the newspaper men make for the door. In the nick of time, the keepers who have been locked in free themselves, and gain control of the mad men and women. Again the dismal moan, and the real Dr. Gaudran appears, a bleeding mass.

This play is evidently founded on Edgar Allan Poe's tale of illusion, "The System of Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether." The Doctor in this story is named Maillard. And what patients in his asylum! Ono fancied he was a Cordova cheese and went about with a knife in his hand, begging his friends to try a small slice from the middle of his leg. Another took himself for a bottle of champagne and always went off with a pop and a fizz. Another insisted he was a pumpkin and was angry when the cook refused to make him into pies. Then there was Bouffon Le Grand, who swore he had two heads; one the head of Cicero, the other a composite one; that of Demosthenes from the top of the forehead to the mouth, and that of Lord Brougham from the mouth to the chin. Madame Joyeuse had been turned into a chicken-eock, and Miss Eugenie Salsafette wished to dress herself by getting outside instead of inside of her clothes, "a thing very easily done, after all."

"Kilkenny College has fallen on evil days and seems doomed to extinction." But the Kilkenny cats will fight it out on that clothesline so long as the world endures.

"Guinevere" in the Referee (London) has found out that many Englishmen wear corsets, "not so much for the reason that they thereby preserve their figures, but because the habit is a comfort and a convenience. After all, from the earliest times, men have always used some kind of waistbelt. A woman who goes corsetless is an abomination." H-m-m! This depends somewhat on the woman. We once knew—but this is no time for personal reminiscences. There are hundreds of Western as well as Oriental women who could afford to laugh at Guinevere's sour opinion.

As for corseted men, we know that there are many in Europe, both in and out of military service. We are inclined to exclaim with Mr. Cooley in his exhaustive and invaluable work, "The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts": "Frail, indeed, and unfit for earth must be the being who needs such artificial support! Does man, who takes the most violent exercise and performs the most arduous labor, either wear or need stays?" The officers of Gustavus Adolphus were tightly laced, and fops of all lands have made their figure. Even here in Boston victims of sciatica or osteo-arthritis follow a specialist's advice and go and creak about in corsets that weigh 14 or 16 pounds. For full-dress occasions they are permitted a lighter weight.

They now propose to cure consumptives by making them inhale the vapor of mixed and heated eucalyptus oil, sulphur and charcoal. But why not go to Australia and live under this gum-tree? Sydney Smith said years ago: "A London thief lodged under the bark of the dwarf eucalyptus and keeping sheep is not an uninteresting picture."

April 25, 1903

# MISS ADELAIDE GRIGGS

Miss Adelaide Griggs, contralto, gave a song recital last evening in Huntington Chambers Hall. The program was as follows:

Romanza from "Gioconda"...Ponchielli
Sea Pictures.....Edward Elgar
"Morgen".....Strauss
"Meine liebe ist gruen".....Brahms
"Allerseelen".....Strauss
"I Said to the Wind".....Chadwick
"Sleepyman".....Lang
"Mirage".....Lehmann

Miss Griggs has a full, rich voice. She has warm tones of velvet quality. Thus naturally endowed, she should not be content with the present condition of her art. Last evening she disappointed when we had a right to expect the most, and this disappointment was rather in the interpretation than in matters of technic, although her extreme upper tones were often ineffective, and in the "Romanza" there were times when she fell below the pitch. Here is a voice that would respond gladly to any emotional demand, but the differentiation of the emotions was not well defined by the tones themselves. The singer's intelligence was not at fault; she clearly knew that distinction should be made; there was the evident intent; but the tones themselves were not colored, were not charged with the particular emotion.

The "Sea Pctures" by Elgar are after all mere salon songs; there is the usual holding of hands and there is the conventional pressing down of eyelids; and Mr. Elgar, who is a devout Roman Catholic, is distinctively Sabbatical in his "Sabbath Morning at Sea;" but a singer has great opportunity in "Where Corals Lie." Here is the suggestion of the Orient with exotic light, perfume, color, sensuousness.

But Miss Griggs failed in the suggestion. It is true that in these songs by Elgar she was more or less handicapped by the accompanist, who was prosaic and often at cross-purposes. So in that wondrously beautiful song by Strauss, "Allerseelen," the singer did not appreciate the essence of the musical thought. She began the song at too fast a pace—but her lack of appreciative interpretation was not simply in the matter of tempo. She was heard to her best advantage in the final group.

It is only just to say that often there was admirable phrasing, and there were fine moments throughout the concert; but when a singer has such a voice, the hearer has a right to expect continuous pleasure. There was a small audience which was liberal with applause.

The late Colonel Joseph Kiley Rickey has a monument more enduring than brass. Yet how cold and colorless is the scientific analysis of that which shall preserve his fame: "Juice one lime; leave half of the pressed lime in glass; one lump ice; one wine glass Tom gin. Fill with siphon."

"Juice one lime"! And this appears in a vade mecum published by a Boston firm! There is a verb "to juice," but it means to moisten or suffuse with juice—a far different operation from the squeezing of a lime. Sheep are "juiced": a large trough is filled with liquid tobacco and soap, and into this sheep are dipped. "Fill with siphon"; that is to say, you put a siphon into the glass. And the sub-title of this book is: "A Sideboard Manual for Gentlemen"!

Mr. J. C. Baylis spoke in New York at a dinner given to Mr. Horace White on "The Contemporaneousness of To-day." Truly a fascinating subject. It is our own opinion that today is more contemporaneous than yesterday. We are in doubt whether it is more contemporaneous than tomorrow, for this is a fast age.

How times change! General John S. Mosby was described by a Boston newspaper this week as "one of the picturesque and daring leaders of the Confederacy." During the Civil War "picturesque" was hardly the adjective applied to him." We remember the word "guerrilla," which in those days was pronounced "gorilla."

We saw lately a pamphlet published in Paris which treats of the malady known as "the sentiment of incompletness." Who has not at one time or another felt that there was something wanting? Hence the popular expression "I wasn't all there."

No wonder that Newport people petition against the appearance of an outside circus. The swells cannot hear the thought of competition. And where is there a more accomplished clown than Mr. Harry Lehr?

"Thin underwear should be reached by degrees." True, true, too true. And yet there are men of systematic lives, who change by the calendar.

S. C. writes: "Some years ago you published in your column a list of names given by the ancients to certain famous racehorses. I put the article in my scrap-book, but, unfortunately, in moving, the scrap-book disappeared. It is my impression that horses were not then named after trainers, owners, or Egyptian rulers. Would you oblige me by repeating some of those names?"

Lycophron tells of white-footed Psylla (flea) and of Harpinna, which was the name of a place in Elis. Doheque in his notes to Lycophron's "Cassandra" gives a long list of names, as Aeropctes (who flies in the air), Eagle, Seabird, Lightning, Wind, Dapple, Fear, Wolf, Falcon, Crow, Mouse, Whitefoot, Speed, Beauty, Archer, Bird, Terror, Dawn, Ruddy, Bay, Wings, Brave, Justice, Hawk, Victor. And there are others, as you will see by looking at Dcheque's edition (Paris, 1853, pp. 65-68). There was a horse named after Achilles, who was known to Bret Harte's Californian as "Ash-heels," and the hunter of the Emperor Adrian was named after the river Borysthenes (the Dneiper). The Emperor Verus was so fond of his horse Bird that he hung from his own neck a golden effigy of Bird; he fed him on Corinthian raisins and almonds, and when the horse died—no doubt the diet hastened death—a noble tomb was raised in the Vatican. All schoolboys, Macaulay's included, know how Caligula made a marble stable for his horse Incitatus, and an ivory trough, and how he hung ropes of pearls about his neck. Nor need we allude to Bucephalas (Bull-headed), the horse of Alexander, who paid Philonicus $14,950 for him, an extravagant sum in those days. Aquilo had a record: 130 first prizes in the race, 88 second prizes and 37 third prizes. Wind, a mare owned by Phidolas, was once racing when her jockey fell. The mare kept on, turned in accordance with the rules, quickened her pace at the sound of the trumpet, and was the first to reach the judges, when she stopped, for she knew she had won. And what a glorious inscription was carved in verse on the tomb of Euthydicus? "Whose tomb, O shaft of marble?" Of a fleet courser. "His name?" Euthydicus. "How famous?" He triumphed in all the races. "How often crowned?" Many, many times. "Who held the reins?" Coeranus. "O glory greater than that of demi-gods!"

Racehorses in England have borne curious names: Geheimnis, Give Him a Name, Let's be Jogging, Jenny-Come-to-Me, Bag of Bones, Here I Go With My Eye Out, Come Time Me, Stop Awhile Said Slow, Sore Heels, Slow and Easy, It Is Never Too Late to Mend.

Devil Take the Hindmost, Watch Them and Catch Them, Turn About Tommy, Admiral Whip Me Well, A Laughing Woman with Two Black Eyes, Petticoat Tight Round Ankles, Kitty Cut a Dash, Foxhunttoribus, Bounce About Boniface, Kiss Me in a Corner, Fear Not Victorious, Pity My Condition. Mr. Bowes once asked a member of the Jockey Club to put a large sum for him on one of the best bred and best looking Derby colts ever sent to Langton Wold. His friend answered: "I will do your commission with pleasure, but I shall not follow it myself, for it is impossible that a horse with the name of Gracculus Esuriens should ever win the Derby." But what is to be said of Neurasthenippon-Skelesterizo, a horse entered in the Derby of 1899? They say that Charles Jame Fox was responsible for some of the most outlandish names given to horses in the time when he was interested in the Turf. The horse "Géant des Battailles" was known to the crowd as "The Gent with the Bottles." In the old calendars colts and fillies were named after monarchs and comedians, highwaymen and other heroes, dancers, duchesses, pickpockets and swells, just as a few years ago Fregoli and May Yohe ran for stakes. No wonder that the Turf is said to be the record and the reflex of contemporary history and people.

April 26. 1903

# SMETANA'S IDEA OF THE TYRANT RICHARD THIRD

The program of the twenty-third symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 1.....Beethoven
"Faust" Fantasia.....Wieniawski
"Richard III.".....Smetana
Overture to "Ruy Blas"...Mendelssohn

Mr. Adolf Bak, a violinist and a member of the Symphony Orchestra, made his first appearance as a soloist at these concerts. He played Wieniawski's fantasia on themes from Gounod's "Faust." His tone was small, but pure and of a sweetness that was invariable, whether the music was from the Garden Scene or the air of Mephistopheles, "The Calf of Gold." The virtuoso passages were performed with marked accuracy and with applause-compelling ease. Mr. Bak also displayed a fine, almost microscopic taste rather than broad or deep emotional qualities. In its way the performance was admirable.

### Smetana's "Richard."

Smetana's symphonic poem "Richard III." was composed at Gothenburg in 1858, sixteen years before he wrote the first of his cycle of tone-poems, "My Fatherland," and before he determined to write music charged with a national spirit. When he wrote Liszt in 1858 with reference to "Richard III.": "At present I cannot do more than is therein," he undoubtedly told the truth. The work is not without imaginative quality, but the hearer feels that Smetana was not then master in the expression of his thoughts. The chief theme that typifies the hero is worked to death by direct, not by complex methods. The contrasting, expressive theme is of genuine beauty, but little is done with it. The pictorial or descriptive sections are at the best only theatre music and of a commonplace type. On the whole a youthful composition; yet every now and then are traces of the future greatness of this Czech musician, whose life was a noble one crowned by perhaps the most dismal tragedy recorded in the history of the art. It would be interesting to know whether the orchestra in the Swedish town played the symphonic poem during Smetana's stay. The score was not published till after the composer's death.

### The Other Pieces.

The scherzo of Beethoven's first symphony is still fresh and graceful; but the preceding movements might well be allowed to sleep peacefully on the shelf, and t. ) Finale is interesting chiefly as a collection of thoughts by Mozart and Haydn. Mendelssohn could see nothing in Victor Hugo's play "Ruy Blas;" he wrote, "It is really of no value, it is absolutely below contempt." He would not put the title of the play on the score of his overture. Did Victor Hugo ever hear Mendelssohn's overture? And if he did, what did he say about it? We know that Mendelssohn once remarked petulantly in London that he himself would like to burn it, he disliked it so much. For once a composer's opinion of his own work was sounder than his judgment on the work of another. Fechter made Ruy Blas a hero never to be forgotten. No conductor can so vitalize this overture.

This is practically the last week of the season of 1902-3. The program of the concert this evening in aid of the Symphony Concert Orchestra Pension Fund is of a popular nature, yet there is nothing beneath the dignity of performance by such players. The overture to "William Tell" might well be brought out occasionally at regular subscription concerts; nor would a waltz by Strauss be amiss. Bizet's suite and Saint-Saens's symphonic program are familiar to our concertgoers, and are always welcome. Mr. Randegger will give his first public piano recital in this city, and Miss Katherine Heyman, who has played here with the Symphony Orchestra, will introduce at her recital some "Traditional American-Indian" pieces. Miss Tucker will give her deferred song recital. Lovers of national music will be interested no doubt in Mrs. Martinez's concert of pieces by Spanish composers. Liszt's "Dante" symphony, which will be played at the last Symphony concert, has not been heard here for many years.

### Personalities.

Miss Rockhold, a pupil of the late Charles R. Adams, afterward of Mottino, has made her debut in concert in Italy with apparent success. She comes from Riverside, Cal.——Ricardo Castro, professor at the Mexico Conservatory, gave a piano recital lately in Paris, and was warmly praised.——Van Dyck was lauded to the skies for his impersonation of Tannhaeuser a fortnight ago at the Monnaie, Brussels. They are probably used to his Bayreuth manner of enunciation and jugulation.——Georg Henschel's "Requiem" will be performed at the Gewandhaus, Leipsic, early in December. The German music journals speak of the great success of the work in Boston and New York!——Emil Paur will conduct "Lohengrin," "Tannhaeuser" and "The Mastersingers" at the Madrid Royal Opera House, and also lead ten symphony concerts in the city. ——Theodor Reichmann will leave the Vienna Opera House company in August. At last!

### New Works.

Mieczyslaw Karlowicz of Warsaw appeared lately in Berlin and gave a concert of his own works: An overture and incidental music to a drama, a symphony, and a violin concert. Mr. Florsheim says the first movement of the symphony is empty, and the second tedious. "Comparatively the best work," he writes to the Musical Courier, "was the violin concerto, which, though closely modeled after the Bruch G minor concerto—not a bad model by the way—has at least some thematic material, and is concise in form as well as effectively writen for the solo instrument. Karlowicz is accused of noisy orchestration and glaring imitations of Wagner. A song by Amherst Webber ,though sung by Marie Brema, was hissed at a Colonne concert in Paris April 5. "There were numerous protestations," says the Guide Musical. Samuel Rousseau's new sonata for 'cello and piano has been published at Paris. Massenet's opera "Jongleur de Notre Dame" has been performed at Leipsic: "It is not rich in melodic invention, but it is interesting in detail and color, and of fine style; it is a marked advance on 'The Navarraise.'"

### Emil Mollenhauer Abroad.

The Springfield Republican of April 19 thus spoke of Mr. Mollenhauer, who conducted the orchestral concert at the late Springfield Festival:

"It is surprising what results Mr. Mollenhauer is able to secure in a brief time with an organization which is in practise only part of the year, and is much more fluctuating in personnel than a permanent symphony orchestra. It is possible only through Mr. Mollenhauer's extraordinary combination of excellent musicianship, executive ability and practical common sense. He has the highest of ideals, and knows exactly what effects he wants to get. He has a perfect knowledge both of the music and of his men, and as a disciplinarian he is remarkable. And not least of all he knows precisely what can be done under existing conditions and gets results when a less practical workman would be struggling after impossibilities. Thus with material not at all points of the best he is able not merely to furnish a reliable accompaniment to the many choral societies which the orchestra assists in its annual spring tour, but to give orchestral concerts of really high merit."

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The Honorable Bob Fitzsimmons, vulgarly known as 'Lanky Bob," is always admirable, whether in victory or defeat, before the public or in sheltered domesticity. He denies that he is a bankrupt, and adds: "I do not think it is the business of the public just how much money I have. Matters pertaining to my fights or the stage are all well enough, but the public don't need to be told what I do with my cash." Mark the difference between the truly great and the uneasily rich.

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Now that certain horses have made their owners famous, what are the owners going to do for them? No doubt they will give them oats and hay—mere decency compels this attention; but will they leave them money in their wills? There are precedents for such bequests. About 1781, a childless farmer near Toulouse left all his property to his bay horse, and by the same will gave the horse to his nephew. There was an attempt to break the will, but the attempt was vain. Claude Serres, professor of French law at Montpellier and a deep thinker, handed down the opinion: "Let the will stand, and let the nephew to whom the horse was given be the successor to the estate. The simple honesty of the farmer's intention should insure the performance of his last wish, and since he named his nephew, the nephew should inherit."

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So Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt chose a large-sized ruby for the betrothal ring. "And a ring that looked like a ruby."

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There is much angry talk about Mr. Conried's purpose to produce "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House next season, and there is a pretty display of sentiment at Bayreuth; but Bayreuth sentiment is in these days rank commercialism. Listen to Mr. Alfred Kerr, a Berlin critic: Herr Conried, theatrical director, intends to produce 'Parsifal' scenically in the quiet, holy city of New York, a town that encourages dreaming, devotional absorption and intimacy. And 'Parsifal' will be produced on one of the consecrated stages of this city! A scandal to both continents if the wish of a genius and the protest of a great widow be trampled on through the cheek of a commercial trader. I do not rank 'Parsifal' among the chief creations of Wagner; but the question is not concerning the worth of this special work, but concerning the wishes of a composer who has created other works and enchanted the new world as well as the old."

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It may here be said that Wagner himself had a shrewd business eye, and was reproached for commercialism, especially by Berliners, even in the late Fifties. The Widow Cosima and her court wish to keep "Parsifal" at Bayreuth that dollars may accrue. There is this to be said in favor of the stand against Mr. Conried's intention: It will be impossible to reproduce the atmosphere of the Bayreuth play-house in this country, or for that matter, in any other European city. Without this atmosphere, much of "Parsifal" is a colossal bore.

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So Mr. Carnegie is going to establish a temple of Janus at The Hague. Does he expect that the doors will always be shut? Will not a ruler now and then open the doors just for fun?

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Apropos of Mr. William Archer's article on "A Critical Court of Honor" the New York Evening Post published editorially Friday an admirable statement of the critic's position before the public. Does the artist need a court before which the unfair critic may be haled? The Post says:

"Is not the critic always on trial? Week by week and year by year, as he addresses the public about the work of others, he is revealing himself. Not by a single testy word, but by his entire record he stands, and if he has served the public mere plenitude of words for ideas, if he has substituted a desire to exploit his own cleverness for an ambition to seize the artist's intention, if he has preferred casual brilliancy to sound judgment, and sharpness of pen to insight—by all these shortcomings he is judged. It may take time, but sooner or later he stands exposed—no critic, but a wordy or captious writer for the press."

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A "dietary expert" says that carrots are wholly indigestible, although they may freshen the skin. We remember that years ago the proprietor of a water cure on Round Hill, Northampton, was twitted by his neighbors with stinginess because he fed carrots to his patients, for no villager had heard that some Europeans were fond of carrots. As soon as we read the "dietary expert's opinion" we consulted the wisdom of the ancients. The carrot, first of all, is valuable in love philtres, but choose the root of the wild species when you go a-wooing. Paulus Aegineta admits that carrots when used too freely supply bad juices and are of difficult digestion. Galen is of the same opinion. Probably the manner of dressing the carrot, with salt, oil and vinegar, did not mend matters. Let us come down to the moderns. Carrot pie does not allure us, though there is a recipe for it in Sala's cook book. Dr. Charles Harrington in his great treatise on Hygiene says the carrot, like the beet, parsnip, turnip, oyster-plant, radish, is poor in proteids, but valuable on account of anti-scorbutic properties for providing variety in the diet and for flavoring other foods; and he reproduces Snyder's fascinating diagrammatic representation of the composition of the carrot and the loss of nutrients when boiled.

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The lace makers of Belgium and France are in despair. "In former days," says one Parisian merchant, "women thought nothing of spending $2000 on a dress, whereas they nowadays think twice about spending $200. Then politics have had a great deal to say in the matter. During the Empire period lace was worn in profusion, and dress was altogether more luxurious. Fashions, too, change quickly. But the chief reason for the crisis is machine-made lace, which can be made to such perfection and so cheaply that lace-workers of the old type, no matter how great be their skill, find difficulty in earning more than 36 cents a day. In lace making, as in many other thi gs, brains applied to mechanism have usurped the place of merely skilful fingers."

April 27. 1903

Oh, little did my mother think,
The day she cradled me,
The lands that I should travel in,
Or the death that I should dee;
Or gae rovin' about wi tinkier loons,
And sic-like companie.

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Mr. James Stanley, who lately departed this life, and whose earthly home was in Somerville, was "commonly known as the king of the gypsies in these parts." There have been and are many gypsy kings and queens. We were under the impression that the king was generally named Lee. There was a Sammy Lee, a king of the gypsies, who died at an English poorhouse in 1901 at the age of 103, and at the time it was said "the Lees are a well known gypsy family, one of the few real gypsy families that are still extant.".

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In this country the Harrison family furnished rulers. There was "King James" Harrison—perhaps he is still living—the son-in-law of "Snake Mary," whose title as queen was undisputed. Richard Stanley was a king of English gypsies years ago, and in 1898 the King Consort of Molly Friar, the queen who succeeded Sophia Friar in Austria, was an Australian named Gustave Stanley. Sophia was full of fire and life in fourteen languages.

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As for Stella, Queen of the Gonzales tribe of Spanish gypsies, she was the guest of honor at a swell reception in New York a little over seven years ago. Mr. James F. Morgan of Hyde Park (Mass.) was charged with the abduction of his three year old princess baby in 1900. What became of Miss Mary John, the crown princess who was sold by her tribe in Indiana to a gypsy named George Morgan for $800? She was described at the time (March 3, 1902), as 17 years of age, with bewitching eyes, raven black hair, a nut-brown complexion, and several accomplishments.

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Some say the dignity of these rulers is titulary rather than actual, and that the election of one is not half so exciting an affair as that of a Selectman. George Borrow wrote years ago: "Of these families each had a sherengro or head man, but that they were ever united under one Rommany Krallis, or Gypsy King, as some people have insisted, there is not the slightest ground for supposing." And Borrow named as the prominent tribes in England of the early forties the Stanleys, the Lovells, the Coopers, the Hernes, and the Smiths. The Lees were then a minor tribe. Yet it was a Lee (Lucy) who lived near Brighton, and by telling the fortunes of Victoria, of her children and of the nobility, became rich and, of course, respected.

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Is Stanely, then, a straight gypsy name brought from the East? It is not

In the list of English surnames explained so learnedly by Mr C. W Bardsley. Some will say that neither Borrow nor Leland was a trustworthy dealer in information; but who knew gypsies better? Sir Richard F. Burton undoubtedly had gipsy blood in his veins, and he had the racial eye—a strange staring expression, which, to be understood, must be seen, "a thin glaze steals over the eye when in repose and seems to emit phosphoric light"—and Burton wrote an essay about this folk, but not with the enthusiasm of either Borrow or Leland.

We read with a sigh—for we, too, have been in Arcadia—of a pleasant episode in the life of the Latin Quarter. The artist was not surprised to receive notice from his landlord. He had seen, as from a tower, the end of all, and he had quietly moved his belongings—everything except a sideboard and a wardrobe. It is true that there was nothing in these articles of furniture, but the wood was worth something in a town of briquettes. The artist cudgeled his brains. Happy thought! He wrote to the concierge that he proposed to commit suicide, and the concierge, who dreaded a scandal in lodgings, ran straightaway to a magistrate. Then came the law's delay, and dignity at last decided to reason with despair. When the pair reached the lodgings the artist, the sideboard the wardrobe, all were gone. All that was left was a fine flavor of courtesy. The artist had tied his visiting card to the door, with a message that the concierge might keep the string for himself.

The woman novelist rises to a supreme height of imagination when she gives a realistic account of life and action in a club frequented by males only, and she often betrays her own ideas concerning luxury when she describes the homes of the rich. Note this extract from Lucas Cleeve's "Indiscretion of Gladys": "On a table close at hand stood a tray, with wine and whisky and soda water and brandy, a plate of sandwiches and biscuits, for there were few houses more luxurious or comfortable than the Saunderson's in London, everyone said."

It is said, however, that it is becoming more and more the rule in London to admit ladies to men's clubs as members. The Albemarle began it, and is now well known as "The Cock and the Hen." Other clubs followed, and the new Naval and Military River Club includes women as members, but with this curious restriction, that they are admitted to the club house only between 9 A. M. and midnight. The shank of the club evening can be enjoyed only by the male members. This is perhaps best. Few women look well after midnight.

Miss Toupie Lowther in an article on Fencing admits that women can ever attain great skill with the rapier. Is the lack of general muscular development, or the lack of the desire for such a quarrel the reason? Yet there have been famous women fencers as Mlle de Maridat, at one time the glory of the Paris Opera, who thought nothing of killing three men, one after another, because they had asked her to apologize for some misbehavior.

Miss Lowther tells some entertaining stories of gallant fighting, the tale, for instance, of the mulatto Jean Louis, who was condemned in Madrid to fight fifteen picked swordsmen, one after the other, and killed thirteen of them.

Here is a story about Kubelik that did not come from his press agent. The violinist was once asked to play at a theatre in Belgium. He chose a brilliant Slav composition, and the audience seemed delighted. One of the regular box-office clerks came up and began to talk with him. Kubelik asked him how he liked the performance. The lunatic stared at him for a while, and then said: "Well, to think of the likes of you being allowed out while I am kept in here."

# PENSION FUND CONCERT

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the benefit of its pension fund took place last evening at Symphony Hall. The program consisted of Rossini's "William Tell" overture, Bizet's "Roma" suite, Handel's Largo, arranged for violins, harps and organ, the "Danse Macabre" of Saint-Saens, and Johann Strauss's "Wine, Women and Song" waltz, for orchestral numbers; and two groups of songs, including Giorvani's aria, "Caro Mio Ben," with orchestra, and Richard Strauss's "Allerseelen" with piano accompaniment. The singer was Miss Ada Crossley.

A greater contrast can scarcely be imagined than that between this program and the previous concert for the pension fund, which included Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" symphony; but the quality of performance was marked by no such difference, and the lighter music seemed to arouse fully as much enthusiasm. It is seldom indeed that one hears a program like last evening's so charmingly played; why not have such delicious frivolity a little oftener? The latter part of Rossini's overture is singularly suggestive of "ragtime"; people grinned at one another knowingly, but applauded with all their might. The feature of the program, however, as far as responsive enthusiasm was concerned, was Handel's Largo, with Misses Dowse and Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Schuecker at the harps, and Mr. Goodrich at the organ. The applause was irresistible; Mr. Gericke and the players bowed again and again, but there was nothing for it but to repeat the latter portion, beginning with the ensemble; people would have liked to hear Mr. Kneisel's solo a second time.

Miss Crossley has a strong contralto voice of good quality and considerable range. Her tones were generally full and resonant, the lower register even thrilling; but the middle tones were husky, and later she became a little hoarse, so that in the second group, with piano accompaniment, her voice was quite under a cloud. She sang well, however, with sufficient feeling and passing good intonation; there was much applause. Mr. Zach played impeccable accompaniments.

The audience was tolerably large, but considering the nature and purpose of the occasion it should have been larger. There is no reason why every seat should not have been filled. Surely it cannot be that the character of the program was less attractive to the general public; the enthusiasm seemed to indicate that people hailed a change. At all events, there is no excuse for neglecting such an opportunity to show Boston's appreciation of her orchestra and the good feeling that an appeal of this sort must arouse. We are offered a capital program and a masterly performance; the least we can do is to avail ourselves of it.

April 28, 1903

Mr. Giuseppe Aldo Randegger, a Neapolitan pianist, who has given recitals here in private this season, played yesterday afternoon in public at Steinert Hall. His program was as follows:

Sonata quasi fantasia, op. 27, No. 1 ..... Beethoven
(a) Harmonies of Evening ..... Liszt
(b) Eroica ..... Liszt
Adagio ..... Galuppi
Prelude and Fugue in A-minor ..... Bach
(a) Ballade IV., Op. 52 ..... Chopin
(b) Valse, Op. 64 ..... Chopin
(c) Polonaise, Op. 40, No. 1 ..... Chopin
"Auf Flugeln des Gesanges" ..... Mendelssohn-Liszt
Gavotte en Style Antique ..... Randegger
Valse—Etude—Caprice ..... De Berlot

Mr. Randegger has a serviceable technic, which is well developed in several directions, and would easily allow him to be emotional and poetic. He has the enthusiasm of youth, and this enthusiasm finds vent in stormy declamation rather than in lush sentimentalism. He played the sonata by Beethoven soberly and with metronomic rigidity, as though he feared lest his Southern blood might bring inevitably the reproach of undue license in the interpretation of Northern music; and here he erred and fell on the side of coldness. Yet the quietness of the very first pages was effective, and the melodic crescendo in the slow movement was truly dramatic. In the pieces by Liszt he forced tone till it was not impressive. The "evening" of these harmonies was indeed a large evening with fireworks, bands in the streets, shouts of the populace, and Vesuvius in full eruption; a precursor of the hot time in the old town. The adagio by Galuppi was clearly played, but there was little suggestion of the old world atmosphere. The piece by Bach and the waltz by Chopin showed excellent mechanism rather than flawless rhythm. As a whole, Mr. Randegger's performance was deficient in sensuous or romantic flavor, and his failure to appreciate the characteristic features of a composition was seen in heroic as well as in sentimental passages. Thus Chopin's polonaise suffered in consequence of undue haste; whereas the distinctive quality of a polonaise is its formal pomp. The moment there is the thought of scurry and scramble, the polonaise assumes an air of cheapness; yet it is inherently dignified and elegant. This fondness for extravagant force and applause-compelling speed is doubtless a phase of youth which many pianists leave behind them. Mr. Randegger has certain excellent qualities that lead one to hope he will devote himself in future to beauty of tone and cantabile and truly emotional interpretation. There was an audience of good size and it was well disposed toward the pianist.

The dog, that comic beast! whose sweat is on his tongue, and whose laugh is in his tail!

Mr. Ferguson said to us yesterday: "I am the most dog-ridden man you ever saw. I keep two dogs because my mother is fond of them; I keep two more because I think the world of them; and I have two more that are worth money."

Thus Mr. Ferguson unconsciously illustrated a great and strange truth in life. What he said of dogs might well be applied to books, pictures, children, friends and other possessions. He admitted afterward that the two dogs he valued the most were just ordinary, awkward, worthless yellow dogs. And are there not families in which the ugly duckling is the pride and the joy of the household?

We were glad to hear of Ferguson's devotion to the animal in spite of the attacks that are now making against the dog as an inciter of hydrophobia. If the world had any respect for the wisdom of the ancients there would be no fear of this madness. But Lupton with his advice is forgotten: "The uttermost or last joint of the tail of a young whelp, after he is forty days old, being writhen off, the same dog will never be mad. Besides that his tail will be thereby of a comely length."

And again: "The teeth of a mad dog that hath bitten a man or woman, tied in leather, and then hanged at the shoulder, doth preserve and keep the party that bears it from being bitten of any mad dog."

We spoke a day or two ago of legacies bequeathed to horses by appreciative owners. Dogs have been favored in like manner; or to be fairer, like justice has been done to them. Thus Dr. Christian of Vienna, dean of the Law Faculty, left 6000 florins for the care of his three dogs; and after their death the sum went to the University of Vienna. Then there was Mr. Borkey, who died on May 5, 1805, near London. He left a pension of £25 to his four dogs; for when he was attacked by brigands in Italy, he was rescued by a forbear of these dogs. In his will he made directions for the employment of this fund, and when he felt death approaching, the dogs were placed in arm-chairs near his bed, and, patting them, he passed away between their paws. Furthermore, effigies of these dogs were carved on his tomb.

Mr. William Pick, an employee of a New York diamond house, has been arrested for stealing. We refrain from the concoction of a light and airy paragraph based on this fact; it's too easy.

"The police had to escort the umpire from the ground." That's the kind of a game to see.

The New York Evening Post publishes this letter written by a celebrated captain of industry:

Yours of 11 inst. Rec. & Contense Noted In Reply Will State that I am Over loaded With Publishers Literature of all Kinds, and Will not Except of Your Paper, So Please Send No More Sample Coppys.

Yours and Oblige,

A fine old phrase was revived in Boston yesterday. There was a time when Mr. Victor Clements, who died lately in Mexico, "languished for many months in a Transvaal jail." In these unimaginative days prisoners pass the term gayly or industriously. The more outrageous the defalcation, embezzlement, theft, the lighter the task. Some translate for publishers; some amuse themselves by bookkeeping; some take care of the jailor's plants and birds. Here is Mr. Oberlin M. Carter, for instance, formerly Captain of Engineers in the army: he is clerk in the hospital, florist, and he is also engaged in legal work; he "prepares habeas-corpus petitions"; and thus he may finally come to respect the law. But no one "languishes," and we fear that the Marquis in "La Perichole," who for ten long years had not tasted food or clothes, was the last of his kind.

If our American friends yearn to know all about Hever Castle, which their illustrious fellow-citizen Mr. Astor is said to have purchased, they have only to refer to Mr. Burnand's masterpiece, "Happy Thoughts." There they will find under the thin disguise of Bovor Castle an accurate portraiture of Hever moat, drawbridge, haunted room, and all. "I only see a common gate leading into a sloshy field. The driver opens the g and carries my portmanteau across the field. Following him with my eyes, I gradually become aware of a building in the distance, across, apparently, two fields. Not my idea at present of Bovor Castle. * * * The drawbridge, when I arrive, is up for the night. I wish my host was up for the night. No bell. No knocker. No horn. Nothing."—Manchester Guardian.

And Hever Castle is without an authenticated family or visiting ghost. (through Mr. John H. Ingram's "Haunted Homes of Great Britain" and you will find no reference to Hever Castle.) And what is a castle without a dismal spectre or warning apparition? Every respectable plantation in Virginia has its ghost. An old negro rubs down the floors at midnight; a venerable benignant lady enters the guests' room to see that the bed clothes are properly arranged; or in a still, hot day, a rocking-chair will begin to rock, and as there is no breeze, and as fleshly eyes see no one sitting in the chair, the looker-on is seized by terror.

Mrs. Julia Wyman at New Century Bldg.

April 29, 1903

A voice in the night came soft and clear:
"Go to her, seek for her oversea."
My ghost in the night went forth to my d
And clear came the call of my love to mo.

O clear came the call of my love to me,
As I sought for her, flying through c
space,
As the kind wind carried me oversea,
Fain, O fain, for the sight of her face.

But the dawn grew quickly, the sky was
When I came to the island oversea,
And the dead must sleep at the break o
day:
She slept and had never a thought of me.

We say a loud "Amen" to Professor George W. Field. The lobster must be guarded. At present he is the victim day and night of predatory females. He is persuaded to open wine, to further indigestible food at late hours, to l an account at the jeweler's—in way is he not attacked? Uniform l lation may do part of the good but even then a soft-hearted lo may steel himself to break the Eternal vigilance on the part of police is the price of the lobster's erty. He must be protected against own finer emotions, his exuberance, expansiveness. For no lobster ever suspects that he is a lobster. See the exhaustive chapter on this subject in the colossal work on "Man: a Social and Political Beast," by the Earnest Student of Sociology. (The first of the twenty volumes is now in press.)

When the clerk reminded the Earl of Yarmouth that the license fee was 50 cents, His Nibs handed out a dollar bill and told the clerk to keep the change. Just what we should expect of a belted earl. Noblesse oblige!

We are glad to learn that King Edward is wearing a mole-skin waistcoat. Thus does he again set a fashion and prove himself to be in line with George IV. and Prince Albert. "Mole catchers all over England are straining their energies to collect the skins." But this is not a difficult task, and there is no need of straining energies or suspenders. Bartholomew (Bertnelet) as long ago as 1535 showed an easy way: "If you will catch moles, put garlics, leeks o an onion in the mouths of their holes, and you shall see them come or leap out quickly, as though they were amazed or astonished." Nor need Edward be ashamed to catch moles with his own royal hands. Harcatius, King of Parthia, employed his time in digging out moles and was one of the most expert catchers in his kingdom.

Ah, there were natural histories in the old days. Note this description of the mole given by the same Bartholomew (Berthelet), Englished from the Latin by J. Trevisa: "A mole is a little beast somewhat like unto a mouse. And he is damned in everlasting blindness and darkness, and is without eyes, and hath a snout as a swine, and diggeth therewith the earth, and casteth up that he diggeth, and gnaweth and eateth roots under earth, and hated the sun, and may not live above the earth. And he mole hath none eyes seen without, and who that slitteth the skin subtly and warily shall find within the fores (i. e.

## ROYAL OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.

Thursday, May 8th, Wagner's Opera, in Three Acts,
"LOHENGRIN."

| | |
|---|---|
| Lohengrin | Herr Pennarini |
| Heinrich der Vogler | Herr Blass |
| Elsa | Madame Nordica |
| Telramund | Herr Van Rooy |
| Ortrud | Miss Kirkby Lunn |
| Heerrufer | Herr Muhlmann |

On Friday, May 9th, Gounod's Opera, in Five Acts,
"ROMEO ET JULIETTE."

| | |
|---|---|
| Juliette | Madame Suzanne Adams |
| Stephano | Mdlle. Helian |
| Gertrude | Mdlle. Bauermeister |
| Frère Laurent | M. Plancon |
| Capulet | M. Gilibert |
| Tybalt | M. Colsaux |
| Mercutio | M. Seveilhac |
| Le Duc De Verone | Mr Hamilton Earle |
| Gregorio | Mr Lawrence Rea |
| Roméo | M. Saleza |

Saturday, May 10th, Wagner's Opera, in Three Acts,
"TANNHAUSER."

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|---|---|
| Elisabeth | Frau Louise |
| Venus | Miss Susan Strong |
| Tannhäuser | Herr Kraemer-Helm |
| Hermann | M. Plancon |
| Walther | Herr Lewandowski |
| Heinrich | Herr Simon |
| Biterolf | Herr Muhlmann |
| Reinmar | Mr Hamilton Earle |
| Ein Hirt | Madame Sobrino |
| Wolfram | M. Renaud |

On Monday, May 12th, Wagner's Opera, in Three Acts,
"LOHENGRIN."

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|---|---|
| Lohengrin | Herr Pennarini |
| Heinrich der Vogler | Herr Kloffer |
| Elsa | Madame Nordica |
| Telramund | Herr Van Rooy |
| Ortrud | Mdlle. Fremstad |
| Heerrufer | Herr Muhlmann |

On Tuesday, May 13th, Gounod's Opera,
in Four Acts,
"FAUST."

| | |
|---|---|
| Marguerite | Madame Suzanne Adams |
| Siebel | Mdlle Maubourg |
| Marthe | Mdlle. Bauermeister |
| Mephistopheles | M. Plancon |
| Valentin | M. Seveilhac |
| Wagner | Mr Hamilton Earle |
| Faust | M. Saleza |

On Wednesday, May 14th, Verdi's Opera, in Four Acts,
"RIGOLETTO."

| | |
|---|---|
| Gilda | Madame Melba |
| Giovanna | Mdlle. Bauermeister |
| Contessa di Ceprano | Miss M'Culloch |
| Maddalena | Madame Kirkby Lunn |
| Il Duca | Signor Caruso |
| Sparafucile | M. Journet |
| Marullo | M. Borghesi |
| Monterone | M. Dufriche |
| Borsa | Signor Masiero |
| Conte di Ceprano | Mr Lawrence Rea |
| Rigoletto | M. Renaud |

On Thursday, May 15th, Wagner's Opera, in Three Acts,
"DIE WALKURE."

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|---|---|
| Siegmund | Herr Pennarini |
| Hunding | Herr Blass |
| Wotan | Herr Van Rooy |
| Sieglinde | Frau Louise |
| Brunnhilde | Madame Nordica |
| Frioka | Madame Kirkby Lunn |
| Gerhilde | Madame Sobrino |
| Ortlinde | Mdlle. Bauermeister |
| Waltraute | Madame Kirkby Lunn |
| Schwertleite | Miss Turner |
| Helmwiege | Madame Altona |
| Siegrune | Miss M'Culloch |
| Grungerde | Mdlle. Delmar |
| Rossweise | Mdlle. Helian |

On Friday, May 16th, Bizet's Opera, in Four Acts,
"CARMEN."

| | |
|---|---|
| Don José | M. Saleza |
| Escamillo | Signor Scotti |
| Le Dancaire | M. Gilibert |
| Le Remendade | Herr Reiss |
| Zuniga | Mr Hamilton Earle |
| Morales | Mr Lawrence Rea |
| Carmen | Mdlle. Zelie De Lussan |
| Micaela | Madame Suzanne Adams |
| Frasquita | Mdlle. Helian |
| Mercedes | Mdlle. Maubourg |

On Saturday, May 17th, Wagner's Opera, in Three Acts
"TANNHAUSER."

| | |
|---|---|
| Elisabeth | Frau Louise |
| Venus | Miss Susan Strong |
| Tannhäuser | Herr Kraemer-Helm |
| Hermann | M. Plancon |
| Walther | Herr Lewandowski |
| Heinrich | Herr Simon |
| Biterolf | Herr Muhlmann |
| Reinmar | Mr Hamilton Earle |
| Ein Hirt | Madame Sobrino |
| Wolfram | M. Renaud |

On Monday, May 19th, Gounod's Opera, in Four Acts,
"FAUST."

| | |
|---|---|
| Marguerite | Madame Suzanne Adams |
| Siebel | Mdlle. Maubourg |
| Marthe | Mdlle. Bauermeister |
| Mephistopheles | M. Plancon |
| Valentin | Signor Scotti |
| Wagner | Mr Hamilton Earle |
| Faust | M. Saleza |

On Tuesday, May 20th, Wagner's Opera, in Three Acts,
"LOHENGRIN."

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|---|---|
| Lohengrin | Herr Arens |
| Heinrich der Vogler | Herr Kloffer |
| Elsa | Frau Lohse |
| Telramund | Mr David Bispham |
| Ortrud | Madame Kirkby Lunn |
| Heerrufer | Herr Muhlmann |

On Wednesday, May 21st, Wagner's Opera, in Three Acts,
"SIEGFRIED."

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|---|---|
| Siegfried | Herr Pennarini |
| Mime | Herr Reiss |
| Der Wanderer | Herr Van Rooy |
| Alberich | Mr David Bispham |
| Fafner | Herr Blass |
| Erda | Madame Metzger |
| Brünnhilde | Madame Nordica |
| Stimme des Waldvogels | Madame Sobrino |

## STRAUSS'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Boston, Mass., November 21, 1902.

DEAR MR. BLUMENBERG—Leonard Liebling in his entertaining letter from Chicago published in The Musical Courier of November 19 said, apropos of George Hamlin's Strauss song recital:

Philip Hale's program notes describe Richard Strauss as a man small, slight, with a large, finely developed head, and long, spidery arms. No description was ever more inexact. The famous composer is tall, broad shouldered and of generous veight, with a head and arms in average ratio to his other proportions. He is blonde and blue eyed, is sharp and decisive in his movements, and speaks with the peculiar, drawling accent of South Germans. As a leader is more forceful than elegant, more earnest than poetical.

I am glad that Mr. Liebling called attention to this error, for accuracy is a virtue—even in program books.

But I did not give this description of Strauss on my own authority. I wrote "Strauss is described," &c. Furthermore I wrote no "program notes" for this or any other recital of Mr. Hamlin. I contributed merely a short biographical sketch.

I have never had the pleasure of seeing Richard Strauss. In September, 1898, Mr. Hamlin invited me to write for his program a sketch of this remarkable composer. I then described Strauss' personal appearance as he was then described both by German and French writers who were most friendly to him.

About a year ago I was told by a friend of Strauss that this description was wholly inaccurate. I at once wrote Mr. Hamlin and asked him to strike out the misleading sentence.

I am glad that Strauss is tall, not small and slight; that his arms are not spidery; that he has "a head and arms to his other proportions." He has every ng a big head. Yours truly,

Philip Hale.

traces) of eyes hidden. And some men trow that their skin breaketh for anguish and for sorrow when he beginneth to die, and beginneth then to open the eyes in dying that were closed living." Well said, old mole! can'st work i' th' ground so fast?

We are surprised that more flat-dwellers do not keep moles as pets. The dining room or the spare bed room is almost always dark enough for the comfort of the animal. After the children are tired of their pet, the skin will serve as a waistcoat for Papa. Or the animal may be dried whole in an oven and then administered in powder for epilepsy. Moles are by no means dull animals, for they understand all the speeches spoken of themselves, and if one be enclosed in an earthen pot and powder of brimstone set on fire, it will call for help with a very mourning voice. Furthermore—but nobody except a vivisectionist would have the nerve to do it—if a man eat the heart of a mole taken from it while the animal is still panting, he will be able to divine and foretell events.

Switzerland draws its food supplies from many countries. Italy and France furnish butter, poultry, fruits, vegetables, wines, olive oil, oxen, pigs, fresh meat; Germany, sugar, fruit, potatoes, beer, oats, sheep; wheat and oats come from Russia; sugar, eggs, wine, cattle from Austria; the United States sends preserved meat, lard, oats, tobacco; and Brazil sends coffee and tobacco. But honey, delicious honey, is made by the honest Swiss in honey factories. There are two kinds of honey; one to be eaten in the open air; the other indoors.

The handsom cab is often in English courts, and some of the judicial decisions concerning it are curious reading. It has been decided that if you hire a cab in the rain, the cabman cannot compel you to have the window lowered. But here is a case that was raised lately and we have not yet seen the nature of the settlement. If a fare has an umbrella and refuses to put it up, and by so doing exposes the cushions to the rain, has the cabman a case against him for the damaged seat? There are various answers out of court. One man says it is not the fare's duty to look after the cab, and it is not in his power to regulate the weather; there can be no negligence where there is no duty. He argues that the cabman might as well apply for compensation if a fare required him to drive where the cab would be splashed with mud. "While a fare may do what he can to keep rain out of the cab, he ought not to be held responsible, if in spite of precaution, the cushions are soiled." But if the fare does not open his umbrella, does he take precaution?

Melba is always discovering some young musical genius, either male or female. This time it is a young woman harpist, whose profession name is Signorina Sassoli, and Melba is taking her from Australia to London.

JAN 1 1 1935